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NO. 41.

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GIVE ME THY HAND.

Give me thy hand
When storms are fiercely blowing.
When masts are shattered by the angry blast.
When nothing tells the way thy ship is going.
When blackest darkness o'er the sea is cast.
Give me thy hand.
Give me thy hand
When every breeze is sleeping.
When demon-like a dead calm holds the sea.
When patience pales, her tedious vigil keeping.
When sea and sky have thought of hope for thee.
Give me thy hand.
Give me thy hand
When every sail is swelling
With freshening wind, when laughing is the sky.
And perfumed breath from distant flowers is telling
Of isles enchanted that before thee lie.
Give me thy hand.
Give me thy hand
In storm; in calm forever.
I have thy heart fast hidden in my breast,
For God long since has joined our souls together.
He beckons only on to heaven and rest.
Give me thy hand.
—Eliza Lamb Martyn, Boston Transcript.

The Turning Point.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

William Sprague had once been an honest, industrious, temperate mechanic, enjoying the respect of his fellow-men, and maintaining his wife and children in comfort. But in an evil hour, he yielded to the invitation of a comrade to "take a drink" at the village tavern. From this moment his downward steps became more and more rapid—not that he loved drink. At first it was distasteful to him; but, by degrees, he began to crave it for its stimulating effect and to think it was necessary to his constitution. Besides, he enjoyed the conviviality of the party that were wont to meet at the tavern, night after night, to carouse and make merry.

I am speaking of a time twenty years since, when drunkenness was more openly practiced than now.

Of course these habits were not without effect upon his pecuniary interests. He had inherited from his father a cottage and a couple of acres of land, which were worth, perhaps, fifteen hundred dollars. Besides this, his occupation—that of a carpenter—brought him, in good times, two dollars a day; so that there seemed to be nothing to prevent his laying up a good sum every year. In fact, he had already some four hundred dollars on deposit in the savings bank when he first came to take the downward path. But this soon melted away, being transferred to the landlord's pockets for rum.

By and bye, the account at the tavern had swelled to two hundred dollars more. The landlord was perfectly willing to give him credit, knowing that his place would secure him. Indeed, he had fixed his eyes upon it, and meant to get it into his possession sooner or later.

When his bill amounted to two hundred dollars, he presented it for payment. The amount staggered William Sprague, who had no idea it was so much.

"I can show you the items," said the landlord, confidently.

"I suppose you are right," said his victim; "but I can't pay you now."

"I am sorry to press you; but I must insist upon it."

"But I haven't it in my possession."

"Oh, well, you can easily raise it."

"Who would lend me?"

"Your Uncle Thomas."

"No hope there," said Sprague, who well knew that his uncle disapproved of the course he had been pursuing for some months past. "No hope there. I am no great favorite with him."

"Well," said the landlord, after a pause, "I'll tell you what I'll do. 'You owe me two hundred dollars. I'll lend you three hundred more, and you shall give me a mortgage for five hundred on your house and land."

William was at first startled at this suggestion; but, after all, thought he "why shouldn't I? It will pay off my debt and give me three hundred dollars in hand. I guess I'll do it."

The landlord received his assent with joy, and would not let him rest till the documents were drawn up and the mortgage given.

Mrs. Sprague heard of her husband's action with pain. She tearfully expostulated with him, but in vain. She well knew that the three hundred dollars would go the same way with the other two, and that the landlord would never release the hold he had now got on her husband. She could divine that, at no distant time, she and her children would be without a home, and her husband, perhaps, in a drunkard's grave.

The course of subsequent events seemed likely to verify her anticipation. In just six months from the time the mortgage was given, three hundred dollars had wasted away. Most of it had found its way back to the landlord's drawer.

William Sprague was about contemplating a second mortgage, an unexpected incident most fortunately set him to thinking, and eventuated in restoring him, a temperate man, to his wife and children.

This is the way it happened: One evening he left the tavern in a partial state of intoxication, and directed his steps homeward. It was a distance of a mile, and when half-way, he sat down by the side of the road to rest. Pretty soon he heard the steps, and soon after the voices, of two men, who were approaching, and appeared to be earnestly engaged in conversation.

They proved to be the landlord and a brother of his, who was visiting him from a neighboring town.

"That is a pretty place of Sprague's," said the latter.

"Yes," said the landlord, "but it won't be his long."

"Ah! how is that?"

"Oh, he's a miserable fellow; gets drunk every night in my bar room."

"Getting rid of his money fast, is he?"

"Yes, at a galloping rate."

"Is his house mortgaged?"

"Yes; and the mortgage is in my hands."

"For how much?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"It must be worth three times that."

"Richly. I'll tell you what I propose to do. Lend him two hundred dollars on a second mortgage, and, when the amount becomes due, force a sale of the place."

"And you will bid in it yourself?"

"Precisely. I shouldn't wonder if I could get it for eleven hundred dollars. There will probably be no one else to bid. His uncle might, but he has lost confidence in him. When I get it, I shall put my son John into the house. He is to marry this fall."

All this William Sprague heard as he lay on the grass by the roadside. The night was so dark that he was not seen by the parties who were conversing. It produced a strong revulsion of feeling in him. It showed him just how rapidly he was traveling on the road to ruin, and roused his hearty indignation at the man who could so coolly consign him and his family to destitution, and scheme to deprive them of their home.

"So, I'm a miserable fellow, am I?" he repeated to himself. "I begin to think I am, and that I have been a confounded fool for the last two years. But it isn't too late yet to reform. That man will have to wait a little longer before he gets hold of my place. God helping me, I have tasted my last draught of liquor."

William Sprague staggered to his feet and went thoughtfully home. He said nothing of his new resolution to his wife. He resolved to wait a little first. Immediately after breakfast, he went over to the house of his uncle, and received him a little coolly.

"Uncle Thomas," said he, "you don't appear very glad to see me, and I am not surprised. I have been playing the fool for two years past. I have resolved to turn over a new leaf."

"Are you in earnest?" exclaimed his uncle, with a look half of hope, half of distrust.

"To prove to you that I am, let me tell you what it is that has changed my purposes so suddenly."

He proceeded to detail the scene which the reader has already been made acquainted with.

"The rascal!" exclaimed Uncle Thomas, warmly. "His plans must be defeated, at all hazards. Can I depend upon the firmness of your resolution, William?" he proceeded to inquire.

"You can, uncle. Things appear to me now very different from what they did. By God's help, I mean to win back the respectable place I once held in society."

The uncle grasped the hand of his nephew warmly.

"Then," said he, "my help shall not be wanting. I will take up this mortgage which the landlord holds, and, while you keep steady, I will never trouble you about it."

"Will you, indeed?" exclaimed William, gladly. "I will accept your kind offer, being confident that I can, at some time repay you, if my health is spared."

The next morning, William Sprague went over to the tavern, as usual.

"Ah, Sprague, glad to see you," said the landlord, with professional cordiality. "Won't you have a glass of biters this morning?"

"Not just now," said William, quietly. "I want to see you a few moments on business."

"Step right in here, then," said the landlord, pointing to a little room supplied with a desk and chairs.

"It was about the mortgage."

"Oh, yes," said the landlord, urbanely. "I suppose you would like to raise a little more money on your place. Well, I'll advance you two hundred dollars on a second mortgage."

"That was not exactly my meaning."

"Indeed!" said the landlord, looking surprised.

"I want to take up the present mortgage."

"What! Have you got the money?" queried the astounded landlord.

"I have," said Sprague, producing a roll of bills.

"Better let it lay," said the landlord; "you may want to use the money for some other purpose."

"William insisted, and the landlord reluctantly complied with his demand. When the formalities were concluded, and William felt himself a free man, he turned round and addressed the landlord, meaningly:

"I am sorry you will be disappointed about getting possession of my place for your son John. Perhaps you can find another to your mind."

The landlord turned red and muttered something in a confused manner. William Sprague turned on his heel and walked away, and from that moment has not allowed himself to taste a glass of anything stronger than water. He considers the conversation to which he was a chance listener as the turning point of his life.

In Russia last year 800 dram shops were done away with by law.

Wisconsin has nearly 3,000 insane people in asylums.

An Embarrassing Situation.

Several years ago, while Mark Twain was collecting retrospective material for his "Life on the Mississippi," he stopped, one day, at Arkansas City. He had, years before, known the place as Campbell's Bend, and naturally, had a desire to poke about unattended by persons who would be likely to break in upon his musings; so, avoiding the committee that had been appointed to receive him, he wandered off into the woods. He thought nothing of the distance he was traversing. There was music among the tree tops, and flowers, rich in deep coloring, perfumed the air. After a long walk he came to a cabin, and, upon entering, found an old and tangle-bearded man sitting near the empty fireplace. The old fellow glanced at Twain, and then, springing beneath the visitor and the door, snatched down a gun, cocked it and said:

"So I've got you, have I?"

"I don't understand you!" Twain gasped.

"Oh, no, I reckon not. Er man never understands a thing when he don't want it. Didn't stop your steamboat down yander below the bend the other day an' steal sixty sheep that belonged to me, did you?"

"I will swear upon the honor of a gentleman that I did not. I haven't been in this neighborhood before in twenty years."

"Set down thar." Twain obeyed. The old man continued. "It mout have been a good while sense you was here before the other day, but you got here just in time ter steal them sheep an' I'm goin' ter have your skelp. Hear me?"

"My dear sir, you are laboring under a frightful mistake. I never owned a sheep in my life."

"No, I don't reckon you ever did own one, an' mo'n that, nobody else ain't apt to own nary one whar you hang out. Yas, sah, come right here an' tuck my sheep an' ermong 'em wuz er pet lamb that my little granddaughter loves better'n she does her life an' she hain't slop'er wink-sense fur cryin' about it. Oh, you needn't blink, fur I'm goin' ter hold you here till my little gal comes an' then I'm goin' to blow yo' head off. It won't be long fo' she comes an' ef you've got any prar's that you reckon oughter be said, why you better say 'em thar all."

"My dear sir—"

"Don't 'dear sir' me. I've got you, an' I'm goin' ter use you."

"But how do you know that I stole your sheep?"

"You know how I know it. You know that jest ez soon ez you seed me er comin' you shoved off, an' mo'n that, you know that when I jumped in a canoe an' started ter paddle out ter you, w'y, you shot at me. You know all that well enough."

"Merciful heavens!" Twain exclaimed.

"Yas, sah, yas; that's erbout whut I 'lowed, but the boat puffed on away."

A stick snapped outside. "Great heavens!" Twain thought. "Is the girl coming?" No, it was only a calf. The expression on the old fellow's face grew harder. There was a cruel twitching about the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, don't you fret, she'll be here d'reckly."

"My friend," said Twain, with an effort to be calm, "if you will go with me over to Arkansas City I will prove that I would not steal a sheep."

"I don't want no proof that comes from that place. You'd tell a lie, an' them fellers over thar would swar ter it. I see my little gal comin' through yander. Ez I said jest now, ef you've got any prar's you want said, w'y, I reckon you'd better say 'em."

"Would you commit murder?"

"Would you steal sheep?"

"Surely not."

"Ah, hab, an' sholy I wouldn't be committin' murder by killin' sich er feller ez you air. Don't move now, fur ef you do I'll drap you. Come, quick, now, befo' the gal comes, tell me ef you know who did steal them sheep, that is, ef you didn't do."

"I think I do," Twain quickly rejoined, and then, remembering the name of a steamboat engineer whom he had known before the war, he added: "Jo Billings stole your sheep."

The old fellow looked sharply at him, and replied:

"Air you shore?"

"I am certain."

"Was you on his boat at the time?"

"Yes, and tried to keep him from stealing them, but could not."

"Will you help me find him?"

"Yes."

"Wall, then, scoot. Quick, befo' the gal comes."

When Twain reached Arkansas City, he found the perplexed and disappointed committee. He was nervous and depressed. While he was standing in the office of the hotel, some one said:

"Mr. Clemens, you used to know Jo Billings, didn't you?"

Twain felt an uneasiness crawling over him. "Yes," he replied.

"There he is."

Twain looked around and started. The old fellow who had held him in the cabin came forward, snorted and then said:

"Sam, I oughter shot you fur not knowin' me, but I reckon I've changed some. Sheep, w'y, I never had one in my life. Haw, haw! Come, fellers, here's ter Sam an' his erbilty ter still hedge on the truth."—Arkansas Traveler.

The Books to Read.

You will make the best use possible of your time. Emerson says: "read the best book first." Unless you do that you will die never having read them.

One can easily use all his time in reading newspapers and die and never have read "The Sermon on the Mount." Of making many books there is no end; there is an end to life. Choose, select, discriminate. Do not read the books of a day or of a year.

Books that live for hundreds of years have not attained so long life because they have been carefully preserved—they have been carefully preserved because they deserved to live. Men have said all along of such and such a book, this is too good to be lost, we must save this. We all know the words of Abraham Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, nobody much remembers what Edward Everett said there. I pass by a second-hand store and see outside a job lot of books. You can pay a quarter and take your choice. As a rule these are books that have not passed examination. They are more valuable in a paper mill than in any other place. The ink is an objection to them however. The annual issue of novels is something wonderful. Some time ought to be given to novels. Let us begin with the good old ones, the ones that have stood the test of time and passed muster as works of genuine interest. The busy people have begun with "She" and "Quick or the Dead." That is certainly not a good beginning, nor ending either.

It is a pity to die ignorant of Walter Scott and well acquainted with "The Duchess." It is too easily conceded that because one is traveling that he must while away the time on whatever the train boy has in stock. A railway car is not a good place for reading, but if people will risk their eyes, why do it on something excellent? Take a good book that you have wanted to read and lacked the time and put it in your grip and so redeem the time. The man who reads the best books one hour a day for thirty years will have gone very far. He will pass in company for any reading man. I spent a few days in the woods with a man who impressed me with his wonderful memory of the best things that have been said on earth. One would think to hear him that he had a large library and had attended to it. Nothing of the sort. He had one book, the old "English reader," which my father read in eighty years ago. There are bits in it of the best words of many lands and all ages.—Myron W. Reed.

Homely Philosophy.

Insincerity is often mistaken for a lack of dishonesty.

The ring of coin is often the knell of friendship.

They never need fear a fall who never scale the heights.

Adversity undermines many a structure of prosperity.

He who wisely uses his wealth needs not leave it for his tombstone.

The sight of a man's money is oftentimes the antidote for the odor of a very bad character.

If you would avoid the suspicions of your neighbors, never carry your molasses in a demijohn.

Prosperity awaits all men, and even pursues some, but it is never found in the haunts of vice.

True genius lurketh under cover, while arrogance stalks abroad in the full light of day.

The most wonderful work of God is man; but brand him slanderer and God will disown His work.

The wisest fish long escapes the most dangerous hooks and is finally caught with a bent-up pin.

The ambition of youth looks forward to the triumphs of age, while-sated age turns back a wistful eye along the rosy path of youth.

It is well the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once the task would be too hard to master.

Not only should careless statements regarding our neighbors be ignored, but facts themselves should be often subduced in the interest of right thinking and fairness to our fellows.—Frank B. Welch in Arkansas Traveler.

"The King's Daughters."

The King's Daughters are multiplying rapidly in Brooklyn, and hundreds of women wear the little Maltese cross which is the emblem of the order. So far the membership is confined to the orthodox societies and congregations.

The larger numbers are said to be in the Methodist denomination and there are none in the Unitarian societies.

The majority of women who are King's Daughters are also members of the temperance societies and the white ribbon hangs beside the silver cross.

The work which the King's Daughters are pledged to perform is covered in the Unitarian societies by the League, to which almost every Unitarian woman belongs. In some of the churches in Brooklyn the greater part of the female members are units of a Ten, and are engaged in some humanitarian work.

The practical character of the work of the King's Daughters commends itself to all classes of women, and it is an organization destined to double its present membership of 50,000 before long.—New York Sun.

Rudeness in Speech.

Some pride themselves upon saying rude things. They fancy they have done a smart thing when they have given a rugged, coarse rebuff. We have known some Christian men to be very unchristian in this particular. All such ought to ponder this remark, made by one of the greatest of great men: "Sir, a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

BRIEFLETS.

The Russian budget for 1899 shows a surplus of 4,500,000 roubles.

Evictions in Ireland are being desperately resisted by the tenants.

Serious floods and land slides have occurred in the south of France.

A man who died in Waseka, Minn., is said to have been 115 years old.

The Eiffel tower at Paris, France, has reached a height of 750 feet.

De Lesseps has promulgated a new scheme to go on with the Panama canal.

Ejectment decrees have been served upon 120 tenants of one estate in Ireland.

A bigger man than Santa Claus is Claus Spreckles, who is worth \$20,000,000.

France is about to construct two large iron-clad cruisers and 25 torpedo boats.

An extra session of the Fifty-first congress is now regarded as almost certain.

Queen Victoria's household expenses come to the enormous sum of \$425,000 a year.

The shortage in the stock of domestic wool in the United States is 48,000,000 pounds.

Investigation shows that about all occupations in Canada are overcrowded and rents increasing.

Philadelphia has a Col. New and Chicago a Maj. Old, and now where does Gen. Average hang out?

Owen Brown, the last survivor of the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry, died in California last week.

It is said that Mrs. Ingersoll has persuaded her husband not to write any more infidel articles for the magazines.

New York crowds 1,200,000 inhabitants into 92,000 houses, while Philadelphia has to have 179,000 houses to accommodate 847,000 people.

French-Canadian girls have about driven Yankee girls out of the Manchester (Mass.) mills, because they are ready to work cheaper.

Mrs. John Harper, widow of the founder of the great publishing house of Harper & Brothers, died in New York recently at the age of 92.

It is claimed that the government has been defrauded out of millions of dollars by false entries of sugar at the New York custom house.

No jug without a handle on either side can be sold in Delaware. No Delaware man is going to put his right shoulder out of joint lifting a jug to his chin.

A little girl who wrote on her examination papers, "The interior of Africa is principally used for purposes of exploration," was wiser than she thought.

A new dance called the "chow-chow" has become very popular in the east. A portion of it consists of a waltz in which you can hug the four ladies in rotation.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has largely regained her health, and is able to walk about on fine days. She writes letters to her friends in a firm, strong hand.

At a trial in Delaware Bay last week the dynamite gun cruiser Vesuvius made a run at the rate of 21.65 knots per hour, showing her to be the fastest war ship yet built.

The southern states are shipping less of their cotton away every year to be manufactured elsewhere, consequent on the growth of the textile industry in that section.

Fay Templeton, the actress, who has just gone abroad to join young Howell Osborne, is a Georgia girl. Her first appearance was before an audience in Brunswick in that state.

"Should a girl return all presents in case the engagement is declared off?" asks the Philadelphia News. She certainly should. The feller wants them for the next girl.

Miss Kate Drexel has just received intelligence of the completion of an industrial school for Indian boys in the Indian Territory, which she has built and endowed at her own expense.

A quintet banjo club has been organized in Washington by some society belles. They are Miss Florence Bayard, Miss Olga Dahlgren, Mrs. Helen Squire, Miss Hancock and Miss Taylor.

Victoria Woodhull is said to have taken up her abode at Paris, where she has bought a house for 2,000,000 francs, in which she hopes to found an institution for the free education of women.

The leading railroads in the country and bankers interested in railway securities have formed an Inter-State Railway association, for the purpose of preventing ruinous competition and the building of competing roads.

Claus Spreckles says that his beet sugar factory in California last fall used 15,000 tons of beets, the product of 1,000 acres, for which he paid an average price of \$5.25 per ton. The profit was equal to 7 per cent on the capital invested.

The Leadville Herald in its review of the output of the camp for the year 1888 estimates the total to be \$11,830,305. The output should it be valued upon the basis of the lead and silver quotations of 1872 would be greater than at any other time save one in the history of the camp.

The latest nickel-and-slot device is a sort of big stereoscope which has been invented and manufactured in Paris. You drop in your nickel and apply your eyes to a pair of protuberances like the eye pieces of an opera-glass. Pictures are then displayed in rapid succession, one picture lasting seven seconds, until the contents of the box are all exhibited. The pictures are shown in the glare of an electric light, which is extinguished when one has had his 5 cents' worth.

One of the most extraordinary of London trades is in rabbit skins. Rabbits are one of the plagues of New Zealand and Australia, and the partial compensation of the colonists is this export. From New Zealand there have been sent out in about ten years seventy million skins, valued at \$275,000, and in the same period twenty-nine million have been exported from Victoria. The cheap linings of winter coats and cloaks, and many of the dyed articles of fur, as well as hats, are made of rabbit fur.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Outlook for Bees.

There is considerable evidence and many good reasons to expect an advance in the price of beef cattle before next April. In the first place the cattle range for free pasture has been decreasing in two ways: By settlement with families of homesteaders who will raise crops rather than cattle, and by the encroachment of the sheep herder. We estimate that the available range for cattle pasture is one-half less than five years ago. The effect of this has been to induce many men to wind up and go out of the business. The business, too, has been gradually changing. Many large operators have discovered that the decreasing free ranges indicate that they must lay up a stock for winter feed, or run risks of loss too great for legitimate business. This has resulted in reducing herds, and incurring preparations for feed and care in winter. When the editor of the Texas Live Stock Journal was here a few weeks ago, we had a long conversation with him on this very subject. He had been through Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, Utah, Wyoming, Montana and eastern Oregon for the express purpose of finding out the supply of beef stock in sight, so as to give the Texas cattlemen the benefit of his observations. And it is his opinion that there is not as much beef stock on the range now as there was three years ago by one-third. This speaks volumes; and reasoning from this fact, and other facts cited above, he was confident that there would be a considerable advance on beef cattle within the next six months.—Pacific Farmer.

Winter Covering of Plants.

The season is now at hand when spinach, winter onions and strawberries should receive their winter mulch.

In applying the mulch it should always be borne in mind that the chief object is shelter from the cold wind and bright sunshine of winter and early spring, and also to somewhat check the frequency of repeated freezing and thawing.

The materials best suited for this purpose, where they can easily be had, are evergreen boughs and salt meadow sedge or thatch. These substances give the needed shelter, do not easily blow off in winter gales, and allow surface water to drain quickly off so that ice may not form around the plants.

Another good material is corn-stalks cut into lengths of about six inches and trampled by cattle until they are partly crushed.

Another good article is coarse, strawy horse manure that has been allowed to heat enough to kill the seeds of foul weeds which are apt to abound in it; if not heated it will surely bring in a legion of foul weeds in early spring.

Any of these articles may be applied in quantity just sufficient to shade the plants, taking care not to smother them by too much covering.

In the extreme northern part of New England, where continuous snow lies on the ground from November to April, there is little need to protect the above named plants at all, as the snow makes the best winter mulch possible where it can be depended upon; indeed, covering in such climates may be worse than nothing, unless of some very light substance like evergreen boughs. But in the more or less exposed condition of the ground which prevails in the southern half of New England in winter and early spring, cover with the substances we have named will generally prove satisfactory.

The bed of Dutch bulbs if well covered with coarse manure will start earlier in spring.

Rose bushes of the so-called hardy varieties will repay being protected with a winding of rye straw.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Right to the Use of Water.

The Legal Adviser gives to its readers some information respecting water rights, which has been a source of great trouble and much litigation. It is a general principle, says the writer, that every owner of land upon a natural stream of water has a right to use the water for any reasonable purpose not inconsistent with a similar right in the owners of the land above, below and opposite to him. He may take the water to supply his dwelling, to irrigate his land or to quench the thirst of his cattle; to use it for manufacturing purposes, such as the supplying of steam boilers or the running of water wheels or hydraulic works, so long as such use does not sensibly and injuriously affect its volume. But this is a mere privilege running with the land, not a property in the water itself.

Where the stream is small, and does not supply water more than sufficient to answer, he wants of the different proprietors, vying on the stream, some of the proprietors can use the water for either irrigation or manufacturing, but for domestic purposes and watering stock one proprietor will be justified in consuming all the water.

Twenty years use adverse to the right of another will give the person so using the stream the right to continue to use, regardless of the other's rights.

And as to the division of water, every one who owns land situated upon a stream has the following rights:

1. To the natural flow of the stream.

2. That it shall continue to run in its accustomed channels.

3. That it shall flow upon his land in its usual quantity, natural place and usual height.

4. That it shall flow off his land upon the land of his neighbor below, in ac-

customed place and at its usual level. These rights he has as an incident to the property in his land, and he can not be deprived of it by grant or description.

If any one shall make any change in the natural flow of a stream, to the material injury of any owner situated upon it, or by any interference shall prevent the stream from flowing as it was wont to flow, he is responsible for the damage he may occasion. These rights are subject to the privilege of each one to make a reasonable use of the water upon his own land while it is passing along the same. It matters not what the source of the water may be, whether it be backward or the flowage of the same, or the water of another stream. Still the division of a stream may be made by any one if it be returned to its natural channel before it leaves his premises.

Industrial Brevities.

The Canadians are still hopeful of ultimately producing a grade of beet sugar that will make cane sugar seem poor stuff. They have been laboring under that idea for about twenty years now.

Eight gigantic pears from Stanislaus county, California, that were recently exhibited in San Francisco, weighed 33½ pounds or 44 pounds each, and completely filled a five gallon glass jar.

Crows have become so abundant in Maine that it is estimated they cost the state \$100,000 a year in corn, potatoes, young chickens, fruit, grain, and the like. The next legislature will be asked to pass a law giving a bounty of ten cents for every dead crow.

A New Jersey farmer has succeeded in raising in the rich soil of the Hackensack Bottom the genuine white yam or "bunato" of Cuba, and he predicts that in a few years this delicious vegetable, grown across the North River, will be as common in the New York market as the Southern sweet potato now is.

It is reported that the potato crop in Aroostook county, Me., is fully 3,000,000 bushels. This is an unusually large crop, and it is believed that the same is true of the general crop of the country; that it is somewhat larger than it has been for a few years at least. This fact offers the very important suggestion to farmers to dispose of their surplus when they can get a good price. It is not always safe to hold a crop in anticipation of an increased price, for the turn is as likely to be down as up.

The management of seed potatoes is one of the most important arts of the potato grower. The chief point is to prevent them from sprouting, and for this purpose a low temperature as near to the freezing point as is possible without touching it is desirable. Nearly everywhere farmers find that the late varieties of potatoes are more productive than the early ones. Is not this partly due to the fact that early varieties have been injured by sprouting, while late varieties are less liable to this injury?

The buyers of fruit and ornamental trees can hardly be too careful in getting stock grown on land free from quack. The fine underground roots of this pest are often mixed among those of fruit trees, and once planted are difficult to get rid of. Whenever quack grass appears for the first time on a farm it is usually in the orchard, and has been introduced by the purchase of trees without careful examination to see that quack is not mixed with their roots.

The Holstein cow "Shadeland Boon," from June 6th to July 6th (31 days) produced 125 pounds and 12 ounces of unsalted butter, or over four pounds per day. This is the most remarkable record known. It required about 14 pounds of milk (about seven quarts) to each pound of butter. During seven days of time she produced a fraction less than 32 pounds of butter, and gave 400 pounds of milk. For two days she lacked only two ounces of producing five pounds of butter per day, which was made from 14.18 pounds of milk for each pound of butter.

Everybody knows how difficult it is to prevent the water from freezing during very cold weather. Tin will rust, wooden troughs become slimy, and earthenware crack from the ice formed on the water. To obviate these difficulties, give water three times a day. Use vessels that only permit the birds to get their beaks wet, so as to avoid freezing the wattles, which results when they get wet, and give warm water three times a day. They will soon learn to look for it at regular periods, and it will invigorate them. By the time the water is somewhat cool all will have drunk, when the surplus should be thrown out and the vessels left empty.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Household Hints.

Scales should be a part of the furnishings of every kitchen.

Hall lanterns may be of cut glass and brass or stained glass.

To test cake draw it gently forward and put the ear close to the loaf; if thoroughly baked there will be no sound.

Keep large squares of thick pasteboard to slip under pots, kettles, stew dishes and spiders whenever removed from the stove.

Eggs contain a great deal of carbon, and are for that reason excellent food to combine with articles composed largely of starch.

Biscuits and gingerbread require a quick oven, flour bread a slower one. Fruit cake requires more and slower baking than plain cake.

When symptoms of croup exist, administer at brief intervals a teaspoonful of the mixture made of equal

parts of sweet oil, paregoric and syrup of ipecac.

The cheap tin candlesticks of graceful shape and painted in harmonizing colors are really very attractive standing on the table in chamber or bathroom.

If, before making the morning's coffee, the grains are heated for two or three minutes, or until they take on a darker shade of brown, the flavor of the coffee will be improved.

Into a solution of gum arabic stir plaster of paris until the mixture assumes the consistency of cream; apply with a brush to the broken edges of china and press together and put away the article for three days.

A good cough mixture is made by making two ounces of balm of gilead buds and boiling them very slowly in a quart of water. Let it simmer to one pint, then strain it and add one pound of honey in comb, with the juice of three lemons. Let all boil together until the wax in the honey is dissolved.

To clean hair brushes take two brushes and sprinkle each with powdered borax; then rub well together. Then pour quite warm water over the bristles, keeping the back of the brush as dry as possible. Shake the water well out and dry in the sun. Brushes washed in this way will retain their stiffness.

Pulpits.

There was a time when pulpits large Enshrouded all the form,
As though it were to thus protect
The minister from storm.
His head alone, peeped out above;
He could not walk about;
He faint must stand on one small spot
To preach and pray and shout.

But now, alas! the little desk,
So recently in use,
Is needed not to help explain
The passages abstruse.
The limbs, as well as head of man,
Are now within our view,
And with the goodly thoughts thrown out,
They have their work to do.

The minister now walks and talks,
And with his arms he beats
The atmosphere, which gestures grand
His fine discourse completes.
From pulpits stiff and dark and high,
We've come to none at all,
And ministers who don't look well
Need not expect a call.
—Mary Farnham, Boston Transcript.

AN ARTIC SURVIVOR.

The History of an Intelligent and Famous Esquimaux Dog.

Wolf, the high leader of the dog team that drew the sledges in the famous Greely Arctic expedition, says the San Francisco Chronicle, is now a resident of Oakland, having spent the summer there for his health. He may be seen at the home of John W. McNeil, a painter living at 819 Lydia street, where he is kept at the expense of General Sherman, his owner. Wolf has a history. He is the only dog ever enlisted in the United States navy, and after the close of the expedition Wolf was given his regular papers of honorable discharge from the Government employ.

Lieutenant Greely, in whose possession Wolf fell, presented him to General Sherman, who has ever since kept him. The hot eastern summers have been very trying on Wolf's cold blood, and this summer he was sent to California that he might escape the heat. He was sent consigned to George H. King, of San Francisco, who had a brother-in-law in the expedition. Mr. King placed him in the care of Mr. McNeil. Wolf is a large animal, with long, gray, silky hair, and possesses superior intelligence.

A reporter who called to see him found him the good-natured victim of half a dozen children who rolled about him. He preserved the gravest demeanor, and was evidently weighing some very serious matters. Wolf was born in the north some eight years ago, and taught to draw sledges across the frozen sea by his Esquimaux master. When Lieutenant Greely was fitting out the expedition he chose Wolf for his superior strength and the animal's wonderful intelligence, that seemed almost human, won him the honor and distinction of "high" leader. The off leader was "Tiger," whose name also often figures among the incidents of the expedition. These were the dogs who led that unfortunate band of explorers northward, often at the rate of one hundred and sixty-five miles per day.

Wolf is the sole survivor of his team, Tiger being the last to yield to starvation's demands. The story is told, too, that Wolf, by the laws by which one man lost his life should have died, but because he was a dog he was permitted to live. After Lieutenant Henry's death Wolf was caught in the act of stealing a human arm from the corps larder of the starving survivors. He was only a dog and they let him live. Wolf will be returned to his Eastern home this winter.

Adonises of the Senate.

The friends of Senator-elect Wolcott of Colorado declare that he will be the handsomest man in the next congress. This is interesting news to Senator Hisscock, who is now the \$5,000 beauty of that aggregation of intellect. It is not reasonable to suppose that the New York senator is prepared to surrender his superior pulchritude at the first onset of the Adonises from the neighborhood of Pike's peak. It may be that these two gentlemen will consent to appear on equal terms, neither claiming superiority over the other. It is to be hoped, at least, that some such friendly settlement can be arranged and that no apple of discord will vex the senate with jealous strife. Even if that branch of congress is turned into a beauty show it may yet retain its wonted dignity and serenity.—Chicago News.

POTATO BUGS OF SAN DIEGO.

Entertaining Conversation with a Californian in an Elevated Train.

He was unmistakably a Southern Californian in appearance, as he entered a Third Avenue L Road car and took a seat next to a Mail and Express reporter. Dark, full face, deep-set eyes, scraggy beard, light trousers, blue cutaway coat, high-cut vest and true broad-brim San Diego felt hat. In fact, his make-up was decidedly Mexican.

His manner denoted an ignorance of Eastern life and customs, but he showed a startling eagerness for information and opened a conversation somewhat as follows:

"Had any snow here yet, pard?"

"Yes, an inch or two," replied the reporter.

"Is this one of the elevated roads that was blockaded by the snow last winter? I read about it in the San Diego Bee, and wondered if it was true."

"Yes, last March a severe blizzard stopped all traffic for three days on this road."

"No? But you don't mean" (with a coaxing tap on the reporter's shoulder) "that the snow was so deep as to reach above this track, do you?"

This old and time-worn query was answered by a smile, and "yes," and while the man from the land of the celestial climate was endeavoring to digest the fact (?) the reporter turned the tables and became quiz-master.

"Ever been East before?"

"No," answered the San Diegan.

"Ever see snow?"

"Yep, on the peak of 'Old Baldy,' near Los Angeles. Played snowball on mountains comin' through Colorado. Mighty cold stuff it."

"Pretty fine country, yours," continued the reporter.

"You bet. Except at this season. Why, when I came away the streets were little rivers, and every cellar a bath house."

"Ever come across many scorpions or tarantulas?"

"Yes, but they ain't half so common as the newspaper stories make 'em out to be. They're not so curious a creature either as our potato bug."

"Potato bug?"

"California potato bug. It is about three inches long, divided something like a wasp. Its body is three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and has from fifteen to twenty yellow and black stripes encircling it like the rings of a caterpillar. It has six legs, each armed with a claw, and on the head are two ugly horns over an inch long, which form a protection for two large black eyes. There is no bug like it that I ever saw, and the sight of it is enough to cause the horrors."

"Is its bite poisonous?"

"No, and it's well it isn't for they are very common."

"Forty-second street, Grand Central!" called the trainman, and the Californian departed "to catch the next train for Meriden."—New York Mail and Express.

The Man Who Knows How to Get Along With People.

The dazzling genius may startle and amaze mankind by his divinely-gifted endowments; but the man who knows how to get along with people is very apt to reach the heights, while the dazzling genius, like an eagle with a broken wing, is floundering in the underbrush in the valley below.

Put the dazzling genius and the man who knows how to get along with people side by side, on the race track of life, and let them start abreast. The dazzling genius will excite the curiosity of the crowd by the brilliancy of his gyrations and his involved and intricate evolutions. He will leap like an unbroken colt, and prance like a two-year-old filly, but the man who knows how to get along with people will come swinging down the home stretch, past the judge's stand, with his brilliant, but erratic, competitor far in the rear.

The faculty of getting along with people is, perhaps, the most fortunate gift with which nature can endow a man. The whole secret consists in liking people and taking an interest in them. So many men are armed with dislikes, like porcupine quills, which they shoot in all directions, letting them strike where they will. They are like those pivotal guns which we see in the navy, which turn on a swivel and shoot toward every point of the compass. They keep their batteries loaded, and every man who approaches them, they regard as an invader and an enemy. They scrutinize their acquaintances as a proof reader examines his proof, to see what errors he can discover. Their lives are a perpetual quest for the vices of their neighbors. They never get along with people, for people object to having a perpetual inventory taken of their faults and weaknesses.

Opticians tell us there is one little spot in the eye that is entirely blind. The mental eye of the man who knows how to get along with people has a large spot that is blind to all his neighbors' vices, while his vision is usually keen in regard to their good qualities. Everybody likes him because he likes everybody. No wonder he climbs high in the world, for everybody stands ready to give him a "boost."—Yankee Blade.

A Good Compromise.

More trouble about the inauguration ball. A number of patriotic Americans demand that American wines shall be used, and on the other hand the Woman's Christian Temperance Union requests that no alcoholic beverages at all shall be allowed at it. Perhaps the authorities might compromise on buttermilk.—New York Tribune.

WOMEN WHO EAT TEA.

A New Dissipation Charged Up Against the Fair Sex of Boston.

Two servants who were hauled up before a police justice here the other day charged with creating a rumor indignantly denied having been drunk. They said that they had been somewhat under the influence of tea, which was responsible for their eccentric behavior.

"But," remarked the judge, "I never knew that anyone could become really intoxicated from drinking tea."

"No more they can, yer honor," was the reply. "We ate it."

It is becoming quite a popular vice in Boston and presumably elsewhere—this tea eating. And, curiously enough, its victims are mostly among the "help" who, having the household tea-caddy always accessible, get accustomed to helping themselves from it a pinch at a time, of the dry leaves. These they chew, thus extracting the alkaloid, which is a toxic agent of the most powerful description. Its first effect is an agreeable exhilaration. Ultimately it induces sleeplessness and an abnormal condition of mind, with strange wishes and delirium. It is an amusing fact, by the way, that when tea was first brought to England, about the year 1665, it was served experimentally for eating in a bowl, like spinach. For a long time after that it was regarded as a deadly drug, and people who sold it were considered disreputable.

It is positively wonderful how the demand for new and particularly destructive vices gives birth to an apparently exhaustless supply. One in particular that is said to be making great progress among women is the habit of ether drinking. This chemical product, so well known for its virtues as an anesthetic, is an ethereal spirit of alcohol, containing that element of alcohol which has the effect of deadening pain. Most people have had the opportunities of observing this effect in drunken men, who suffer severely hurts without feeling them, apparently.

Ether, taken internally, produces a feeling of exaltation, which is not followed by the disagreeable after-symptoms arising from over-indulgence in the crude whisky or other spirits. Its results are slower, affecting the mind by slow degrees and depriving the victim of all moral sense. The confirmed ether drinker will murder her own grandmother, without as much as a qualm of conscience, to get 50 cents wherewith to purchase a bottle of her favorite intoxicant.

In its effects upon the moral being ether bears a strong likeness to opium, which might be called poison to the soul. The use of this latter drug is said to be fearfully prevalent among the wives of New England farmers, who devote the pennies they earn by selling eggs—always the private perquisite of the country women in this region—to secret purchases of the deadly stuff from itinerant peddlers. One woman in a small rural community will spread the vice among all her female friends, who, wearied by the endless monotony of their lives, are eager for any excitement.—Boston Letter to Chicago Tribune.

An "Ignorance Club."

Not less hopeful, but a different direction, is the "Fortnightly Ignorance Club," with its Ignorance Book, of which the idea was given in the Atlantic Monthly some years ago. The forty women of this Rochester (N. Y.) club have set up a book thus formidably named, to which each one brings her hard-to-answer questions. After the paper of the meeting is read and discussed, the Ignorance Book is opened, questions read, those settled which can be at once answered, and the others given out to special members, whose duty it is to "study up" and be prepared to reply at a future meeting. This peculiar and original feature, on which the club is founded, has proved not only extremely interesting, but very valuable, and—as was said by its best-known (in the world) member—Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker, "So long as our ignorance holds out, and is replenished by new members, the lamp of our club will burn. It makes such a difference whether a club depends upon ignorance or knowledge for its support." In confirmation of the importance this association attaches to ignorance, it is sternly determined that the world outside its doors shall be forever ignorant of the names and doings of its too modest members.—Epoch.

Suffocated by a Toy Balloon.

A serious fatality befell little Nellie Bradley, nine-year-old daughter of a Central avenue merchant in this city. She was playing with a toy balloon which had a whistle attached to it. In drawing in her breath suddenly she drew in the toy with it. It slipped into the larynx, open end down, and the child's breath inflated it there so that death from suffocation ensued before a physician could be summoned.—Albany (N. Y.) Special to New York Press.

Prepared for Any Contingency.

Admiral Luce: "I demand the immediate surrender of the steamer Haytian Republic and the stars and stripes." Legitimate: "I am willing to surrender the vessel, but—" Admiral Luce: "Ah, you have a but. We have come prepared even for that. Lieutenant, bring out that billy goat." Legitimate: "I surrender unconditionally. You need not draw your billy."—Peoria Transcript.

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The following resolution was passed by the last Shawnee County teachers meeting:

WHEREAS, There is now pending before the state legislature various bills looking toward state uniformity of text books, and believing that we should express our convictions on all such questions, therefore be it

Resolved, by the teachers of Shawnee county and the city of Topeka: First, That state uniformity of text books would stagnate educational progress, destroy individuality in the development of children, perpetuate terror and rob our schools of books whose excellence is the growth of a century's experimenting. It would centralize a dangerous power, and delegate to a few persons the right to say what books children should study to the exclusion of all others. It insults and degrades the intelligence of those who have charge of the management of our schools by virtually saying they are not competent to select books, make contracts or direct the education of the children in their charge.

It is a matter of surprise that such a resolution as this should be supported by an intelligent body of teachers. That state uniformity of text books would have any such effect as it here portrayed is the merest twaddle. Every teacher will concede that not all text books can be the best. Some are good, others are better. The poorest text books in the hands of a good teacher are more effective than the best in the hands of a poor teacher. Text books, like systems of teaching, should only be used as helps toward mental development. If there is a difference in these helps the very best is what is wanted. If uniform text books alone, would produce stagnation, so would uniform ability on the part of teachers even if they were of the highest grade.

What we want is the very best text books. If then the teacher has ability, he can see that individuality is not destroyed, and that no robbery would follow. And then he would have a very thin cuticle if he felt insulted, when a board of educators far his superior, perhaps, adopt a series of text books, to be made uniform throughout the state. As a matter of fact there are many teachers, who are not only incompetent to select books, but who have no legitimate place in the school room, because they are utterly incapable of properly directing the education of children.

The Shawnee county teachers were entirely off the track. They were beating the air or making war upon a shadow.

The best text books in the hands of the best teachers, will secure the best results. We think no one will deny this proposition. It might be amplified, but we refrain. The best books for any one section of the state are unquestionably the best for the greatest part of the state. If not, we have no assurance that any single teacher, or any assembly of teachers, would be more fortunate in attempting to meet particular wants than a competent board would be in its efforts.

The principal advantage of uniformity after all the dust has been cleared away is the financial advantage. Our people move about a great deal and under the hodge-podge system, many are compelled to buy new books every year. Under a uniform system books can be bought, or made by the state, at greatly reduced rates.

With proper teaching there is established a system of mental development. This must be, or at least it is more or less in harmony with the text books in use. When pupils go from one school to another, from one district to another, and find a difference in text books, the harmonious mental development is disturbed, that does far more to rob our schools of their excellence, than the fancy of the Shawnee county teachers have pictured in their resolution.

The Lawrence Journal gives a lengthy and appreciative biography of Col. Prouty. His death has elicited much sorrowful comment throughout the state. In 1856 he was a type setter in Lawrence, in an office where the now Senator P B Plumb was foreman.

When it comes to higgling over moderate appropriations in behalf of the state institutions, it is quite in place to look into the state printing steal. A few thousand dollars might as well go into the state Normal school as into the vest pocket of the state printer, and a good many thousands more might go to the university and other schools, instead of stuffing his hip pockets until they beat in appearance the most fashionable bustle in Kansas.

This winter weather is so fine that people hardly know how to best enjoy it. The old Lawrence Tribune has about disappeared in the Journal.

It is pretty certain that there has been some crookedness about the penitentiary, but just how much it is not yet discovered. It looks as though some tall swearing had been done to make things look straight.

If the Barber Asphalt Company does take a hand in the city election we trust the women of the city will take Mrs. John's advice, by putting that company across a checked arroy, and administering a rebuke that will agitate its very foundation.

What disappointments await the myriads of office seekers that loom up everywhere. President Harrison will not begin his administration by simply turning out one set to put in another. Vacant places, as they occur, will no doubt be filled by Republicans.

At the last meeting of the county Teachers meeting in Topeka, Feb. 2, the following was unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, Under the present unequal and unjust method of levying taxes for school purposes, it is impossible for thousands of school districts to maintain schools for more than three or four months in the year, or to pay wages which will secure competent teaching; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we respectfully petition the legislature to pass the bill providing for county taxation for school purposes now before that body.

The meeting was largely attended, about 150 teachers being present, quite a number of whom were from Rossville, Silver Lake and other points.

It is intimated that Prince Bismarck is quietly killing off all his enemies far and near.

Kansas City packers are beginning to fear that they will themselves be slaughtered by the Kansas legislature. So they come up to the capital to lobby in order to save their bacon.

Another slight earthquake was felt in Missouri a few days ago. The more shaking up that can be done in that state the better it will be for it.

Our state institutions should be well supported or they should be abolished. There is such a thing as wise economy, but it does not lie in starving our asylums, our reform schools, our institutions for the blind and the deaf and the dumb, our agricultural colleges, our state university, our normal and other schools, any more than it does in starving a herd of fine cattle all winter to save a little fodder.

When crookstone brokers oppose the reduction of interest to six per cent, on the ground that money is a commodity, whose value can no more be regulated than the price of corn and oats, they remind one of the brewers and distillers who oppose prohibitory laws on the ground that they do not prohibit.

It may be that regulating the rate of interest by the state does not regulate. Some people say that prohibition does not prohibit. Nearly or quite every state names a legal rate of interest. Kansas ought to do it, and it should not be over six per cent. If such a step does not regulate, certainly no harm will be done.

The winter in Alaska so far has been the worst on record because of severe storms. Hunters and traders have especially suffered.

An assembly of ministers at Christiania, Norway, recently discussed the women question, and came to the conclusion that women must not preach in the presence of men.

Mr. H C Phelps, employed in the general offices of the Rock Island, has recently recovered judgment for \$2,500 damages for a broken leg received in Independence Mo., by falling over stones over a year ago.

Governor Nichols of Louisiana has ordered Attorney General Rogers of that state to New Iberia to examine into the recent outrages on negroes by regulators and to enforce the law vigorously.

The bill creating a secretary of Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet, has been practically agreed on by the conference committee of the two houses of Congress, and will probably become a law. Mr. Harrison will thus have another position at his disposal in naming his Cabinet officers.

It is said that a bill will be soon introduced in conformity to Governor Humphrey's recommendation in his recent message, providing for a commission which shall have the superintendence of all state printing.

Better late than never to get a box of Esterbrook's superior and standard steel pens. Are furnished in all the popular styles. Stationers have them.

For a week the papers have been full of ground hog, when it was supposed the ground hog was all made up into pork sausage.

The total receipts of the national patent office the past year were \$1,118,516 and the total expenditures \$974,108. There were 20,420 original patents issued during the year.

The Barber Asphalt company that is putting down so much asphalt pavement in Topeka, will, it is said, take an active part in the coming city election. It wants a council of dough heads probably, so they can be moulded.

The Topeka correspondent of the Kansas City Journal thinks that enough is now known to make it clear that penitentiary investigation will find no stain anywhere. On the other hand there are those who think some foul blotches have been shown.

Mrs. Laura M Johns the president of the Kansas Woman's Suffrage Association, has issued a circular in which she urges, for the coming spring elections, in cities, a woman's ticket against a man's ticket. She says it should be the right against the wrong in which she is right. She seems to take for granted that women are right and men are wrong in which she may be wrong. Generally speaking, however, Mrs. Johns is not wrong, but is right. We hope the women of Kansas will roll up their sleeves and wade in at the coming municipal elections, and so break up some of the corrupt rings. It is natural for the women to be after the rings.

The deaf and dumb asylum at Olathe evidently wants an appropriation this year, and the superintendent of that institution, Prof S. T. Walker, knows how to go about the business, to secure one, as the remarkably interesting performance by several of the inmates of that institution in representative hall conclusively proves.

The Leavenworth, Topeka and Southwestern, a branch road from Topeka to Leavenworth, formerly operated by the Union Pacific, and Santa Fe, has passed into the control of the Union Pacific. The passenger trains from Leavenworth arrive at the Union Pacific depot, instead of the Santa Fe depot on the South side.

Prof F. H. Snow in his weather report for the last month, says "The warmest January since 1882. There have been five warmer Januaries in our twenty-two year record—in 1839, 1876, 1879, 1880, and 1882. The rain fall was about two-thirds the average; the amount of sunshine was greater than in any January since 1838. The wind velocity was normal."

At Springfield, Mo. an attempt was made Thursday night to murder M. D. Kelton, a prominent young business man by firing a pistol shot at him through the rear window of his store.

By an accident on the Canadian Pacific railroad the engine and cars were badly smashed and fireman C. Fiddler and brakeman J. C. Phelan were instantly killed.

The Mexican National railroad has ordered fifteen new locomotives and 500 additional freight cars.

Twenty steamers are now detained at Glasgow, Scotland, by the strike of the seamen and fireman.

According to the latest reports from Haiti, President Legitime's forces have recently captured five insurgent towns.

Regulators have inaugurated a reign of terror at Norfolk, Va. The whites are receiving attention as well as the negroes.

It is officially announced that Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a revolver.

Possibly Germany may get Samoa than they want before the end is reached.

We have reason to believe there is more wind in Kansas than in any other state in the union.

The penitentiary investigation is getting along well. In fact it has been a regular loper.

Chicago would like to slaughter all the meat used in the world. Kansas City wants to kill all that Chicago leaves over.

Genuine maple sugar will not be plenty this year. Owing to the warm weather the sap of the maple has been going up all winter. The sugar will be up also.

Persons desiring to acquaint themselves with the principles of liberal Christianity may address Rev. John I Brown, Lawrence, Kansas, who will gladly send them papers and tracts.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat contains the following: "John P. Cochran, of Dover, Kansas, arrived in the city last night to take charge of his wife and three children. His wife, Alice, became insane on the train a few days ago while enroute from her home in Yandis, in northern Georgia, to join her husband at their new home in Dover. The woman was taken to the insane asylum, where she is now confined, while her three children were placed in the White Cross home by Mrs. Harris, the police matron. The husband says that it was the first time that his wife had ever traveled, and thinks the worry caused her mind to become unbalanced. He will visit his wife and children to-day and take them to their new home tonight."

Hon. John Allen, representative from Mississippi, is a joker of repute in Washington and rarely escapes an audience in the cloak room. After adjournment the other day, he tells the following on Weaver and himself: He and Weaver were the sole relics of the Greenback party, and soon after the hanging of anarchists at Chicago, he met Weaver returning from a journey and said: "Brother Weaver, how is our party getting on in your section?" "Bad—very bad, Brother Allen. Four of the members have been hanged, one has blown his head off in the dynamite, and about all the rest are sent to the penitentiary for life."

How much expense have parties litigant the right to inflict upon the public? We remember a case about a hog in which the cost to the parties ran up to \$800. The cost to the county where it occurred was about \$400. The hog was a razorback shot the same county originated in a furs over 12 cents. It was tried in justice court, district court and supreme court, cost to the party running, suit \$400, defendants who won the case \$200, to the county about \$200. The Lindbergh meat case could have been settled for a very small sum in the courts of the city. The cost to the parties and to the county will be many hundreds of dollars. The question is whether some inexpensive and summary method of settling such cases may not be devised.

Topeka.

Judge Foster, of the United States district court, sentenced Isaac Fox, a colored man, to six months in the Wichita jail today for stealing a horse in the Indian territory on January 3 last; William M. Wilson Charles Devendorf thirty days each for introducing liquor into the Indian territory.

Topeka is certainly the greatest secret society city in the United States. There are over fifty lodges of various orders in the city. Several more are talked of and will doubtless be organized soon, among which will be the fourth lodge of Knights of Pythias, and the third of the I. O. G. T.

C. C. Hunter, president of the Topeka Garden Tool work, now located in South Topeka, is looking up a suitable place in the First ward to locate the factory on the north side. The funeral of the late Colonel S. S. Prouty Sunday afternoon was one of the largest funerals ever witnessed in the city. The deceased had a wide personal acquaintance, and he was known to almost everybody in the city, and to thousands of people throughout the state.

Judge Reeder representative from Ellis county, is a candidate for United States district attorney, and will have the endorsement of many influential republicans.

Senator Buchanan was called to order Monday morning. He stated that he should in good time introduce a resolution to prohibit the use of the committee rooms by "state officers and other bums." Senator Osborn thought the statement classified the state officers with "bummers," and it was contrary to the peace and dignity of the state.

Senator Rush is in dead earnest on the subject of having the senate chamber and lobbies, stairways and galleries cleaned up and kept cleaned. The movement should extend through the capitol.

The Topeka Flambeau club will not go to the inauguration.

The New York street railroad strike is terminating just as all other strikes conducted as it was, will end—disastrously to the strikers.

It will be a colder day than we have had this winter when any city in the Kansas City Times.

A fellow up in Atchison wants to know where he can buy fancy dogs. Probably Mayor Metcalf would say that he might find a fancy pup around the Lance office, and Manager Crawford thinks it is for sale.

The city council of Wilson, Kansas, on Friday night voted \$3,000 bonds to the Wilson prospecting and Mining company, to prospect for coal and salt. An election has been called to vote bonds and a well will be sunk inside of thirty days. Prof. Robt. Hay, geologist made a survey several years ago at Wilson for private parties and predicted that salt, gas and oil would be found there.

John L. Waller, of Topeka, has been appointed deputy county attorney. He is one of the ablest colored men in the west and is qualified.

EVERY indication points to a busy building season in the capital city.

Oskaloosa Independent: It seems to be pretty generally believed that Governor Humphrey is going to recognize substantially some of the younger, newer element in his party, and that various worthy gentlemen whose memory runneth not to the time when they held no office, will be given a long needed rest from their labors.

The Lawrence sportsmen enjoyed a wolf hunt Saturday. After an exciting chase three large gray wolves were killed. These animals are, however, growing very scarce in the county.

Robson and Crane, the Dromio comedians, have closed their engagement in Boston, and with it their partnership. They separate as the warmest of friends, and still so near alike that one may readily be taken for the other. They separate because each wants to see what he can be without the other.

The corn yield of the United States is universally considered as enormous, but those not actually acquainted with the statistics can realize very little of the magnitude of this industry nor the rapidity of its growth. A century since the United States was able only to supply her own demands for food, and from this the harvest has increased until in the year just ended it reached the gigantic figures of two billion bushels, which is equivalent to 32 bushels for each man, woman and child in the country. To-day the United States controls the markets of the world, and has rendered it impossible for famine to exist. Truly the years have decided that corn is King.

An evening paper says that President-elect Harrison is negotiating for a country seat at Avegal, Montgomery county, Md., which is ten miles northeast of Washington, on the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

Governor Humphrey has granted an unconditional pardon to Charles S Leigh, of Crawford county, who was sentenced in the district court of Crawford county, on January 28, 1888, to three years imprisonment in the penitentiary, for shooting one Geo. Priestly with intent to kill.

Current Events.

A cherry tree at Lansing, Mich., is in blossom.

One acre in Wall street, New York, is worth \$14,300,000.

The Eiffel tower, in Paris, will be finished in seven weeks.

The Shah of Persia is to make a tour of Europe, beginning at St. Petersburg in April.

Asbestos has been found to work admirably when used as a fire-proof screen in theaters.

A man killed 31 snakes near Sylvan a few days ago. They had made their home in a log.

Oregon is said to be a hunter's paradise at this time, being overrun with game of all sorts.

The bridge over the Indus at Sakker is at present the largest railroad bridge in the world.

Paint made with turpentine is a better protector for iron work than when mixed with linseed oil.

Complaints come from New Zealand that many species of birds have disappeared within late years.

Acrophobia is a new term used to describe an exaggerated condition of fear when in high places.

A Pennsylvania oil expert says there is more oil under the soil of California than in all of Pennsylvania.

It is said Mrs. Burnett took a week to decide upon the name "Fauntleroy" for her beautiful child story.

A party of immigrants has reached Kern county, California, after a six months' wagon ride from Nebraska.

It is proposed in New York to spend \$103,000 the current year in teaching German in the public schools.

Uganda, in the eastern part of Central Africa, has an area of 34,000 square miles and a population of 5,000,000.

Capt John Miller, who recently died in Indian territory, aged 70 years, had taken 30 scalps during his eventful life.

The scientists are unanimous in agreeing upon the great good to be derived from a botanical garden for New York.

Hereafter no student can matriculate from the University of the Pacific at San Jose, Cal., who uses tobacco in any form.

Robert Stevenson engineer of Glasgow, is the last one to claim an invention which will drive ocean ships up to 40 knots an hour.

Fresh water always freezes at the surface first. Sea water, during calm weather, begins to freeze at some point beneath the surface.

Professor Graham Bell says that the congenital deaf mutes of the country are increasing at a greater rate than the general population.

A San Francisco detective, after searching the city over for a house robber, found him in jail. He had been arrested for opium smoking.

A justice in Greene county, Georgia, with a record of 104 marriages performed, has received but one fee, and that was a bushel of potatoes.

Senator Plumb.

Troy Chief: He is one of the ablest and best men in Kansas. He is a man of good learning—not a classical, polished, college-bred man, but one of large information and practical good sense; a thorough business man, and of indomitable energy. Not one man in ten thousand could stand up under the incessant harrow work that Plumb does, and gets fat on it. It may tell upon him some day, and very suddenly, but there is no sign of a break yet. We do not suppose that Plumb spend an idle moment. He is a thorough going, practical business man. He is a truthful man; and what he tells you he will do, he does, if in his power. He does not forget his promises as soon as your back is turned; or show his insincerity by some sarcastic aside. He never forgets a thing, but attends to it at the right time. He is rough and ready without fine polish, but always ready to go in with all his might, and not ashamed to strip to his shirt, and roll up his sleeves in order to do his work. When he is called to go anywhere on business or duty, if there is no conveyance to carry him he walks. If he pretends to be your friend, you can depend upon it that he is no matter what it may cost. He carries the marks of that trait upon his face. A friend of his stricken with small-pox, was hustled far away from all habitations, into an old house, with no one to watch him. Plumb had never had the disease, and had never undergone any preventive operation. He never considered that he only knew that his friend was hustled out of the way to die. He went and nursed him through the disease, and almost died of the same disease himself. That was what marked his face, but he need not be ashamed of it. That act alone should shield him against slurs from one or two certain papers, even were he a veritable boor. But when, in addition, he is an able, intelligent, energetic man, efficient in everything that pertains to his office, he is a man to be proud of. That is Plumb.

Leonardville Monitor: The reiteration of ignoramus newspapers outside of Kansas that prohibition in Kansas is a failure, is one of the most wearing things one has to encounter. These fellows could just as well say the sun is a failure because there are cloudy days.

More About Kansas Stones.

Professor Robert Hay, of Junction City, the well known geologist, has presented a lengthy memorial to Governor Humphrey in relation to the stone deposits of this state which is of public interest. He states among other things that in the pursuit of his profession he has given considerable attention to the various building stones of the state and for several years past he has had occasion to notice the existence of stones of an ornamental character, several of which are in such quantity as to warrant the recommendation that a special examination of them be made by geological and building experts, with a view to their use in the public buildings of the state, notably in the capitol building.

The importance of some such action on the part of the legislature, or the executive of the state, consists mainly in two things, viz:

First—That ornamental stones obtained in Kansas would cost less in freight than similar stones obtained in Colorado or Tennessee.

Second—That their use in important state buildings would lead to their use in other erections, and so develop an industry in the state.

Some of the stones referred to by Prof. Hay are enumerated and described by him as follows:

Lime stone marble, or lime stone having some marble qualities, taking a good polish and obtainable in quantities sufficient for large panels, in Wyandotte, Montgomery and other Kaw valley counties.

Gypsum marble, approaching the quality of alabaster, taking a fine polish; found in Sumner, Barber and probably other counties.

Jasper, at present known only in small quantities in the localities where it is found, Norton, Trego, Gove, Phillips and other counties, but which there is reason to think may be obtained in quantities sufficient to make panels and other inside ornaments.

Denticulate flints, otherwise named Kansas agates, which would be serviceable for inland work.

Red and other quartzites, obtained in large quantities as boulders in northwestern Kansas, sufficient for an indefinite amount of tasselated pavements, for which also the stones previously mentioned would be serviceable.

Prof. Hay says he has specimens of several stones obtained in this state which, though not specially prepared, show some of their capabilities for ornamental purposes, which he will submit to Governor Humphrey at an early date for inspection.

Kansas Onyx.

Everyone who has visited the senate chamber in the state capitol knows what beauty is added to the finish of the magnificent chamber by the huge slabs of Mexican onyx. It is possible that the superb library room of the main building now in process of erection may yet be ornamented as handsomely as the senate chamber and with Kansas onyx. General Superintendent Sands, of the Santa Fe, has received a couple of samples of this class of marble taken from a quarry on the line of the Spivey branch, in Pratt county. They are pronounced by the chemist who analyzed them to be alabaster, or onyx, probably of great value. Though softer than other marbles, they take on a high polish and are more durable. While the specimens thus far taken out are of a brown shade, it is possible that when the quarry is developed the color would change to red, blue, green, or a mixture of all. Utah has made great boasts on account of her mines of onyx, but they have been valueless because located too remote from communities which demand such building material. But if the Pratt quarries pan out what they should, Kansas onyx can be put on the market in St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati and elsewhere in the east cheaper than Colorado sandstone, and the Santa Fe will have a bonanza equal to a big coal mine.

General Superintendent Geo. L. Sands, of the Santa Fe, had upon his desk today two fine samples of native marble which were taken from a quarry discovered in Pratt county, on the line of the Spivey branch. The pieces were highly polished and apparently very valuable. Mr. Sands has had them analyzed and the chemist says that they are alabaster or onyx marble of great value for ornamental work, such as statuary, mantels, vases, etc. Although softer than other marbles, it is pronounced more durable. The stone is of a brown shade, one sample being somewhat darker than the other. The agent who sent the samples to Mr. Sands did not convey much information regarding the discovery. Mr. Sands has written for fuller particulars. It is possible that the discovery may prove very valuable.

Messrs J. B. Root & Co. of Rockford Ill. send us their garden manual and illustrated seed catalogue.

James Vick's annual seed catalogue is this year handsomer than ever before. Rochester N. Y.

Frank Ford & Sons, Ravenna Ohio, are introducing a new currant, the Cran-dall, which is of Kansas origin. A currant that will do well in this state will fill a long felt want in our gardens.

From statistics compiled by Marshal Carter covering the year 1888 it is found that the total number of arrests in Topeka reaches nearly 1,000. Of this number thirty-five were arrested for being drunk, twelve for being drunk and resisting an officer; forty-nine for being drunk and disorderly; thirty-two for being drunk and disturbing the peace and twenty for selling intoxicating liquors.

The Magazines.

The current issue of THE ECLECTIC now appears on the first of the month to secure fresher material from foreign publications. Lord Wolsey's paper on "War" has the post of honor, followed by "A Patriarch's Thoughts about French Women." M. Simon scoffs at the notion that Frenchwomen are less distinguished by virtues of chastity and modesty than other nationalities. Dr. Lloyd Tuckey has an exceedingly interesting paper on "Faith Healing," and there is another suggestive paper on the much discussed marriage question by H. G. Keene. Oscar Wilde's contribution, "The Decay of Lying," is very fresh and entertaining. A thoughtful article on "Federalism vs. War" discusses one of the greatest of public issues, world-wide in its interest, in a sound and suggestive manner. Gladstone's article on the great Irish agitator and on the whole the greatest of Irish statesmen, Daniel O'Connell, is written with the keenest appreciation, yet with a due sense of O'Connell's defects as a leader of public sentiment. Goldwin Smith is the author of a readable article on "Shakespeare's Religion and Politics." Frederick Harrison contributes a striking criticism of Bryce's American Commonwealth, which is sure to be read with much interest. There are several striking poems; among them Sir Theodore Martin's beautiful translation of Schiller's "Hero and Leander," an excellent short story of modern Greek life, and several very readable short articles. While the number contains so much to attract thoughtful readers, it is also well adapted to please such as read for amusement rather than for instruction.

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With the January number, The Cosmopolitan enters upon a new regime, with a change of proprietorship which places it upon a permanent foundation financially, and ensures an energetic growth. This number is an excellent one, and contains: The Japanese at Play, by Frank G. Carpenter; richly illustrated. The New Year's Song, by Katherine Grosjean; The Story of My Career, Jane Hading, with portrait; An Ode to the Time, Ella Wheeler Wilcox; In the Hush of the Night, by Charles W. Coleman, Jr.; Miss Lou, by E. P. Roe; Conclusion. My Castle, by Louise C. Moulton; Psychometry, Edward Dwight; Madeira, Richly Illustrated, by S. G. W. Benjamin; The Gota Canal, by W. W. Thomas, Jr.; A Florentine Anemone, by Ariel Seigfried; Florence, the Beautiful, by J. Heard, richly illustrated; Count Baptist, by Katherine B. Foote; An Academy for Bears, Henry Tyrrell; The Owl Trapper's Christmas, W. Hosea Ballou; Charcoal Sketches Edmund Kirke; Live Questions, Canadian Annexation, Judge Keiley, Speaker Carlisle, Senator Ingalls, Hiseock, Sherman, Morgan. Representatives McCreary, McKinley Breckenridge, Butlerworth; In the Library, Eliza Beth Island.

The last public reception of President and Mrs. Cleveland, which is to occur on the 14th of February, is to be the most brilliant of the administration.

The dissolution of the old Panama Canal company has been decreed on the petition of parties in accord with M. De Lesseps.

A car on the Berkley motor line, in North Denver, became unmanageable Sunday while running down a steep grade and dashed down the hill forty miles an hour. When near the bottom the car jumped the track and was smashed to atoms. The car was nearly filled with people, all of whom are more or less wounded.

In another place we give the joint resolution offered by representative Safford of the northern Shawnee district, in regard to the removal of the Pottawatomie Indians on the reserve in Jackson county. The spirit of the resolution will be well received. The thing to be guarded against is the danger that this large and valuable reserve will then fall into the hands of a few speculators. It may not be generally known that there exists in Topeka, a syndicate that has long had an eye on this land, and is prepared to gobble it up at once. It should go into the actual possession of men who will keep and cultivate it. If this can be provided for the removal of the Indians would be well for this part of the state, and not a bad thing for them.

It is said that England and Germany have concluded an alliance similar to Anglo-Italian convention, having for its object the protection of northern seas and ports.

About twenty naval cadets were found unsatisfactory in their studies in the semi-annual examination just closed at Annapolis and a number of them will either resign or be dropped.

It is believed that John E. Sullivan, the absconding clerk of Marion county, Ind., has not gotten outside of the state and that he may be at his home in Indianapolis. His shortage and debts, to date, exceeds \$125,000.

It is announced that President Cleveland will return to the state of New York to reside on the expiration of his term of office, and will, on March 5, resume the practice of his profession in New York City, having associated himself as counsel with the law firm of Bangs, Stetson, Tracy & MacVeagh.

Concerning Women.

Two girls, who have taken a course at a medical college, have bought out and opened a drug store in Buffalo, N. Y.

A school of scientific carpentry has been established in the Woman's Training College for Teachers, Cambridge, England.

Twenty-one trustees have been chosen for the Columbia College Annex. Thirteen of them are women. There are already twenty-five young women studying at Columbia.

The New York Working-Women's Protective Union, during its quarter-century of life, has prosecuted twelve thousand persons who did not pay their working women; saved the women \$41,000, and furnished three hundred thousand women with employment or assistance.

Annie Romberger, Philadelphia, is believed to be the first woman dentist in America. She is a graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, having finished the course fifteen years ago and standing third in her class. Miss Romberger's practice yields now an income of \$6,000 a year.

"Women have invented," says the Boston Globe, "baby jumpers, cradles, dolls, tidy-fasteners, chairs, churns and various cooking utensils, but this list is handsomely flanked by non-heating axes, spark arresters, sleeping car berths, street-railroad rails, car-couplers, plows, hoes, harrows, an improved smelting furnace, and hundreds of things entirely foreign to distinctive feminine use."

The Duchess of Galliera, who recently died in Paris, was so rich that she was able to give \$5,000,000 to endow the port of Genoa; \$10,000,000 to endow the most magnificent hospital in Europe, to enlarge five streets and restore a dozen churches. She also gave her native city her celebrated palace and collection of Vandyke paintings, and in Paris endowed a museum of art, an orphanage, and other institutions.

Sarah Bernhardt receives enormous profits for dramatic tours, but her expenses are so extravagant that she will not derive any permanent benefit from her money. She actually makes her son an allowance of \$1,200 a week, and has herself debts to the amount of \$140,000. She still wastes large sums in buying trash of every description, and she carries her purchases about with her. Her bills at the Austrian, Roumanian and Turkish custom-houses amounted to an aggregate of \$18,000.

George William Curtis, in the easy chair of Harpers Magazine, says: "The admission of women to school suffrage questions is really the overthrow of the last barrier. If, as lately, woman may properly and peacefully, without insult or abatement of her modest womanly dignity, and without the least harm to her 'sphere,' go to the polls and drop a ballot for a member of the school committee in one box, it is only Harlequin who urges that she cannot with the same propriety drop a ballot in the next box for mayor."

England has one pauper to every thirty-two of her population. In the United States there is a pauper to every 565 of the population.

Recently a bachelor of seventy and a spinster of sixty were united in marriage in Warren county, Ky., after a forty years' courtship.

A dozen men were drowned or killed, and many others badly hurt, by the falling of a bridge at Evansville, Indiana, a few days since.

James Miller, a wealthy farmer of Charlotte, Vt., accidentally shot himself Thursday, and died from the effects of the accident on Friday.

The discovery has been made by Miss Hattie Proctor, of Defiance, Pa., that gas can be made from crude oil, at the cost of five cents per thousand feet.

The cost in Michigan last year to produce and market a bushel of oats was twenty-six cents, and only nineteen cents for a bushel of corn.

The first Korean ladies to set foot on American soil are now en route from San Francisco to Washington. They are the wives of two diplomats of the Korean legation.

And now a Philadelphia physician has made the discovery that chrome yellow poisoning is quite wide-spread so that the glittering gold and white decorations for interiors are doomed.

Rev. E. E. Hale asks that teachers who have faithfully served fifty consecutive years be pensioned for life by the legislature. This bill might safely pass without fear of involving a state in a heavy debt.

An engineer in Pennsylvania recently admitted that when the collision on his road occurred, he and his fireman were both asleep. They had been on duty sixteen hours. This occasioned the collision. The query is who is blameable.

Four Chinamen established a laundry over a boiling spring near the Yellowstone park. Last Wednesday the geyser spouted and the four Chinamen were scalded to death.

The Pottawatomie Indians.

The resolution offered by Mr. Stanford of Shawnee, asking congress to have the Pottawatomie Indians in Jackson county removed to the Indian territory is one of great interest to many of our readers. It is as follows:

WHEREAS, The various bands or tribes of the Pottawatomie Indians, were prior to 1846, much to their disadvantage, separated and located in different parts of the United States; and

WHEREAS, By a treaty with such Indians during 1846 the various tribes were collected together and located as one people and nation upon certain lands situated in the counties of Wabausee, Pottawatomie, Jackson and Shawnee in Kansas; and

WHEREAS, By the subsequent treaties of 1862, 1867 and 1868, all of such bands except the "Pottawatomies of the Prairies" were again removed to the Indian territory, where they now remain—said "prairie band" being permitted to stay upon a portion of the original tract, allotted to said Pottawatomies as a nation, by the said treaty of 1846, but diminished to eleven miles square and situated in the county of Jackson; and,

WHEREAS, Legislation is now pending before congress liable to result in reducing the area of Indian territory by opening the parts now occupied, to public settlements by white people; therefore be it

RESOLVED, By the house of representatives, the senate concurring therein, that in order to carry out further the said policy of the government in removing such Indians to the Indian territory, and to make such diminished reserve in Jackson county, in appropriate deference to the sentiments and interests of the citizens of Kansas near such reservation and before any prior and adverse appropriation of the now available and unoccupied lands in said Indian territory shall have been made our senators and representatives in congress are hereby instructed and requested to take immediate steps to appropriate legislation or otherwise for the removal of such "prairie band" in accordance with the methods heretofore employed in the removal of such tribes to said territory making ample provision for their comfort and safety during the process of such removal and providing abundant and sufficient accommodations for their necessities after settlement therein.

Mr. Roach of Jackson said there was no subject which would come before this house which was of so great importance to the people of his county as this resolution. It had come to that point when it was almost a necessity for immediate action on this proposed removal of the prairie band of Indians to the Indian territory. The officers of Jackson county had no jurisdiction over the reservation in that county, which is within three miles of the county seat, and which is a resort for lawbreakers and bad characters.

The resolution was adopted.

Common-Sense Maxims.
Let none wish for unearned gold
Be honest and then be generous.
Mockery never degrades the just.
To-morrow may never come to us.
The poorest are the most charitable.
One fib is often the cause of ten more.

Alie is black even if it is a white lie.

The post of honor is the post of duty.

"I can't," is a humbug and an nuisance. It is not parsimonious to be economical.

No admittance, here, except on business.

Wealth nor power can ennoble the mean.

To-day is all the time we absolutely have.

A single fact is worth a folio of argument.

It is not selfish to be correct in your dealings.

The worth of a thing depends on the want of it.

Let nothing be undone which ought to be done.

Small profits little risk; large profits great risk.

The best kind of a picnic is a pick at O'd Nick.

Something wrong when a man is afraid of himself.

Honesty is better capital than a sharper's cunning.

Whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted.

A true man never frets about his place in this world.

Conscience dead as a stone is a heavy thing to carry.

Employ no one to do what you can easily do yourself.

Better to die at the post of duty than to live elsewhere.

Leave your business unfulfilled and your business will leave you.—Good Housekeeping.

A call has been issued for a meeting of the Central Traffic association in Chicago to consider the report of the organization committee.

The bank of J. N. Knopp in Marquette, Mich. has closed its doors. Liabilities from \$30,000 to \$50,000. St. Petersburg to be lionized.—St. Petersburg Gazette

A TRUTH TELLER FROM TEXAS.

He indulges in One of His Characteristic Little Pleasantries.

A party of men were talking in the Palace Hotel court recently about the liars they had known. Mr. More of Pasadena, said he knew the most picturesque prevaricator on the Pacific Slope. "His name is Martin, Wobbly Jaw Martin," said Mr. More, "and he works on my ranch. He'd lie about the size of half a dollar, and there never were any black crows where he came from."

"Where's that?" asked Senator Fair who has a reputation of his own to sustain.

"Texas, and that's where Martin had most of his astounding adventures. He's told one story of a seance with a Texan steer until I think he has forgotten that it is a lie. He says he was working in a packing house at Bryan, and had charge of the cattle that came to the killing house. One day according to this weird romancer, a steer fell down about a hundred yards from the house, and seemed to be too badly injured to move another step. Martin grabbed an ax and went out to kill the animal. When he was ten feet from the steer, it jumped up, made a rush for the boss liar of the boundless West, and hooked him. One long horn went through his clothing, grazed his back, and passed out under his collar at the back of his neck. Martin says he had on a new suit of oilskins, and that he was carried 300 yards on the steer's head, shouting for the people to get out of his way, and brandishing the ax.

The crazy steer bolted in among the other cattle, stamped the herd, and bellowed in a way that nobody but this dandy liar ever heard before. Suddenly the oilskins gave way, and Martin the monumental came to the ground, but he swung his ax as he fell and killed the steer with one blow. He wasn't hurt a bit, and when the boys ran up to him he calmly said: 'You bet I ain't no slouch.' Now that man is the best all around liar I ever knew. Show a better and I'll treat."

"Did he mention the name of the man for whom he worked at Bryan?" asked one of the party.

"Yes he did. He always gives names, places and dates as straight as a string. Let me see. The man's name was Alexander, I think."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. G. W. Alexander, the one who asked the question, "I'm the man for whom Martin was working, and he tells the affair exactly as it happened. I remember it very well, and if ever a man escaped certain death in this world, Martin did that day."

"I'll do as I agreed," said Mr. More. "Come in, gentlemen, and have some wine with me."—San Francisco Correspondence Philadelphia Item.

Senator Cameron's Daughter.

The Pennsylvania delegation will not come to the front socially until after the holidays. The family of the senior Senator is somewhat scattered just now. Mrs. Cameron is in New York on a brief visit. Miss Mary Cameron is at Harrisburg, Miss Margueretta is at Newark, N. J., visiting her married sister, Mrs. Bradley, and may remain there several months. The marriage of this beautiful and accomplished young daughter of Pennsylvania and one of the belles of the Senatorial circle to Mr. Clark of Newark, son of the opulent "O. N. T." thread manufacturer, will be one of the society events of the coming Spring. One year ago Miss Margueretta was the guest of Miss Clark, the sister, for a several months' cruise on the yacht of the paternal Clark among the charming isles of the Greater and the Lesser Antilles and the Bahamas. The prospective groom was one of the party. The tenderness which grew into love found its inspiration then and the betrothal followed soon after the return to their homes.—Philadelphia Times, Washington Letter.

A Chess Champion in Russia.

In America there are ladies who make a livelihood by teaching the principles of the social game of whist. In Russia there is a lady, known to English chess circles, who, to use an Americanism, beats them hollow. She is a chess-player whose father, once a wealthy land-owner of the South of Russia, lost all his fortune over the chess-board. His daughter, now Mme. Lavrofsky, when still a young girl was seized with the fixed idea of winning it back in the manner in which it was lost. She studied the game with unexampled assiduity under her father's guidance, and in time became a past master—or mistress—therein. Then she began her career as a professional. She has since then amassed a considerable fortune, playing for large stakes, and lately married M. Lavrofsky, also a lover of chess, and is now coming to St. Petersburg to be lionized.—St. Petersburg Gazette

NEWSPAPER LAWS.
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the payment of the postage. The court has decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

When he is angry Mr. Gladstone's eyes seem actually to emit flashes of light from within.

PRINCE BISMARCK is a capital French scholar, but detests every other German who parades the same accomplishment.

AGREEABLE to the wishes of the German emperor, the theaters have resolved to abolish all French theatrical terms which have crept into the language.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has a glandular tumor on his neck which will probably require a surgical operation to remove, though it is not yet greatly troublesome.

MR. GILBERT, of Gilbert and Sullivan, whose "Bravingham Hall" was so severely criticised, has written to Clement Scott, the critic, to say that rather than submit to the latter's "insolent gibes" he will write no more plays.

MR. BLAINE is said by one who saw him recently to be looking unusually well. His face is still of that remarkable even white which has caused the report that he is afflicted with Bright's disease, and his tread is as firm as that of a much younger man.

EDWARD HOUSE, who at one time was an editor on the New York Tribune, is again residing in New York. For twenty-five years he has made his home in Japan. His new novel, "Yone Santo, a Child of Japan," is the outcome of his residence abroad.

SENATOR HAWLEY took his little daughter with him on his New Year's calls. Mrs. Hawley kept the baby with her in the carriage while the Senator entered the various houses in which receptions were being held. A girl begins social life early in Washington.

THE tablet unveiled in the Connecticut State House in memory of John Fitch bears this inscription: "This tablet, erected by the State of Connecticut, commemorates the genius, patience and perseverance of John Fitch, a native of the town of Windsor, the first to apply steam successfully to the propulsion of vessels through water." It also bears the dates 1787-1888.

SENATOR PALMER is really writing a novel. Its origin was peculiar. He was talking about current literature to Senator Ingalls one day, when the latter remarked that he had abandoned his effort to produce a work of fiction. "No man can write a novel and also attend to his duties as Senator," remarked Ingalls. "You are mistaken," returned Palmer, "and I'll prove it to you."

MORTIMER MENPES at the beginning of his career secured some portrait subjects in a peculiarly frank manner. He went to Miss Ellen Terry, for example, who is one of the hardest of persons for an artist to get hold of, and said: "Look here, Miss Terry, I'm a young Australian, with few or no friends here, and I want to make my way in the world. Won't you let me paint your portrait?" "Certainly," said she; and by the word lifted him a long way toward the summit of success.

THE pope has received nearly eight hundred requests from French ecclesiastics for one of the jubilee offerings which he announced his intention of giving away. In most cases the choice of the article was left to himself; the object of the applicants being merely to secure a memento of the jubilee, however trifling. The pope will probably present the costly ivory tabernacle sent him by the American Catholics to the Church of Our Lady at Lourdes. Over a thousand demands came from Germany, mostly from the priests of the poorer parishes, and nearly all asking for one or another of the objects used in the Catholic worship.

COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK's recent speech in the German Reichstag was practically his first appearance in the character of an orator. He is said to have acquitted himself well, and to have spoken with clearness and ease of delivery. Count Herbert is a man of undoubted ability, and if he is to be his father's successor, he will need to be something of a speaker. Prince Bismarck's own speeches read (in places) magnificently; but he is a most awkward speaker, and has never, though he has had abundant practice, acquired ease and fluency in addressing his audiences. He always speaks in the Reichstag in his cuirassier uniform, with top boots, and his left hand resting on the hilt of a big cavalry sword.

RARE MEXICAN SIGHTS.

An American's Impressions of Palm Sunday in Puebla de Los Angeles.

The good Fray Julian Garces, the first consecrated Bishop of the Catholic church in Mexico, conceived the most praiseworthy plan of founding, somewhere between the coast and the City of Mexico a haven of refuge and resting-place for weary travelers. writes F. Hopkinson Smith, in Atlantic. Upon one eventful night, when his mind was filled with this noble resolve, he beheld a lovely plain, bounded by the great slope of the volcanoes, watered by two rivers, and dotted by many ever-living springs, making all things fresh and green. As he gazed, his eyes beheld two angels with line and rod, measuring bounds and distances upon the ground. After seeing the vision the Bishop awoke, and that very hour set out to search for the site the angels had shown him; upon finding which he joyously exclaimed: "This is the site the Lord has chosen through his holy angels, and here shall the city be," and even now the most charming and delightful of all the cities of the Southern slope is this Puebla de Los Angeles. Nothing has occurred since to shake the confidence in the wisdom of the good Bishop, nor impair the value of his undertaking, and to-day the idler, the antiquary and the artist rise up and call him blessed. But the pious Bishop did not stop here. As early as 1536 he laid the corner-stone of the present cathedral, completed one hundred and fifty years later. This noble edifice, in its interior adornments, lofty nave, broad aisles divided by massive stone columns, inlaid floor of colored marble, altars, chapels, and choir, as well as in its grand exterior, raised upon a terrace and surmounted by majestic towers, is by far the most stately and beautiful of all the great buildings of Mexico.

Before I reached the huge swinging doors, carved and heavily ironed, I knew it was Palm Sunday; for the streets were filled with people, each one carrying a long thin leaf of sago palm, and the balconies with children twisting the sacred leaves over the iron railings, to mark a blessing for the house until the next festival.

I had crossed the plaza, where I had been loitering under the trees, making memoranda in my sketch book of the groups of Indians lounging on the benches in the shade, and sketching the outlines of bunches of little donkeys dozing in the sun; and mounting the raised terrace upon which the noble pile is built, I found myself in the cool, incense-laden interior. The aisles were a moving mass of people waving palms over their heads, the vista looking like great fields of ferns in the wind. The service was still in progress, and the distant bursts of the organ resounded at intervals through the arches.

I wedged my way between the throngs of worshippers—some kneeling, some shuffling along, keeping step with the crowd—past the inlaid stalls, exquisite carvings, and gilded figures of saints, until I reached the door of the sacristy. I always searched out the sacristy. It contains the movable property of the church, and as I have a passion for moving it—when the carter is of the same mind—I always find it the most attractive corner of any sacred interior.

The room was superb. The walls were covered with paintings set in gilded frames; the chests of drawers were crammed with costly vestments. Two exquisite tables covered with slabs of onyx stood on one side, while upon a raised shelf above them were ranged eight superb Japanese Imari jars—for water, I presumed. When I entered, a line of students near the door were being robed in white starched garments by the sacristan; groups of priests in twos and threes, some in vestments, others in street robes, were chatting together on an old settle; and an aged bishop, white-haired, was listening intently to a young priest dressed in a dark purple robe, both out-lined against an open window. The whole effect reminded me of one of Vibert's pictures. I was so absorbed that I remained motionless in the middle of the room, gazing awkwardly about. The next moment the light was shut out, and I was half smothered in the folds of a muslin skirt. I had been mistaken for a student chorister, and the sacristan would have slipped it over my head but for my smothered protest. Had I known the service, I think I should have risked the consequences.

The sacristy opened into the chapter-room. The wanderer who thinks he must go to Italy to find grand interiors should stand at the threshold of this room and look in; or, still better, rest his weary bones for half an hour within the perfectly proportioned, vaulted and domed apartment, hung with Flemish tapestry and covered with paintings, and examine it at his leisure. He can select any one of the superb old Spanish chairs presented by Charles V., thirty-two of which line the walls; then, being rested, he can step into the middle of the room, and feast his eyes upon a single slab of Mexican onyx covering a table large enough for a grand council of bishops. I confess I stood for an instant amazed, wondering whether I was really in Mexico, across its thousand miles of dust, or had wandered into some old palace or church in Verona or Padua.

A Talk On Canes.

"The fashion in canes as well as in the way of carrying these necessary concomitants of stylish dress," said a dealer in these articles to an Eagle reporter, "changes from year to year.

When our fathers were lads the proper caper was to carry a whalebone or malacca stick. The dandies of those days apparently never learned that a cane should be carried in any other way than by its handle. It remained for the young men of the present day to invent the aesthetic style of swinging a stick that is delicately balanced between the thumb and forefinger, while the proper accompanying gait was the springing walk with bent knees and arms akimbo. Then came the genuine aesthetic style with all its limpid limpness, by which the languid cane was held in front of the body, while the elbows were well forward and the shoulders more bent even than in the swinging style. The fashion of holding the ferrule down followed, then of grasping the stick by the middle with the ferrule pointing forward and now the cane should be carried by its middle with the handle forward. The material for canes is even more varied than the styles of carrying them. The buckhorn handle and plain stick is about as popular now as anything and is the result of the reaction against the craze for silver heads. Many canes are made from imported woods, the celebrated whongee sticks coming from China, where they are celebrated for the regularity of their joints, which are the points at which the leaves branch off. The orange and lemon are highly prized and are imported principally from the West Indies, although Florida is supplying many of these at the present time. The orange stick is known by its beautiful green bark, with fine longitudinal markings and the lemon by the symmetry of its proportions and both the prominence and regularity of its knots. Myrtle sticks have a value on account of the peculiarity of their appearance and are imported from Algeria. The rajah stick is another importation and is a species of palm grown in Borneo. Those canes known as palm canes are distinguished by an angular or more or less flat surface, are brownish or spotted in appearance and have neither knob nor curl. The most celebrated of all palm canes is the malacca, which doubtless will never lose its popularity with men of middle or advanced age. The malacca stick is cut from a species of calamus, a slender climbing palm, and does not come from Malacca, as the name would imply, but from a small town on the opposite coast of Sumatra. Other imported canes are of ebony, palmetto, rosewood, thorn, cactus hairwood, partridge wood and lots of other varieties. The manufacture of canes is by no means the simple process one might imagine it to be. In Jersey many families support themselves by gathering sticks, fit for canes, which they find in the swamps, straightening them with an old vise, steaming them over a common iron kettle, and after roughly scraping them, sending them in bundles to the city manufacturers. Many imported sticks come in their native twisted or crooked state and have to be straightened by mechanical means in the factories. The process is to bury them in hot sand until they become pliable. In front of the sand are boards about six feet long fixed at an angle inclined to the workman and having notches in their edges. When a stick is pliable the workman puts it in a notch and bends it in an opposite direction to that in which it is naturally crooked. It is then left awhile to set. To form an artificial crook or curl for the handle the workman places one end in a vise and then bends it, at the same time pouring on the yielding wood a constant stream of fire from a gas jet. Sometimes the wood is charred, but this is rubbed smooth by sandpaper. There are lots of other interesting points about canes, which I have not time to enlighten you upon just now. Come in again and I'll tell you some more."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Count the Mercies.

Count the mercies! count the mercies! Number all the gifts of love; Keep a daily faithful record Of the comforts from above. Look at all the lovely green spots In life's weary desert way; Think how many cooling fountains Cheer our fainting hearts each day. Count the mercies! count the mercies! See them strewn along our way! Count the mercies, though the trials Seem to number more each day; Count the trials, too, as mercies, Add them to the grand array. Trials are God's richest blessings, Sent to prompt our upward flight, As the eagle's nest—all broken. Makes them fly to loftier height; Count them mercies! count them mercies! That bring heaven within our sight.

Let us number all our jewels, Let us estimate their worth; Let us thank the gracious Giver, Strewing blessings o'er the earth. Let our hearts overflow with gladness, Let us tell the wonders o'er, Till our multiplying treasures Seem a countless, boundless store. Then let praises, grateful praises, Be our language evermore. —Anonymous.

No Room Left.

There is reasoning and reasoning. A little chap residing in this city, whose love of Bible history is indulged in at all times and in all places, was recently reproved by his mother for his lack of order, "You must get in the habit of putting away your rubbers and overcoat," said she, "and not leave it for others to do."

"Well, mamma," replied the young reasoner, "don't you know that a person's head can only contain just so much? Now, if I put rubbers and overcoats and such things into mine, then Moses and the Kings and the Prophets will have to be crowded out."—Kington Freeman.

CHIEF OF STRANGLERS.

A Hideous Old Thug Tries His Terrible Art on a Tourist.

Many of the great criminals whom I have seen bore in their faces a terrible warning of what they were; but with the Thugs of Jahapur it is not so. These human vampires who now gather round me, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, every one of whom has taken more lives than any public executioner in Europe, are to the outward eye a set of quiet, slouching, meager old men, who might be a gang of beggars, a group of harmless village folk, a party of superannuated native workmen, or any thing on earth but what they really are.

"That's the chief," whispers my guide, pointing to a small, lean, gray-bearded, with a white turban, who is sitting before the nearest hut, rocking a child on his knee, and stroking its thin, little, brown face with the hand that has shed the blood of his fellow men like water.

"Ask him," rejoined I, "how many murders he has committed."

A momentary gleam of cunning twinkles in his sunken eyes. The old tiger is evidently suspicious, and stands on his guard.

"I can not tell," he answers, with an indifference which, under such circumstances, has in it something indescribably ghastly. "I didn't keep count of them beyond a hundred."

"Now, before we go," says I to our conductor, "I mean to see for myself how the strangling was done. Oblige me by telling this man to put his noose around my wrist, for I don't care to trust him with my throat."

The savage eagerness with which the withered old skeleton obeys the call—as if filled with fresh life by even the make-believe show of murder is fearful to see. Knowing a small coin into the corner of his handkerchief to give him sure hold, he slips the noose round my arm and then, bringing his knuckles together with a sudden twist, gave my wrist a squeeze and almost makes the bone crack.

The awful change that passes over his face at this moment baffles all description. His dull, filmy eyes seem to blaze with hell-fire, his sharp, white teeth are laid bare in a wolfish grin, his shriveled, corpse-like features quiver with a ferocious joy so fiendish that an actual demon starting up before me could scarcely be more appalling. The thought of that face bending over some helpless man in the gloomy depths of the forest, just as the fatal noose tightened, is altogether too much for my nerves, and it is with a long breath of relief that I find myself outside the fatal inclosure once more.

Clear Complexion.

American women are world-wide noted for their exquisite complexions, but they are delicate as a flower's petal and need the greatest care to preserve them, writes a professional man in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The reason they roughen so quickly is the use of soap. Soap should be an article used on the face by men alone. Women should shun it. The "substitute" should be the only approach to it touched by the countenance. A tiny bit of this, say the size of a bean, put on the skin, rubbing quickly and softly on the face to be cleaned, then rinsed with cold water, will make the skin as soft as velvet. I predict there is to be a revolution in the soap line. Beautifying is now an art followed by almost every woman, and soap, for the face, is to be flung far away from the winds of progress. As to dimples, is it true that women resort to artificial means to secure them? Of course it is; there is the most lasting, but also dangerous method of the air machine where the part of the flesh on the face, arm or shoulder where the dimples are desired is drawn out, then the flesh is cut deftly away and the wound put into the healing process, after which the dimples is formed perfectly. But though some women demand this way of dimpling themselves I always tell them the result may be harmless or may bring disagreeable results. The other easier way and most popular is to take the skin in plaits, wrinkle it, then fasten with a piece of court plaster. On the opposite side press another layer, and between lies the hollow or dimple. This process must be kept up for at least a week, and then the drawing together prison plaster is removed, a dimple is formed which will last a month. Dimples are enchanting, the very smiles of Cupid, and no face is soft without one; therefore, I am called to make them as regularly as to enlarge the appearance of the eyes, tint the skin, remove all superfluous hair, or in fact any of the beautifying arts which are in constant demand. But great skill is needed. An artist and scientist must use his combined talent to produce a perfect result.

Food For the Shipwrecked.

At the Academy of Sciences yesterday the Prince of Monaco read an interesting paper showing that shipwrecked seamen who have to take to their boats without provisions on the high seas can obtain food from the ocean itself by trailing a drag-net made of any light stuff along the surface during the night. The net will, in the morning, be found to contain some small shell fish available for food. In the sea to the west of the Azores the vegetable matter on the surface teems with animal life and fish, which are capable of affording substantial nutriment.—Paris Dispatch in London Standard.

WINGED MISSILES.

South Australia is becoming a wine-producing country.

There are nine cables connecting Europe and America, which utilize 113,000 miles of cable.

Rents have declined 50 per cent in Los Angeles, Cal., owing to a collapse of the "boom."

Wm. Hunt, of Connecticut kissed his girl while her mouth was full of pms. The doctor is working over her still, and William is paying the bills.

A curious sight near Ellijay, Ga., is the grave of a mountaineer's wife which is protected from the fury of the elements by a number of lightning rods.

An alum mine has been discovered in Utah. It yields 80 to 90 per cent. pure alum, which can be extracted by simply placing the crude material in boiling water.

Edgar Saltus has written a novel which he calls "A Transaction of Hearts." The presumption is that it is full of dismal pictures. Saltus is the prince of pessimists.

Nearly a million Lebel rifles have been turned out in France, yet the manufacture of them continues, since the government intends to have four rifles ready for each soldier when the great mobilization comes.

According to the Fiji Shimpoo there are twenty cotton factories now in operation in Japan, with a total of 82,680 spindles. There are also twenty factories in process of establishment or extension, with an estimated capacity of 180,680 spindles.

Mrs. Newton, one of the four women who were given the Crimean medal, which Queen Victoria personally pinned on her, is still living in Toronto. She was a nurse in the Crimean war, and was shot through the knee in a trench before the redoubt.

On a mountain in Alpine county, California, during a thunder-storm the lightning struck a pine tree, followed it down into the ground and immediately there burst forth a brilliant fire, which has continued to burn ever since. It is believed that the lightning ignited a bed of coal, which is now feeding the flames.

There is a decided movement in West Virginia in favor of changing the name of that state. Its promoters say that every state should have a distinct name of its own, so far removed from the name of any other state that no confusion of names can arise. West Virginia is so near like Virginia that the people do not enjoy it. Curiously enough, they all agree "Kanawha" is the name for the state.

The big iron tower in Paris which is now in process of being erected is about two-thirds finished. It will be 984 feet in height when completed, and the ascent will be accomplished in elevators in five minutes. At present the workmen occupy an hour in reaching their work, and they wear blinders, which prevent them from seeing anything but the work before them, as an outlook would produce giddiness.

At Charleston, S. C., last week a carboy of vitrol exploded while being conveyed on a dray, and the liquid swelled into a seething mass of flame around the two draymen and the mules. The clothing of the former and the manes and tails of the mules were quickly in flames, when both men and mules jumped into the river and the flames were extinguished. The mules will recover, but the men are expected to die.

A tramp passed through Augusta, Me., called "English Charley," who quoted Scripture as glibly as he gave a history of the prize-ring, and narrated the story of the rebellion, giving all the battles and skirmishes in which the Union army was victorious or defeated as clearly as he discussed the events of the present day. Thirty-three years ago he was a soldier in the English army, and he vividly told the story of the fall of Sebastopol in 1855, which he witnessed.

At a recent book auction in Cleveland, Ohio, two young husbands, married but a few months, became considerably warmed up in bidding on a cook book. Both were savagely bent on having it, and the price was run up to a good figure. What do you suppose called for such strife, and what would the wives of the young men say if they hear of such conduct out in public? The husband that had been the longer married got the book. He was (presumably) desperate.

Mrs. Mary Maccribbin, who died at Washington the other day, nearly one hundred years old, used to say that she had seen every president from George Washington to Grover Cleveland. She was living in Baltimore in 1812, and saw the bombardment of Fort McHenry. She knew well John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and witnessed his first appearance on the stage at Baltimore. She went to Washington first in 1821, and it took twelve hours by stage.

The Mound Morgan gold mine of Queensland has proved to be the richest mine in the world. It is situated on the range of a sheep ranch. It is an iron-stone hill in the midst of green grass. A public road runs over the mountain, and it was while repairing it that the gold was discovered. It was purchased for \$3,200, just 85 an acre, and the shares are now worth \$75,000,000. It is supposed to be an old geyser impregnated with gold. The metal is extracted by the chlorination process and costs \$7.50 a ton.

Living on a farm near Cherrytree, six miles from Titusville, Penn., is Ralph Alcorn, a boy thirteen years old, who has the largest head for his years on record in that state. Three years ago his measurement was for a No. 8½ hat. Two years later his head had grown to acquire a No. 8½. Last season a No. 8½ dicer was ordered for him, while this week No. 8½ was the size required. The boy is very bright and quick-witted, has a wonderful memory, is good-looking, well built, weighs 108 pounds, and though it is very large, his head is regular in shape and perfectly formed. In playing he is obliged to abstain from running, for, as he says, he is liable to become overbalanced and to fall. The physicians say that in the end he will experience no inconvenience from his big head, as the body will in time catch up with his head and thus even matters.

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

The Marriage Rites of the Muskogees and Choctaws.

J. F. Cooper, in his "Leather Stocking" tales, and Longfellow in "Hiawatha," have made the world acquainted with the traditions, customs and manners of life among our northern Indians, writes Mr. H. Paxson in the Kansas City Times. So long as these books are read, so long will live the beautiful, fanciful imagery of these tribes. But the Indians whose homes were further south, who were subdued later, have been neglected. Little has been written of the tribes who for so long wandered through our southern states, peaceful when unmolested, and asking only to be allowed the free range of their hunting ground.

Most of these tribes of the south are now gathered into the territorial land given them by the government. In the semi-civilized state of society in this section, there is little to recall the romance and sentiment usually connected with thoughts of the red man. A civilized Indian possesses but little attraction to the casual observer. Yet when the inner life of the people is reached, when the outer form of stolidity is probed, and the real heart of the people revealed, there is still much to attract the romancer.

The Indians are very fond of recalling many of the exploits of their ancestors, and when they gather around the camp-fires at night, pipes are lighted and many tales are told of the strength and prowess of their chiefs in former days, before the pale face made women of their braves. There the young Indians are carefully instructed in the laws by which the tribe was formerly governed.

Among the most interesting of these former customs, now almost extinct, was the marriage ceremony. This differed widely in the different tribes. Among the Muskogee or Muscogee tribe the ceremony was quite amusing. The loving youth desirous of taking into his wigwam some captivating, black-eyed maiden first went to the father of the girl and bargained for her. If he could give a sufficient number of ponies the contract was concluded. But the wooing of the girl was yet to come. As human nature is much the same, be the skin white or red, it is supposed that the girl was not totally ignorant of her lover's preference. But, true to her feminine nature, she would not betray her knowledge. In a few days the lover comes, riding his fleetest pony and leading another. These he ties in a clump of trees some distance from the house of his bride. Then begins a course of action showing the natural love of the Indian for stealthy action. The family is expecting him, and have prepared supper for him; yet he approaches the hut as though his life depended upon concealment. No foe ever invaded an enemy's camp with more caution. Springing from one tree to another, hiding behind bushes, crawling across open spaces, he approaches nearer and nearer. When further concealment is impossible he arises erect and walks to the hut or tent. He is invited to enter and eat supper. He no sooner accepts the invitation than the girl, who has watched him in supposed ignorance of his mission, takes a gourd and goes to the spring for water. She is soon followed by the lover, who picks her up in his arms and carries her to where the ponies are tied. Off they go to his home and people, and the brave has married a wife.

The Chatah or Choctaw tribe has a more public ceremony. After the preliminaries have been arranged with the parents, the friends of the families are called together in some pleasant grove near by, and a certain distance is marked off on smooth, level ground.

The girl is given a start of a few yards, and at the signal begins to run to the end of the course, the lover in close pursuit. If he overtakes her, he must carry her back to the starting point, notwithstanding her struggles, and she is then his lawful property, being captured in the chase.

It may be presumed that when the young brave has found favor in her sight, the girl would not run very fast; but if he chanced to be old and ugly the girl sometimes showed great fleetness of foot.

The religious ceremonies of the tribes are many and interesting. All worship a supreme being, and have much the same ideas of heaven as the happy hunting ground, and all of hell as a place of torment. The great religious service of the year is known as the "buskin season," or green corn dance. Not an Indian eats a grain of corn until after the celebration. The men prepare for this by a system of purification, eating of bitter herbs and taking of medicines. This sometimes makes them very sick, but is always rigidly adhered to. On a certain appointed day all the tribe gather together in one place and a sacrifice of Thanksgiving is offered to the Great Father in the burning of a fish, the heart of a deer and an ear of corn. Then the dance begins. There are separate dances for the men and the women, and another dance is participated in by all. In this last dance the inner circle is for the women, the next for the men and the outer one for strangers. These lines are strictly watched, and any unwary stranger who in his curiosity oversteps his line is immediately besieged until he pays one dollar, or an equivalent. The dance is kept up during the entire day, and at night, tired and happy, all return to their homes.

Bismarck's Troubles.

Looking at the active life which Prince Bismarck has led, and at the amount of work which he has actually accomplished, the natural conclusion is

that he has won his right to leisure and repose. It is but rarely, however, that rest comes to such men. They become so identified with their work and its surroundings that nothing but absolute compulsion can bring about a separation. And Prince Bismarck is in such a position that compulsion in such a connection is not to be thought of. Like Gladstone, he is likely to die in harness.

It has been a blessing to Germany that she has had such a man. One regrets, however, to notice that as he grows older his burdens do not become fewer or lighter, and that his relationships and surroundings do not become more agreeable. He evidently misses the old Kaiser. With Kaiser Wilhelm he had things very much his own way. His crosses began with the advent to power of Kaiser Friedrich. They did not end with Friedrich's death. The Gaffcken affair has been unfortunate from the start, and has ended disastrously. The Morier affair has been equally unfortunate. It has already brought Bismarck trouble, and it promises to bring him more. He has had trouble in Samoa, and he has had trouble in East Africa, and the trouble remains in both cases.

Prince Bismarck, however, is not the man to be easily defeated. He has both endurance and skill. Some of the troubles are of his own creating; and it would undoubtedly have been better if he had not created them. He will get over them all the same. He is about to give us a specimen of his skill in East Africa. In place of sending out a German army, he proposes to recruit a colonial force on the West African coast, and to fight Africans with Africans. It is evidently his intention to do decisive work. Lieutenant Wissman is to be in command. Considering the Lieutenant's knowledge of that part of Africa in which the operations are to be conducted, and considering also the support he is certain to have, it is reasonable to conclude that the German expedition will mark a new era in East African affairs.

As the expedition contemplates not only the re-establishment of German authority but the discovery of Stanley and Emin, and the extinction of slavery as well, we cannot but wish it God-speed. Success will rejoice the heart of the iron Chancellor, and we shall not be sorry if a wiser and gentler policy shall lessen his troubles generally, and add something of sweetness to his ripening years.—New York Mail and Express.

Use of Money Now and Fifty Years Ago.

It is fair to say that no young people understand the difficulties in which the Americans of the first half of the century lived and worked from the variation of currency in different states. Very often a bill of an Illinois bank would not circulate in New England. You had to take it to a broker, and pay, perhaps, 10 per cent of its value, in exchange for bills which would circulate. This difficulty was removed when, in the first year of the civil war, Mr. Chase, with the authority of congress, introduced a national bank system. Nobody cares now whether his greenbacks are issued in Illinois or in Oregon, or in New York. What young readers may not have noticed is that bank bills are much less used than they were of necessity in those days, and, indeed, that money, as a medium of trade, is less handled than it was then. The change comes from the telegraph. And the illustration, which I take from the experience of our own states, applies precisely to the commerce of the world.

If a traveler went from Boston to Illinois in the year 1835, perhaps to buy wool in Ohio, in Indiana, or in Illinois, he would have taken, perhaps, a belt containing silver dollars to the full amount which he wanted to use. Perhaps he would take New England bank bills. The New England banks had invented a system of mutual exchange which gave their bills a somewhat national reputation. If he could get them he would take the bills of the United States Bank in Philadelphia. But this bank and all other banks in the country failed in the year 1837. For some time then, it was a most difficult thing to remit money or "value" from one part of the nation to another. Indeed, that difficulty alone showed that it was not yet a "nation." You can imagine the anxiety, the real danger and the difficulty connected with carrying so much money, which could be stolen at any time of day or of night.

All this is now changed. Let a purchaser travel north, east, south or west, if he take \$50 with him, he is amply provided for a journey of whatever length, or for purchases however large. He has simply to carry with him some letters by which in any large town in the country, he may identify himself. Suppose he arrives at Duluth and makes a purchase; he wishes to pay at once, he goes to some banker in Duluth, gives his name and shows a letter of introduction from a banker in Boston; this letter has on it his own autograph; if he is an entire stranger, he verifies himself by reproducing this autograph for the Duluth banker. He offers to the Duluth banker his own check on a Boston bank. The Duluth man then asks the Boston bank if this check is "good," that is, if they will honor it. They say that it is, and the traveler has his money. If they say it is not, he is arrested for fraud and sent to prison. What the telegraph gives is the opportunity to any man to travel or to do business with as little actual money as he needs for personal purposes from day to day.—Rev. E. E. Hale, in the Chautauquan.

A WOMAN'S METHODS.

What Mrs. Burnett Does With the \$1,000 a Week From Her Play.

The costume in which Mrs. Burnett appeared on the night of the first performance of "Fauntleroy" was copied from a picture of mediaeval Holland, and was carefully reproduced in every detail of color and texture. The material was a thick, heavy brocade in dull gold color. The fabric itself was so elegant that trimming would have spoiled it, so it was plain; but fitted the figure like a sheath, and the long, rich folds swept away unbroken in a heavy train. A heavy cord of gold finished the bottom of the skirt and there was a long girdle of gold. The corsage was cut low, but thick Flemish lace was drawn so closely as to conceal all but the throat and back of the neck.

Toilet was a very insignificant matter, however, to Mrs. Burnett that night. It was curious to watch the intensity of her absorbed interest in the play.

"You know," she said, "I was always interested in everything dramatic, and to be in the midst of it so is fascinating to me, and naturally," she added, laughing, "it does not detract from the interest to receive from New York alone for one week a check which lacked \$5 of being \$1,000, and to hear from the publishers that they can not print the book fast enough to meet the demand, and that my income from it will be more this year than it has ever been."

Mrs. Burnett's income goes about as fast as it comes, for she is very generous and spends her money with both hands. The new house she bought here is a very beautiful one. The papering and painting of the house are now being done, and Dr. and Mrs. Burnett spend much of their time superintending, planning and suggesting. A beautiful feature of the house is the large square entrance hall, with a broad platformed staircase. It is to be done in Lincrusta, decorated to suit the tapestry hangings of old blue. In the deep window recesses will be an ancient, high-backed, carved wood bench from Italy, and, with an open fire and skins and eastern rugs on the floor, it will be an inviting beginning. All the furniture of the hall and dining room will be the curiously carved, quaint specimens which Mrs. Burnett brought with her from Italy.

Mrs. Burnett's secretary, companion and friend, Miss Luisa Chiellina, is a charming young girl, whose delicious vivacity is quite a surprise from one of her soft Italian type. She can entertain agreeably in all known tongues—unless it be in Hebrew and Sanscrit, for she is distinctly modern, and she is helpful to Mrs. Burnett in a thousand ways, attending to her correspondence, keeping her accounts, talking French and Italian to the two boys, Lionel and Vivian, playing accompaniments for Vivian who sings in a charming boyish soprano, and doing many things Mrs. Burnett does not have time for, but that only a sympathetic woman friend can do for her.—Washington Cor. New York Evening Sun.

Stylish Paper.

The paper used by the fashionable women is just now very plain. All the burnt-edge, ragged-edged, deep-colored, ring-streaked and striped styles of paper are vigorously eschewed and only the severest styles prevail. It is rather large and square and folds once to go into a square envelope. The surface is smooth, but not glazed, and in color it may be white, or a dull, pearl-like tone; pale gray, with little fibrous flecks all through it, or the same thing in the palest of dull blue. The only ornament it will admit of is the house address in simple, neat black lettering in the upper right-hand corner, about three quarters of an inch from the top. If one has a crest—and one mostly has, of course, for if the proper antecedents are wanting, there is one's own inner consciousness and a book of heraldry from which it can be evolved—then the crest, also in black, may be added on the left hand corner, but on no account is to be printed on the envelope flap, which should be adorned with the crest impressed on sealing-wax. The favorite wax is white, the old scarlet kind being unpopular just now, or one may have it dull blue, pink or green, white being always the correct. If the writer possesseth not a crest—that is to say, if she is too penurious or indifferent to indulge herself in so expensive a luxury—why, the best device for use in stamping the seal is either one large, heavy initial or an intaglio ring, with some fine, deeply cut antique figure upon it.—New York World.

Politeness is Without Reward.

"Gentlemen," said an indignant passenger on a south side cable car yesterday, "will none of you get up and give this old lady a seat?"

"I'll thank you, sir," snapped the lady, "to attend to your own affairs. I am not as old as you are by twenty years, if I'm any judge of a person's age."

The indignant passenger got off at the next crossing.—Table Talk.

Struck Gas.

Briggs: "Let me congratulate you, old fellow." Quimby (surprised): "Why?" Briggs: "Oh, I heard about your good luck." Quimby (more surprised): "Good luck! What good luck?" Briggs: "Oh, you needn't pretend it's nothing. I heard you'd struck gas." Quimby (sadly): "Oh, you must have misunderstood. I only hit a St. Louis drummer in the mouth."—Drake's Magazine.

Concerning Cats.

The undoubted prestige and popularity of the annual cat show is in itself a good and sufficient reason for inviting some inquiry into the mysteries attendant on the nature, history and character of the most favored of domestic animals. Mysteries, indeed, they may well be called; for there is something akin to weirdness and the occult in all that touches cats and their ways. Naturalists, for instance, who are agreed about dogs, wolves and foxes, and all their varieties, are always at war as to the origin of "pussy," some deriving it from the "maniculate," or gloved cat, of northern Africa, while others, with Professor Owen, discourse learnedly of "deciduous molar teeth with three roots" and other subtle points as being arguments against this view. At all events, the ancient Egypt which has been the cradle of civilization may also be fairly held to take rank as the true and original "cat's cradle," for it was in the mystic Nile land, among the Pharaoh's and the Pyramids, that cats were not only domesticated, but held sacred, and turned not unfrequently into divinities, in whose honor temples were erected and sacrifices and devotions offered up. Indeed, when a cat died in the house of a respectable Egyptian householder it was customary for the whole family to shave off their eyebrows and pay a special visit to the shrine of that "king of cats." Bubastes Pasht, whose astute wisdom and knowledge of men had doubtless descended to the far famed companion of Lord Mayor Richard Whittington. This tone of mystery, this uncanniness, follows cats all through the pages of history. No respectable mediaeval witch who ever wore a peaked hat, muttered charms and took nightly exercise on a thoroughbred, fiery untamed broomstick ever dreamed of going forth without the escort of her "familiar," and that spirit, as in the case of "Chim," the favorite of Sidonia the Sorceress invariably took on himself the sable suit of a black cat. In fact, well conducted witchcraft could not have gone on at all except for the cats. Now, in these days of the clear, dry light of science we have given up burning middle aged witches, though maiden ladies will still devote their lives, their houses, their love and even their fortunes in legacy form to cats. The superstitious notion, however, yet clings around them, for old sailors at sea believe that the frolics of a cat on board ship portend a storm, and there are country folk who still prophesy rain when they see a cat washing her face. When the domestic cat came to our islands is another point not known with certainty, but that it was a rarity in the days when the woods swarmed with wild cats is shown by an old Welsh law passed in the time of Howel the Good, who died a century before the Conquest, which fixed the price of cats according to their ages and qualities, beginning with the value of a kitten before it could see. It also enacted curious penalties to be inflicted on anyone who stole or killed the cat that caught mice in the prince's granary, one of which was that the offender should forfeit as much wheat as, when poured on the victim, suspended by its tail with its head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail. This shows that someone must have introduced the domestic variety, for the wild cats, like zebras, are absolutely untamable.

"The Hidden Hand."

The last time Governor Curtin was in Washington he amused the Mississippian exceedingly by relating a peculiar experience that an actor named Thorne once had at Memphis, Tenn. This man named Thorne, it seems, was from Decatur, in the Keystone state, and was related to the well-known actor of the same name who used to play in the Black Flag. Thorne belonged to a company that was playing The Hidden Hand at one-night stands principally. He had given instructions to have Memphis billed heavily. When he got off the train at Memphis he was extremely anxious to find out how well his play had been advertised there. The first man he approached near the depot was an old negro, of whom he inquired: "Do you live here?"

"Yes, sah," responded the old negro, "I been livin' here since 'fo' de wah."

"Have you heard anything of the play, The Hidden Hand?"

"Well, I guess I has. I was dar when it was played. I seen it played." This was indeed news to Thorne, for he imagined that his play had never been given in Memphis. He then asked the negro who played it.

"I fegit de name uv de gemman," answered the negro, "but dey called him de 'nash'nal man.' I waited on de gemman, but I didn't hab nuthin' to do wid de game. I seed de 'nash'nal man' slip two jacks into his boot, and etter while, when dar was a big jack pot up, de 'nash'nal man' drawed fo' jacks; en our Mr. Brown, what libbers in Memphis, he drawed a six-shooter, an' de 'nash'nal man' he lef'; but, fo' de Lawd, stranger, a hid han' ain't bin played in Memphis sence dat night."—St. Louis Republic.

Beef Roast and Sang Froid.

"Our hostess is noted for her sang froid," remarked McCorkle at the De Bullion dinner, trying to open a conversation with the Chicago girl who sat next him.

"Yes," replied the fair maid, "and her roasts are no slouch, either."—Drake's Magazine.

A WELL-KNOWN WRITER'S FALL.

Edward King in the Common Felons' Jail of San Francisco, in Naples.

A Naples correspondent writes to Galignani's Messenger as follows: "It is a sad piece of news, but Edward King is now in the common felons' jail of San Francisco in Naples. His crime is that of Swindling—swindling hotels and individuals by giving them drafts on banks in Paris, London, and elsewhere, and then going to another town. He did this when he could not borrow. Before I knew that he had left Paris for debt or knew that he had been swindling elsewhere, he applied to me for a small loan until he could receive money from London, and I lent him half what he asked for. I now see that it has 'gone glimmering.' I knew that he had left Paris under mysterious circumstances, but did not know that he was a truffatore, as the Naples Pungolo calls him. I only knew of him as the esteemed correspondent of the New York Evening Post and Boston Journal."

"The American consul there, an old lawyer, warned the man that he was pursuing a criminal course and will not aid him, except so far as to see that he has a fair trial when the case comes up. Edward King is now living at the expense of Italy on beans, bread, and water, at a cost of 40 centimes a day, even macaroni being considered a luxury in the case of prisoners held for trial in the San Francisco jail. His swindles—I say nothing of his 'loans'—amount, as far as known, to some 4,500 francs, and if the case goes against him, as I fear it will, Edward King will have his head shaved, wear a striped dress, and be put at hard labor in the penitentiary, either on the classic life of Persia or in the less classic Civita Vecchia. It is very sad. I sometimes think the man more fool than knave. If there had been intent to swindle it seems to me that he would have drawn larger sums and then have got out of Italy. What a pity it is that some of us were not warned of his weakness."

When Horace White, editor of the Evening Post, read the foregoing article he remarked that the statements contained therein were probably true. He had not heard directly from Mr. King for seven months, but knew that he had been trying to raise money on the strength of his connection with the Post. About a year ago the Post declined to pay certain drafts that he drew in advance of his salary. When George Haven Putnam, the publisher, was in London King borrowed \$50 of him and is still Mr. Putnam's debtor. Numerous other American acquaintances are King's creditors in small sums. Mr. White does not know the unfortunate man personally. King was the Paris correspondent of the Post under William Cullen Bryant, and when the new management assumed control of the paper he was continued in that office, having proved himself an able and popular writer. He dropped out without informing Mr. White of his intentions.

It was reported here several months ago that King had disappeared and his friends expressed their belief at the time that his mind was affected. He turned up again, however, and it was supposed that he had resumed his duties.—New York Tribune.

No Doubt of It.

The editor of the Stage, the latest candidate for public favor in the field of dramatic journalism, came to New York yesterday to discover if possible a new picture of Mary Anderson with which to adorn the front page of his weekly publication. He is Morton McMichael third, a grandson of the famous raconteur of the same name, who at the time of his death was the editor and proprietor of the oldest daily newspaper in America, the Philadelphia North American, which his sons still own and edit. Young McMichael was positively amazed at the easiness of his task. In each photographer's window along Broadway he saw not one but more, and in some cases one dozen pictures of the society amateur, and yet no two were alike, and all appeared to be of recent execution. In conversation with photographer she found that Miss Anderson has an amiable craze to have herself photographed. It is not small-minded vanity; it is the result of a refreshing and healthful candor which leads her to frankly say she likes to look upon pictures of herself. She never refuses a photographer's request for a sitting. While in London her daily list of engagements invariably included a call upon a camera marksman. As a matter of fact Mary is greatly in love with herself.—New York Sun.

Capture of a Big Sea Horse.

This morning Mr. Joseph Thompson, while walking on the south beach, on his way from Navy Cave to this place, discovered something in the water near the beach, which, upon examination, proved to be an enormous sea horse. After a great deal of trouble he succeeded in getting it on the beach, and now has it in the office of the Mobile and Gulf Telegraph company in a large tub. It measures 3 feet 4 inches in length, is 8 inches across the head and with ears 14 inches in length. Across the back it measures 14 inches. It is said to be the largest ever seen this side of the equator.—Fort Morgan (Ala.) Special to New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Kansas Thrift.
The acreage of wheat sown in this State in 1888 was four times greater than that sown in 1887.

Wellington has ten salt companies organized, one of which is in operation. The salt that underlies the city and surrounding country is said to be inexhaustible.

J. W. Robison of El Dorado has been experimenting with sorghum as forage for stock. He began with fifteen acres, and has been doubling the acreage every year. Last year he sowed 250 acres. This year he will sow 500 acres. It makes three or four tons per acre of splendid feed.

Petitions have been in circulation for signers, and will be sent to the Legislature this winter, praying that body to establish a new county composed of twelve by twenty-four miles off south Grav, and six by twenty-four off the North of Meade County, making a county eighteen by twenty-four miles.

J. W. Smith of Leon raised 30 acres of cane last year, from which he manufactured 3,000 gallons of molasses, which he sells by the barrel, at 30 cents per gallon. He also thrashed 650 bushels of cane seed, which "went off like hot cakes," at 49 cents per bushel. Gross receipts from 30 acres of upland, \$1,160, or \$38 66 per acre.

A practical paper maker exhibited samples of paper pulp, at the recent meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, which had been made from the chips of sorghum. He will build a paper mill beside the sugar mill in Fort Scott, and use the boilers, engines, pumps, water supply, etc., of that mill, when not employed in sugar making.

The Plummer Manufacturing Company of Arkansas City has started its chair factory, and has commenced the manufacture of its celebrated chairs. At the start some eight hands are employed, but the number is to be increased as the demand for the chairs grows. The building is one of the best in the West, the goods made are a staple product, and the gentlemen engineering the enterprise understand their business.

Many Kansas towns are not as full of the talk of boom as they were a year or two since, but the local papers note the encouraging fact that more houses are being built than at that time.

The thaw in Montreal caused the contractor of the ice palace to lose \$200,000. \$400,000 were paid for labor last year at the Eastport Sardinia factories. 600,000 snow shovels are annually turned out by the Vermont factories. A mill to manufacture sulphite paper is soon to be erected at Franklin Falls, N. H.

A floating island, 300 feet in diameter, is reported in Henry's Lake in Idaho. The strike of the miners of the Spring Valley Coal Company is probably ended. 345 bears were killed in Maine last year. A five dollar bounty was paid on each.

Some of the farmers predict a poor year crop this year, because of the open winter. Mrs. Maria Bears, of Cheshire, Conn., has just celebrated her hundredth birthday.

The Grand Opera House at St. Paul, was burned Jan. 20, occasioning a loss of \$200,000.

An American palace car has been imported by Emperor William, at the expense of \$35,000.

An aged couple of Philadelphia find lucrative occupation in the making of large quantities of paste.

Congress will meet in joint convention for the purpose of counting the electoral vote on Feb. 13th.

It is now customary to employ private detectives to watch gifts made at fashionable weddings.

As wealthy maidens, the Misses Armour of Chicago are cited. They have about five million dollars each.

A man at Clifford, Michigan, was rendered insane by the pain occasioned by having a tooth extracted.

Among the preparations made for her recent marriage, a young lady in Maine had sixteen teeth extracted.

Storms and floods have this year done great damage in the South, and injured the prospect of a fair rice crop.

The gold mine property at West Bath, N. H., has recently been bonded to Pennsylvania syndicate for \$25,000.

Beloit is ready to give \$25,000 for the girl's reformatory.

In 1887, Kansas raised 7,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1888, 12,000,000 bushels. The increase of this year's acreage may be estimated at thirty-five per cent over that of last year. With a favorable season, it will be seen that Kansas will produce this year twenty million bushels of wheat—enough to supply home consumption and plenty to spare other and less fortunate sections.

It is estimated that the paper-making industry ranks fourteenth in this country in the matter of labor employed and capital invested.

The United States consumes 160,000,000 pairs of boots and shoes per annum, 100,000,000 of which are furnished by the New England States.

Newark is said to be the leading city in this country for the manufacture of patent leather, about nine-tenths of this material being made there.

FLYING MACHINES.

The Impossibility of a Successful Invention in This Line.

We must admit, says the Popular Science Monthly, that a bird is an incomparable model of a flying-machine. No machine that we may hope to devise, for the same weight of machine, fuel and directing brain, is half so effective. And yet this machine, thus perfected through infinite ages by a ruthless process of natural selection, reaches its limit of weight at about fifty pounds! I said, "weight of machine, fuel and directing brain." Here is another prodigious advantage of the natural over the artificial machine. The flying animal is its own engineer. The directing engineer in the former (the brain) is perhaps an ounce, in the latter it is one hundred and fifty pounds. The limit of the flying animal is fifty pounds. The smallest possible weight of a flying-machine, with its necessary fuel and engineer, even without freight or passengers, could not be less than three or four hundred pounds.

Now, to complete the argument, put these three indisputable facts together: 1. There is a low limit of weight, certainly not much beyond fifty pounds, beyond which it is impossible for an animal to fly. Nature has reached this limit, and with her utmost effort has failed to pass it.

2. The animal machine is far more effective than we may hope to make; therefore the limit of the weight of a successful flying machine can not be more than fifty pounds.

3. The weight of any machine constructed for flying, including fuel and engineer, can not be less than three or four hundred pounds. Is it not demonstrated that a true flying-machine, self-raising, self-sustaining, self-propelling, is physically impossible?

Invention of the Shot Tower.

There was once a mechanic at Bristol, England, whose name was Watts. He was by trade a shotmaker. Watts had to take great bars of lead and pound them into sheets of a thickness about equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. Then he cut the sheets into little cubes, which he rolled in a revolving barrel until the corners were worn off from the constant friction.

Watts, after an evening spent with some jolly companions at the ale-house, went home and turned into bed. He dreamed he was out again with the "boys." They were all trying to find their way home when it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, polished and shining, fell in a torrent.

In the morning, when Watts awoke, he remembered the dream and wondered what shape molten lead would take in falling a distance through the air. At last he carried a ladleful of the hot metal up into the steeple of the church of St. Mary, of Redcliffe, and dropped it into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of perfect shot, far superior to any he had ever seen. Watts' fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of the shot tower, which has ever since been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so much used in war and sport.

The King and the Pope Together.

The king and the pope together
Have sent a letter to me;
It is signed with a golden scepter,
It is sealed with a golden key.
The king wants me out of his eyesight;
The pope wants me out of his see.

The king and the pope together
Have a hundred acres of land;
I do not own the foot of ground
On which my two feet stand;
But the prettiest girl in the kingdom
Strolls with me on the sand.

The king has a score of soldiers
Who will fight for him any day;
The pope has both priests and bishops
Who for his soul will pray;
I have only one little sweetheart,
But she'll kiss me when I say.

The king must marry a lady
Of exceeding high degree;
The pope has never a true love,
So a cardinal pours his tea;
Very few stand round me at the table,
But my sweetheart sits by me.

And the king with his golden scepter,
The pope with St. Peter's key,
Can never unlock the one little heart
That is open only to me;
For I am the lord of the realm
And I am the pope of a see—
In fact, I'm supreme in the kingdom
That is setting just now on my knee.

—Charles Henry Webb in Harper's Magazine.

Domestic Discipline.

Jones—Why, Smith, what's the matter with your eye?
Smith—Oh, nothing.
Jones—It looks black. Have you been splitting wood?
Smith—N-o-o. I spilled soup on a new tablecloth and my wife observed me.—Boston Courier

Trifles by Telegraph.
City Treasurer Leach of Maysville, Ky., is missing. Shortage, \$4,200.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing association's warehouse in St. Louis was burned Sunday. Loss \$220,000.

A fire at Antwerp, N. Y., caused about \$75,000 loss to business property. Seven blocks were burned.

The Arkansas legislature has requested the governor to offer \$500 reward for the arrest of the Pulaski county ballot box thieves.

The Salvation army at Ishpeming, Mich., defied the police and rescued all but one of their number who had been arrested.

The union carpenters of Chicago are prepared to demand the eight-hour day and 35 cents an hour pay. Various other trades will help them.

The Lake Superior iron mines produced over \$5,000,000 tons in 1888. The output since the discovery of ore in that region is about 51,000,000 tons.

The value of all kinds of live stock received at Chicago in 1888 is estimated at \$183,000,000.

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WATERWAYS OF THE UNITED STATES. ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, DETROIT, CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, ST. JOSEPH, MO., AND OTHER PLACES. THE MAP SHOWS THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, THE INDIAN TERRITORY, TEXAS, AND BEYOND. ITS MAIN LINES AND BRANCHES INCLUDE ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY, WELSON, NORTON, BELLEVILLE, HORTON, TOPEKA, HIRSHINGTON, WICHITA, HUTCHINSON, CALDWELL, DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS, PUEBLO, AND NUMEROUS OTHER FLOURISHING CITIES AND TOWNS.

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