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### THE SPIRIT OF KARSAS. Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00.

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Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, of form thes, or less, [25 words] the Spirit of Kansis one year, \$5.00. No orders taken for less than

The Union Pacific has again changed its time card.

Topeka has a va cuum cure, prob ably for those with empty heads.

The county clerks of the State leld a convention at Wichita this week.

The Sauta Fe shops at Topeka have recently been lighted up by electricity.

By the late decision of the Supreme Court, the Lawrence cider ordinance is declared to be constitutional.

Mrs. Swanson, the Topeka mother who poisoned her little girl last Sat-urday, has been declared insane. She believed she was going to die and wanted the daughter to go with her.

The Commercial hotel at Centralia, Kan., burned. Loss \$3,000; partially in-

Rain fell over the whole country last Sunday, except in the extreme northwest. The village of Luth g, Fs w estroyed by fire Satu night. destroyed by fire Satu.

Hoden Mo, atriday to hardware it o widdle maker made an assignment. Anothices, unknown; assetts, \$40,000.

A farmer named Waddis, near Huntington, Tenn., killed a con-table and his nephew, who levied an attachment on his cotton, Saturday,

Dave Gowenlock cashi firm of Mount Carmel, III, has fled, taking .. Jout \$15,000.

The was a serious wreck on the Mis soul, Kansas & Texas near Boonville, Mo., Monday morning. Seventeen freight cars ditched and traffic delayed for the

The Massachusetts railroad commissioners bave d clared Section Master Joseph F Welch responsible largely for the Old Colony railway wreck, in which twenty-three people were killed.

The dreadful spotted fever, which made its appearance last March near Fountainhead, about fifteen miles from Gallatin Tenn., killing about 90 per cent of the victims, has reappeared in that

The new serial, by Frang R. Stockton, author of "Rudder Frange," which opens e ATLANTIC MONTALY for November, is entitled "The House of Martha." It abounds in that dry, whi isleal humor, entitled "The douse of Martha." It abounds in that dry, whi isical humor, which is so difficult to analyze, and yet so easy to enjoy. The romatic title, "Along the Fronter of Proteur's Realm," comes rather strangely after Mr. Stocktons's delightfully matter-of-fact humor. The paper with this title is by Edith Thomas, and is a charming description of the sea in its various moods, enlivened by verses of which Miss Thomas is apparently the author. "The Legend of William Tell" is traced to its early beginning by Mr. W. B. McCrackan; and Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook has an instructive paper on Robert Morris. A Successful Highwayman in the Middle Ages," the story of a Castilian bandit, is told by Francis C. Lowell, and is followed by "An American Highwayman," by Robert H. Fulier, the mysterious tale of "the only American highwayman who has ever shown himself in any degree worthy of the name." "The Fourth Canto of the Inferno." by John Jay Chapman, and the "Relief of Suitors in Federal Contra" by Walter R "The Fourth Canto of the Inferno," by John Jay Chapman, and the "Relief of Suitors in Federal Courts," by Watter B. Hill, furnish the more solid reading of the number. Dr Holmes bids the AT-LANTIC readers farewell all too soon in the closing paper of "Over the Teacups," in which, for a few moments, he steps be-fore the curtain, and speaks in his own person. Kate Mason Rowland's bright Daper on "Maryland Women and French Officers" must not be forgotten by my lover of amusing sketches of society at the time of the Revolution.

Houghton, Miffin'& Co., Boston.

About Sweet Odors.

"Sweet odors," said a reliable perfumer recently, "are of three kinds-the floral, the aromal and the balsamic. The first group includes all those derived from sweet-smelling flowers; the second those derived from spices, herbs and roots, and the third those derived from resins, musks and similar substances. The otto, or essence of perfume, is obtained by distillation, maceration or enflourage.

"Art," the perfumer continued, "improves on nature and gives bouquets of most delicate odor, such as Jockey Club, West End, Mousselaine, Millefleur, and a host of others which have no counterpart in garden or grove. The delicate heliotrope, for instance, is scarce and unprofitable to the perfumer. He detects in its odor, however, the aroma of vanilla combined with the sharper scent of bitter almonds. Therefore he adds to a tineture of vanilla a small quantity of the otto of bitter almonds and rose and orange flower essence, and thus easily makes extract of hel' trope'.

"The magnolia is too large to macerate," he continued; "but its odor is desirable. It is furnished by a mixture of orange flower, rose, tuberose and violet essences, which makes a fine 'extract of magnolia.' Indian lemon-green likewise gives 'extract of verbena.' With the rose as a foundation and a dash of verbena the perfume of the delicate and fleeting 'sweet briar' is obtained.

"Of the animal substances, ambergia, the secretion of a spermaceti whale, gives mellowness and permanency to mixtures. Civet, a secretion of the African and Indian cat, has an odor harmonizing with floral compounds. Musk is found in the small pocket or pouch of the musk deer of China, Tonquin and Thibet. It is so powerful, aromatic and persistent that one part of musk will scent more than three thousand, parts of inodorous powder.

"Of the spice serie used. They are the unexpended flower buds of the clove trees. Cinnamon or cassia is largely used. Cassie is not cassia. Cinnamon or cassia is the bark of a tree. Cassia comes from China, the true cinnamon from Ceylon, and the two odorous grasses are natives of India; one is known as the 'lemon grass,' from which all our 'extracts of verbena' and verbena water' are made, a little addition of lemon essence making the counterfeit complete.

"Let me now give a bit of advice to your readers. Above all things, avoid coarse, strong perfumes. A heavily laden odor easily degenerates into a bad smell. Good taste and breeding in a woman may easily be told from the perfumes she uses. While a lady charms us with the delicate ethereal fragrance she spreads about her, aspiring vulgarity will surely betray itself by a mouchoir redolent of common perfume."

"Why don't you est, Mr. Bliven?" said that young man's landlady. "You seem in doubt about something." "I am." "What is it?" "I can't make my mind whether that is a very small piece of steak or whether the servant simply forgot to wash the plate."

Dashley-How do you like Irving's acting in the scene where he sees his father's ghost?

Cashley-Tremendous. I have never seen such abject terror expressed on a human countenance. Dashley-You haven't? Well, you

ought to see little Deadbroke when he meets his tailor in the street. Old Gent (testily)-Horrible! Phew! Lawyer-What's the trouble, Mr. Gan-

Old Gent-There's a dead cat outside your door and I don't see how you can

Lawyer (relieved)—Oh! Is that all? don't mind a little thing like that. I have an office boy that smokes cigarettes and I'm used to it.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE. What "St. Nicholas" Has Done for

Boys and Girls. Victor Hugo calls this "the woman's century," and he might have added that it is the children's century as well, for never before in the world's history has so much thought been paid to children—their schools, their books, their pictures and

schools, their books, their pictures, and their toys. Childhood, as we understand it, is a recent discovery.

Up to the time of the issue of the St. Nicholas Magazine seventeen years ago literature and childern's magazines were almost contradictory terms, but the new periodical started out with the idea that bothing was too good for phildren's their was too good for phildren's their was too good for phildren's their contradictory. nothing was too good for children; the result has been a juvenile magazine genuine with conscientions purpose,—the greatest writers contributing to it, with the best artists and engravers helping to beautify it,—and everything tuned to the

It has been the special aim of St. Nich-olas to supplant unhealthy literature with stories of a living and healthful interest. It will not do to take fascinating bad literature out of boys' hands, and give them in its place Mrs. Barbauld and Peter Parley, or the work of writers who think that any "good y" talk will do for child-ren, but they must have strong, interesting reading, with the blood and sinew of real life in it,— reading that will waken them to a closer observation of the best

things about them.

In the seventeen years of its life St. Nicholas has not only elevated the child-ren, but it has also elevated the tone of contemporary children's literature as well. Many of its stories, like Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," have become classic. It is not too much to say that almost every notable young people's

that almost every notative young people s story now produced in America first seeks the light in the pages of that magazine. The year 1891 will prove once more that "no household where there are childthat "no household where there are children is complete without St. Nicholas." J.T Trowbridge, Noah Brooks, Charles Dudley Warner, and many well known writers are to contribute during Ibis coming year. One cannot put the spirit of St Nicholas into a prospectus, but the publishers are glad to send a full amouncement of the features for 1891 and a single sample copy to the address of any person mentioning this notice. The magazine costs \$3.00 a year. Address The Century Co., 33 East 17th St. New York.

The Deacon Saw a New Light. Simon Stevens, the well known water front attorney, sums up the rapid transit situation at Albany with the following characteristic anecdote: "There was a conflict between two deacons in a certain church, and the minister was anxious to bring them together So he called them in and urged them to pray over the situation, with a view to compromising their differences. After they had prayed one of the deacons exclaimed: 'I have seen

a new light. I am waling to compromise.' "'I am delighted, Deacon Blank,' joined in the other deacon, 'to hear you say this. I have been praying that you would come to my terms."

Mr. Stevens calls this a compromise in which the yielding is all on one side

### Leghorn Straw Farming.

What is known as Leghorn straw is raised on the hills which rise on each side of the rivers Pisa and Elsa, south of Florence, Italy. Its adaptability to the uses to which it is destined depends principally on the soil on which it is sown, which soil, to all appearances, exists only in this small district, out of the bounds of which the industry is unknown. Any variety of wheat which has a hollow, flexible stem can be used for seed. The soil must be tilled and prepared very much as it is for corn, but the seed is sown five times as thick as is usual for other purposes; this is done in the month of December or February. When the straw is full grown, and before the grain begins to form itself in the ear. it is uprooted and firmly tied in sheaves the size of a handful. Each sheaf or menata, as it is called, is spread out in the shape of a fan to dry in the sun for three days, after which it is stowed away in barns. The harvest being over and the fields empty, it is again spread out to catch the heavy summer dews and to bleach in the sun, during which process it is carefully turned until all sides are equally white.

### EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

BE UP TO THE MARK

THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

Not to Split! Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.



NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

## W. W. CURDY,

Cloak Sale This Week.

One special lot of Ladies' Real Seal Plush Sacques at \$17.00 each. One special lot of Ladies' Real Seal

Plush Sacques at \$25.00 each.

One special lot of Ladies' Real Seal Plush Jackets at \$10.00 each.

Four special lots of Ladies' Seal Plush Capes, \$3.95,\$5, \$6.85 & \$8.

Just received-Dressy Jackets in

Just received—A second invoice you want.

of those very popular all-wool Union

Gents' Overcoats and fine Chinchilla Ulsters.

Gents' fine all wool Underwear in

HolidaySilk Umbrellas, Hair Rugs and Everything suitable for Christ-

Early selections secures just what

### Do not fail to inquire about the FARMERS' MANUAL AND RECORD,

A cyclopedia for the farmer, together with a complete account book, embracing every transaction on the farm. The book is indispensible to every farmer who desires to keep a full and accurate account of his

Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c. 419 and 421 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.



From Now until Jan. 1, 1892, The Topeka Weekly Capital And This Paper for \$1.25.

THE WEEKLY CAPITAL will contain the most complete reports of the organization and proceedings of the coming Legislature that will be published, besides all the news of Kansas and the Capital City. No Kansan should be without it Address Kimball Ptg. Co., North Topeka, Kans.

What Mr. Norton Says.

DEAR READER:
Having read Mr. Morehead's experience plating with gold, s lyer and nickel, I feel it my duty to inform others of my success. I sent for a Plate. and have more work than I can do. It is surp ising the spoons, castor, and jewelry that people want plated. The first week I cleared \$37.10, and in three weeks \$119.85, and my wife has made about as I have. By addressing W. H. Friffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, you can get circulars. A Plater only costs \$3. You can learn to use it in an hour. Can plate large or small articles, and can make money anywhere. I now have a nice home and bank account, all the product of \$3 invested in a Plater.

S. S. NORTON. sent for a Plate. and have more work



It's almost ten years since we were married. Sit down: let's have an experience meeting. How's the wife?" "Oh! she's so-so, same as usual,—always want-ing something I can't afford."

"Hello! Tom. Glad to see you, old fellow!

the wife?"

"Oh! she's so-so, same as usual,—always wanting something I can't afford."

"Well, we all want something more than we've got. Don't you?"

"Yes: but I guess 'want will be my master.' I started to keep down expenses; and now Lil says I'm 'mean,' and she's lired of saving and never having anything to show for it. I saw your wife down street, and she looked as happy as a queen!"

"I think she is: and we are economical, too.—have to be. My wife can make a little go further than anyone I ever knew, yet she's always surprising me with some dainty contrivance that adds to the comfort and beauty of our little home, and she's always 'merry as a lark.' When I ask how she manages it, she always larghs and says: 'Oh! that's my secret!" But I think I've discovered her 'secret.' When we married, we both knew we should have to be very careful, but she made one condition; she would have her Magazine. And she was right! I wouldn't do without it myself for double the subscription price. We read it together, from the title-page to the last word; the storles keep our hearts young; the synopsis of important events and scientific matters keeps me posted so that I can talk understandingly of what is going on; my wife is always trying some new idea from the household department; she makes all her dresses and those for the children, and she gets all her patterns for nothing, with the Esmitatran Department. But I can't tell you halit' "Demorest's Family Magazine, and—" "What wonderful Magazine is it." "Demorest's Family Magazine, and—" "What wonderful Magazine is it." "Demorest's family Magazine, and—" "What wonderful Magazine is it." "Demorest's family Magazine, and—" "What wonderful Magazine is it." "Demorest's family Magazine, and—" "What wonderful Magazine is it." "Demorest's family Magazine, and—" "What wonderful Magazine is it." "Demorest's account; she's bound to have a china tenset in time for our tin wedding next month. My sold watch was the premium I got for getting up a club. Here's a copy, with the new Premium Li

am thy knight, and thou hast sent me forth to battle with the demon of despair. o battle with the demon of despair, o conquer self, and from its ashes bring he phemix of my boyhood's fervid dreams; o live the long, long years and make my life its ot the sower as he passes by cattering the grain on rock and fertile field o reap or lose as fate shall will it so.

No favor hast thou sent, as those of old Wore lovingly and closely on their hearts When they went forth to far-off Palestine, But simply for thy word that it is best And for the trust and message sent by thee Do I go on to conquer in the fight Of man the brute against the man divine,

Count me no idle dreamer—most of all I pray you not on some high pedestal Entrench my nature; I am but a man who loves and hatea, is merry and is sad, Has known of gladness and has tasted woe, And holds no higher honor to himself Than truest love to all things true and good And pity infinite for suffering.

Here is my hand—and to the world my gage,
For as I journey onward in my quest
I shall not falter, even where I fail;
But having from the strength of thy rare soul
Caught some reflection of a light divine,
Full-armed am I, and resolute as death
To face the utmost rigor of my fate,
To cleave to hope, to hope for happiness
To be my better self as best I can,
And so through all the lapses of gray time
To be a man because I am thy knight.
—Ernest McCaffey,

### REJECTED WITH SCORN.

"Shut in?"

"If we can only make the workmen

hear before they get away."

"Do you mean that if we do not we shall be imprisoned here indefinitely?"

The sudden storm raged about the high tower room in which Courad Hammond, bachelor and clubman, and Virginia Redwood, prospective M.D. and missionary to native Hindu women, found themselves, by the crashing to of a ponderous door, unexpectedly incarcerated.

The tower belonged to an unfinished country residence, and that country residence—the ubiquitous reporter had already informed the country press that it was to be one of the finest in the country-was the property of Conrad Hammond himself

An hour before the slanting sun that had been shining out of an unclouded August sky had become abruptly obscured, and the young man, meeting Miss Redwood in one of the long walks she was wont to take for miles outside the sleepy old historic village with her huge blooded mastiff, had offered her the shelter of his tower during the impending storm. Great drops were already descending with an ominous ac-companiment of thunder, and Virginia, after a brief hesitancy, had accepted the proffered hospitality, while Ham-mond, who had been riding, tied his horse to a tree. And this was the re-

The tower stood on the farther side of a sweeping lawn that divided it from the house, in which the sound of the workmen's hammers and saws had just ceased, and to make one's self heard from its windows in the tumult of the The wind which, suddenly pouring down the winding staircase that led to the tower-room, had violently flung the door, above its last step, in the lock, carried away Hammond's reiter atted calls in ineffectual which which we have the collection of the state of the s ated calls in ineffectual whispers. The lock was provisional and on the side of the stairs only. And when the entire situation dawned on the girl's bewilderment, she put this last question to her companion with a face that had grown

a trifle white and rigid.

"The workmen will be back early in the morning of course," replied the lat-ter, endeavoring to speak lightly, but pulling nervously at his moustache the 'and we can't starve in the interim. Still-'

"Are you certain that the door cannot be broken open?" Virginia quired, controlling herself forcibly. Virginia in-

"Unfortunately I fear it cannot." He was a man of muscular build. He threw himself against the heavy plank, pushing against it with his shoulders until the veins showed on his forehead. A faint creaking of the wood was the only reward of his efforts.

"Then we must wave our handker-chiefs—make some sign!" said the girl, quickly. "Surely some one must see

But even as she spoke she knew that any such attempt would be futile. The house and tower were isolated in the

midst of large grounds.

Evening was coming on apace and they were three miles from the village.

The thought of the anxiety that would be felt about her in her home added a fresh pang to her alarm. She was a young woman who was exceedingly proud of her self control, of her equanimity in all eventualities of life. But she was conscious now of a distinct sense of painful discomfort. And of all men, to be placed in such an embarrassing position with this man. With this Conrad Hammond for whom she had so very small a measure of consideration or respect, and so large a measure of contemptuous dislike! With this idle man of the world, sup-

with this idle man of the world, supposed to be so irresistible to women.
Without knowing it—and, indeed, how could a young woman devoted to such lofty aims in life linger upon thoughts of her personal qualifications?

—Miss Redwood had a face most expressive of her inner soul, an eye beam most elevents of the condition. most eloquent of her condition of feeling and mind. Looking at her now her companion in imprisonment said: "I think I need not tell you how

deeply I regret that my carelessness in leaving that door unpropped in this ter-rific wind should have led you into so unpleasant a situation. Miss Redwood. specially as I cannot but feel you could scarce have met with such a mis-fortune in the society of anyone who would be more distasteful to you."

The rain had abated and the wind was sinking, but the clouds hung threateningly low, and in these already shortening August days a glimmering and might consent to marry me. Was greyness was beginning to invade the this wrong? Will you judge me as tower-room. A rough wooden bench harshly for this as for all my other supused at some time by the workmen and

riches) women so liberally extoned, and have inspired this wish. And nyou was for whom she personally had always have inspired this wish. And nyou was felt such an unaccountable aversion, in time love me, you can make of me what you will." room, she was uncomfortably aware that his glance questioned her with strange insistence through the dark. Wrapped up in her desire for a useful wrapped up in her desire for a useful and worthy career, she had always shown herself supremely indifferent both to her own severe, Diana-like young beauty and to any emotion it might arouse in the men with whom she came in contact. For this man her usual indifference had become accentuated into a latent and irritating sense. tuated into a latent and irritating sense of antagonism. All the summer, though he had never shown any pursuit of her that could be construed into deliberate courtship, she had been conscious of a silent attention on his part, always centered on herself. She had resented it tacitly, at times with an undefined nervousness which filled her with anger against herself. She was fired with a constant wish to tell him how very poor was the opinion she had of him. Now, as he stood regarding her with folded arms, these indefinite feelings solled up within her with a complex force that broke at last in articulate words. If only he would not stare so how thankful she would be!

"I don't know quite what you mean," she rejoined, tersely and coldly, upon his last speech. 'No one could make this predicament itself anything but unwelcome. It is not a question of personal taste or distaste."

He laughed a little, shortly.

"Ah! you are begging the question, Miss Redwood."

She flushed haughtily.
"I never do that. If you must know-will know-the truth, I have no respect for your views of life—no. And I judge a man by his life," announced this uncompromising young medical student.

"You are severe!" "You are severe!"
"I don't think I am unjustly so."
Her large eyes flashed upon him in the
leepening darkness with indignant
learlessness. "I simply have no respect for men who live in luxurious
indolence on this toiling, writhing
earth, where countless millions work
and suffer! Still less for men who culand suffer! Still less for men who culivate the reputation of Don Juans and Lovelaces.

A silence fell between them. Hammond could no longer distinguish clearly the features of her face. The rain had cooled the air, and with the advent of night a certain chilliness had crept into the bare, high-perched towerroom. Now and again a soughing gust of wind circled the massive stone walls about them and died away in a murmur of trees. At the foot of the tower Virginia's mastiff barked shortly and insistently.
"Poor Don!" murmured the girl,

She had seemingly almost forgotten the man across the room. But she started a little, imperceptibly, when he spoke again. His face was quite shrouded from her now, and she could but just discern the outlines of his conscious of a tone in his voice that had never been there

"However scant your own respect may be for a man whom you think of as glorying in the final two epithets you have used, I can prove to you that such a man is capable of greater respect for a good woman, on his side. than you seem willing to credit. I had not intended saying anything to you now. But before we were liberated from this mouse-trap to-morrow it was my determination to offer you my name and hand—to ask you to be my

"And I would have refused both gift and request," answered the girl, slowly and distinctly. "I refuse now. I am not so afraid of what the world may say. My life lines are to lie so far from the scandalous gossips of so-called society that I can afford to be very indifferent to any unjust blight that may be cast upon my name by reason of this miserable accident. As a man of honor you might offer to marry mesuch are the artificial codes of the thing we call social life. But I, as a woman of honor, can marry no man in whatever unfortunate position I may have been placed who does not love me and whom I do not love in return." Her voice trembled.

"And who tells you that I do not love you?" asked Hammond, in com-pressed accents. She felt him draw a step nearer in the darkness. 'That I should speak now is what I never thought, never desired. But since one word has been uttered the entire truth msy as well follow. I love you. I have loved you exclusively, devotedly, passionately—since the first day I saw passionately—since the first day I saw you. You have avoided me, heaped contempt upon me. I have but loved you the more. You are the one love of my life. I have wanted no other woman for my wife. I want you. You may treat me as you will now. The day will come when you will—when you must—love me. I tell you that—here—this moment. And there will come a time when you will remember my words. I am a man who member my words. I am a man who is not afraid of the truth. When that

positious misdemeanors? Love such half covered with shavings, occupied one side of the circular room, and on it Virginia had seated herself, her fingers interlocked, her handsome young eyes turned sternly away.

Although this Coursed Hammond turned sternly away.

Although this Conrad Hammond, now I want to be a better one than I whose charms and good looks (and have been; to lead a more useful, a Although this Conrad Hammond, whose charms and good looks (and riches) women so liberally extolled, and worthier existence. It is you who have inspired this wish. And if you will have inspired this wish. And if you will have inspired this wish.

She had heard him through to the final word, but now her voice broke upon the last passionate vibration of his with a vibration as passionate.

"And you call yourself an honorable man and take such an occasion as this to drive me to bay? You say such words to me now—now—when I am constrained to listen to anything you nay choose to utter? Is this a time to force a love you have justly divined would be distasteful on a girl so defenceless against intrasion as I am at this instant? this instant? But you have already declared that you thought this a strangely happy opportunity! At least you are candid in unmasking your soul and your views, Mr. Hammond! Let me be equally candid and assure you that even had I some feeling of possible liking for you-which is never the case—this scene, the unmanly and ungentlemanly advantage you have taken of my position, would be more than sufficient to kill outright not only such feeling, but the last lingering spark of respect I might have enter-tained for you in the bargain!"

She paused, and she now for the first time perceived that she was trembling in every limb. Hammond had made no sound--had not stirred in his place. Only after what seemed an inter-minable pause she heard him move towards the window. When he spoke his voice had changed as much as though it were the voice of another man.

"You are entirely right. I beg your pardon. I acquiesce entirely in the opinion you have formed of me. I have labored under a great delusion. But it is still possible, perhaps, to save you in another way from the conse-quences of this unfortunate accident." The scattered clouds had broken little and projected against the pale square of night-light in the window. Virginia could see the vague outlines of his head and shoulders. Suddenly he seemed to swing himself upward. A sharp pang of undefined terror clutched her.

"What are you going to do?"
"Swing myself on the top branches
of that tree, and trust to heaven to get
to the ground safely from there."
"Mr. Hammond!" She had started

forward, her knees quaking under her. "It is not possible that you can be so insane, so foolhardy—"

Her words broke in a low cry. An evanescent ray of moonlight had filtered palely through the clouds, and Virginia saw the mad leap-heard a sharp creaking and snapping of boughs. Then the moonlight disappeared. clouds closed again over the place where

Virginia had sunk on her knees. The next thing of which she had a consciousness was of the bright light from a lantern that had been swung upon her face. Don was licking her hands and face in a canine transport of joy and alarm. Voices resounded around her, and she recognised the kindly accents of a gardener's wife, whose cottage, a mile off, she had fre-quently passed in her walks.

"It's fainted she has, poor dear! And no wonder! Shut up here in the dark alone, and how do you expect she ever got up here? Mr. Hammond was right then when he said he thought he heard a voice calling for help from the top of the tower as he rode

by the entrance to the grounds."

"It was pretty far off to hear," an swered the voice of the woman's husband. "Still, when the night quiet. . . . But the funny thing is Mr. Hammond didn't stop to see what it was himself, instead of riding on so

far as our house." "He said he wasn't sure, Caleb. Only when he come to think of it he suspected more and more that some thing might be wrong. But he didn't

have time to go back then."

Virginia had aroused herself then, her bewilderment all gone. He had shielded her carefully then to the last! "Heaven be thanked, miss!" ex-claimed the gardener's wife. "Are you

the feeling better? And how did it ever happen, ma'am?"
"I will tell you later. Could you get me home now? I seem to have little

Before the two worthy people retired definitely for the night, the woman said to her husband:

"I tell you it's been a dreadful shock to Miss Redwood, Caleb. Did you see how strange her eyes looked? so full of pain, like? and white? White as a

In the lush freshness of the following June the county house of Conrad Hammond stood bolted, barred, and unfinished. He had been away nearly a year, and work thereupon had been suspended indefinitely. To the letters a year, and work thereupon had been suspended indefinitely. To the letters of his lawyer and agents he had re-plied, "Leave everything as it is. I don't know when I shall return." For the rest, the sleepy old historic village ceased to wonder and settled again into its somnolent indifference.

The silence of the weed-grown door crashed to, and I realised the position in which you were unavoidably placed, I said to myself that this might be my opportunity—that you might now be shown what was in my heart, had suddenly appeared, and Conrac Hammond and Virginia Redwood looked wordlessly, breathlessly into each other's faces.

"I thought you were abroad," stam-mered the girl. How should she account for her presence here—under the very shadow of the tower in which such words had been spoken the last time she had ever seen him? and what would he think of the hot blood crimsoning her cheek, and the trembling of the hand that held Don in leash?

"And I thought you had gone to India," he said. "I go next week."

"And you came here-hereagain before leaving?" He had drawn closer to her, and his hungry eyes read closer to her, and his hungry eyes read her timid ones. "Virginia, are you sure you did not make a mistake that night ten months ago? If I should tell you now what I told you then would you answer as you did? Would you still go to India?"

She had covered her face with her hands. How words was ballet.

hands. Her words came broken and "No. I mistook my heart that night.

I have known it since. I know it DUNKARDS WITH AN R.

A Telegrapher's Blunder that Startled and Mystified a Station Agent. One day a party of twenty-five Dunkards was en route to the general conference, via St. Louis. No accompanied them, and a telegram was sent to Union Depot Passenger Agent Bonner to "meet twenty Dunk-

The religious education of the telegraph operator who received the message had been neglected. He had never heard of the Dunkards, and, supposing a mistake had been made, he just inserted the letter "r," and when Bonner received the message it read: "Meet No. 4. Twenty drunkards aboard. Look after them."

Bonner was somewhat taken aback. He did not know but than an inebriate asylum had broken lose, but anyway prompt action was necessary. The twenty drunkards must be desperate men or the dispatch would not have been sent, and murder might have been

prevailed among the numerous depot loungers, a rumor having gained cur-rency that a desperate band of train robbers was on the incoming train. In due time the train arrived, but no

party of roystering drunkards alighted. the party on the train was composed of several pious-looking gentlemen with broad-brimmed hats, who stood around

as though expecting some one.

Bonner approached one of them and

said interrogatively:
"Had any trouble on the road?" "No, brother," said the gentleman, "none that I know of. And now I'll ask you a question: Do you know a gentleman named Bonner?" "Yes, I am Mr. Bonner," was the

you get a telegram? excused himself, and, calling the Ser- people with clear, rosy complexions geant of Police aside, he told him can wear black and look well. All that it was all a mistake and he and others can modify its hardening effects his men could go back to headquarters. Then he disposed of his religious friends, went around and cussed out the telegraph operator, after which he had to "set 'em up" for the whole police force on the promise to keep

Caught by the Proofreader.

Here are three contributions to the collection of typographical errors nipped in the bud by the prosaic proofreader:
"He (the late Dr. G---) spent forty

years of his life in teaching deaf mules how to read and write." Read mutes for mules, and you have

a less quixotic but scarcely so poetic a task assigned to the late Dr. G. From a thrilling adventure story: "Roaring through the thick fog.

from the direction in which the youn girl was running, came the loud sound of noses."
"Waves" instead of "noses" made

the passage read better. This is from a biographical sketch: "In the prime of his life and strength

he was carried away by a pullet at the battle of Five Forks." There have been chickens, perhaps which seemed to their eaters to have had sufficient muscular development to

enable them to carry a strong man away, but this compositor's "pullet" was only a "bullet."—Boston Transcript.

### To Insure Long Life.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says the first thing to be done to insure a long life is some years before birth to advertise for a couple of parents both belonging to long-lived families. Especially let the mother come of a race in which octogenarians and nonagenarians are very common phenomena in which octogenarians and holagen-arians are very common phenomena. There are practical difficulties in fol-lowing out this suggestion, but possi-bly the forethought of your progenitors, or that concurrence of circumstances which we call accident, may have arranged this for you.

Beef loses 25 per cent of its weight when baked.

TO WEAR OR NOT TO WE'AR. Colors Which Should Adorn Women of Beauty and Taste.

"No woman is ugly when she is dressed." Only Lord Chesterfield could have been guilty of such a gallant perversion of the truth.

If he used the word "dressed" advisedly and meant clothed with a due regard to the selection of becoming colors and to the cut and style of the gown to suit the individuality of the wearer, he was undoubtedly right—no woman is ugly when she is artistically and becomingly dressed. But so few women seem to know what colors will enhance or destroy their good looks, what style of gown will conceal their defects and heighten their charms and what way of arranging their hair will improve their faces, that dress ofttimes instead of adding beauty to the appearance has the contrary effect.

People who are florid must be care-People who are florid must be careful what reds they use even more than the pale people. A deep blue red, that red suggested in a plum or the velvet leaf of a red pansy that has caught a shade from the petals of its near neighbor, the dark blue pansy is the color for florid complexions. Grown people should be careful not to wear bright red. As Modieska observes: "As one grows As Modjeska observes: "As one grows older red is more becoming above the face than below it." Dark cardinal velvet above gray hair and dark eyes has a most charming effect.

has a most charming effect.

Pink is most becoming for fair young people. Rose color, combined with black, white, or gray can be worn with impunity by the youthful and fair.

Magenta should be suppressed. Only a dazzling beauteous being could survive the uglifying effect of this deprayed color, and then it must be combined with white. bined with white.

Dark sage green is an almost univer-

sally becoming color. It annuls any tinge of green there may be in the complexion; for this reason brunette people generally look well in green.

Only those who have an exquisite complexion should dare to wear pale green. If the complexions are clear. rosy, and fair, pale and dark have

equal privileges. Dark green, combined with pale, is becoming to brunetts with clear,

been sent, and murder mights committed on the road.

Bonner posted off to police head-quarters, and his story did not loose in the telling. The Chief of Police, alived to the exigencies of the situation, made to the exigencies of the situation, made a special detail of ten policemen and a special detail of ten police head-pallid complexions.

Yellow is a delicious color—a favor-ite hue of the old masters and Dame Nature. Warm yellow has a good effect on the complexion. It makes the skin look fairer than it hunder the pallid complexions. really is. It goes pleasingly with many colors. A brunette will look particularly handsome in a green yellow. Mustard color, which is insuf-ferable by daylight is simply delicious in the gaslight. Pure blue and yellow are harsh. A good rule is never to combine two colors of equal intensity.

One or two colors should be dull and

not too pure.
Yellow will blend well with old gobelin blue, with heliotrope and certain shades of blue grays. Amber of all shades is exceedingly becoming to

dark people. People with blue eyes should not wear bright blue. It makes their eyes look faded and detracts from the bloom of the complexion.

both old and young. The young can wear it better than the old. It brings Dunkards, and you were to meet us out clearly the hard lines in the face and put us on the right train. Didn't and seems to deaden the bloom of the ou get a telegram?"

Skin. Golden-haired blondes, redBonner was completely done for. He
haired maids and matrons, and dark by combining white, red, orange, gray,

or yellow with it.

All but people with coarse complexions look exceedingly well in white. Every color can be made becoming by being artistically arranged and relieved by another color, or by the soft, subduing effects of net or lace or airy tulle.—N. Y. Herald.

### Fun in the Alps.

Mountain-climbing has its diversions as well as its terrors and excitements. Victor Tissot, in La Suesse Inconnue, describes an amusing experience in Switzerlard while descending the Pic Languard:

The descent was accomplished in an

hour. It was a pleasure party, a fete. I found myself with a gay party of Austrian tourists, with whom I speedily became acquainted. Arriving at the top of a great declivity of frozen snow, the guide stopped and asked, ad-dressing himself to the ladies: "Should you like to amuse yourselves a little?" "We should not be Viennese if we refused. Yes, let us amuse ourselves. The snow is so delightful." Impatient and curious, they quickly grouped themselves about the guide. "Well, we will descend this beautiful, snowy we will descend this beautiful, snowy slope in a few minutes without the smallest danger. It is only necessary that the ladies should have courage. This is how we proceed. Each gentleman must seat himself and take a lady behind him, holding her firmly by the ankles. At my signal you must all let yourselves slide down. It is not difficult and we shall gain half an hour." This manner of descending, much used in the Alps, was new to the ladies, and seemed to them both droll and original. Each of us seated ourselves on an overcoat, folded in four, and the ladies on their shawls, which and the ladies on their shawls, were drawn over their knees. At the word of command we set off, dragging word of command we set off, dragging our companions, laughing and uttering little shrieks. Some awkward couples came to grief, but not seriously and the adventure terminated without further incident. At the foot of the slope the travelers, a little giddy from the headlong journey, rose, powdered with snow, and shook themselves like waterdogs which had just crossed a river.

Mango Trees, Bables, and Other Objects Shown to Be Creatures of the Imagi-

Nearly every traveler who comes back from India brings with him more or less marvelous stories of the performances of Indian fakirs or jugglers. No one ever heard of one of these tales without being curious to know the explanation of the mystery. All sorts of theories have been offered, all of which are more or less unsatisfactory. It has remained for a young Chicagoan to furnish an explanation that explains and to present what must be accepted as absolute proof of the correctness of his idea. His discovery may attract attention in



LESSINGS'S SKETCH OF THE MANGO TREE. all parts of the world and he may be-come as widely known as the discoverer

of electricity.

Frederick S. Ellmore, who has just re-Frederick S. Ellmore, who has just returned from a two-years trip around the world, is a pleasant-faced, light-haired young man of 26. He is an '86 Yale man. After his graduation he spent a year in business with his father. At the end of the year an opportunity presented himself to spend some time in foreign countries and he started out alone. Being a rather enthusiastic amateur photographer he carried his beloved kodak with him. He first "did" the British Isles and then went to Paris, the British Isles and then went to Paris, where he put in several months. While there he ran across a college classmate— a young New-Yorker George Lessing. Lessing was somewhat of an artist and was putting in his time in the American art colony in the French Capital. From art colony in the French Capital. From Paris Lessing and Ellmore traveled together. They "did" Europe and afterwards Egypt, India, Australia, Japan, China—their tour winding up in the United States. Lessing went on direct to New York from San Francisco, while Ellmore has been spending some time on to New York from San Francisco, while Ellmore has been spending some time on the coast and and in "doing" the Yel-



THE CAMERA SHOWS NO TREE TO EXIST. lowstone Park. Lessing carried with him to New York the rolls of negatives from Mr. Ellmore's kodak, which he had developed there and sent back to Mr. Ellmore by express. They were received

yesterday.
In talking to a Chicago Tribuns man of his remarkable experience in India, Mr. Ellmore said: "We had done West India pretty thoroughly, and had spent some time in Calcutta. From there we went north, stopping for a short time at Rajmahal and Dinapur. From the lattajmanai and Dinapur. From the lat-ter city we went south to Gaya, which we reached in July last. Lessing and I had frequently talked over the Indian fakirs and their marvelous performances, and had determined upon making a careful test of their powers. So we were constantly on the alert for some first-class juggler. One afternoon Lessing rushed into the room where I was taking a snooze and told me there was a fakir in front about ready to begin his formances. I was as pleased as he was. Neither of us had been able previous to



WHAT LESSING SAW. this time to see one of these fellows, but we had arranged a little plan which we were to put into operation when oppor-tunity offered. I had been impressed by tunity offered. I had been impressed by a theory that the explanation of all their alleged supernatural performances would be found in hypnotism, but I did not knew just how to get at it until Lessing proposed this plan to test my

TT IS ONLY HYPNOTISM.

theory. While the fakir was going through his performances Lessing was to make a rapid pencil sketch of what he saw while I at the same moment would take a snap shot with my kodak.

"Being prepared to put this plan in operation we went out from our abode, and there found the fakir and a crowd of patives and one or two Europeans.

of natives and one or two Europeans.
The fakir was a queer-looking chap.
His hair was long and matted and his
beard hung low on his breast. His only decoration was a copper ring or bracelet worn about his right arm between the wrist and the elbow. His eyes were re-markable both for their brilliancy and their intense depth, if I may so term it. They seemed to be almost jet black and were set unusually deep in his head. When we stepped into the little circle When we stepped into the little circle about him those eyes took us in from sole to crown. He had spread upon the ground a coarse carpet of peculiar texture about four feet wide and six feet long. At his right stood a small earthen bowl and across his knees lay a strange-looking musical instrument.

"Having received the signal that all was ready be took the bowl in his hands

"Having received the signal that all was ready he took the bowl in his hands and turned the contents—a reddish, sand-like mixture—out upon the carpet. He mixed it about with his fingers, apparently to show that it contained no concealed objects. Replacing the sand in the bowl he stood it in the center of the covert covered feet in front of his the carpet, several feet in front of his knees, and covered it with a small shawl, first placing in the mixture several seeds of the mango fruit. Then he played a weird air on his pipe, swayed back and forth, and as he did so slowly took in each member of the crowd of spectators with those marvelous eyes of his. The swaying and pipe-playing lasted two or three minutes. Then he suddenly three minutes. Then he suddenly stopped and raised one corner of the shawl. We saw several green shoots two or three inches high. He replaced



WHAT THE CAMERA SHOWED.
the shawl, played a little more on his
pipe, and I could have sworn I saw the
shawl pushed three feet into the air.
Again he stopped removed the shawl.
This time there was a perfect tree, two
feet or more in height, with long, slender
the leaves. Lessing under me and I flat leaves. Lessing nudged me and I took my picture while he made a skeleton sketch. While we were watching this creation of the queer old man it seemed to vanish before our eyes. When it was gone he removed the bowl and spread the shawl on the ground before him. Then there was more music fore him. Then there was more music and more swaying, more looking at the crowd; and as we watched the dirty square of cloth he had placed on the ground we saw outlined beneath it some moving object. As we watched he grasped the shawl by each of two corners and snatched it from the ground. Upon the spot where it had rested but a mount before there sat the guerrest moment before there sat the queerest dimpled Indian baby that I had seen in my travels. Lessing kept his nerve better than I did. I would have forgotten what I was doing if he had not reminded me. I took the picture and he made his sketch. The baby remained but a moment before Mr. Fakir recovered it with the shawl, and drawing a knife cut and slashed at the spot where the infant sat. In another instant he threw away the shawl and there was nothing



LESSING'S SKETCH OF THE CLIMBING BOY.

"We had scarce time to recover from our astonishment when the fakir drew from under his knee a ball of gray twine. Taking the loose end between his teeth Taking the loose end between his teeth he, with an upward motion, tossed the ball into the air. Instead of coming back to him it kept on going up and up until out of sight and there remained only the long swaying end. When we looked down after trying to see where the ball had gone, we were all astonished to see standing beside the fakir a boy about 6 years old. He had not been there when the ball was tossed into the air, but he was there now, and at a air, but he was there now, and at a word from the fakir he walked over to word from the fakir he walked over to the twine and began climbing it, a good deal after the fashion of a monkey climbing a grape vine. As he was starting I got his range and made a picture of him, Lessing at the same time making a sketch. The boy disappeared when he had reached a point thirty or forty feet from the ground, at least we could not see him. A moment later the twine disappeared. Then the fakir arose, rolled up his carpet, took the bowl away, and passed among the crowd soliciting contributions.

"I had no facilities for developing the kodak films and it was these Lessing took with him, as well as a thousand or more other negatives, to be developed. The fakir pictures, with a few others, I received this afternoon. After the fakir's departure Lessing filled in his sketches and these he left with me. You'll see by comparing the ones Les-



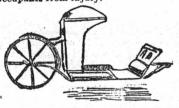
THERE WAS NO BOY. sing made with the photographs that in no instance did the camera record the marvelous features of the performance. For instance, Lessing's sketch shows the tree grown from from the bush, while the camera shows there was no bush there. Lessing saw a baby and so did I, and he has got it in his sketch, but the camera demonstrates that there was no baby. Lessing's sketch of the boy climbing the twine is evidence that he saw it, but the camera says there was no boy and no twine. From which I'm compelled to believe that my theory is absolutely correct—that Mr. Fakir had simply hypnotized the entire crowd, but simply hypnotized the entire crowd, but couldn't hypnotize the camera. I'm going to write out a history of the affair and have copies made of the pictures and forward them to the London Society for Psychical Research. I have no doubt it will make good use of them."

A ONE-WHEELED BUGGY.

Unique Vehicle Used by a Prominent At-lanta Doctor.

Dr. Thurmond, a leading physician of Atlanta, Ga., possesses a singular vehicle in the shape of a one-wneeled buggy. It cost \$500.

The doctor believes in having things just as he wants them, and for several years he has been using a set of harness remarkable for its simplicity, as it conremarkable for its simplesty, as it consisted of only a wooden collar. There is a string running from the collar down the shafts into the buggy. It is fixed in such a way that, in case the horse runs away, a quick jerk of the string will loosen the collar from the shafts and permit the horse to run away and leave the horse holing him thus saving the the buggy behind him, thus saving the occupants from injury.



This pleased him so that he decided to simplify his buggy. He drew the plans himself for the one-wheeler. It is nineteen feet long from the big vilocipede wheel behind to the end of the shafts in wheel behind to the end of the shafts in front. An ordinary buggy is only thirteen feet long. The top is made stationary, like the top of a bread wagon, only it is shaped like a buggy top. The floor of the buggy is just nine inches from the ground, while the shafts curl upward from the bottom until they are level with the dash-board. There is no seat made in the vehicle, but an up-holstered chair is placed in it, to be occupied by the driver.

The shafts have been changed some-

what, having been fixed so that they can move up and down. The only harness to be used on the horse is the wooden collar and a very wide bellyband to which the shafts will be fastened.

### Sweet Bookkeeping.

Here is a sweet system of bookkeeping that Mrs. Lingle advances in the Kate Field's Washington. Present social conditions are pitifully hard, but even the poorest man lives in a net-work of the kindnesses which he has done or has received. For every friendship founded upon abstract mutual appreciation, there are ten that begin in some concrete benefit that gave pleasure alike to the giver and the recipient. Head two columns the recipient. Head two columns "Kindnesses Done" and "Kindnesses Received," and, as you recall the incidents of your life, put them under one or the other. In a little while you will find in both columns the names of most of the people whom you have known, and you will begin to be con-scious of the fine atmosphere of gratitude and mutual dependence in which we dwell. Then count how many of these things would have happened if none of the people had needed your help and you had had nothing to gain in your turn from any of them.

And This in Cultured Boston A woman entered a drug store not far A woman entered a drug store not far from Beacon street, the other evening, and said that she wished to purchase a toothbrush. The proprietor laid out a number of these articles upon the counter for her inspection and turned away to attend the wants of another customer. In a short time the female approached him and said in the sweetest of tones. "I have tried them all and think that I "I have tried them all and think that I like this one the best, so will take it." The astonished proprietor took one look at her, gave one short moment to silent reflection and meditation, then said, "Madame, you may have them all for the price of this one; I will make you a present of them. The woman no doubt is yet wondering at the cause of his unexpected generosity.—Boston Additional control of the price of the pri his unexpected generosity.—Boston Ad-

THE SUN WORSHIPERS. Stone Roadway Built by Them 1,200 Feet Up a Mound.

Charles J. Wimple, one of the wealthlest miners of Mexico, is a recent arrival in San Francisco. To a representative of the Call he told the following

wonderful story.
"You have asked me to give an account of the interesting mountain my friend, Jesse D. Grant, and myself saw during our trip through Mexico en route to this city. Well, that mountain is at once one of the most gigantic exhibitions of man's handiwork, and something almost beyond credence were we not already familiar with the

works of the Aztecs.
"Just imagine a valley forty by thirty miles in area, and from its cen-ter rising a mound over 1,200 feet in height. Then you can realize the first we came before the hill I am to describe. My foreman was with us, and had partly prepared us for the sur-prise, but we had treated his story with incredulous remarks, and had by no means suspected he had but given a modest description of the mound.

"We gazed to the top and allowed our eyes to follow the windings of a road down to the base. We went around the base and conjectured it was around the base and conjectured it was about one and a half miles in circum-ference. Then we started for the sum-mit. The roadway was built of solid rock clear to the pinnacle, and was from thirty to forty feet in width. A wall of solid rock formed a foundation wall of solid rock formed a foundation and an inside wall at the same time. The outer edge of the road was unguarded. These stones weigh all the way up to a ton each, and are not cemented. The roadway is as level as a floor, and is covered with broken process of continuous of conti pieces of earthenware water vessels.

"Half way up the mountain is an altar cut in solid rock; in the niche is a bowlder which must weigh at least six tons. The bowlder is of different stone from that used in the walls. The rocks in the walls are dressed by skilled workmen, but are not polished. We saw no inscriptions; in fact, we had no time to spare in making a searching investigation. We did look for arrowheads or other warlike implements to satisfy ourselves that the mounds had not been used for defensive or offensive purposes. Nor was there any evidence to prove that the roadway had been to prove that the roadway had been built for the purpose of witnessing bull fights and other sports in the valley. I could only conclude that the Aztec sun worshipers expended years of labor on the hill in order that they might have an appropriate place to celebrate their imposing festivals, inasmuch as the roadway was strewn with broken earthenware, and those scions of a bygone and notable race were known bygone and notable race were known to carry at sunrise large quantities of water in earthenware jars to an emi-nence and then pour out the liquid and smash the vessels.
"When we descended we brought

with us a number of small sea shells which had petrified, and if you look at these on my table you will see how they have been perforated by the Indians. We again took a long look at the mountain and saw it was oblong in shape and that the upward road com-menced on the eastern side. I have traveled on both sides of the mountains from British Columbia to Central America, and on either side of the Sierra Madres where the cliff-dwellers have left such remarkable mementos of their skill and customs, but I have never witnessed anything so wonder-

which I have been telling you about.

'The valley is about 600 feet above
the sea level, and is about seventy miles from the coast. It is situated in Sonora. between the cities of Altar and Magdalena, and near the Magdalena river. We called the curiosity Palisade mountain, and is well named."

### An Ovation.

There is one point in which the city and country people differ greatly. city man never speaks to a passer-by unless he be an acquaintance, while in the rural districts one meets so few people on the roads that it is the custom to accost every passenger. Most country people leave the rural habit home when they visit the city, but this morning the delegate was accosted by

a sunburned stranger who smiled warmly and extended his hand in a friendly manner. As the delegate once lived in the country, he understood the old farmer and returned the greet-

ing.
"B'gosh!" said Rusticus, "the folks of this here town are the friendliest I

ever saw. I never was in town before, and they just treat me great."

The delegate seconded the remark and went his way, while the farmer started down Vine street, speaking to everybody he met and hailing every driver on the street. Several cable cars stopped at his greetings, and he rushed out and gave the gripmen a warm hand-shake, replying to their invitation to jump on:
'No, thanks; I'd ruther walk; I ain't

goin fur." People began to "catch on," and when last seen the venerable son of the soil was wending his way along Fountain square and receiving a perfect ovation .- Cincinnati Times.

### A Possible Explanation.

Machinist—"I am afraid this type-writer is damaged beyond repair. It seems to have been warped by fire all out of shape. You have not had any fire in your office lately, have you?"

Lawyer — "Certainly not. O, yes! The girl has been writing passion poetry on the darned machine. I guess that's what's the matter with it."—Terre Haute Express.

HE WAS ONLY A LITTLE CHAP.

The Conductor Tells How He Came to Be So Soft-Hearted.

"I know," said the conductor, as he finished counting up and lighted cigar, "that most people consider us a hard-hearted lot, but we've got to be, or at least appear to be. A railroad company has little to do with sentiment and a great deal to do with business. I can't afford to let people ride at my expense, and so what am I to

No remedy being suggested he smoked away in silence for two or three minutes, and then continued:

"I didn't use to have so much heart about it, only excusing myself on the plea of duty; but one night about three years ago something happened which has kept my heart pretty soft ever since. It was on the run out of Buffalo, and when I came to take up the fares I came across a woman and child. She was pale-faced and poorly clad and she had a world of trouble in her face. had a world of trouble in her face. I saw that in a general way, but it was not my business to pity her. The child with her, a boy of 7 or 8, was lying back on the seat, with her old shawl for a pillow. She offered me one full-fare ticket to a point about forty miles below, but I demanded one for the boy. "Please, sir,' she said, 'we are very poor, and he's only a little chap and I'm taking him home to die."

'That was no excuse, and I plainly told her that she must pay for him or

told her that she must pay for him or he'd have to get off. I thought she was trying to beat his way, but in that I was mistaken. It was a dark and rainy night, and she'd never have got ready to leave the train at the next stop if she'd had money to pay for the boy. I felt a bit ashamed when I saw her making ready, and it hurt me to see her lean over him and both cry tosee her lean over him and both ery to-gether, but one of our men had been discharged only the week before for overlooking a one-legged soldier who only wanted a lift for ten miles."

'And no one offered to pay the boy's "For a wonder, no. There was full crowd in the car but all seemed to look upon the pair with suspicion. I hated to put them off, and I was hoping the woman would make one more apthe woman would make one more appeal and give me a show to back water, when the train ran into ——, and she made ready to get off. The least I could do was to help her with the boy. I picked him up and started to follow her out, but I had scarcely taken notice of his white face and tear-wet cheeks when he uttered a shrick of fear, straightened out in my arms, and next instant I knew I held a corpse. Yes, sir, the life went out of him in that cry,

and the mother turned on me with a look I can never forget and cried:

"He's dead! He's dead. And you have killed him!

"I don't like to think of it," whispered the conductor after a long silence. "I had my month's wages in my pocket, and I gave her every dollar of it and the passengers raised as much more, and when I left her with her dead at the next station I had done everything I possibly could, but that didn't elear me. I had been too harsh and cold. She had told me the truth and I had doubted her. She had asked for mercy and I had ordered her out into the night and storm with a dying boy in her care. She has never forgiven me, and never will, and try as hard as I may I can never forgive myself.'

### He Wasn't Extravagant.

Cautious people are sometimes too cautious, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. The story of a man who considered seriously for a week whether it would be wise for him to pay \$500 for a lot, and, after deciding in the af-firmative, learned from the real-estate man in a more careful conversation that it was \$500 per front foot, is a case in point.

A few days ago a stranger, while passing a haberdasher's store, was attracted by a display of shirts, which were further distinguished by a placard on which was printed the legend, "These are 75 cents." It happened that in the same case were a few silk umbrellas, which command about \$8 each on a pleasant day, with a slight tendency to rise if clouds gather. The pedestrian gazed long and earnestly into the window; then he wandered away, only to return soon and gaze again. This was repeated several times. Finally he entered the store and asked to look at the umbrellas. One was brought out and he opened and examined it with the utmost care. It seemed to suit him exactly and he turned to the proprietor and remarked: "I'll give you an even 60 cents for it."
The proprietor evidently didn't think he understood aright, for he leaned forward and said, "What?" The stranger again informed him "I'll give you an even 60 cents for the umbrella."
The proprietor was dezed. Then he The proprietor was dazed. Then he began to recover.

"How much do you think it costs?" he inquired.

"Seventy-five cents."
"And you have been debating all this time whether you would give that amount for a silk umbrell?"

The stranger said he had. The proprietor led him gently but firmly to the door. "My friend," he said, tenderly, 'you are too far from home and you'd better scoot before some hungry car-horse gets a chance to nibble at you and make a funeral of you before the mistake is discov-ered."

### Clubs in New York.

Clubs have increased rapidly in New York, and it is estimated that they now have a membership of 100.000. Every club has an ambition to get a building on fifth avenue.

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G. F. KIMBALL. EDITOR.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

The off year in politics will be very likely to stay off this time.

The republican opposition in the next lower house of congress will be 145, not all democrats, however.

Miss Willard says the women want half, and why should they not have it?

The usual religious revival season has opened all along the line. It is an item of local news from every

An exchange wants to know where on earth J N Ives lives? We answer, in Kansas. He is now big enough to cover the state.

The Methodist seems to be the coming man. He is building four churches a day, year in and year out, in this country.

The New York Independent believes that Ingalls ought not te be returned to the United States' Senate. and that seems to be the moral sense of the nation.

The United States' Senate is seldom changed by one election. It will take another turn to change the Sensee to this in 1892.

circles, and other clubs and societies are now all in full bloom and will remain so until nipped by the Summer's

The Capital is so very sore that if L L Polk, of the national Farmers' Alliance were dead and buried, it would probably not let his bones rest in peace. A bitter disposition is a bad thing.

A freight train on the Northwestern, fell through the Kaw river bridge at Kansas City on Monday morning. Four persons were killed or drowned, among them Fred Allen of Lawrence, and five men were wounded. A car-load of hogs were

Some of the party leaders about republican headquarters at a loss to rank weeds of petty office hunting. know whose effigy to hang where St. John's was suspended a few years ago, went and got so drunk that their heads wabbled. It is hoped we have about come to the end of republican draw fancy salaries in county offices office seekers preaching prohibition, and practicing getting drunk.

Some of the methods adopted in Mc-Kinley's district during the late campaign illustrate the contemptible side of our political system. In order to show the beneficial effects of the new tariff republicans sent agents over the district buying up wool at fancy prices declaring that the tariff had raised the price for the benefit of the farmer. Then the democrats sent out tin peddlers over the district, charging enormous prices for tinware, and assuring the people that the rise caused by the McKinley tariff had hardly begun. Here were two ways of pulling the wool over the the people, shown by the late election, eyes of voters.

ing its party papers to task for their tory says otherwise. It portends as course in the late campaign. It has marked an advance as the granting thoroughly stirred up a hornest' nest. of the Great Charter by King John, We beg to suggest that all this vio- as that of the creation of the house lent kicking will do no good. A of commons, as that of the Bill of great power has been attributed to. Rights, as that of the abolition of the press, sometimes vastly more slavery, as that of the extension of than it deserved. At any rate, the the right of suffrage. It means the farmers reform movement has receg disruption of old parties and the innized the press for about what it is troduction of new systems. It presworth, and a revolution has really sages the further breaking down of been made in the newspaper circula- barriers between human kind, not tion of this state. The country pa- the depression of anything that is pers have partially or woolly deserted grand and noble, but in the elevation the old party, and are supporting the of that which is low and ignorant. It Alliance. Many that have not done portends revolution. It can no this have been trimming their sails, more be stopped than the tides of the and it will be useless to attempt to sea. Hence, it becomes the imperadrive them into line with a riding tive duty of all good men to help give it direction.

Kansas City foot-pads have taken to stopping street cars.

President Harrison is still willing to play with fire. He wants a federal election law passed.

If the National Farmers' Alliance succeeds in breaking down Mason and Dixon's line it will do just as great a work as the republican party did when it destroyed slavery, and that is saying a great deal.

Some of the leading republican papers are advising a modification of the demand of the people. It is not one-half the world-an undivided likely to be done. The wise leaders will argue that it is just as well to be strung up for killing a sheep as a

> Probably Gov. Humphrey did not write any such silly letter to DR Anthony, as the Capital produces. It is spicy reading but would not reflect much credit upon the executive of a great state, who may be presumed to have outgrown his boyish whimsicalities.

The farmers having been in the habit of working the year through, have taken no rest since the late election harvest, but are going right on torial seed in the early spring and it with their seeding and organizing, is now well rooted. determined to take in the president and senate at the next round up. There is every probability that they will do it.

It has been legally decided in a Pennsylvania court that the hen that independence somewhere. lays the egg, and not the one that sits ate and President. The people will upon it, is the mother of the chicken; and when A's hens go upon B's lot and lays pure high-bred eggs, and The Epworth league, Chautauqua B's barn-yard hens act as incubator and produce choice chicks, A can claim them as his own. So much for chicken law.

> There will be very little danger now in resubmitting the question of prohibition in this state. Among the coming events is the extension of the right of suffrage. When the prohibition question comes again before will speak upon it at the polls. It good things in store for the people of Kansas that will have national in-

The farmer legislature of Kansas will have an immense job on its hands this winter. It will be watched by the people all over the nation. They will want to see how it treats the fairly be presumed that Robinson's series. In November appears the open-What it will do with the sinecure fungi-what with the flat-headed borers that work into the state printing-what with the cut worms that -what with the codling moths that find their nests in unredeemable mortgages—what with the Hessian flies that usually prey upon political shows less than the strength of that parties? All their dehorning of the party by the number that were led to old system will excite general interest.

The best republican sentiment and the best democratic sentiment of the country should turn toward the coming political revolution that has already broken the serried columns Kansas, and which is already putting itself in position for an advance all along the line. It is wisdom to recis very different from those which The Topeka Capital has been tak- in off years. The philosophy of his-

D R Anthony called on Gov. Humphrey this week, and it is said. they buried the tomahawk.

All that is needed for a victory for our party in 1892 is to get a fair majority of the votes cast.

Topeka will now have a new cable bridge of two spans, on Quincy street one block below the present Kansas Avenue bridge.

Wyoming thinks that forty days is long enough session for the state the tariff law, at once, in response to legislature, and Kansas still thinks fifty days will do.

> A Kansas City M E church voted not to admit women to conference as lay delegates. But then only 60 out of 350 voted, and of these only 20 in

A Leavenworth dispatch says that Senator Ingalls is there to consult with the party leaders about his election. Why not say, about his inevitable defeat?

While a great deal is said and done about others, it must be remembered that Judge Peffer planted his sena-

The Alliance vote for state treasur er was 1776 more than the vote for Humphrey, and so farmer Biddle may be considered a hero of 76. We knew there was evidence of Kansas

Leavenworth officers captured 30 gallons of the Bandanna club's homemade wine, for which they have been prosecuted as common thieves. For want of the wine the banquet was very dull, and without enthusiasm.

It is not poverty that causes drunkenness as some would-be labor reformers would make out. Now and then there may be cases where weak individuals give way under pressure of poyerty and make a bad case all the worse by taking to drink. the people the women of the state It is not the rule, and cannot be in can be foreseen that there are some trary, drink is one prime cause of povthe nature of things. On the conerty and crime, hence all reform looking to the elevation of the people must take with it the temperance re-

> The election returns do not show that there was any unusual trading of one candidate for another. It may lance committees (by the chairman of the committees) etc, etc. General Frevote of about 70,000, represents the entire whiskey-resubmission vote of all parties, and some prohibitiondemocratic votes. Humphrey's vote indicates considerable more than the republican strength of the state, as many prohibitionist not otherwise in sympathy with the party, voted for him. The vote for the people's party vote for Humphrey on the prohibi-

Those who believe that the McKinley tariff bill was the prime cause of the late republican defeat, will probably have occasion to learn their misof democracy in Georgia and South take sometime in the future. The Carolina, and of republicanism in cause of that party's defeat lies much deeper, and the same cause will find its result in the overthrow of democracy in 1892. The people have not ognize the inevitable. The revolt of been governing this country for the last quarter of a century, and they have at last found it out. The repoliticians tell us have been common publican party might just as well have remained in power as to have the have remained in power as to have the democracy come in. So, tco, the democratic party might just as well have remained in power two years ago. There have been no practical benefits from the changing from one benefits from the changing from one party to the other in the last fifteen years. It has been said a thousand times that a few money changers manipulate the politicians of both parties. Nothing is more certain than this fact. They did not control all the states at the last election, although they did some. They will have less control hereafter.

> The Central Kansas Teacher's Association will be held at Salina, November 27, 28 and 29. The annual address will be given Thursday evening by Rev. C. A. Swenson, of Lindsborg College, who has lately returned from a trip to Europe.

## CENTRAL MI

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A GREAT AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The Success of "The Century" and It's Plans for 1890.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is now so well-known that to tell of its past success seems almost an old story. The N.Y. Tribune has said that it and its companion, St. Nicholas for Young Folks, issued by the same house, "are read by every one person in thirty of the country's population,"—and large editions of both are sent beyond the seas. It is an interesting fact that a few years ago it was found that seven thousand copies of The Century went to Scotland,—quite a THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is now so was found that seven thousand copies of The Century went to Scotland,—quite a respectable edition in itself. The question in England is no longer "Who reads an American book?" but "Who does not

see the American magazines?" A few years ago The Century about doubled its circulation with the famous War Papers, by General Grant and others, adding many more readers later with the Lincoln History and Kennan's thrilling articles on the Siberian Exile System. One great feature of 1891 is

to be "THE GOLD HUNTERS OF CALIFORNIA." describing that remarkable movement to the gold fields in '49, in a series of richly illustrated articles written by survivors, including the narratives of men who went to California by the different routes, accounts of the gold discoveries, life in the mines, the work of the vigilance committies (by the chairman of raing article. "The First Emigrant Train to California,"—crossing the Rockies in 1840,—by General Bidwell, a pioneer of pioneers. Thousands of American families who had some relative or friend among "the Argonauts of '49" will be interested in these papers.

MANY OTHER GOOD THINGS ARE COMING. the narrative of an American's trayels through that unknown land Tibet (for through that unknown land Tibet (for 700 miles over ground never before trod by a white man); the experiences of escaping War-Prisoners; American Newspapers described by well-known journalists; accounts of the great Indian Fighters, Custer and others; personal anecdotes of Lincoln, by his private secretaries; "The Faith Doctor," a novel by Edward Eggleston, with a wonderfully rich programme of novelettes and stories by

The November Century begins the volume, and new subscribers should com-mence with that issue. The subscrip-

Brander Matthews contributes to HARPER'S WEEKLY November 19 a biographical and critical sketch of the distinguished French writer Francois Coppee. The article will be accompanied by a portrait of Cuppee, engrayed from a drawing by Albert E. Sterner.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December is a superb Christmas number. The illustrations will include, besides a frontispiece in tints, a large number of fullpage engravings representing some of the best work of the best modern artists. The fiction, which will be given a prominent place in this number, is of a character especially appropriate to the holiday season, and the editorial departments will be brimful of allusions to Christmas cheer and Christmas duties.

### HOTELS. The Place House, LAWRENCE, Corner of Warren and New Hampshire Streets.

J. M. STEPHENS, M'n'g'r. Has been thoroughly renovated, and is the Best \$1.00 House in the city. A free barn to patrons of the house.

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TOPEKA. The best \$1.50 a day house in the city. First Class in every respect.

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Silver Lake House. AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL. R. B. EATON, Prop'r, Silver Lake, Kan.

Good Table and clean and comfortable beds Feed and Livery Barn in Connection with the

The Perry House. Is now open to the public:

Special Attention to Farmer's Dinners. HENRY STEIN, PROP, PERRY, KANSAS,

It is announced in Alliance circles here that a resolution will be offered in the legislature this winter admitting as active members of the house the nineteen delegates elected in various counties. Delegates do not ordinarily have a vote, but it is claimed that once they were admitted as members. While the constitution limits the house to 125 members, the same clause says that each organized ward Eggleston, with a wonderfully rich programme of novelettes and stories by most of the leading writers, etc., etc.

It is also announced that The Century has purchased the right to print, before its appearance in France or any other country, extracts from advance sheets of the famous Talleyrand Memoirs, which have been secretly preserved for half a centry—to be first given to the world through the pages of an American magazine, All Europe is eagerly awaiting the publication of this personal history of Talleyrand—greatest of intriguers and diplomats. county shall have not less than ber hip of the legislature on joint ballot 184, of which the Alliance, including a senator to be elected in the Cloud-Republic district to succeed the late Senator Swearingm, will have 111 members, or 18 more than a majority.

In a recent number of the Boston Globe, Mabel S. Clarke urged the need of giving training in newspaper reading, in the public schools. She suggests, where time is limited, the use of a daily news bulletin to be prepared and written upon the blackboard every morning by one of the pupils. This the teacher and school should examine and briefly discuss. The pupils should prepare the bulletin in turn, and the writer gives as one reason for a trial of her plan that the "excercise is of special importance for girls, who are only to prone to imitate their mothers in giving to the journals a cursory examination, if the journals a cursory examination, if they give any at all. Girlstare educated like boys in other departments, why not in this preparation for intelligent society, and for the field of public life which seems gradually to be opening to them?".

House the machinery for the win-

It is indispensable to the health of a young baby that it shall have sweet,

Napoleon was the father of beet-sugar making, and this was his best work for humanity.

Dry years favor the increase of all noxious insects. This is specially true of the cut worms.

Missouri is the third in importance in fruit growing New York and Michigan alone exceeding it.

1887, the wheat crop the smallest since 1885, and the oat crop the smallest since 1882

The stable is the dwelling house of the cow, and she should not be forced out of it in disagreeable and stormy The United States consume in food

for the people and for animals nearly all-more than 96 per cent-of their enormous crop of corn.

The Texas State Fair was a grand success. Visitors from other States came to see the wonderful productions of the Lone Star State.

October is reported as having been exceedingly favorable for winter wheat. Reports from the entire belt show its condition better than at the same time last year.

that will readily mature in one locality will fair in others.

best yield at the lowest cost and then to sell to the best advantage. To do this requires the planning and carrying out of a regular system of man-

year, it is a good plan to look carefully over the operations of the past set son so that whatever mistakes have been made may be in future avoided.

Fall pigs are usually not considered profitable by the average Western farmer. This, however, is a mistake, as a few well-bred fall pigs can be kept on every farm at a profit, if they are provided with proper shelter, and if allowed to run about the farm they will consume a great deal of feed that would otherwise be wast-

### Poultry Scratchings.

Leaves and hay chaff make excellent litter for floors, and by throwing grain among it the fowls are kept busy scratching. This exercise keeps them healthy.

Do not allow the chicks to crowd too closely on the roosts. They should have rooms for their own use where the old birds do not roost. They should also have more food than the adults, and be given a large grass range.

We find the Houdans not only ornathis twice a week, melting up that remental but very useful. They are easily maining in the jar, and you will be surraised, plump and of good size. They are very lively when hatched and grow quickly. We like them better than the Leghorns, as they have no big comb to freeze; their "top-not" protects them in cold weather and gives them an odd but very attractive appearance.

I deem platforms under the roosts one of the most valuable fixtures of the poultry house; dry earth can be kept on the platforms, and the droppings cleaned off every morning or two.

Our Compliments to the Tribune.

It is amazing that for a dollar a year THE NEW YORK TRIRUNE can provide a weekly newspaper, which will contain such features as are proposed for 1891. See Prospectus in another column. No one can read what THE TRIBUNE has to say for itself without being struck with the sincerity, patriotism of purpose, and enterprise of that great national newspaper. It has collected a large corps of special contributors comprising many of the most prominent men of America, and will have long articles from them on leading questions of the day; and it is noteworthy that THE TRIBUNE, true to its own patriotic purposes, has made up its list of writers, without going abroad for any of them. We risk little in sayfor any of them. We risk little in saying that its enterprise in securing Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan, to explain the Tariff to the Farmers of the country, will receive a rich reward. Secretary Rusk, Julius C. Burrows of Michigan, P. T. Barnum, and the long list of other spacial writers will certainly Supply important secure. The Toppurp is the best of ant essays. The Tribune is the best of the metropolitan weeklies, and readers will do well to send for a sample copy before making their subscriptions, the coming winter.

### South of Snow Belt.

Texas, New Mexico and Old Mexico are well worth visiting this winter.

well worth visiting this winter.

It will not cost you much to take a trip there via Santa Fe Route. Winter tourist tickets now on sale, good until June 1st, 1891, with 30 days limit each way. List of destinations includes Austin, Corpus, Christi, Deming, El Paso, Galveston, Houstou, Lampasas, Monterey, Rock port, Saltille and San Antonio.

Inquire of local agent Santa Fe Route, or address G T Nicholson, G. P. & T. A, Topeka, Kansas.

Household.

It is nonsense to daily over anything, but dailying is not painstaking. "Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

is required in the baking as in the mixing of the cake, "I don't mind that in the least ing of the cake,

Heat brings out the bad qualities of butter that will be noticeable in odor as well as in taste. Fruit for cake should be prepared the day before it is used. Currants after being washed should be dried perore using as they might otherwise make the cake heavy, and it is the same with raising same with raisins.

When a man knows, thoroughly how to breed, feed and milk, he may be accounted a successful dairyman.

The receipts of grain at Chiesgo for the year ending October 31 exceeded those of the preceding year by 23,000 cars.

The corn crop is the smallest since 1887, the wheat crop the smallest since

petaled flowers.

Boys shoes should always be bought a full size too long—not too wide—a pre-caution that not only prevents the pain-ful bulging of the big toe joint, but makes the shoe wear better, and keep its shape. Two pairs of shoes should be in use on alternate days; nothing rots leather so soon as moisture, and a shoe that is always on never has the perspiration from the foot dried out.

In selecting or purchasing the seed for house wear. The wise woman has corn for mext season's planting it learned her lesson well, and the minute should be remembered that varieties that she enters her home takes off her hould be remembered that varieties that sale enters nor nome takes on her hat will readily mature in one local-ty will fair in others.

It should be an aim to secure the set yield at the lowest cost and then too much, and consequently looks fresh for the entire season.

Always have ready a cleansing materi al, which can be put on a grease spot as soon as discovered. When the spot is fresh, this attention is much more effec-Before determining the crops to be tive than when it is even a day old. A sown or the work to be done the next

Boiled Ham.—Soak the ham over night in a boiler full of cold water. When ready to cook scrape; wash and trim it carefully and cut off the hock. After being properly cleansed and trimmed put it on in cold water sufficient to cover it well, and after it begins to boil allow a quarter of an hour for each pound, and let it boil slowly. When a fork stuck in it comes out readily it is done. The gravy that runs in the dish, being the juice

prised at the saving.

Timbale of Salmon—One pound can of salmon, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cream. Salt and pepper to taste, Remove the salmon from the can and reject all bone and skin. Mash the salmon fine, adding slowly the cream; then the salt and pepper and the yelks of the eggs well beaten. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir them carefully into the mixture. Fill the greased custard cups two-thirds full of this mixture, stand the cup in a pan of hot water, and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. When done romove the timbale carefully from the cups, arrange them on a meat platter

and hand around. Chop cold boiled white cabbage and put it in a colander to drain until dry; build an extension throstir in some melted butter—about two handle to New Mexico. tablespoons to a large spiderful; add pep per, salt, and four tablespoonfuls of cream; after the cabbage is heated through add two well beaten eggs, then turn the mixture into a frying pan; stir it until it is hot and is of a delicate brown on the under side. Place a hot dish over it and when ready to take it to the table turn the frying pan or spider upside down so that the brown or crust part will be on top, thus making a very pretty looking dish.

The advance Census Bulletin issued by the Interior Department shows that the population of the United States is 62,480,540, an increase of 12,324,757.

Catarrh Can't Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the desease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonies known, combined with the best blood purifiers acting directly on the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the inucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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Year.

The climate is cool in summer and mild in winter, making plowing possible every day in the year.

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"You see how it is, my dear," he said, taking her soft hand, which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly: "I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear—and we In turning cake in the oven do not jar patting it reassuringly: "I'm poor—
it any more than is necessary and never only a thousand a year, dear—and we touch it until it has risen. As much care shall have a struggle to get along at

she interrupted, stoutly, rubbing her cheek softly against his hand.
"And," he pursued, having graciously allowed her interruption, "we shall have to come down to strict economy. But if you can only many mother does we shall only age as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"And how does your mother man

"And how does your mother man-age, dear?"she asked, smiling—but very happily—at the notion of the mother-in-law cropping out already. "I don't know," replied the lover, radiantly; "but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat; and she does it all herself, you know! So that we always get along beautifully. Flowers begin to be precious at this season. Frosts have killed the out-door blooms and the greenhouse plants are not yet at their best. A few flowers however, can be made to go a great way in house decorations, and even one dainty blossom has a refining influence. Select those which last well, as some varieties of roses, carnations, and all stiff, thick-petaled flowers. done, and all that sort of thing-why, it just walks into a man's income, and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath was also in-clined for a vacation; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and, being one of the stout hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things of John's mother, and so went to her for All the faint grays, the pale rose, delicate green, magnetic blue and very light brown in wools of some kind, are liked morning John received, to his blank amazement, a little package containment. ing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter;
"I have learned how your mother

'manages,' and I am going to explain it to you, since you have confessed you didn't know. I find that she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired grrl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener, and a general slave for a family of five. She works good cleanser is made from one ounce of powdered eastile soap, dissolved in hot water till about as thick as honey when cold; eight ounces of sulphuric ether, and two ounces of benzine are stirred into this. Keep corked and apply with sponge, again and again till the spot is absorbed. Shake the bottle before using. from five in the morning until ten at latter, 1 asked her why John didn't do such things for her. John? she repeated, John?—and she sat down with a perfectly dazed look, as if I had asked her why the angels didn't come down and scrub for her. 'Why, -John'-she said, in a trembling, bewildered way-he works in the office from nine until four o'clock, you know, and when he comes home of the ham, is very nice served with rice.

Economy.—In every kitchen care in saying clean fats will be found an economy. All scraps of fat beef, pork, veal and poultry, with a little mutton should be fried out, strained and saved. For many was this nice clean driping is many uses this nice clean dripping is preferable to lard or even butter. Such drippings as these are a clear gain, as only a little care and work is required to keep a nice stock on hand. Attend to must also milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do every thing, and all that you have to say o is that she is an 'excellent manager. I do not care for such a reputation, unless my husband earned the name also; and judging from your lack of consideration for your mother, I am quite sure that you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I should care to marry. 'As the son is, the husband is,' is a safe and happy

> So the letter closed, and John poudered, and he is pondering yet.—Ella Higginson.

It is denied that the Santa Fe is to build an extension through the Pan-

### TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, [Free with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a sure Cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

Think of This a Moment!

New Mexico presents peculiar attractions to the home seeking farmer.

What are they?
Here is one of them: Cultivable land bears so small a proportion to total area, that home demand exceeds supply, and that means high prices for farm products ducts.

And another: Development of mines and lumber interests causes a continu-

year.
The climate is cool in summer and

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WEEKLY

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No Other Such Place for Wood, Iron & Cotton Manufacturing Con

Already has a Large Northern Population.

AWRENCE BURG possesses more advantages requisite for the building of a residence and manufacturing city than any new town in the country. Marvelous water power; in the cotton country; surrounded by more than 1,250,000 acres of valuable timber land; inexhaustable iron ore; the healthiest place in America; beautiful town site; equable climate; good farming lands; fine fruit country; crops never fail; good-will of present inhabi-tants. What can hinder its becoming a great city at once? We have already several prosperous factories, and lumber interests causes a continually increasing need food.

For instance: Corn in New Mexico is worth 75 cts. per bushel, when in Kansas it only brings 40 cts. and other things in like proportion.

Irrigation, which is practiced there and costs little, insures a full crop every cornanged.

The most equitable Town Company ever organized.

For particulars and The most equitable Town Company ever organized. For particulars and by-laws of the Company, address

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper reg liarly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facil evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

THE woman, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who first introduced into this country from Germany the kindergarten method of teaching the children, is still living in Boston at the age of eighty-seven years, and retains much interest in educational matters.

As HAD been predicted, the steam ship companies have decided that ocean racing is a poor advertisement and have arranged their schedules for next summer on a much better basis. The crack ships will now alternate with each other, and the objective point will be the rapid delivery of the mails.

THE marriage ceremony practiced by the people of Borneo is very short and simple. Bride and groom are brought out before the assembled tribe with great solemnity and seated side by side. A betel nut is then cut in two by the medicine woman of the tribe, and one half is given to the bride and the other half to the groom They begin to chew the nut; and then the old woman, after some sort of incantation, knocks their heads together and they are declared man and wife.

WHEN the antiquarian of the year 6890 digs through the superimposed strata of clay pipes, beer barrels, and false teeth to the remains of the year 1890 or 1990 one of the most interesting relics that he will find will be the "United States Official Postal Guide." In this volume the archæologist will find much food for reflection and the foundations for all sorts of scientific theories regarding the manners and customs of this age. If such a name as "A. B. C." in Tennessee will puzzle him, what will he think of U. Bet, Baptist, and Calf Killer, of Skull Bone and Mouse Tail in the same state?

THE public should know that there is danger in chloroform and ether, however useful and necessary they may be, and that these agents should not be taken for such simple operations as the removal of a tooth, a tonsil or a mole. If an anæsthetic is thought necessary in such cases cocaine and nitrous oxide gas are allsufficient and far less dangerous Nitrous oxide gas, as used by dentists. has been used for removing a cancer of the lip requiring an operation lasting two or three minutes. The public should know, also, that pure nitrous oxide gas is the only safe gas for anæsthesia.

HISTORY teaches that the closing years of each of the bygone centuries have been rendered memorable by a more than usual amount of sorrows. troubles and ills to which mankind is Alarmed lest the century sho pass away without the human race receiving its full quota of suffering, the powers of nature appear to have crowded into its concluding years all the unspent hoard of pestilence, famine, war and catastrophes of every kind. Nor does the final decade of the Nineteenth century seem destined to prove any exception to the rule. It has opened in a manner that cannot be regarded as otherwise than omin-

Experience has shown that panics are short-lived. They come with the suddenness and speed of a cyclone and are gone almost as quickly, leaving their destructive effects in their path. The knowledge in the public mind of a means by which banks could relieve their immediate wants through the assistance of the treasury, would, if some definite system were the law, in itself, guard against their presence; but these wants should be supplied with extreme care; the limit of coin in the treasury should never be hastily lowered, and the loans should be made for periods not exceeding a few weeks at a time, and their renewal should be provided for.

PHARMACY is an occupation peculiarly suitable for women. It is not physically exhaustive. It demands conscience, caution and care. It is a calling naturally attractive to students of chemistry while in its accessories it implies taste and sympathy. Women are bound to enter it in increasing, white turkey named Sultan. He was quite numbers. There is another consideration that ought to allure thrifty and capable women into it. There is more profit per cent on drugs and druggists' sundries than on any other line of stood his title. No peacock was ever vaincommodities except liquors. It requires less capital—saloonkeeping al- at him he spread his tail, rubbed his wings ways excepted—to make money in on the ground, and gobbled haughtily drugs than in anything else; and the He was very white, very fat, and, so far as rate of gain is conversely high. Many women who strive to enter the medical profession and have not the necessary education in general ought to chearfully as the father in the good Book seek pharmacy instead

### THANKSGIVING IN THE OLD HOME.

Like the patient moss to the rifted hill
The wee brown house is clinging;
A last year's nest that is lone and still,
Though it first was filled with singing.
Then fleet were the children's pattering

feet,
And their thrilling childish laughter,
And merry voices were sweet, oh! sweet
Ringing from floor to rafter.

The beautiful darlings one by one,
From the nest's safe shelter flying,
Went forth in the sheen of the morning sun,
Their fluttering pinions trying.
But oft as the reaping time is o'er,
And the hoar-frost crisps the stubble,
They haste to the little home once more
From the great world's toil and trouble.

And the mother herself is at the pane, With a hand the dim eye shading, And the flush of girlhood tints again The cheek that is thin and fading. For her boys and girls are coming hom For her boys and girls are coming home, The mother's kiss their guerdon, As they came ere yet they had learned to roam.

roam, Or bowed to the task and burden. Or bowed to the task and burden.
Over the door's worn sill they troop,
The skies of youth above them,
The blessing of God on the happy group,
Who have mother left to love them.
They well may smile in the face of care,
To whom such grace is given;
A mother's faith and a mother's prayer,
Holding them close to heaven.

For her, as she clasps her bearded son; With a heart that's brimming over, She's tenderly blending two in one, Her boy and her boyish lover. And half of her soul is reft away, So twine the dead and the living, In the little home wherein to-day, Her children keep Thanksgiving.

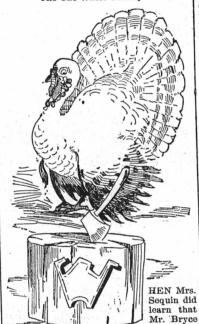
There are tiny hands that pull her gown,
And small heads brown and golden;
The childish laugh and the childish frown,
And the dimpled fingers folden,
That brings again to the mother-breast
The spell of the sunny weather,
When she hushed her brood in the crowded
nest.

And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life,
The cries of pain and passion,
Over this lull in the eager strife,
Love hovers, Eden fashion.
In the wee brown house were lessons
taught
Of strong and sturdy living.

of strong and sturdy living, and ever where honest hearts wrough, God hears the true Thanksgiving. And ever

### THANKSGIVING DAY.



to eat his Th'nksgiv. ing dinner in her house, she came very near crying for joy. Bryce was her brother, whom she had not seen for a dozen years or more. She was a widow, living in a suburb of Boston with her little daughter Ethel. She had a very scanty income, and it was only by dint of the strictest economy and by good management, that she kep the gaunt wolf want, away from her door. Her brother had been living in Yokohama and making a modest fortune among the Japanese.

Ethel Sequin was nine years old when she learned that her uncle was coming to visit them. Under almost any circumstances she would have been delighted to see him. She had heard a great deal shout him for her mother seemed never tired of sounding his praises; so the child had actually grown fond of him in his

But-can you believe it?-in spite of her affection for her unknown relative, and despite her interest in the country from whence he was coming, this contradictory little girl wished in her inmost heart that he would stay away.

She knew that her mother would have an unusually good dinner on Thanksgiving day, both in honor of the national holiday and in honor of her brother's arrival. No little girl ought to object to that. She that the cottage would be redolent with baking pies and roasting fowl, and, instead of smiling at this prospect she shed

some very hot tears. The turkey was alive now, and strutting about the yard. He had once belonged to quite a respectable brood, but one after another of his family had run out; the wet grass, taken cold and died, this solitary Turk remained. He was as pompous and quite as dignified as any sultan of Turkey had ever been. Some-body had told Ethel that the Arabic word sultan meant "mighty man," and this white fowl was as proud as if he underturkeys go, he was very good looking. No doubt he would make a delectable dinner Mrs. Sequin resolved to kill the sultan in honor of the wanderer's return, just as

killed the fatted calf in for his prodigal son. But Ethel did not share this cheer fulness. She admired the sultan spite of his silly airs, and she would have preferred to go without any Thanksgiving dinner and to have dispensed with her uncle's visit rather than have the proud white turkey killed.

She was a practical little girl, in spite of her sympathy for the sultan, and she could see the necessity of sacrificing him to the feast. Her mother was poor, and unable to buy one of the turkeys which decorated the butcher shops. Besides, the older the sultan grew the less palatable he would ba-He would never be of any use in the world, excepting on the table. Ethel knew all this, and tried to resign herself to his unhappy fate, but she could not do it. She was very sorry for the turkey.

She said nothing to her mother about her unhappiness. She was unselfish enough wish her mother to be worried about anything. Ethel had noticed that she looked younger and happier since she had heard from her brother. She went about her work singing, and her face was bright with expectant happiness; and she did not have long to wait, for the visitor came several days before he was expected.

He was a big man, with merry, gray eyes, a brown beard, and a voice that had a ring of kindness. He brought a dog with him, a huge mastiff, of which he was very fond. Mr. Carroll took up his abode in the cottage as if he belonged there, and the dog, who was named Jupiter, was chained out on the little dried patch of lawn over which the sultan had reigned alone. The dog and turkey soon struck up a friendship, and ate together out of one dish with perfect good fellowship.

The Yokahama uncle and his dog had not been long at the cottage when the preparations for the Thanksgiving feast were begun. Mrs. Sequin said the time had come for the turkey to be killed. As she was altogether too soft-hearted a wo-man to perform this operation herself, and as she was unwilling to ask her guest to do it, she told Ethel to request their butcher to send his boy to kill the turkey. Then she went back into the parlor to talk to her brother, and Ethel was left alone.

She put on her hat and cloak very slowly. Her heart was very full, and there was a great lump in her throat. It was bad enough, and sad enough, to love old Sultan without being compelled to give the order of the execution. She went down the street at a pace very unusual for a healthy child. Her feet seemed heavier even than her heart, and her steps were drearily reluctant.

Her eyes were red and swollen when she went into the butcher's shop, and her voice was unsteady. Everybody there was very busy, for the approaching holiday had increased the butcher's sales. There were a lot of common looking fowls hanging up about the shop, but the few feathers remaining on their wings were gray, and it was plain to be seen that none of them had ever looked like the gallant sultan. Ethel priced one of them, and the butcher said it was one dollar and a half. Poor Ethel! She had been saving her pennies for nearly a year, and yet there was only seventy-five cents in her tin savings bank. That was only half enough to buy a turkey and to save poor Sultan's life.

Just at dusk the butcher's boy came up

the walk. Ethel saw him and her heart sank at the sight. Sultan's hour had come. The boy had no sympathy for either the girl or the turkey. He was very fat, as butcher's boys are wont to be, and he. was both vulgar and provoking. He had heard Ethel offer her services at the shop, and had been exquisitely amused at her proposition. Now he laughed and jeered at her. She had had a vague idea of beseeching him to chloroform the turkey, to make his visit as painless as possible, but she gave up this impracticable idea at once. She knew that it would be useless to make any appeal for mercy to the butcher's boy. He would delight in plaguing her. He would fairly revel in slaying old Sultan before her eyes.



UNCLE CARROLL. Of course he had first to catch the fowl. Sultan was so tame and so well trained, that he would come when his name was called; but the boy knew nothing of the bird's great sagacity, and he did not call him. Instead, he chased the turkey about the yard. The bira could not fly, for one of his wings had been clipped, but he could run, and he gave the boy a lively character. Sultan had at last forgotten his cignity. The boy was too fat to be a good runner, but he made the best time possible to him reging over the little lawn, around to him, racing over the little lawn, around

beds. Ethel could not watch the chase She had covered her eves with her hands and was sobbing violently. Around and around went the turkey, and around and around went the boy. And now the turkey

is cornered, and now he is caught! All this while no one had noticed Jupiter, who had been growling until his tones were almost as deep and terrible as the roar of a lion, and who had been jerking away at his heavy chain, in a mad attempt to break it. The dog was a powerful ani mal, but the chain was too thick for even his strength. He saw his friend, the turkey, chased all about the yard and captured, and the sight enraged him. He made one mighty, final plunge and tore the iron staple to which his chain was fastened out of the fence. Then he was free, He knocked the butcher's boy down in a mo-ment, no doubt mistaking him for a thief. He would have killed him if Ethel had not



JUPITER TO THE RESCUE

uddenly thrown herself upon the dog, and shrieked for him to leave the boy alone. The dog obeyed her, but not before an accident had happened. In his attempt to seize the boy he had caught Ethel's hand in his jaws and bitten it.

When Thanksgiving morning dawned Ethel was recovering from the effects of her accident. She had told her mother all about the turkey, all about her offer to the butcher, and all about Jupiter's attempt to rescue Sultan. Her mother had understood her readily, and had grieved over her

trouble, and her poor little mutilated hand. Sultan hadn't been killed after all, for the fat boy had left the yard with very commendable speed when he discovered that the dog had released him, and nothing less than a miracle would have induced that boy to enter that place again.

He had told his father how courageously Ethel had come to his rescue, and how her hand had been bitten. At first the butcher had been furious because Mrs. Sequin had such an animal as Jupiter about her place, but later he did not blame her or the dog so severely. He even made Ethel a present of the very turkey she had priced in his shop. Then Mrs. Sequin told Uncle Bryce all about it.

The Thanksgiving dinner was a great success. Uncle Bryce had learned more of his sister's circumstances through the accident, and he paid for the feast and she

cooked it. Uncle Bryce had saved a little surprise for their holiday. He said that he was not a visitor, but that he had come there to stay. There would be no more pinching poverty in that cottage, for he had money enough to keep all of them comfortably. He said he would take care of Ethel and her mother as long as he lived. And then he said that they all had great cause for thankfulness. They had been kept apart for a long while, and now were united. Ethel and her mother had found some one to protect them and care for them, and he had found a bright little home and two loving hearts. He said that a great man named Edmund Spencer had written that "thankfulness is the tune of angels."

After the day was over our little girl fell asleep, as happy and grateful a child as ever ate a thanksgiving dinner.

And the white turkey on his low perch nodded sleepily toward his friend the dog; and who knows that he was not grateful too?

### A Very Bad Wife.

"Now the best thing you can do," said the judge to an old negro who had applied for a divorce, "is to go home and behave yourself."

"Yes, sah." "I do not see why you should not

get along all right."

"Yes, sah." "We all have to make sacrifices." "Yas, sah, so I heah 'em say, but mighty few men haster put up wid sich er wife ez I's got. I ken stan' de common run o' wimmen, but dat pusson, jedge, is rank pizen. W'y, sah, son, jedge, is rank pizen. W'y, sah, if she wuz er sleep an' wuster dream dat I wuz enjoyin' myse'f, she'd wake herse'f up an' see dat de enjoyment wuz stopped right dar. She liked ter died some time ergo. Wuz mighty in hopes dat I wuz gwine ter lose her, but when she found dat I wuz pleased blame of she didn't turn ober an' git well. She's a bad 'oman, sah."—Arkansaw Traveler.

### An Informal Repast.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Brown, would like me to wear a new dress at this Thanksgiving dinner you are going to "Can't afford it," growled old Brown.
"As long as you have the turkey well dressed you will pass muster."—Judge.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

O, love's a chain of wondrous might,
We find as on we jog:
"Twill the up heart's exceeding tight—
But will not tie the dog.
—Washington Post,
He loved the widow and he loved cigars.
She hated them, tho' they were ne er so fine.
When asked to marry: "If you give up your weeds,"
She answeed: "I will clear." weeds, "She answered: "I will gladly give up mine."

—Washington Post.

It is easy for a deaf man to miss his calling.—Texas Siftings.

The basis of the seal controversy is Behring fruit.—Salt Lake Times.

It is easier to live within your inome than it is to live without one.-Boston Courier.

The corner-stone of philosophy-If you can't have what you want, don't want it .- Puck.

A hitch is liable to arise any moment after the suspender button drops off.— St. Joseph News. It may be said of a man who invests

in a quarry that his lot is a hard one.— Yonkers Statesman. A hailstorm broke up a Plymouth clambake party recently. The clams were happy.—Picayune.

Miss Gotham—"What kind of scent do you prefer?" Miss Bullion—"Cent per cent."—N. Y. Herald.

Girls should never take any chances with printers. They are liable to be caught in the press. — Binghamton

The day of promise is always at hand. It is the time of fulfillment that seems a long way off.—New Orleans

Picayune. An uptown man recently left his

family and has not since been found, although his nose turned up.—Philadel-Victim of Railroad Accident-"Doc-

tor, do you think I can recover?" Doctor—"Certainly." Victim (eagerly)—"How much?"—Racket. A great many of our would-be re-

formers are like the man who stays up all night trying to get people to go to bed.—Terre Haute Express. "It's awfully hard," said the Five Dollar Bill, as he was borrowed for the

hundreth time, "to go through life entirely a loan."—N. Y. Herald. There may be a silver lining to every

cloud, but you can't see it till you get to heaven, and you probably won't need it then.—Somerville Journal. Mrs. Brown-"I wonder who wrote up this account of the President's car-

riage?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Some hack-writer, of course."—Harper's Bazar. "There is only one cure for smoking," said the club man, "and that is death." "That isn't always sure," said the Presbyterian, significantly.-

Manager-"Mr, Lashem, what's your opinion of the use of the supernatural in dramatic writing?" Critic—'I never saw a supernatural, so I can't express an opinion."—The Jester.

Mrs. Jason-"When they tie up a railroad they don't actually use a rope, do they?" Mr. Jason—'No; it is generally done with a string of resolutions."—Terre Haute Express.

A delinquent subscriber presented a Georgia editor with a beet weighing twenty pounds, and the editor publicly thanked the honor for "so characteris

tic a gift."—Burlington Free Press. Susie-"Papa, isn't it murder to kill "Not exactly. Murder is assaulting with intent to kill, the other is killing with intent to salt."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Blobson-"There's another bill from Kengott. I am afraid he is get-ting uneasy." Mr. Blobson—"That's so. I must step in tomorrow and order some more goods."—Burlington Free

Women made the most successful census enumerators, according to Superintendent Porter. Let us hear no more about the inability of woman to pop the question .- Peoria Tran-

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn round and look after a gentleman?" "But, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."-Chatter. "If women ever become railroaders,

I can reccomend Bridget as a brake-woman," sighed Mrs. Snaggs, as she gazed at the latest accumulation of broken crockery .- Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A distant relative: Sick man (making his will)—"I have no near relatives. I have a brother." Lawyer—"Brother! Isn't he a near relative?" Sick man. lsn't he a near relative?" Sick man—
"No, sir. He lives in Australia."— West Shore.

Gazzam—"I see that the German Government thinks of making North Alsace - Lorraine an independent duchy." Maddox—"Of course, if it were Duchy it wouldn't be so Frenchy."-Harper's Bazar.

"Say, old fellow, lend me a fiver, can you? I want to go to the fancy-dress ball and I have to get up a costume to suggest a mythological character."
"I'll lend it if you promise to go as Io."

Have a Paragraphy Par -Harper's Bazar.

The vain thing: Laura—"Susan is as vain as she can be." Bessie—"What makes you think so?" Laura—"The conceited thing goes around saying that everybody tells her she looks like me." —Texas Siftings.

Victim(in barber's chair)—'O, if I only had the assistance of that razor tomorrow." Barber—'The assistance of this razor?" Victim—"Yes, tomorrow I'm going to pull in a tug-of-war sontest at a picnic."—Boston Heraid.

The homestead ain't ez bright an' cheerful ez it used to be, The leaves ain't growin' half so green upon the maple tree;
The brook don't seem ter ripple like it used ter, down the hill—
The bobolinks appear ter hev a some'at saddentrill: der trill;
The wavin' corn hez lost its gold, the sunshine ain't so bright,
The day is growin' shorter jest ter make a longer night;
There is somethin' gnawin' at my heart I guess hez come ter stay;
The world ain't been the same to me since Nellie went away.

The old piane over there I gave her when It ain't been played upon but once since she took sick an' died: took sick an' died;
An' then a heighbor's girl came in an' struck
up 'Old Black Joe'
An' "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," an'
somehow, don't you know.
It almos' made me crazy wild with anguish an'
dispair—
I saw her sittin' at the keys, but knew she wasn't there.
An' that is why I never want ter hear the old thing play—
The music don't sound natural since Nellie
went away.

The parson tells me every man hez got ter hev his woe—
His argument is good, perhaps, for he had orter know—
But then it's hard for every one ter allers see the right
In turnin' pleasure into pain an' sunshine into night; I guess it's all included in the Maker's hidden

plan—
It takes a heap o' grief an' woe ter temper up a man.
I sympathize with any fellow when I hear him The world don't seem the same ter him since some one went away.

The Scripture says that in his own sweet way, if we but wait.
The Lord'll take our burdens an' set crooked matters straight;
An' there's a hope that all the grief an aching heart can hold
Will be offset by happiness a hundred million fold fold
When we hev reached the end o' life's eventful voy'ge at last,
An' allour pain an' misery is buried in the

An' so I'm lookin' for'ard to the dawnin' of a When mebbe it won't seem so long since Nellie went away. Harry S. Chester.

### HER LAST ROMANCE.

'You are too romantic." Mrs. Merriweather turned her face

upon her.
"What did you say, Amina?" "I said you were too romantic," repeated Amina, with sullen delibera-

Amina was the daughter of a defunct Italian fiddler—a wild-eyed, erratic dreamer, who had drifted to these shores and for a few years kept the red-eyed hunger-wolf from the door by playing in the orchestra of the There was nothing Amina did

opera. There was nothing Amina did not owe to Mrs. Merriweather. It was the rich widow who had gathered her in and given her a home.

Mrs. Merriweather stood before her and in the abrupt arresting of her movements all the tinkling bangles on her wrists gave tongue. Mrs. Merriweather was very fond of bangles and pendants and tinkling cymbals. She looked very stately in her dignified

pose, and scarcely more than thirty-ive.

"It seems to me," she enunciated, with disarming gentleness, "that I hardly merit abuse at your hands,

Amina saw through her protectress as though she had been glass. But what had that to do with it? She felt

She suddenly flung herself out of her chair and down on the floor at Mrs. Merriweather's knee.

"Oh, don't mind what I say! I'm a wretch! You've been a angel to me and I'm unworthy as any viper!"

Mrs. Merriweather smiled benignly. such scenes were not new. Upon the whole, it was not unpleasant to have this half-indignant, half-protected austerity close to one. It made one feel young—almost girlish! And the alternations of passionate, adoring fealty were pleasant also. They gave color to daily life.

Mrs. Merriweather's smile curved in-

to a youthful archness.
"You love me so much and yet you don't seem to think that others could

Amina was on her feet again, serious and almost sullen as before. "Mr. Pallatine is young. I don't think he is more than thirty," she said.

This indeed, was venturing much!
Mrs. Merriweather drew herself up again, and this time there was no doubt about the steely point in her

eyes.
"Mr. Pallantine is poor and a gentleman. That means that he has tastes which he cannot satisfy. To go about giving readings—gifted and fastidious as he is—cannot be wholly agreeable."

'I should think it might be more "I should think it might be more agreeable than being patronized by fine ladies," supplemented Amina.
"Decidedly," said Mrs. Merriweather. sweeping from the room, "you forget

yourself to-day."

Amina sat down by the window with her hands in her lap. A wretch? Of course she was a wretch! Why had she not been left to starve by the body of her dead father in that bare room

long ago?
That evening Egbert Pallatine, reading "Ulf in Ireland" Mrs. at Van Hooker's reception, was conscious of Mrs. Merriweather's fascinated eyes hang-

ing on his face.
One hour later, when the recitations were over and some music to which people had listened with a patient resignation had been performed, he found himself in the midst of the push for the supper-room close to the widow's perfumed pink brocade and elaborate blonde head and opulent white shoulders and throat rising generously like a full-blown hot-house flower out of her low corsage and plentifully bedewed with diamonds.

He offered his arm, and Mrs. Merri-

olared, "and when you have attended to me in that way you will have to attend to me in another way also. The affair to-night has given me au idea."

Pallatine wheeled rather wearily. When he had returned with some salad and frienspead overters, and crownetter. and friensseed oysters and croquettes and sandwiches on a plate and stood before the widow holding her stood her stood before the widow holding her stood he

pagne glass, she proceeded:

"I shall have some tableaux at my
house. And they shall be described, as it were, by recitations. You will do the recitations and you will give me the benefit of your ideas as to how such things as you think could be fittingly illustrated by tableaux vivants. There! Will not that be a new idea? I want something that has not been done before. We must begin prepara-tions at once."

When they got back to the drawingrooms a move was being made by the younger people to break into dancing. Pallatine, having in some way become free again, made his way to where Amina sat alone against the

"Aren't you going to dance?" he said, looking at her as he dropped into a seat beside her. She wore a gown of dark red crepe, almost high in the neck, and her small olive-tinted head, with a knot of waving black hair, looked like cameo. Mrs. Merriweather, who had regained her good-humor long before the evening, had urged Amina to wear something a little more

"You look so prim," had said the widow, gazing, not without com-placency, at the Venetian vision of robust charms thrown back by the mirror, as her maid gave a deft touch here and there to the bodice of the pink brocade.

'I don't care about dancing," was "I don't care about dancing," was Amina's reply to Pallatine's remark. "I don't care for this sort of thing, anyway. Only Mrs. Merriweather is good enough to bring me. She is always good. If I were better myself, I suppose I should enjoy it more."

"Why don't you enjoy it?" Pallatine's eyes had grown as serious as her own. He had abruptly awakened to the fact of how profoundly bored he had been all the evening. He had not

had been all the evening. He had not before felt so rested and comfortable as sitting by the side of this solemn little girl who took so determinedly the air of a dependent.

"Because I was not made for it, I

suppose."
"We'l," Pallatine's voice sank unconsciously, "perhaps I was not either."
"But your family used to be very gay and rich and fashionable, used it not? That makes a difference. You would naturally feel willing to give it all up now. It's only fair to take that into account."

Pallatine brought his fine eyes around upon her. What an extraordinary little girl! What could she mean?

Mr. Pallatine was coming into the house constantly now to direct the arrangements for Mrs. Merriweather's entertainment-for as Mrs. Merriweather said what was there with his astonishing artistic taste that he could not do?—and Mrs. Merriweather

had never been more gorgeous at all seasons in her dress, had never had her complexion put on more delicately, more carefully and more with the illusion of nature. Next to her Amina crawled about the rooms and halls like a little brown mouse.

"I don't see why you can't at least be Elaine to my Guinevere," Mrs. Merriweather said complainingly to the girl. "Then if we could only have had Mr. Pullatine for Launcelot it would have been perfect! He would make such a handsome Launcelot! He is so dark and knightly-looking!" Mrs. Merriweather's blue eyes were soft. She gave a little sigh. "But, of course, as he is to read that portion of the poem when the curtain rises to show a tableau of the barge and the courtiers of Arthur assembled, he can't be

Launcelot too. But I repeat that you might be Elaine, Amina."
"Do I look like the Lily Maid of Ascolat?" cried Amina, flashing suddenly her berry-brown face with a bitter gleam in the eyes on her pro-

"A wig and blanc de theatre would make you do," said Mrs. Merriweather.
But after all Amina held good and another Elaine was chosen. Mrs. Mrs. Merriweather would have liked well enough to be the Lily Maid herself. But she could not be that and the beautiful, guilty Queen too. And Guinevere, of the two roles, was the stronger attraction.

When the great night came Mrs.
Merriweather's magnificent drawingroom was crowded to suffocation. "Absurd to wear a decent gown in

such a crowd as this!" buzzed one lady

such a crowd as this!" buzzed one lady to another.

"But then, my dear, this is an especial occasion! A sort of public proclamation of coming events—eh?"

The first lady tittered behind her fan.

"Actually it would seem so! You notice that the young man has a very prominent place in the entire affair! Good Heavens! how old do you think Mrs. Merriweather really is?"

"To be charitable—forty-five."

"Oh, my dear! Say forty-eight! Well, he is a handsome fellow. And romance was always her weakness."

On the improvised platform, meanwhile behind the lowered curtain, a wild scene was enacting. A rumble of crazy conversation arose from the ladies' dressing-room, like the tumuli of the sea when all its waves murmur together.

weather rustled along beside him, showing all her wholesome white teeth and chattering graciously.

"I am desperately hungry," she depend the showing alone with her—both of them isolated in the vorgered them when your box.

tex of the confusion.
No. But I could do more by helping than by being in the tableaux my-self," she said, coldly, and hastened away with her hands full of pins and

the first tableau and wishes you to see whether there are any suggestions to make."
She spoke without looking at him, and the next instant she was bending

to adjust a fold in the widow's costume. The latter stood before the young man and challenged him to admiration with every inch of her resplendent presence. She was a gleam of jewels and priceless stuffs and red lips. She was undeniably handsome. She looked fifteen years younger than her age, and the artist in Pallatine did homage

and the artist in Paliatine did nomage to the consummate eleverness of the whole production.
"Perfect," he said, bowing low. The "Elaine" tableau came first. This was really a regal Guinevere. A flutter rose in Mrs. Merriweather's throat. The excitement half carried her a little out of herself.

"Had you been Launcelot," she murmured, with softened eyes, "it might have been perfect, indeed!" And she held out her hand toward

him. The curtain went up in a moment and Pallatine began his reading in a whirl. He scarcely heard his own

words. When the curtain had gone down again amid a burst of applause, hiding the reader and the illustrative

tableau alike from view, he withdrew into a corner and tried, with all the renewed confusion around him, to collect his thoughts. Great heaven! He did not wish to be a coxcomb, but what was this? Could it be—! Was this where he had been drifting, with his frequent visits to this house, his tolerance of the great

lady's patronage? It seemed impossi-ble, and yet— Merciful powers! He remembered Mrs. Merriweathrr's look, Merciful powers! He her extended hand and a chill ran down his spine.

Had the little Italian girl seen them? She had moved away as soon as he approached Mrs. Merriweather. And yet, how could he tell? His cheek tingled. If she had surmised anything

of this sort it would account for the coldness, the contempt almost, with which she had seemed to treat him in these weeks he had been coming here. A poverty-stricken reader ingratiating himself into the favors of an elderly widow of wealth and social standing with visions of a matrimonial denouement—that was how he must have ap-peared to her. Faugh! The thought

sickened him. He went through the rest of the programme automatically. He was seized with a wild desire to get away. And yet his eye watched for Amina constantly. Just before the last tableau tables to the last tableautomath and the services of the services. he caught sight of her standing on a chair and nailing up some bit of

drapery for the scenery.

He found himself the next instant beside her and looking up, with a sort of desperation, into her pale face. Her lips were tightly set. Some hidden emotion seemed to communicate itself from him to her, fr

longed to explain to her—
His voice came thickly, and all he found to say was: "I'm afraid the chair is not steady. You will fall."

But was

"Oh, no," she said in turn. But was it his close presence that made her fingers less sure? One end of the heavy drapery slipped from her grasp and, as she made a movement to re-cover it, the chair tipped and her light veight slid downward into his arms.

It was a tremendous revelation to ooth of them. Their faces were white and their eyes glowed.

"Let me go," whispered Amina, fighting for her self-control.
"I love you," Egbert kept repeating,
"I love you very much, Amina. You must believe me. That is why I have

been coming here-though I did not know it myself." It had been the affair of a moment A high cardboard wing had screened them from view. But in the interstice of it Mrs. Merriweather had suddenly appeared. The three stood looking at each other; then a youth, wild with haste and excitement under his paint

and wig, rushed frantically toward them and, dragging the fallen drapery out of sight, told them the curtain was about to rise. Mrs. Merriweather's boudoir was darkened and an odor of cologne and vinaigre de toilette pervaded it. She herself lay on the lounge in a deshabille of the highest art design and with one hand, sparkling with rings, veiling her

A light tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Amina. She had, at length, been sent for and she appeared, like a culprit, with downcast

It was a dramatic moment, and Mrs. Merriweather would not have been Mrs. Merriweather had she not felt the

thrill of the occasion.
"So," she began, "you have deceived me-both of you-But at this Amina unexpectedly

"Deceived you—no! I know now that Mr. Pallatine loves me and that I have loved him all along! But there crazy conversation arose from the ladies' dressing-room, like the tumuly of the sea when all its waves murmul together.

'How resolutely you have kept out of make him unlove me or love you in-

stead if he has not done so already."

Mrs: Merriweather said not a word;
and suddenly Amina threw hersel down before the lounge and kissed the high art deshabille passionately. "You are the kindest-hearted creat-

"You are the kindest-hearted creature in all the world." she cried. "and when you are anything else you do yourself injustice! I know you will let us be happy still! Think of what you have! You can even pick up such waifs as I am and give them the greatest joy in life. But by ourselves we two have nothing—nothing but each other. Oh, be generous to us! You could not help being generous if you tried!"

It must be that Amina was right. For, after all, she and Egbert Pallatine were married not long after. The bride's trousseau was as complete as though she had been an heiress of untold means.

Mrs. Merriweather wears black a great deal now and a pensive smile. Both become her, and it is impossible that she is conscious of the fact. In any case she does not appear deeply

THE FIRST CHEW OF TOBACOO.

The boy said it was a peculiar kind of tobacco and was known as molasses tobacco, because it was so sweet. The other boys did not ask how he came to know its name or where he got it— boys never ask anything that would be well for them to know—but they ac-cepted his theory and his further state-ment that it was of a mildness singument that it was of a mildness singu-larly adapted to learners without mis-givings. The boy was himself chewing vigorously on a large quid, and launch-ing the juice from his lips right and left like a grown person, and my boy took as large a bite as his benefactor bade him. He found it as sweet as he had been told it was, and he acknowledged the aptness of its name of molasses tobacco. It seemed to him a golden opportunity to acquire a noble habit on easy terms. He let the quid rest in his cheek, as he had seen men do when he was not crushing it between his teeth, and for some moments he poled his plank up and down the canalboat with a sense of triumph that nothing

marred. Then all of a sudden he began to Then all of a studien he begat its feel pale. The boat seemed to be going round and the sky wheeling overhead. The sun was dodging about very strangely. Drops of sweat burst from the boy's forehead; he let fall his pole and said that he thought he would go home. The fellow who gave him the tobacco began to laugh and the other fellows to mock, but my boy did not mind them. Somehow, he did not know how, he got out of the canalboat and started homeword, but at every step the ground rose as high as his knees before him, and then, when he got his foot high enough and began to put it down, the ground was not there. He was deadly sick, as he reeled and staggered on, and when he reached home and showed himself, white and haggard, to his frightened mother, he had scarcely strength enough to gasp out a confession of his attempt to re-trieve the family honor by learning to chew tobacco. In another moment nature came to his relief, and then he fell into a deep sleep which lasted the whole afternoon, so that it seemed to him the next day when he woke up, glad to find himself alive, if not so very lively.

the poisonous juice of the tobacco; perhaps it had acted upon his brain without that. His father made no very close inquiries into the facts, and he did not forbid him the use of tobacco. It was not necessary; in that one little experiment he had got enough for a It shows that after all a boy is not so hard to satisfy in everything. -William Dean Howells in Harper's Young People.

### Benevolent Mr. Jones.

We were waiting at the depot at with a friend from Buffalo, and we were not "in." However, as we sat apart from the crowd a benign and benevolent-looking man about 50 years old came over to us and said:

"Gentlemen, I am Mr. Jones of St. Gentlemen, I am Mr. Jones of St.
Louis. I have four sons. This is a
wicked, wicked world, and I take every
precaution to guide them in right paths.
I have heard of this game, but never
saw it before. I want to play it—just
a little. I shall lose, of course, and that will make a strong point for me when warning my boys against such tempta-tions. I can prove to them that it is a

"Well. I have no small money. If you could charge a \$20 bill for me I think I'd lose about \$5 for the benefit

of my boys."

The Buffalo man said he'd be only too happy to oblige, and he gave him

The benevolent Mr. Jones disappeared at once, but we didn't worry about that. It was only when my friend went to the ticket office and had the \$20 thrown back at him as n. g. that we went out to look for the benign father of four sons. The earth had swallowed him up.-N. Y. Sun.

City Dame (looking for country board)—"Do you object to children?" Mrs. Hayseed—"That depinds, mum." City Dame—"Depends on the sort of children they are, I suppose?" Mrs. Hayseed—"No'm. Depinds on the sort of mothers they has."—Good News.

IN FAVOR OF CANNIBALS.

A Plea in Palliation of the Practice Eating Human Flesh.

The word cannibal is associated in our minds with scenes of the most debased savagery that the imagination can picture; of men in habits and appearance a little lower than the brute; of orgies the result of the most degrading religious superstition. It is not until one has lived on terms of the desired in with considerations. friendship with cannibals, says Blackwood's Magazine, that one realizes that the practice is not incompatible with an intelligence and moral qualities which command respect. And after all, if one can for a moment lay aside the instinctive horror which the idea calls up and dispassionately consider the nature of cannibalism our repug-nance to it seems less logically grounded.

It is true that it must generally entail murder, but that is certainly not the reason for our loathing of it. It is something deeper than this, and the distinction we draw between the flesh of men and of animals is at first sight a little curious. One can imagine the inhabitants of another planet, whose physical necessities did not force them to eat flesh—to take life in order to live—regarding us with much the same kind of abhorrence with which we look on cannibals. Most of our natural instincts are based upon natural laws, which, when broken, are sure to visit the breaker with their penalties. The eating of unripe fruit, of putrid meat and of poisonous matter are some of these. But no penalty in the shape of disease seems to be attached to can-

What, then, are the motives that what, then, are the motives that dead men, apart from the pressure of famine, to practice cannibalism? Among certain African tribes, and lately in Hayti, it has been the outcome of a debased religious supersti-tion or that extraordinary instinct common to all races which leads men to connect the highest religious enthusiasm with the most horrible orgies that their diseased imagination can conceive. The feeling that leads members of sects to bind themselves to-gether by the celebration of some unspeakable rite perhaps led to the accu-sations laid against the Christians of the second century and the Hungarian Jews of the nineteenth. But in the South seas, although the motive has been falsely attributed to a craving for animal food, it was generally the last act of triumph over a fallen enemy. Thus Homer makes Achilles, triumph ing over the dying Hector, wish he could make mince-meat of his body and devour it. Triumph could go no further than to slay and then to assimilate the body of your foe, and the be-lief that by thus making him a part or you you acquire his courage in battle is said to have led a chief of old Fiji to actually consume himself the entire body of the man he had killed by daily roasting what remained of it to prevent decomposition.

### They Care for Scarabs.

Mankind — civilized mankind, of course—may be roughly divided into those who care for scarabs and those who do not. The former are a select minority; the latter are dwellers in outer darkness, and so ignorant that they are even ignorant of their ignor-

Scarab art, like all the arts of ancient Egypt, ha renaissances. It was at its best under the Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty; but it betrays no sign of archaism when we first make its acquaintance in the time of the very ancient kings of the third and fourth dynasties. The scarabs of that remote period are actually better cut, made of finer pottery, and coated with a more imperishable glaze than those of many a more recent epoch. Scarabs older than the time of Nebka, Nebkara, and Nefer-kara, the precedessors of Khufu and his dynasty, may yet await the ex-Texarkana when a young man pulled out a thimblerigging outfit and began to call for bets against his game. If it was against the law no one interfered with him, and in a few minutes he had with him, and in a few minutes he had amplitude of style than those of the bird dynasty kings, while the scarabs plorer; but we look meanwhile in vain for examples of the infancy of scarab third dynasty kings, while the scarabs of Khafra, his immediate successor, are inferior as regards both glaze and ex-

ecution. With the sixth dynasty there comes an extraordinary change of style, be-ginning with Pepi Neferkara, sixth king of that line. This change is apparently an archaistic revival of some very early school of which we at present know nothing. The cutting is coarse, the hieroglyphs are rude, yet feeble; the style is intentionally barbaric. "Se Ra" (son of Ra,) as a royal title, now makes its first appearance in scarab art; and the scroll, of which only two previous examples are noted, beparently an archaistic revival of some two previous examples are noted, two previous examples are noted, begins to assume importance as a border pattern. It is confined, however, to the sides, dividing the field of the searab into three parts, the center division containing the name and titles of the king. It is not till the time of the twelfth dynasty that we find the scroll carried round as a continuous scroll carried round as a continuous ornament .-- The Academy.

The American Plan.

Business-Man—"Very fine bananas these, Spagetti. But what are you so solemn about this morning?" Fruit Vender—"I notta able to pay enta. I notta maka money. I getta

renta. I notta maka money. I getta morea poor every day."

Business-Man—"O, that's easily fixed in this country. Organize a Corporation for the Buying and Selling of Fruit. Issue stock, sell it, pay your debts, pocket the rest, then gracefully retire and allow the stockholders to run the corporation."

N. Y. Weekly.

Brander Matthews contributes to HARPER'S WEEKLY November 19 a biographical and critical sketch of the distinguished French writer Francois Coppee. The article will be accompanied by a pertrait of Coppee, engrayed from a drawing by Albert E. Sterner.

The bound volume of Harper's Young People for 1890 is in no respect inferior to its predecessors, either in the excellence of its reading matter or the beauty of its illustrations. Among the list of contributors to this volume we notice the names of William Dean Howelle, Thomas Nelson Page, Boyesen, Margaret E. Sangster, and many other favorite American writers. The pictures are equally famons. The volume is issued in good time for the holiday season.

JUST WHAT THE HOUSEHOLD WANTS. It is only necessary to look at the December Peterson, to decide that it is the magazine for the family. Next year Peterson will hold its jubilee. To have been for fifty years the prime favorite in thousands of households is something to be proud of, and its popularity steadily increases. For 1891 the magazine will be enlarged, its attractions more varied, and its illustrations more abundant. This number seems about as full of handsome number seems about as full of handsome pictures as it can hold. Resides admirpictures as it can hold. Besides admirable steel and other engravings, there are various copiously illustrated articles. A capital paper. "Some Ice Carnival Sketches," gives, in addition to numerous smaller designs, two splendid full page cuts. "A Frozen Lake in Holland" and a "Snowshoe Race over Hurdles." "A Problem Navar Solvad" is the best short

a "Snowshoe Kace over Hurdles." A Problem Never Solyed" is the best short story Edgar Fawcett has ever written. The fashion department will save any woman money enough to double her dresses, enabling her to make them at home, and the decorative designs will help her to ornament her rooms at an al most nominal price. The lady who neglects to have Peterson on her list for 1891

will make a great mistake.

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good cheer and now to nearthly enjoy the merry Christmas-tide, after reading this charming Magazine, is not worth knowing. "Lighting the Way for Santa Claus" is the very appropriate introduc-Claus" is the very appropriate introduc-tory water-color, the rich humor of which will be highly appreciated by the little ones and "children of a larger growth" as well; and the page engraving that follows, "Raphael Painting the Vir-gin and Child," is from a noted painting, and will be appreciated for its historic value as well as its beauty. Besides these, there are at least two hundred and fifty other handsome illustrations, for fifty other handsome illustrations, for this representative Family Magazine is noted for the quantity and good quality

noted for the quantity and good quality of its pictures.

"In the Streets of Paris" is a profusely illustrated article, in reading one is in fancy transported to that charming city; and if one prefers to visit nearer home, the description and exquisite pictures of the Washington re-idence of Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin, afford a revelation of beauty. There are splended stories and poems, and every Department is brimful of just what you want to know in its special line. "Sauitarian" treats of that sad affliction "Obesity," and the common-sense treatment recommended is bound to be afficacious; and "Our Girls" will be delighted with the comedication in their special Department. But its in their special Department, But Inc. "Sauitarian" treats of the delighted with the comedication in their special Department. But Inc. "Sauitarian" treats of the afficacious; and "Our Girls" will be delighted with the comedication in their special Department. But Inc. "Sauitarian" treats of the afficacious; and "Our Girls" will be delighted with the comedication in their special Department for the General Divide and a Genstone Cabinet at our office, and will be pleased to have you CALL AND SEE IT. THE PROOF OF THE PUDTHIS OFFER IS GOOD ONLY UNTIL DEC. 25, 1890. ietta in their special Department. But our advice is, subscribe for this splendid Magazine, and you can have a rare treat each month. It is only \$2 a year, and is published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine. The Cosmopolitan magazine.

This Christmas edition of the Cosmopolitan Magazine is one hundred thousand copies. The order, as originally given to the printers, was for 85,000 copies, but while on the press it was thought advisable to increase the num-

It contains a feature never before at-It cootains a feature never before attempted by any magazine, consisting of 123 cartoons from the brush of Dan Beard, the now famous artist, who did such wonderful illustrations in Mark Twain's book, "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

These cartoons are placed at the bottom of each page of the magazine and

These cartoons are placed at the bottom of each page of the magazine, and take for their subject, "Christmas during the Eighteen Centuries of the Christian Era," with variations, showing the way in which we christians carry out some of the chief texts of the Christian Gos-

Above, and at each side of the page is a quaint border, the whole effect being novel and extremely pleasing, and with the unusually varied table of contents, will make such a Christmas number as is worthy to go into more than 100,000 households.

The frontispieces of the Cosmopolitan have of late become noted for their beautave of late occome noted for steri bearty, some of them having as much as four printings. That for Baristmas, while in but two printings, is not behind anything that has preceded it in artistic

merit.

An excellently illustrated article is one on teapots by Blizz Ruhamah Scidmore. Literary Boston is treated with numerous portraits, and an article which comes with the himeticth birthday of Yon Moltke, sketches the if for the great Field-Marsha in an interesting way, and is by Gen. James Grant Wilson. Elizabeth Bi I and has one of her charman articles.

The Christman is see contains 228 di-instrations, nearly doubte the number that have ever appeared in any it ustrat-

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  The latest Home News,
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- The latest Politic Reliable Market Reports. Reliable quotations of Farm Products, Live Stock Markets, Financial & Com
- WANT Sensible and seasonable Editorials On Political, Social, and Moral Qu
- WANT
  The cream of the best Editorials
  The cream of the best Editorials
  In New York and other daily and weekly papers
  To let me know what they think of matiess.
  WANT
  Good, reliable Farm and Garden Articles
  Written by Fractical Mea.
- I WANT
  To know something of the Home Life of
  The American people, and of their
  Life, thoughts and experi
- I WANT
  Pleasant moral stories for the Young People,
  That the children may look for the paper
  As they do for a friend.

I WANT
Stories of Interest for Elders,
For we, too, like our hours of leisure.
THIS IS WHAT I DON'T WANT:
I DON'T WANT
Long, padded News Articles;
The padding doesn't add to the value,
I DON'T WAN, and I haven't time to read them.
I DON'T WAN, and I haven't time to read them.
I DON'T WAN, and I haven't time to read them.
I DON'T WAN, and I haven't time to read them.
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I DON'T WAN, and I haven't time to read them.
I DON'T WAN, and I haven't time to read them.
I DON'T WANT WANT. NOW, WHAT PAPER WILL FILL THE BILL?

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THE GREAT TURKISH RHEUMATIC CURE.

### New York Tribune. 1891.

The Tariff and the Farmer. The Tribune will devote much space during 91 to the Tariff as it affects the Farmer and the

hell to the Tariff as it affects the Farmer and the Mechanic.

Hen. Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan, has been added to the Tribune's staff of Tariff writers for this purpose. He will, through the columns of The Tribune, devote himself to this topic, and will invite and answer questions upon points which perplex the American Farmer and Mechanic. He will also, so far as other duties will allow, attend Farmers' Institutes and agricultural gatherings the coming winter and spring, and expound the principles of the Tariff.

Those who desire the presence of Mr. Horr at Farmers' Institutes, etc., are invited to communicate promptly with the Tribune.

Young Men who wish to Succeed.

Many a man feels the lack of early direction of

Young Men who wish to Succeed.

Many a man feels the lack of early direction of his energies and early inculcation of the maxims which promote the formation of character and success in after life. Every such man would gladiy see the young men of to-day better guided in youth than he was. The Tribune has planned the following series of valuable articles, which will appear in this paper only:

What she? I I Do? By S. Packard, President of Packard's Business College.

Suggestions for the Goys on the Farm who are Ambitious. By the Hon. J. H. Brigham, of Delta, Ohlo, Master of the National Grange.

nam, of Delta, variety of Grange.

Education without the Help of a College.
By President C. K. Adams, of Cornell University.
A Continuation of "How to Win Fortune,"
By Andrew Carnegle, whose remarkable article of last Spring was so full of encouragement to

poer men.
Multiplicity of Paying Occupations in the
Multiplicity of Paying Occupations in the
United States. By the Hon. Carroll D. Wright,
Commissioner of the Department of Labor.
A Talk with American Boys. By P.T. Barnum, of Bridgeport. Conn., the great American
showman, temperance lecturer, traveler and
writer.

wr'ter.

Examples in 'the History of Our Own
Country. By Gen. A.S. Webb, the gallant soldier
of Gettysburg and Spottsylvania and College
procedure.

resident.

Importance of Good Manners. The views of Ward McAllister.

A College Education good for all; what is best for those who cannot get it. By President William Pepper, University of Pennsylvania. The Tribune will print from week to week, well-considered answers to any questions which roung men or women, in any part of the country, may ask.

Vital Topics of the Day.

Vital Topics of the Day.

Present Needs and Future Scope of American Agriculture. By the Hon. Jeremiah Rusk.

Proper Function of the Minority in Legislation. By the Hon. Julius C. Burrows, Kalamazoo.

Village Improvement Associations; their practicability in Rural Districts, with the story of certain Model Villages. By the Hon. B. G. Northrop, of Clinton, Coun.

Pr neiple in Politics and the Virtue of Courage. By the Hon. James S. Clarsson, of Iowa.

Influences of the Labor Movenent upon Human Progress. By Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

American's Suburban and Rural Homes. Ry Geo ge Pal'sser, of New York.

Warchouses for Ratan Froducis. By L. L. Polk, President of the National Farmers' Albance.

Glaclers of the United States. By Professor Israet C. Russell, of the United States Geological Survey and explorer of Ataska.

Other Features. During 1891 The Tribune will print a valuable series of articles, written by its own traveling correspondent, on the agriculture of the United States, with explanations of a large number of model far as

correspondent, on the agriculture of the United States, with explanations of a large number of model far als.

A special correspondent, a practical farmer is now in France, visiting the farms and farm-buildings of that thriftiest of the agricultural nations of the world. He will report upon the dairy, grain, stock and other branches of French farming in limistrated articles.

Mrs. Aunie Wätenmeyer, President of the Woman's Refer Cops, will contribute a column of notes and news to The Tribune's G. A. R. page, every week.

Ad alrable letters of travel in the Southern States illustrated wha pletures, will be printed, describing the South as it exists to-day.

All the regular fer trees will be continued. The Home Circle columns will be varied by frequent fillustrated articles on home decoration, fashions and other subjects of intense interest to momey.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor, the widow of Bayard Taylor.

women. Written principally for people with intermoney.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor, the widow of Bayard Taylor, will write articles on Cookers. She is a remarkable housekeeper, with a scientific as well as a practical knowledge of her subject.

Steloitz, the great cless champion of the world, will supply a column a week on the greatest and purest of all the games of the home.

Foreign letters, good stories; the news of the day, the best of marker reports, book reviews and literary news, with jokes, etc., etc.

The Tribune is p. inted in large type and broad columns, and is the easiest paper to read in the country.

Premiums.

Premiums. Premlum List for 1891, containing many new nd useful articles, will be sent to any ap

Prizes for Large Clubs. Club raisers are invited to write to this office for The Tribune's new Terms to Agents. Subscriptions.

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