


HALF A MILLION GARDENS


ARE ANNUALLY *Peter Henderson & Co.* SUPPLIED WITH

SEEDS

PLANTS

Our Seed Warehouses, the largest in New York, are filled up with every description of seeds for all the year, and are always on hand for the prompt and careful filling of orders.

Our Green-house Establishment at Jersey City is the most extensive in America. Annual Sales, 2 1/2 Million Plants.

Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the CHEAPEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to come postage.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortland St., NEW YORK.

For the week ending Feb. 13, 1886.

The tallow of the billy-goat makes the best oleomargarine. He is a good butter to begin with.

Oh, these dull times. Only the business of the petty thief is picking up. The plumbers are finding this a fruitful season.

Description of a Valuable Collection of

Telegraphers' Paralysis and Telegraphers' Mistakes.

Anxious to Save Tidies.

"No, it isn't that; but she says your back hair has ruined every tidy in the parlor." *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Sweet maiden with the face so fair
And eyes that like the diamonds shine

THE MAIDEN.
This is so sudden! But—oh, la!
I think you'd better speak to pa.
—Boston Courier

Marvelous Volcanic Formations of
Surpassing Beauty.

The petrifications found in the Bad Lands are marvelous. Signs of petrifications can be seen hours before reaching the wonderful place. When the

graph. Harry Oudgustie, the popular and gentlemanly baker of Sun Up Corners, departed for the great majority yesterday. We trust that he has gone to the land where baking is un-
known. 11

Some Hints About Them Which May Interest the Average Driver.

length of a sermon is thirty minutes. If a man has anything at all worth saying he can say it in that time without repeating himself.

TO ADVERTISE and meet with success, you must first secure a knowledge of the value of newspaper advertising. Consult Lord and Thomas, Newspaper Advertising, Chicago, Illinois.

C. M. SMITH, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon,
Office and residence 221 Kansas Avenue, 1/2 block South of Windsor hotel. Night calls promptly attended.

H. J. Canniff, Notary Public, 295 Railroad St. North Topeka.

We are prepared to do the nearest kind of commercial and small job printing and can discount any office in the state in price.

Hendrick & Co. have opened a new Boot & Shoe store, and a selling goods way down. They also have a good work shop attached. They are between railroad and bridge. Give them a call and you won't regret it.

Those who have used the Boes Zinc and Leathers have found them to be the best and cheapest, because most durable. They will last a life time. Sold by HARRIS, makers on 50 days trial. DEXTER, CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

TOPEKA SEED HOUSE.

ORCHARD GRASS.

Timothy, Clover, Blue Grass. Our Garden Seeds are direct from growers fresh and true to name. Orders promptly filled. Send for Price List of Seeds. Address, S. H. DOWNS, Manager for Down's Elevator & Seed Co., 78 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

THE NEW MARKET!

ON THE AVENUE, BETWEEN R. AND THE BRIDGE.

CHEAP AND FIRST-CLASS MEATS AND GROCERIES.

Loaf Steak	12-12 Cents.
Porter House Steak	12-12 Cents.
Round	10 Cents.
Rib Roast	10 Cents.

All Sausages, our own make, 3 lbs. for 25 Cts. Head Cheese, 8 lbs. for 25 Cts. Lard, our own rendering, 5 lbs. for 25 Cts. Boiling Beef 5 to 10 Cts.

Give us a call and get your money's worth.

Albert Firner, PROP.
207 1/2 Kansas Avenue.

Snow Cream

DANDRUFF CURE.

FOR Preserving and Beautifying the Hair

A sure cure of Dandruff, if used as directed. There is nothing compares with it for ladies' and children's hair dressing. It is there is no oil to soil the clothing or hats. Because it increases the beauty of the hair—it keeps the hair in any position—is a delightful dressing. It cures dandruff, it prevents the hair from falling out. It prevents the hair from turning gray. It renovates the scalp and puts it in a healthy condition. Price 50 cents. Prepared by L. P. STONE, Barber, North Topeka, Kansas.

FOR GOOD
Laundrying

You should go to

Thomas Rodgeis.

He does the best work and as cheap as the cheapest. We especially soil ladies' washings. The only first-class Laundry in North Topeka. We go after and deliver washings when requested. Office in back part of the Adams House.

Coal! Coal!

Attention Farmers.

I am selling the best Cherokee coal for \$4.00, Okeechiee \$5.00, and Scranton \$5.75 per ton, at South end corner of Sixth and R. street. New reminder the place and come and see me. W. C. AMES.

THE LIGHT RUNNING



SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

PERFECT SATISFACTION

New Home Sewing Machine Co.

—ORANGE, MASS.—

30 Underpass, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo. Atlanta, Ga. Dallas, Tex. San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SALE

SPANKED THE BOY.

The Signal Success Which Attended Intervention in Family Matters.

All the adult passengers in the waiting-room had their attention attracted by his antics. He wanted candy, and he wanted to see the river, and he wanted to go aboard the train, and he wanted more than any city the size of Detroit could possibly furnish free gratia. His mother hushed him up the best she could, and several times he slapped her face and kicked her shins and got off without ever a pinch. By and by an old man who sat near her, and whose feet the boy had walked on several times, began to get nervous, and, turning to his right hand neighbor, said:

"Land o' massy! but I've either got to get out here or spank that boy!"

"He just aches for it," growled the other.

"He does. He puts me in mind of my William. I've seen him when nothing on earth but a spanking would put good nature into him."

"I say I will go!" shouted the boy at this moment.

"Please, Johnny, be good," entreated the mother.

"I won't!"

"Oh, do! See how they are all looking at us."

"I don't care if they are!"

With that he walked up to the old man and made a kick, and then the curtain went up on the play. With one twist and two motions he was seized, whirled over a pair of knees, and before he could squawk once the spanking machine began its work. If ever a boy of seven was neatly wound up and the ugly taken out of him inside of sixty seconds the work was no more complete than this case.

"There!" said the spanker as he upended the child and placed him on a seat, "you'll feel better—a heap better. Hated to do it, you know, but saw that you was suffering for it. Beg your mother's pardon for interfering in family matters, but you set right 'till the train is ready!"

The boy "set," and such a calm and solid peace stole over the crowd that the yells of the backman out-doors gave everybody a pain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

REFORM IN WOMEN'S DRESS.

What Boston Has Recently Evolved as That Interesting Line.

Speaking of unseen features of feminine toilets, Boston has evolved something in that line. The dress reform committee of that city are the authors of what they call the corset-abolishing underwear. One of their enthusiasts, Abby Gould Woolson, has brought some of the articles to New York for missionary purposes. She showed them to an invited gathering yesterday, and I noticed that very adroitly the girl who acted as a figure model on which to exhibit them was a slim-waisted creature, who might as well go without corsets as not, so good were her natural outlines.

The outfit consists of three garments, viz.: A balmoral skirt, composed of a deep princess waist reaching to a broad, straight flounce; then a suit of white cotton cloth or muslin, shaped loosely to the form by vertical seams and terminating in sleeves and drawers. With one thickness of smooth cloth the latter garment covers the entire body from chin to wrists and ankles. Finally, beneath this, a woolen undershirt, woven upon the same model, and, like the chemise, buttoned down the entire front. An undershirt of fitting make may be buttoned either to the balmoral or chemise, and to the inner side of the latter the stocking supporters are attached.

Thus equipped with four garments—a union undershirt, a princess petticoat and a princess dress—you have not a belt in your wardrobe, nor a bit of gathered fullness, save what is found in the skirt flounce. A lift from the shoulders meets resistance only from the tops of the stockings, so loosely worn and connected is your entire garb. Summer discards the flannel undershirt and reduces the number of garments to three.—*Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Extent of the British Empire.

The British Empire covers nearly a sixth of the land surface of the earth. The entire surface of the globe is estimated at 197,000,000 square miles, of which a little more than a quarter, or 51,500,000 square miles, are land, and the total extent of the British Empire is 8,990,211 square miles, which may be tabulated thus:

Great Britain and Ireland	121,115
Indian possessions	1,850,000
Other Eastern possessions	1,850,000
Australasia	8,181,244
North America	8,181,244
Guiana, etc.	160,000
Africa	270,000
West Indies	12,120
European possessions	12,120
Various settlements	96,171
Total	8,990,211

A Simple Remedy for Sweeney.

A Southern farmer gives a remedy which he says will in nine cases out of ten effect a speedy cure for sweeney. Bake a flat pone of corn bread, let it be about two inches thick, when nearly done saturate thoroughly with tar, which can best be done by making small holes in the bread and pouring in the tar. This being done, wrap in a cloth and apply to the affected shoulder, pressing it tightly and keeping it there until the bread becomes cold. By the next morning your animal will be ready for service. It is very important that the bread should be as hot as bearable. Another farmer says to remove the difficulty take equal parts of tallow, beeswax, marrow (out of beaver's bones) and sheep's tallow, and from one egg to one quart of whisky, also one tablespoonful of salt. Put the first four articles into a pot or kettle, melt them together, then put in the other two articles, and then apply it to the affected part of the horse, bathe in with a hot iron as hot as the horse can bear. You may work your horse right off.—*Field, Farm and Stockman.*

FARMERS AND "HIRED MEN."

are the Former as a Class, Close-Fisted and Penurious.

It is a rare occasion when a representative of the men who labor on the farm for wages undertakes to present in an agricultural journal any views he may entertain on topics that especially concern his class. For this reason we give the gist of an article, in which "A Hired Man" talks back quite rigorously at the farmers.

We do not by any means indorse his inferences, however. Even though the farmers, as a class, were proven to be the close-fisted, hard, selfish men the writer would have them appear, we do not quite see that the indictment would prove that the average hired man is not an ignorant, lazy, dissipated fellow, as the agricultural papers and the "talk" members of the farmers' club too often declare him to be. And in judging the agriculturists and their helpers we are glad to differ with both sets of men in their estimates of each other.

There are to be found among farmers some very poor specimens of manhood—men who are utterly devoid of honor or principle in their transactions with their fellows—can not be degraded in any other business or profession. But, as a class, agriculturists are fashionable morally and mentally very much like the rest of the human race, and endeavor to deal fairly by those with whom they have business relations.

The farmer, of course has his foibles. So do other men. The farmer is eager to get the best possible price for the products from his farm, too, are the merchant and manufacturer when disposing of their wares. When the farmer goes to town shopping, he does not wish to pay more than he can help for his clothing or other needful articles. But the same fact is true of the merchant, mechanic or artisan. It is human nature; that is all.

As we understand it, the gist of the complaint of "A Hired Man" may be briefly expressed thus: "The farmer's board is poor; he pays as little as possible for wages; he desires to get more work than he is entitled to from his help, and in various other directions is anxious to get something for nothing."

The truth of the matter is that the farmer readily learns that success can only be purchased by the constant practice of economy in every department of his business. The farmer's board is poor; he pays as little as possible for wages; he desires to get more work than he is entitled to from his help, and in various other directions is anxious to get something for nothing."

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BASE-BALL IN CUBA.

Spanish-American Audiences Which Have to Be Divided for Safety.

There are three leading base-ball organizations in Havana—the Havanos, the Almendares and the Fes. The Havanos have beautiful grounds in a suburban village, supplied with grand stands and an elegant pavilion that has a spacious ball-room in its upper story. The Almendares Club, composed of young men from leading Cuban families, has its park a little ways out on Reina Street, near the Captain-General's botanical gardens. The diamond is a fine one: there is an immense roofed stand for the common herd, and back of the catcher's place is a superb iron pavilion, open on all four sides, with a fine floor for dancing and tiers of chairs in front, with private boxes below.

Honorary members are admitted to this pavilion on presentation of the proper pass showing that they have paid up all dues. I attended one match game between the Havanos and the Almendares, at the park of the latter club. The view from the grand stand was a unique one. A row of stately royal palms loomed up in graceful outline against a blue tropic sky at the farther end of the grounds. On the sides an occasional tall shrub, or scrub of some sort, appeared above the high board fence, and generally it proved to be loaded with human fruit. The grand stand was filled with, perhaps, one thousand people, while the pavilion was thronged with a typical high-toned Cuban audience.

The friends of the Havanos occupied one end of the pavilion, while the Almendares crowd occupied the other. I was told that it would not be safe to have the audiences miscellaneous distributed. A riot would be precipitated at the first doubtful point. These fiery Cubans get so excited that they can not control themselves.

"Do you have a regular league here in Cuba?"

"It could hardly be called that. Six or eight years ago an organization was effected, and championship games were played three or four of the subsequent years. But the feeling runs so much higher during a game here than in America that ruptures took place during the other years, and the contest would not be played out. The Havanos have always held the flag this far, but we Almendares men think we are the strongest club this season. No contest is being held this season, as the clubs could not agree, and this is only what we call a dignity."

"Do you use the American League rules?"

"Yes, sir. Indeed we even call out in English 'one strike,' or 'four balls,' or 'foul,' as the case may be, and we use the English terms 'umpire,' 'fair ball,' etc."

"Do many of the players speak English?"

"About half of us, who contracted our fondness for the game while in your country. But of course the language of the diamond is Spanish, save for these incidental expressions."—*Havana Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.*

WHY DOES THE BOY WHISTLE?

A Question Worth Thoughtful and Careful Consideration.

This problem becomes one of practical interest at once, when we remember that if we can but find the cause of an evil we can generally find a cure for it. It is certainly worth thoughtful consideration.

If the above question was propounded to a person who had never heard a boy whistle, if we can imagine such a being, he would doubtless answer that boys whistle because they love music—just as birds sing. Such an idea, of course, never occurs to anyone who has ever heard a boy whistle. A philosopher would be more apt to think that the boy whistles because he dislikes music; that he has an innate antipathy to all harmonious sounds, such as it is well known some other animals have, and that instead of merely trying to escape, like them, from the hated sounds, he delights in offering a continual and public insult to harmony and all its lovers. This theory is also sustained by his well-known admiration and friendship for organ-grinders and street musicians. But more careful consideration it is evident that this idea is too absurd for the mind of the boy, and he certainly never rests long enough from the whistling to think of so much.

It has been suggested that perhaps he whistles because he thinks it is a manly vice, something like smoking and drinking, only cheaper. But the fact is, men seldom whistle, except in moderation, and the boy is so much farther from the man in this respect that it is as absurd to suppose that the younger imitate the elder as it would be to assert that Irving Hall copies its political methods from Tammany.

The plausible theory is that the boy whistles to attract attention to himself. It is true that the boy is ordinarily anxious to be prominent, whether for the sake of a new imitation gold scarf-pin or merely a cigarette, and we might rest satisfied with this explanation if it was only one boy that whistled, or even a few boys, but when all boys whistle, their well-known shrill and defiant caricature of some popular tune becomes only a signal of warning to drive all within range from the vicinity.

The last and best suggestion is that the boy whistles simply because he loves noise. It is undoubtedly a fact that the boy is very fond of noise, and he will go a long way to hear a brass band or even a cabinet organ. But it is also evident that noise is not his sole object in whistling, for there are too many other means of making even more noise within his reach for which he does not care.

The kazoo is inexpensive and has great possibilities. Bones make a sharp and disagreeable sound, and should be very popular with him. A tin horn is simple and has a very harsh and resonant tone. And yet none of them has enjoyed any permanent popularity with him. No, there is something beside the love of noise that impels the boy to whistle. Something which the boy does not know himself. Something which we shall never find out. Something which makes the frogs croak and the bees buzz.—*Life.*

Our Little Ones in Holland.

Holland is a very strange country.

Most of the land is below the level of the sea. The people have built dikes on the sea shore and on the banks of the rivers to keep the water out. These dikes are high banks of earth. In some places they are built of stone. They plant trees on the dikes of earth, and the roots keep the water from washing them away.

On many of the dikes there are long lines of windmills. They are used for pumping out the water from the inside of the dikes. There are a great many canals in Holland. In some of the cities canals are used as streets. Boats go all over the country. A great many people spend their whole lives on the water. Our little ones there are often born, brought up and spend their days in boats.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1886

SOMEWHERE.

Some where
The skies are blue and days are always fair;
The gentlest showers upon the grasses beat;
And birds sing sweetly in the green retreat.
Where shadows interlapse on the moss
Work beautiful patterns as they twine and cross.
What though the winds be keen and mountains bare—
When we but shiver in the wintry air—
The skies are blue and long days soft and fair,
Some where.

Some where
When summer heats oppress us with their glare,
The fragrant winds are breathing clear and cool,
And shadows play upon the unmoved pool—
Where moss and lilies deck the sylvan glade.
And flowers rest contented in the shade.
No eury furnace-heats with parching stare;
No desert sands, forbid the barren bare;
No quenchless thirsts to rack the spirit there,
Some where.

Some where
When we are struggling with our load of care,<
And troubles weigh us with their burdens down—
And I to be a desert bare and brown—
The happy peoples live in peaceful joy;
No evil thoughts to dim the earth's alloy,
No anguish cramping in the tiger's loins;
No pain too deep and pitiless to spare;
But all pervading peace, complete and fair,
Some where.

Some where
They know not terror's grim and stony stare;
Nor griefs that bow us to the barren earth,
Nor life with chills of petrified earth;
But sweet contentment every day and hour,
And resignation with its priceless dower.
Of calm enjoyment with no tears may fret,
And memory is polished by the vain regret.
Fame stirs no eury with its trumpet blare,
Ambitions hurt not with their work and wear;
But patience governs, and regrets are rare,
Some where.

Some where
Repose rests like a presence on the air;
And while we struggle in our constant grief—
Or seek in troubled times to find relief—
They rest in quiet where glad sunbeams play,
And gentle as the guard them night and day.
Thank God that through these chains of ill we wear—
And weary souls their tribulations bear—
We walk in faith, and wa a source of care,
Where sweetest rest rewards each earnest prayer,
Some where.

—L. Edgar Jones, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

CLAIMING HIS SKELETON.

A Weird Story of the Michigan University.

When John Wentworth put his last touches to his work he stood back and regarded it with admiration. He stood with his hands in his pockets and his cap well back on his head, and he felt that glow of self-satisfaction which a man feels who has just finished a long and arduous task.

"Well," he said, as he turned his head, now this way and then that, "I call that a first-class job, by George!"

It was certainly a most complete piece of mechanism, every joint perfectly fitted, yet perfection is never altogether appreciated, and when Mrs. Jones, the landlady, deceived by the silence into supposing that Wentworth had gone out, and thinking the present a good time to fix up the room, came in, she gave a scream of terror, and on catching her breath, cried:

"Laws Mr. Wentworth, what a start that horrid thing did give me. You're not going to keep that in the house, Mr. Wentworth?"

"Mrs. Jones, let me present you to our distinguished fellow lodger, J. W. Stodgers. I venture to say that a more complete or a handsomer skeleton can not be found in Ann Arbor, Mrs. Jones. If I did wire him myself, John W. will give you little trouble, Mrs. Jones, and if, when we're out, you give him a little touch up with the duster, he will not only appreciate it, but you will also oblige Mr. Stodgers and myself, for we are partners in J. W. Stodgers."

"Mercy sakes, I'll never come into this room if that skeleton is to be here."

"Oh, John W. is his master. Besides, he has been in that box here for some weeks. I've only helped him to collect himself, as it were."

At this moment the lower jaw of the skull dropped with a click to an angle of forty-five, and Mrs. Jones gave another little shriek as she looked with averted gaze at the sort of dry, bony, silent, fixed laugh of the skeleton.

"That," said Wentworth, with pardonable pride, "is a little device of my own. That jaw stays in place about half an hour and then drops. By the way, just notice what a lovely set of teeth John W. has. That's the fault I find with most of our American skeletons. They have poor teeth. It seemed to Smilie and me that this fellow must have been an Englishman, he had such good grinders, so we christened him Stodgers, an aristocratic name over there, I am told."

"It gives me the chills to look at it," said Mrs. Jones. The fading afternoon light threw deep shadows in the eyeless sockets that gave Mrs. Jones an uneasy feeling that the skeleton was looking at her.

"That's because you always had 'Lits' to board here instead of 'Medics.' You'll get used to John W. He's an unobtrusive cuss. If everybody minded his own business with the exclusiveness J. W. does there wouldn't be much trouble in this world."

Wentworth bitterly remembered this remark later on.

At this moment young Smilie came in.

"By Jove," said Smilie, in admiration, "you've done that up tip-top, John. Thunder, I call that a triumph, h. and he walked around and took a side view of it. That's what I call a deuced good job for a first attempt. Did you ever see anything handsomer, Mrs. Jones?"

"Mrs. Jones thinks she has," said Wentworth.

"It's awful," shuddered Mrs. Jones. "To think that that was alive and walked around like the rest of us!"

"And then he walked about, how strange a story," quoted Smilie. "That's so, it's rough on J. W., isn't it?"

Mrs. Jones went down stairs and the medical students closed the door.

"His jaw drops a little, John," said Smilie.

"That's all right; shows the action,

you know," and Wentworth with a ruler touched John W. under the chin, and the two gleaming rows of teeth came together and remained in that fixed grin so characteristic of all skeletons.

Wentworth had placed a narrow table against the wall, and on it John W. sat with his skull fastened to the wall so as to keep him upright, while his spindly white legs dangled down and swayed gently to and fro, when the door opened or a breeze came through the window.

The medical students sat down, and Wentworth was telling Smilie how he had overcome certain difficulties in articulation, when there entered with unnecessary silence a stranger.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said. "Beg your pardon," said Wentworth. "I didn't hear you knock."

"Oh!"

"Take a chair," said Smilie. "I will stay but a few moments," replied the stranger.

Of course neither of the young men knew all the hundreds of students at the University, but they thought the stranger belonged to one of the departments, although it seemed odd that he should enter without rapping.

"Have a cigar," said Wentworth, pushing the box towards him.

"I come on business," said the other, "and do not smoke. That is my skeleton."

"Oh, excuse me," cried Wentworth. "I articulated John W. myself."

"Whom?"

"John W. We call him Stodgers. John W. Stodgers."

"Oh, you do."

"Yes. For convenience. Don't suppose that was his name."

"It certainly was not."

"How do you know?"

"Because I tell you the skeleton is mine."

"Show him our receipts for the body, John. You don't understand, I guess, that Wentworth and I bought the body and have the receipts. It's not a store skeleton. It is John's upper and my lower and so we fixed up the bones ourselves."

"I wish to see no receipts. You don't appear to understand me. When I was alive that skeleton was the frame work of my body."

"When you were alive?"

"Certainly."

"What are you now? You don't mean to pretend that you palm yourself off as a ghost on us?"

"If you have any doubts about the matter, just throw that ruler at me."

Smilie at once took the ruler at his word and the ruler met no opposition, but apparently passed through the specter and fell clattering to the floor. At that instant the jaw of the skeleton fell with its sudden click, and in the silence that ensued it seemed to regard the specter with a sort of gleam of recognition. Wentworth walked across the room and picked up the ruler. Coming back he snapped the jaws shut again and sat down.

"That's singular, to say the least, John," said Smilie, helplessly.

At this moment there was a knock at the door.

"Come," shouted Smilie.

In the gloom they recognized Tom Fulmer, one of the students.

"Excuse me," said Tom, seeing a stranger present and preparing to withdraw.

"No, no, come in, Tom; you're just the man we want to see."

Tom took the chair offered him.

"I don't just know how to introduce you," said Wentworth. "Tom, this is—a—g—gentleman who claims to be the original possessor of this skeleton."

"Ah—dispute as to ownership, eh?"

"That tendency," answered Wentworth. "He is, in fact, a—well, a ghost."

"A what?"

"The gentleman has been dead for some time," put in Smilie, the task of explaining having seemingly got beyond Wentworth. "And while alive this was his skeleton."

"Oh, come now, Smilie, what are you giving us?"

"Fact," said Smilie, "just tossed this ruler through him. Try it."

"It will perhaps convince you quicker than anything else, and don't inconvenience me in the least," said the apparition. Fulmer tossed the ruler, with the same result as before. He was very short-sighted and he adjusted his eyes, glasses and peered across the table at the ghost, who stood impassively as he had done from the first.

"I say, Wentworth, just strike a light, will you?"

Wentworth lit the large lamp that stood on top of the bureau. The ghost appeared an ordinary-looking man, dressed as any man might be. Fulmer, with corrugated brow, gazed at him while Smilie and Wentworth felt a sort of momentary pride of ownership, as if their possession of the skeleton gave them a kind of proprietorship in the specter.

The amiable skeleton, which now shone white in the bright light, seemed to beam in a benevolent way on its former owner.

"Sit down," said Fulmer. "I hate to talk to a person—standing."

The specter sat down.

"Now, what use is this skeleton to you?" began the young lawyer, his professional instinct getting the better of his amazement.

"That, if you will pardon me, is no one's business but my own. I may say I want it placed where I will know where to find it—or I may say that I don't choose to have it remain here, the subject of scoffing and conumely."

"Oh, you're wrong there," said Wentworth. "We both have the greatest respect for John W. He is a guide, philosopher and friend—as well as an instructor."

"Just let me handle this case," said Fulmer, with a backward wave of his hand. "Now what shall I call you?"

"What you please."

"Well, we will say the plaintiff. Now, plaintiff, in the first place you would have to prove to the satisfaction of a jury that this is your skeleton. We deny that it is yours."

"Of course we do," put in Smilie.

"We bought the body and John wired it."

"I don't mean that. The defense takes the ground that this particular skeleton is not the bones of the plain-

iff, but the bones of John W. Stodgers, deceased. Now it would rest with you to prove that this was your skeleton, and as people are not in the habit of having a private mark on their skeletons, I flatter myself we would have you right at the beginning of the case."

"You are a very young lawyer," replied the ghost, with a sort of a post mortem sneer. "If you examine the teeth of that skeleton you will find the one on the left lower side next the back filled with silver, and, if necessary, I can tell you the intelligent jury the sort of cap that is under the silver to cover the nerve that once was there."

All the young men looked at J. W., who, as if enjoying the point made by its other self, suddenly clicked down its jaw and beamed on Fulmer with its silent laugh. Wentworth took up the lamp and looked at the lower jaw.

"Yes, Fulmer," he said, "that's so."

"Well, we'll waive that point—we'll waive that point," said the young lawyer, with ill-affected airiness.

"I think you might as well," said the ghost, dryly.

"But the real nub of the case would be in this: Can a man once dead lay claim to any part of the property he owned while alive? I don't recollect any parallel case to yours exactly, but I have some knowledge of the statutes of Michigan," this modestly, "and I think all the tendencies of law would be against you. When a man is dead there is no question but that his next of kin have the right to cremate, to embalm or to bury his body. They might sell it, I imagine, although that is rarely done in first-class society. Now the point I would make before a jury would be—"

"I have no wish to discuss law with you. I have demanded the skeleton and propose to have it whether you are willing or not."

"Just write that down, boys," said Fulmer. "He hints at burglary."

"See here," said Wentworth, "you are not the man we dissected. I believe you're a fraud."

"Do you?" returned the ghost.

"I'll convince you in order to save myself further trouble. I can take any one's form. For instance, that of a rising lawyer." And with that the figure before them was an exact counterpart of young Fulmer. The next instant the ghost was himself again.

"By Jove," said Smilie, "what a splendid lightning change artist he would make."

"Say," said Fulmer, "what would you take for a night at the big hall? You could personate the head of the University and sing 'I want to be an Angel' with splendid effect."

"I am in no mood for chaff," said the specter, severely. "Finally, will you give up my skeleton?"

"Let him have his old bones," said Smilie.

"I certainly will not," cried Wentworth. "Why, Smilie, I had to drill one hundred and fifty holes in that skeleton. No, sir! J. W. Stodgers remains here."

"Remains is good," said Fulmer.

"Well, Mr. Wentworth, when you get tired of the fight just give that skeleton a decent burial." With that the ghost was gone.

"So long," cried Smilie. "What are you going to do, Wentworth? It's you and the ghost, it seems."

"Do? Why, keep J. W. of course."

Next day there was an astounding change again. Wentworth, a passenger coming up from Detroit by the early train had been met on the road from the station by a student exactly answering Wentworth's description, who demanded money at the point of a pistol, and the passenger would undoubtedly have been robbed if two others coming along had not frightened the culprit, who escaped. Nothing but Smilie's solemn oath that Wentworth was asleep at the time it was Saturday morning—saved Wentworth. On Sunday all Ann Arbor was scandalized as it came from church by seeing Wentworth tagging along the street in a state of teetotal intoxication. The professors hailed him over the coals, and it was in vain that he protested he had spent the day worthily, trying to catch fish.

He went home mad and, as J. W. grinned at him as he came in, he seized the ruler and smashed in the trap-door jaw. The ruler did not pass through the bony part of J. W., as it did through his spectral counterpart.

Next day Wentworth was too ill to attend class. Smilie left him and went off his way to college. He had just taken his seat while the Professor was giving the lecture preparatory to a "quiz" when an unexpected figure attracted all eyes to the top tier of seats that descended one by one down to the operating table. There stood Wentworth on the back of the highest seat.

"One, two, three, look out for me," he shouted, and with that he ran swiftly down the backs of the seats, jumping over the students' heads, hopping lightly to the "subject" that lay covered up on the revolving platform, then sprang among the lady students, who scatted red screaming, and thence up to the top of the opposite tier.

"Now for a jump across the arena. Never before attempted by any one outside of this circus."

"Catch him," shouted somebody.

"He's insane."

At that Wentworth went for the narrow stairway, Smilie and another after him. He beat them easily across the campus and entered the door of his boarding place.

When the two students burst into the room they found Wentworth sitting dolefully looking at the damaged front of Stodgers, and he swore he had not been out that morning.

Next day he got notice of dismissal from the University.

As he sat by his window stubbornly refusing to be conquered by a ghost, and yet aware that per aps some people would not believe the whole story if he told it, he saw his double on the opposite side of the street.

"By George!" he cried, "I'll have it out with him. If they see us both they'll believe my story."

He set the ruler and started out. The ghost looked behind him, and then it too had a ruler in its hand. Nearing the post-office the ghost came suddenly up to a group of men, hit out right and left with the club, struck a policeman across the face, and fled towards Wentworth. The crowd pursued. As it came to Wentworth it vanished into

thin air, and the next instant Wentworth was in the hands of the outraged constable.

From the lock-up the dejected young man wrote to Smilie:

For my sake, buy a cemetery lot and bury John W. Stodgers, charging the cost to me. Yours,

Wentworth.

That ended the fight. Wentworth, I regret to say, is not the first student who came to grief by letting spirits get the better of him.—*Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.*

AT APPOMATTOX.

The Apple-Tree Business Authoritatively Settled.

General Grant, in his personal memoirs, describes the Wilderness campaign, and estimates Lee's strength at eighty thousand men. The latter, he says, was operating in a country with which his army was thoroughly familiar, while to the Federal forces it was entirely unknown. He tells of General Lee's surrender, and takes occasion, in the course of it, to explode the famous story of the surrender under the apple-tree. He says there was an apple orchard across the little valley from the court-house, one tree of which was close to the road-side; that General Babcock reported to him (Grant) that he had found General Lee sitting under this tree, and had brought him within the Federal lines to the house of a man named McLean, where the Confederate General and one of his staff were awaiting General Grant.

Of their interview he says:

"When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and, after shaking hands, took our seats. What his feelings were I do not know, being a man of much dignity, and with an impenetrable face. It was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or whether he felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it."

Whatever his feelings were, they were entirely concealed from observation. But my own feelings, which had been quite apparent on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe that had fought so long and gallantly, and had suffered so much for a cause which I believed to be one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and for which there was not the least pretext. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us. General Lee was dressed in full uniform, entirely new, and wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword that had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my routine traveling suit, which was the uniform of a private, with the straps of a General, I must have contrasted very strongly with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward. General Lee and I soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army, and I told him, as a matter of course, that I remembered him perfectly, but owing to the difference in years—there being about sixteen years difference in our ages—and our rank, I thought it very likely I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered after so long a period. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of my meeting."

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Whatever his feelings were, they were entirely concealed from observation. But my own feelings, which had been quite apparent on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe that had fought so long and gallantly, and had suffered so much for a cause which I believed to be one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and for which there was not the least pretext. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us. General Lee was dressed in full uniform, entirely new, and wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword that had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my routine traveling suit, which was the uniform of a private, with the straps of a General, I must have contrasted very strongly with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward. General Lee and I soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army, and I told him, as a matter of course, that I remembered him perfectly, but owing to the difference in years—there being about sixteen years difference in our ages—and our rank, I thought it very likely I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered after so long a period. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of my meeting."

General Grant, in his personal memoirs, describes the Wilderness campaign, and estimates Lee's strength at eighty thousand men. The latter, he says, was operating in a country with which his army was thoroughly familiar, while to the Federal forces it was entirely unknown. He tells of General Lee's surrender, and takes occasion, in the course of it, to explode the famous story of the surrender under the apple-tree. He says there was an apple orchard across the little valley from the court-house, one tree of which was close to the road-side; that General Babcock reported to him (Grant) that he had found General Lee sitting under this tree, and had brought him within the Federal lines to the house of a man named McLean, where the Confederate General and one of his staff were awaiting General Grant.

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