THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

An Illustrated Farm and Home Weekly Newspaper.

KIMBALL & STEVENS.
Publishers,
Lawrence, Kansas.

The SPIRIT of KANSAS aims to be a first class family Journal, devoted to farm and home affairs, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western Life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellany, original and selected, will be such as will interest and instruct. Its editorial page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial, and political life, wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved, and always from a broad, comprehensive, and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

Our regular subscription price, for single subscribers will be as usual $1.25 with liberal reduction to clubs.

Agents are wanted in every county in the west to whom commissions will be given that will enable them to coin money

ADVERTISERS.

Can have but a limited portion of our space. The SPIRIT will be a paper for the reader and the space we have to spare for advertising will be valuable, but in proportion to circulation will be cheaper than that of most other papers of its class.

Rates, 10 cents per line of space each insertion agate measure, 14 lines to an inch.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want a thousand agents for this paper. For thirty days from Feb. 15, we offer to give agents sending in subscriptions to the SPIRIT at $1.00 a year, club rates, 40 per cent in commissions.

That is, we will send the SPIRIT one year, to all names sent in during that time, old or new, for sixty cents.

Now Reader, put in a months work in your county.

We send the Kansas City Live Stock Indicator price $1.50 and the SPIRIT both one year for $1.60, and the Indicator premium map, 22x28 free.

For one dollar. In a Nutshell and SPIRIT one year.

The Spirit alone three months 15 cents.

Send in the names.

The great Rock Island route has issued a new and most comprehensive cook book of 128 pages, filled with new and reliable receipts from the best caterers of this and other countries. No housewife can afford to be without it; and though worth one dollar, it will be sent to any address, postpaid, upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. As they will go like hot cakes send at once to E. St. John, G. T. & P. A., Chicago, Ills.

THE president of the State Historical Society was authorized to furnish the secretary, after the adjournment, with the names for the two standing committees. He has done this as follows: Nominating committee—D. R. Anthony, John Speer, John A. Martin, B. F. Simpson, and C. K. Holliday. Executive committee—Gov. Glick, James Smith, P. I. Bonebrake, C. K. Holliday and T. D. Thacher.

INDIA is attracting attention as a wheat producing country. A few years ago the yield was quite insignificant, but now it is 35,000,000 bushels annually. This is nearly one half our surplus, and if it were of good quality, would come into competition with our own product. It has been the purpose of England to make its colonies supply its every want instead of depending upon other nations. In this way the United Kingdom retains to itself all the profits—including production, carrying, and manufacturing. The wheat of India, however, is soft, and poor and must be mixed with better grades to command even a slow sale.

THERE is a deep seated revolt among the better democrats at the triumph of monopoly Payne in Ohio. It extends beyond the limits of that state. The democratic papers in Kentucky and Tennessee are very outspoken in regard to it. One of them notices the absence of Judge Thurman at Payne's recent banquet. It remarks the inconsistency of the party in taking the greatest monopolist in the country as a leader for the party that claims to be fighting monopoly. It says it forces into retirement such honest and staunch democrats as Judge Thurman, who have stood by the party through good report and through evil report. It casts the people over to the wolves of the party and asks them to believe the wolves to be lambs.

"Little Joker" is the best smoking tobacco.

THE Kansas State Historical Society solicits the contribution to its library of copies of all Kansas publications, of whatever kind—books, pamphlets, circulars, city directories, city ordinances, school reports, school and college catalogue, reports of societies of all kinds, sermons, orations and addresses—in short, everything which relates to Kansas, of recent issue, or of old date. The aim is to make up a library complete in all the materials of the history of Kansas, and of every town and locality in the State. The Society is maintained by the State, with ample room in the State Capitol for the making up of such a library, and the library and all the collections of the Society are the property of the State. Books, pamphlets, magazines, etc., of every kind, are solicited. All contributions sent to the Socity at Topeka, will be gratefully acknowledg d.

ATCHISON CHAMPION:—If any serious effort has been made to "down" the prohibition discussion, it has been a wretched failure. It is as commonly in men's mouths as when the famous Amendment was being discussed.—Strangers learning that a fellow traveler on the train is from Atchison, question him as carefully about the anti-saloon agitation in his town, as they would about a recent fire or flood. In Marshall county the agony is over, and, singularly, as far as one may judge, it was not praying, or preaching or crying, or signing the pledge that did it, but the avenging sword of politics. As it was told me, the saloon-keepers of Marshall said to the republicans: "We will beat your ticket." The answer was, "If you try it, your places will be shut up."

Some people will not listen to advice, and as a result, in Frankfort and other Marshall county towns, there is "nakedness and vacancy" in the dark, deserted saloon. Bill, or Jack or Tom, in all the glory of expansive white apron, and with cheery formula of "What will you have?" and the same party in jail, with the hard-hearted county commissioners swearing that he shall stay there until he pays the utmost farthing, is a most melancholy change. Such is life in Marshall.

It is the saloon interest of this city that is to-day fighting the republican candidate for congress. It said before the convention, "you nominate this man and we will help elect him. But if you nominate Funston, we'll beat him." This was the threat of the saloons. It was boldly repeated by the whisky organ of this city. It has kept its word. The man they wanted was not nominated. They are now united in their fight against Mr. Funston. At the same time they set forth that Mr. Riggs is a temperance man. The fact is, the saloon interest s arrayed against the republican party. No party fealty can hold a saloon republican, in this state, because the party has committed itself to the enforcement of law. It is no idle threat they make when they say they will beat the party. They mean it.

A HOPEFUL BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The country has passed safely through the month of January without any serious business trouble, in fact with less than was witnessed during the closing month of the old year. At that time it was predicted that the settlements for the year would develop a bad condition of affairs, and the new year would open disastrously. A month has gone by, and instead of greater depression there is a very hopeful outlook, and an increasing confidence in the ability of the country, by reason of its immense and varied resources, to stand a considerable curtailment in the volume of trade; without any violent financial or trade disturbances. The reports during the past month showed that many of the manufacturing establishments in the north and west which had been "shut down," were resuming work, and in Wall street, which is the thermometer which shows the country's financial condition, the renewal of speculations proves that there is no scarcity of money. In the south, the failures have nearly all been among very small dealers, and their troubles have not caused any serious losses to the creditor class. Looking back there is reason to be thankful that the month just closed in which so much of evil to business was predicted nas passed with so few disasters, and that February opens so much more hopefully than January did.—Fort Scott Monitor.

WASHINGTON, D. C. May 15th, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in dispair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it I was completely prostrated.

MRS. MARY STUART.

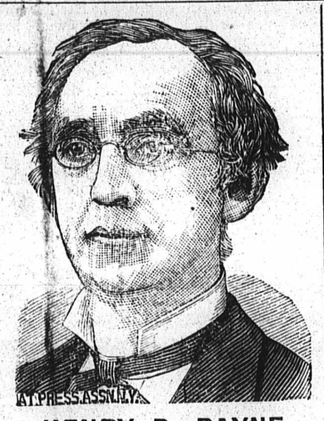
THE TARIFF.

The tariff is coming to the front in the Congressional campaign in this district. We do not object to the discussion. Let the subject be thoroughly ventilated, and let the people know just where our candidates stand. Are they for Free Trade? Do they favor a prohibitory tariff, or a protective tariff? Do they propose a tariff for revenue with incidental protection or a tariff only for revenue? We presume that there are a few propositions touching this fiscal question, upon which all are agreed. One of them is this, that the tariff is a matter of business, and should be settled in the same manner and upon the same fundamental principles, which a man would adopt in determining the best thing to do in any particular transaction. Here is a farmer living near Lawrence. He is interested in the growth and prosperity of the city. He wants a good market near at hand. The increase of the population of Lawrence creates a more active demand at better prices for all farm products. A big mill with a thousand working people in constant employment would be a big thing for Lawrence and for that farmer. Two big mills, with two thousand employes, would be two big things for both farmer and the city. As you multiply the mills and the number of persons employed, —the mouths that are to be fed—you multiply the riches of the farmer. You increase the elements of his prosperity and happiness. Suppose the mill is a woolen one. We think the farmer would be willing—more than willing, even fierce to make a bargain, to give fifty per cent. more for his clothes, if those factories could be erected and successfully operated in Lawrence. That is a business proposition which he would readily accept, and he would have a perfect moral right to do so, notwithstanding the Lawrence factories might injuriously affect somebody else's interest. What right have we to say that the owners of these mills are monopolists, and therefore impeding the prosperity of the State, because, forsooth, they demand and can get more for for their w en products than manufacturers in Old or New England, ask for them? We can conceive the time might come when such factories would be overgrown corporations, oppressive, particularly to the working classes, and hostile to the general prosperity. We would put down such monopolies, peacefully, if possible—by the strong arm of the law, if necessary. When the tyranny is manifest—when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, let us strike for our altars, if not for our sires. But the point we make now is this—and we call the attention of our reformers to it—factories in Lawrence would enrich the farmers of Douglas county, though they might have to pay a much larger price for their woolen clothes. This is the gist of the question. "Buy in the cheapest market," cry the Free Traders. A palpable fallacy! What is the cheapest market? The illustration of the mills in Lawrence shows plainly that it may not be the best economy to buy in the cheapest market. And unless the free traders prove in every instance it is best to buy in the cheapest market, they must give up their case. That is to say, if the proposition—buy in the cheapest market—is true, there can be no possible exception to it, for if one exception is admitted, the whole argument falls to the ground, and protection at once becomes the logical conclusion, not necessarily a high protection, but in some form, though it may be merely incidental. We shall recur to the subject.

Stock Breeder's Association.

The Kansas Shorthorn Breeder's Association will hold their second annual meeting in the senate chamber of the capital at Topeka, the 12th and 13th of this month. The following are the names of the officers of the association: J. C, Stone, Leavenworth, president; Wm. Hallowell, Durham Park, vice president; E. M. Shelton, Manhattan, secretary and treasurer. The executive committee are W. A. H. Harris, Lawrence; G. W. Glick, Atchison; C. S. Eicholtz, Wichita. Six papers will be read before the association relating to shorthorns.

Tackle an obstinate cough or cold with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.



HENRY B. PAYNE.

Senator Elect from Ohio in place of Pendleton, and Author of the Civil Service Bill.

Henry. B. Payne was born November 30, 1810, in Madison County N. Y. and was the son of Judge Elisha Payne, one of the early settlers of that part of the State. He graduated in 1831 at Hamilton Theological Seminary which his father founded, and afterwards read law with Judge Field formerly of the Virginia Court of Appeals, and John C. Spencer of Canandaigua. He removed to Cleveland in 1833, and finishing his law studies with the late Sherlock Andrews, was admited to the bar the next year, and practiced law until 1846. Since that time he has been engaged in various extensive business enterprises, and not long ago was a stockholder and director in eighteen corporations, embracing coal, iron, manufacturing and banking interests.

Mr. Payne was a Presidential Elector on the Cass ticket in 1848 and the next year was elected to the Ohio Senate. In 1851 he was the Democratic causus nominee for U. S. Senator, but was defeated by Benjamin F. Wade by a majority of one.

In 1857 Mr. Payne was the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio against Salmon P. Chase, and was defeated by a small majority. He was a warm friend of Stephen A. Douglas and stood by him in the Cincinnatti Convention of 1856, and again at Charleston, in 1860. During the war he was an active and consistent Union man. At the Baltimore convention of 1872 he favored the nomination of Horace Greely.

In 1874 he was elected to Congress from the Cleveland District by a majority of 2,500 over Col. R. C. Parsons, of De Golyer contract fame. Mr. Payne was the first Democrat from that district and entered Congress just in time to take part in the Tilden-Hayes contest. He was chairman of the House Committee on the Electoral Vote, a strong advocate of the Electoral Commission bill and a member of the Commission itself. He was also a member of the Committe on Banking and Currency and the author of the bill for the gradual resumption of specie payments, which was adopted by the Democratic caucus, but never enacted.

Mr. Payne will take his seat in the Senate March 4th, 1885, concurrent with the inauguration of the next President.

KANSAS ECLECTIC MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

Whisky Not a Remedy for Snake-bite.

(From the Capital.)

The Kansas Eclectic Medical Association met yesterday afternoon in the Christian church on Quincy street, for the purpose of holding its sixteenth annual meeting.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The topic, "Whisky as an Antidote for Snake-bite," was then taken up and discussed by the members, the remainder of the afternoon being spent in the discussion.

Dr. Williamson, of Washington, said the whisky was not needed as an antidote for snake-bite, so often as was thought. Whisky has done more harm in such cases than it has done good. Carbonate of ammonia was a much better remedy. He reported a case which was successfully treated with whisky; but it threw the patient into convulsions and resulted in paralysis.

Dr. Martin, of Topeka, reported the case of an eight-year-old boy who was bitten by a rattlesnake. He gave a pint of whisky and applied aqua ammonia to the wound and the boy recovered. He thought the great quantity of whisky required to produce intoxication was evidence that it was a remedy.

Dr. J. F. Lewis, of Howard, stated that Indians made incisions in each fang wound. He reported cases of two children which he treated, and said he made incisions into the wounds in that manner and applied yeast and charcoal. He gave no internal remedies, and the children both recovered.

Dr. Lorence said he had treated wounds made by tarantulas and centipedes, and that he fully indorsed Dr. Williamson's views. He believed that whisky was not a good remedy, and was in fact a dangerous one.

Dr. Flippin stated that instead of using whisky he used permanganate of potash as an injection.

Dr. Welch, of LaCygne, said he would prefer carbonate of ammonia as a remedy instead of whisky, though he believed whisky a good remedy if taken early enough.

Dr. Simmons, of Lawrence, thought the treatment with whisky uncertain and empiric, and he regarded whisky as dangerous because of its paralytic effect.

Dr. Wright, of Americus, had treated many cases of snake-bite, and he believed that most cases would recover without either medicine of whisky. He preferred ammonia to whisky.

At the close of the discussion the convention adjourned.

WHO PAYS FOR PROTECTION?

Every man who wears an imported coat or one made of imported cloth, an imported hat, drinks imported wine or brandy; every women who dresses in imported cloth, imported shawls or jewels. Every railway corporation that uses imported iron or steel rails; every manufacturer who uses in his business imported wool, hemp, flax, silk, leather, steel or raw sugar bears a part of the burdens of a protective tariff. The farmer bears less of these burdens in proportion to numbers than any others who use foreign goods. Agricultural machinery is the largest item of expense to them. There is not $1,000 of imported agricultural machinery to be found in the hands of farmers in the second congressional district. American threshers, reapers, mowers, gang plows, harrows, etc., are far cheaper and in universal use, because the tariff has made them cheaper. All sheep breeders, and wool growers are benefited by the indirect tax on imported woolen goods. Our woolen, iron, cotton and other manufacturers create a home market for the farmers' grain live cattle, beef, pork, eggs, butter, cheese and bacon. It is this home market that is worth everything to the farmer.

We produced in 1882 agricultural values to the amount of $3,800,000,000, and of this grand aggregate we exported (not breadstuffs alone, but of all products of the farm) only 14½ per cent in values. Thus our home market took 85½ per cent. Thus while our farmers and stock men sold to Europe but $560,000,000 last year of their surplus, they sold to their home manufacturing population about $2,800,000,000 worth. In the face of this well known indisputable fact, the Kansas City Times tells the farmers of Kansas, as if they were a lot of dolts and fools, that England furnishes them a market for their products. This manufacturing population that consumed the 87½ per cent of surplus last year were reduced to beggary in 1847 and 1857, by nearly all manufactories being closed up by the sudden flow of foreign goods, by reason of the effect of free trade, as now advocated by Sam Riggs and the Kansas City Times, and other free trade organs. The reason was, as we have shown in former articles, the farmers had no home market for their surplus. In fact, could sell nothing at any price. Farmers that were in debt went to the wall. Many horses were sold by the sheriff (in Lafayette county, Missouri, for instance,) for from $5 to $10 apiece; cows for $1 to $3, and sheep at 20 cents apiece. All over the states of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri tens of thousands of sheep were killed for their pelts, there being absolutely no market for their wool. In the face of these well known facts Sam Riggs the democratic-greenback-knights of labor-"opposition" candidate for congress in this district declares he is in favor of removing all incidental (let alone direct) protection to American manufactories and industries, the identical thing that caused all this bankruptcy, poverty and ruin, of which we have spoken; and that he asks the farmers of this district to send him to congress, to vote as he talks. Will they do it? Never.—Ft. Scott Monitor.

TO REFORM THE FAIRS.

Mr. J. H. Pickrell, a noted breeder and exhibitor of Short-horns at the Illinois State exhibitions, contributes to the Breeder's Gazette, his views concerning the ways by which our cattle shows can be improved, and thus made more popular in the midst of the great fair-going public. First he would have fair grounds owned by the city or town where a fair is held, so that the grounds could be used as a park the other fifty-one weeks in the year. He would also have the grounds near enough so that the multitudes can reach them without too much expense and delay. If they are so far away that it costs fifty cents to get there many will be kept from going. If the fair is held three days, and he thinks that is long enough for all county fairs, he would have children admitted free the first day. Children talk, and they will advertise the exhibition better than it can be advertised in any other way. Many parents will be induced to go with their children who would remain at home if the children had to pay at the gate. Letting in children free one day, will be likely to make fair goers of them for the rest of their lives, and they soon grow up and will then help fill the treasury. He would have two competent judges in each class, with perhaps a third, held in reserve to "untie" in case the two cannot aggree. Competent men should be paid for their services, and their attendance assured in advance, so there may be no delay during the time of exhibition.

Animals exhibited in the breeding classes should be made to prove themselves breeders by the presence of their offspring, or the premium may be withheld until after sufficient time has expired to test the character of the animal the judges to name the one that shall be entitled to the premium in case the first proves barren. This rule, if adopted, would break up the practice of entering barren animals in the breeding classes. Some societies have a rule that a premium shall not be paid unless there are two or more competitors, but this, he believes, works unfairly against an exhibitor of a worthy animal. It is certainly no fault of his that no one is appears to compete against him.

Such a rule opens the way for exhibiting inferior animals with good ones to make up the number of entries. Competition at fairs should be between good animals. Inferior ones should have no place afforded them inside the grounds.

State News.

THE PEACHES.

Most of the returns are in, and all agree that the peach buds, if not the peach trees, are as dead as the traditional "door nail." When the mercury goes gurgling down below 15 deg. below zero, the peach tree loses all patience.—[Industrialist.

PATENTS WANTED.

Fannie Smith, of Topeka, has taken out a patent on a fence post.—Ex. Now, if Fannie had invented a gate hinge, warranted not to break down when she and her young man were hanging over it, we could understand the cause of the inspiration.—[Sedan Times.

THE TWIN COUNTY.

County Superintendent Bradley is our authority for stating that there are five pairs of twins of school age in Elkado district, No. 132, in this county. Elkado takes the belt as the "twinnest deestrict" in the county.—[Sedan (Chautauqua County) Times.

JUST SO.

Kansas is the happiest state in the Union, to-day. Her farmers are the most prosperous. Her corn is the best. Her hogs and cattle are the fastest. It is only here in Kansas, through all its broad land, that the farmer's face glistens with perfect prosperity.—[Thayer Headlight.

FROM CHEROKEE.

The splendid prospects of our winter wheat, together with the unexcelled and permanent prosperity of sheep, cattle and hogs is attracting much attention from hundreds of persons in Iowa and Illinois, and we may expect some of them even in February. It is the duty of every person in the country to add their mite to help the boom along. Cherokee county has room for thousands more who may desire to settle here.—[Baxter Report.

A MITCHELL COUNTY SHEEP RAISER.

Solon Steere, one of the most prominent and successful farmers and sheep men of Asherville, called Wednesday. Mr. Steere is wintering nearly 2,000 sheep, and reports them doing splendidly, his losses so far being less than one-fourth of one per cent. He will have nearly 450 fat wethers ready for market soon, part of them now being ready for the butcher. He has 600 ewes bred to thoroughbred bucks, from which he expects a large and valuable increase this spring.—[Beloit Gazette.

Ladies approve smoking the "Little Joker" tobacco.

After a thorough

trial of Ely's Cream Balm I am entirely cured of Catarrh, as is also a member of my family. The Balm stopped a roaring in my head which had continued for more than a year.—JAMES E. CROSSON, Sexton at the Tabernacle, Paterson, N. J. [See adv.]

Don't trifle with throat and lung affections. Take HALE'S HONEY of HOREHOUND and TAR.

An incendiary fire has destroyed most of the business portion of Seligman, Missouri.

DECLINE OF MAN.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Dibility, cured by "Well's Health Renewer." $1.

"I WONDER."

ANONYMOUS.

A child ran laughing on the beach,
The sun shone warm and bright
Upon her waving golden hair,
Her tiny form so slight,
"I wonder why the world's so fair,
So full of sun and song,
I wonder why big folks don't laugh
And play the whole day long."

A maid was walking on the strand,
She gazed far out to sea,
Where o'er the sunlit waters rode
A bark so gallantly.
"Ah' love is coming o'er the waves,
Is coming soon to me
I wonder how, in this sweet world,
Old folks such shadows see."

A woman stood upon the shore,
Her eyes with weeping red,
Looked sadly on the cruel sea
That ne'er gives up its dead.
"I wonder why the world was made
So dark and full of care,
No wonder that life's burden seems
Too great for one to bear."

Near by the window's ledge there sat
A grand-dame old and gray—
The window looking out to sea
Where ships at anchor lay,
"I wonder when mine eyes shall see
Life's ship at anchor lie
Within God's harbor peacefully
For all eternity."

SWEET FERN.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The subtle power in perfume found,
Not priest nor sibyl vainly learned;
On Grecian shrine or Aztec mound
No censer idly burned.

That power the hoary Magian knew,
The dervish in his frenzied dance,
The Pythian Princess swooning through
The wonderland of trance.

And Nature holds, in wood and field,
Her thousand sunlit censers still;
To spell of flower and shrub we yield
Against or with our will.

I climbed a hill-path strange and new
With slow feet, pausing at each turn;
A sudden waft of west wind blew
The breath of the sweet fern.

That fragrance from my vision swept
The alien landscape: in its stead,
Up fairer hills of youth I stepped,
As light of heart as tread.

With me June's freshness, lapsing brook,
Murmurs of leaf and bee, the call
Of birds, and one whose voice and look
In keeping there with all.

A fern beside the way we went
She plucked, and smiling, held it up,
While from her hand the wild, sweet scent,
I drank as from a cup.

O potent witchery of smell!
The dust-dry leaves to life return;
And she who plucked them owns the spell,
And lifts her ghostly fern.

Or sense or spirit? Who shall say
What touch the chords of memory thrills?
It passed; and left the August day
Ablaze on lonely hills.

—*The Independent.*

A Clear Case.

It was nearing sunset on the fourth day, and the steamer was plowing along through Erie—that most deceitful, most dangerous lake of the chain—clearly intending to reach Buffalo by the next day noon.

The passengers had been having their little fun, for they had all become pretty well acquainted in those seventy sweet blue hours, velvet beneath, satin above sunrise to sunset, with never a cloud or drop of rain or seasick soul, save one dear woman, early retired to a stateroom and partook, *a discretion*, of nux vomica, third potency.

Some one had bottled a written account of the trip; some one else had mounted the capstan, made a bright if rhapsodical speech, and hurled the bottle into the waters, the ceremony being attended with much laughter and handclapping. This concluded, a most excellent humor pervaded the company; even the six stately representatives of two most exclusive families—social pillars of a Western metropolis—conceded the claims of the occasion.

Of this party of six, two were elderly ladies, sisters. Mrs. Wolfe and Mrs. Close; the remaining four, the two daughters of each, young ladies, whose ages might safely be reckoned within the limits of 17 to 22.

Papa Close had put them all aboard the steamer in their own dear, dirty Western river at eight o'clock the Taesday evening previous. It was now Friday, and Papa Wolfe would meet them at the dock in Buffalo on the morrow—Deo volente. So they could not be considered exactly as unprotected females. Besides, was not the jolly skipper their "most obedient," with all his Hibernian absurdities?

They had started out with an excessive frigidity toward each and every one else aboard, but this had thawed, and they were now disposed to patronize—after a kindly fashion. The young ladies were standing, arms lovingly entwined, in groups of twos; three of them were dressed alike and closely resembled each other: the fourth was an odd lamb, her countenance being more piquantly expressive than that of sisters or cousins, light, sparkling, mischievous, where theirs were tolerant and heavy, with the weight of propriety and "good form." Her eyes were heavily lashed; her nose tipped saucily; her mouth was a carnation leaf, and the sugar-spoon hat she wore, like the others, had hardly secured her from sunburn and freckles.

She carried a yellow, foot-square satchel of alligator skin, with her name silver lettered on the outside—one of her names at least, and that by which she was best known—

"HELIOTROPE."

She wore a blue-flannel yachting suit, her hair was the sweetest brown with veins of red gold shining thoughout. She lacked the self-conscious expression of Isabel Close or Agnes Wolfe, the ladies at her left, just back of Delicia Close, a thin edition, whose embrace bored her a little.

Nearly all the passengers were on deck, in groups of threes and fours. The excellent mammas, Close and Wolfe, sat not far away, middle-aged, well dressed, with an occasional fine diamond as letter of credit. Up and down the narrow passage between the cabin and the rail of the propeller sauntered the steward of the vessel, a remarkably goodlooking, yet at times melancholy, young man, with a cigar in his mouth that might have been an immortelle for its apparent everlastingness.

At times he seemed to gaze meditatively upon either Delicia Close or Heliotrope Wolfe, an unprejudiced observer on oath might hesitate in asserting which. Perhaps Mrs. Wolfe could have said, though, for Helie was only too often in mischief of the kind.

Besides—but this takes me back to the night they started. That night the moon was just rising, yellow as gold and as smooth as a platter, when the good-bys were spoken, the last kisses exchanged, and Papa Close, with others equally forlorn, went ashore, reflecting that during his family's six weeks' sojourn at the seaside he might give undivided attention to his newest racehorse.

N. B.—It was the middle of August; but they had been doing the Dells of the Northwest—all save Miss Heliotrope, who had spent two months with a school friend not far from her own city.

The propeller was growling hoarsely as it moved down the river, through open bridges and the tangle of shipping, out under the star of the harbor light, into the caressing arms of the lake; and the Wolf-Close party, having concluded the inspection of their three staterooms, sniffed doubtfully at the six-inch looking-glasses, and wondered if there were mosquitoes or—anything else that bites—on board, appeared on deck to witness the moonrise.

They all found seats together, excepting Helie, who, with usual perversity, wandered off to the other side and stood gloomily by herself.

She stood so but a few moments, however, when a gentleman, who had suddenly emerged from the cabin, approached. She stared a second, then thrust out her hand with a joyful cry of recognition: "Phil Lawson!"

He caught both her hands and squeezed them hard—nobody was looking at them; everybody was interested in the moon.

"Yes, here I am," he laughed. "Aren't you surprised?"

"Awfully! But awfully glad. How did you know we were coming? You *did* know, didn't you? Are you going clear round? Why, it is simply splendid. But I have a scolding ready. What did you mean by such a melancholy letter as that last one?"

She poured this out in a breathless way as audacious as the proximity of her face.

"Yes," he said, "I am going all the way——" then paused, hesitating for some reason.

Helie glanced across the deck and suggested that they stroll to the stern of the boat, as she had much to say.

"Tell me how much you knew," she ran on, "and, oh, by the way were you angry, awfully angry?"

"About what?"

"About my letting you think my name."

"Oh fudge little Puss. You didn't suppose I didn't know all about you weeks before you came to your friend's? Why she wrote me to come so as to meet you. She knew I'd fall in love at a glance—well she wasn't far out there——" and he gave her arm a hug. "But, then, the absurdity of your coming there with only a couple of sateen dresses at thirty cents a yard, and making her introduce you as Miss Healy, a poor orphan, self supporting, and so forth, for the purpose, I've no doubt, of making all the young fellows wild after you because they couldn't marry you. For, of course, a man doesn't care so much for a girl he knows he can marry."

"I didn't ask Laura Dodge to introduce me as 'Miss Healy,'" said the young lady, spelling out the name. "I said 'Helie.'"

"O, didn't you? For you didn't allow me to call you 'Miss Healy,' 'Miss Kittie Healy,'" he remarked pensively. "Now, see here, there might have been some fun in a poor girl palming herself off for an heiress—"

"O, that would be horrid!"

"Think so?"

"Why, of course! Phil, shall I take you back now and introduce you to mamma, and auntie, and Isabel, and Agnes, and Delicia? O dear, I wish they were at home!"

"So do I!" Another hug—of her arm only, of course.

She laughed. "Well, come along. I shall introduce you as Laura's friend. No one knows we have corresponded,"

"But first, Helie, I've something to say."

"O, afterwards." They were standing quite alone at the stern, directly over the screw (nice place to get sick) with a single lantern overhead, faint in the moonlight. And he was looking very fond and very melancholy. He was a good-looking young fellow with a perfectly golden mustache and a tenor pitched voice. He was a little lazy in speech—being of Southern parentage.

"No, Helie, for when you have heard me out I fear you will hardly wish to introduce me."

"Why, Phil?"

"It is true. Pussie—I used to call you Pussie, didn't I?—when we last met, only a few weeks ago, I had a fortune of my own, a very decent one, which I might have asked a certain dear little girl to help me spend, if she loved me enough. Now—it is gone. Irretrievably gone! Speculations have carried it off as the wind carries thistledown in the autumn. I am a poor man!"

"O, Phil!" She clutched his arm with both hands and regarded him tearfully.

"Dearest, you *do* care?"

"*You* know it."

And, having kissed him fondly and wiped away her moist grief, she inquired:

"But where are you going?"

"To Buffalo."

"And then?"

"No further. I return with the boat, because, you see"—he winced as he confessed it—"I am the steward."

"The steward?" she echoed.

"Yes," resignedly. "So, of course, it wouldn't do to introduce me. Your family couldn't sympathize as you do, dearest."

Helie sighed; but presently her spirits rose like life buoys.

"I don't care, Phil. It must be jolly to be steward and order all the meals. Please have ice cream often and lobster salad."

"Just wait," said Phil, lugubriously, "wait until you see me inspecting a great ugly chunk of raw beef to-morrow, and watching the men to see that they don't comb their hair in the pudding or wipe their faces on the dish towels."

"Do they do that?" she asked faintly.

"O Phil, I forgot how long I was staying. I must run back. I'll see you early in the morning. Delicia—she is my roommate—Delicia always sleeps late. Good night, Phil."

"Good night" (with usual accompaniments.)

Miss Heliotrope lay awake a long time that night, in the upper berth, where she could look out through the little window and see the moonlight on the blue velvet. She sighed once or twice and, when she slept, dreamed ever of Mr. Lawson.

Next morning she was out on deck early and had a little chat with him, but the rest of the day Delicia clung to her most provokingly.

Nevertheless, the melancholy young steward sauntered about, consoling himself with a wonderfully good cigar and occasionally making himself of service to the matrons of the party. He seemed not to care much for the other passengers, among whom were noticeable a fat lady with a thinish husband, a widow, a small boy, and a family entire, including twins in arms; though at mealtimes he was on the alert to see that all were well served, taking his own refreshment an hour latter at one end of the long table entirely cleared.

"That is a very obliging young man," said Mme. Wolfe to Mme. Close, the second or third night, as they sat on the deck in the Mackinaw harbor and watched Mr. Lawson escort a party of young people, including their own daughters ashore to board a Lake Superior steamer, which was waiting there with its brass band playing serenade music fit to break one's heart—along with the moonlight.

"Very obliging, indeed. One might almost think him fit for something better. Such a life must be degrading. I passed him to-day as he was at dinner. You should have seen the great dish of corn beef and cabbage!" with a shudder.

"Dear me! Was he eating it?"

"Well he was looking at it."

"Dear, dear! What a beautiful night, Teresa! It reminds me of Naples bay."

The young people returned in high spirits, and, as soon as the boat left the harbor, got up a social dance in the cabin. Helie, who furnished the music from the cabin piano, was greatly amused on glancing up to find her cousin Isabel waltzing with—the steward.

Isabel spoke of it a little later in a singular tone of hesitation and deprecation: "It was so absurd! The steward came up and asked me to dance. I hardly knew—that is—well, he waltzes very well—came right up and asked me——"

"Yes, dear," put in her mother, suavely. "And such an obliging person, really. You are tired; you musn't dance again."

And now to get back to my standing point as fast as possible: It was midforenoon of the fourth day—Friday—when Agnes Wolfe, who had been lolling on the upper deck with a goodish umbrella and a badish novel—her back against a small boat, and her feet most anywhere—heard her sister's voice in the passage below, and leaned forward to see who Helie was talking to so confidentially. Immediately after she sprang up, and, flouncing forward to the ladder, she decended rapidly and sought her mother.

"Mamma," she cried, gasping and choking over it; "mamma, Helie is—flirting with—the steward!"

"My love! You shock me. Ask her to come to me at once."

And Helie saw no more of Mr. Lawson until, standing by Delicia, in the sunset, she observed him patrolling the passage with his cigar.

Delicia carried her off presently to prepare for supper.

Delicia talked a great deal.

"It's been a lovely trip, Helie. The St. Clair Flats were heavenly—if the men hadn't tried to shoot birds. I can't see any fun in shooting things you don't want. Can you?"

"No," said Helie, with disgusted brevity.

That night, when Delicia's regular breathing told that she slept, Helie slipped down from her berth, drew aside the curtain and peeped out. One single, melancholy figure leaned upon the railing.

"Phil!"

He turned quickly.

"Helie, darling."

"Phil, it's making me awfully nervous."

"Is it darling?"

"Yes."

"But your father will surely forgive us."

"I *think* he will. But, Phil, if he shouldn't, you are young and brave—you could work."

"O, yes, I could work; I'd make the chips fly."

"Chips?"

"Yes. Out of the log, you know."

"But if any one knew, what a fuss there would be What time do we get to Buffalo?"

"About noon." They whispered awhile, then closed the conference, and Helie returned to her berth.

Toward noon next day there was a general stir. Sentimental passengers gathered in the cabin and sang "The Sweet By and By." Miss Heliotrope, not being of this assembly, went out and feed the baggage room porter to unstrap her trunk, from which she took sundry smaller articles and crammed them into her alligator satchel.

Then she went forward and climbed to the upper deck to hear the steersman yarning, as he neglected his wheel and got the steamer headed for the sandy side of the lake, until the skipper ripped out an oath or two and bid him be careful. Then the city grew nearer and nearer, and finally the journey was at an end.

Five of the Wolfe-Closs party seemed in no haste to land, but stood gazing intently over the railing.

"Ah, there is Mr. Wolfe!" cried his wife, waving her handkerchief. "Agnes, Helie, there's papa! He will come on board. We must wait here!"

Some ten minutes after, the gentleman was embracing them all in turn.

"Where's Helie?" he asked at length, in surprise. "Why didn't she come?"

Sure enough, Helie was missing. Mr. Wolfe turned pale. Had anything happened her?

The girls ran hither and thither wildly. The other passengers had landed and the crowd dispersed. Helie was not on the landing.

Mrs. Wolfe was faint, Mrs. Close frantic, the girls hysterical.

"Where's Captain Burke? Where's the steward?" cried Mrs. Close. But neither gentleman could be found.

After a half-hour's excitement the baggage porter appeared, and, with a knowing grin, admitted having seen the steward and the young lady going ashore together the very first of all.

Mr. Wolfe was nonplussed for a little, then started to the door (they were all in the cabin), where he was met by the porter, who had gone out reconnoitering, and returned to report the delinquents coming aboard again in good shape.

Mrs. Close, first to recover, darted out to meet them, leaving the others to regain self-possession.

"Oh, Helie! How could you!" cried her aunt reproachfully. "Your mother is perfectly prostrated!"

"Is she?" Helie returned, coolly. "Never mind, she'll get over it. Do you suppose papa will forgive us for getting married?"

"Married!" shrieked her aunt.

"Yes; you know in this state it doesn't take fifteen minutes. You don't need any license—only a minister."

Mr. Wolfe met them at the door.

"Why—why Lawson, where did you drop from?" he cried. "Helie, I thought you were up to some folly with the steward?"

"Oh, no, papa," and she kissed him, "No folly at all; he *was* the steward, but he isn't any longer; for of course you'll help him out now he's my husband."

Mr. Wolfe stared, and his countenance underwent a series of expressions. Then he gave a short laugh, and ejaculated: "Great Scott! If this doesn't beat all!" Then, severely: "Where's your marriage certificate, Helie?"

"Here, papa."

"Very well, my dear. Lawson, you're as bad a crank as your father, bless him. But, of course, I'll have to forgive you; don't let it occur again. Funny my wife didn't remember you. Been abroad two years, haven't you? Helie has been shut up in boarding school; that's what makes her so romantic."

"But, papa——"

"O, it's all right, my dear. No divorce talk—if he *has* fooled you. You ought to be glad I'm so pleased."

And so Mr. Lawson found himself gobbled up in short order, and blessed as well as forgiven by his mother-in-law.

Then they all set off for the hotel in high spirits.

"Steward," said Mr. Wolfe, "how many trips have you made?"

"This was the second."

"Last, too, eh?"

"Yes, unless Helie wishes me to continue. She thinks it awfully jolly."

"It is not so bad," said Helie, stoutly.

* * * * *

Postscript—It occurs to me that the whole affair may have been a preconcerted plot. Girls and their mammas so often understand each other nowadays, and Laura Dodge used to say that Helie was a "perfect little devil." However, as far as Mr. Lawson's affections were concerned, every one said it was a clear case.

LIVING, YET DEAD.

A Medical Scientist Opens the Skull and Scoops a Subject's Brain Out.

Fifteen years ago in March next Henry Bastian, then an intelligent colored boy of 17, was a servant in the house of a fairly prominent Philadelphia physician, who was regarded by his professional brethren as a man of rather eccentric ideas. He made diseases of the mind his specialty—or more properly speaking his one peculiar hobby—and dabbled in the unrecognized sciences of psychology and mesmerism. The boy Henry was singularly apt for one of his years, and took the greatest delight in arguing with his master on such subjects, and in gaining knowledge of medicine and surgery whenever the opportunity offered.

Two years ago the physician died, leaving behind him a strange story of how this youthful enthusiasm proved to be the lad's mental ruin and caused him to become a living physical organism, but bereft of everything that made him accountable to his Maker or his fellow man. The history of the case is probably without parallel in medical annals. In a diary of 1869 belonging to the dead physician under date of March 9, was found the following entry, which is probably the starting point for what follows:

"Henry's theory about superfluous brain cells is certainly novel, and if the boy were not so precocious I would laugh at it. There may be something in it, but how can it be proven?"

A DESPERATE VENTURE.

It would seem from this and other memoranda that the physician had studied over the matter for some weeks before he concluded to make an attempt to remove a portion of a healthy human brain simply as an experiment. That he did make the attempt, and did succeed in accomplishing the object, is proven by an entry made under date of May 30. Stripped of the greater part of its technical verbiage, the history of the operation is as follows: "I feel that I have brought down the anger of Heaven upon my head in attempting to tamper with the noblest part of the Creator's handiwork. Henry Bastian, who has been beneath my roof since childhood, still lives. He exists, he breathes, he digests, but that is all. He is no longer an entity, and by my hand. To you, my beloved wife, I confide this horrible secret, and I beg of you to do all you can to prevent my memory from being tarnished, because I feel the grave to be near. You will now know why the lad was sent to an asylum. It was because his presence was to be a constant knife in my soul. Know then, dear——that three months ago yesterday" (this is an unexplained discrepancy) "I determined to perform an act which would make me famous in the eyes of the scientific world. It has made me infamous in the eyes of God and of man. You have toiled patiently with me in all my studies, and will understand what I am about to relate. All I ask is that the children may never know it, and that you will keep my secret locked within your own breast.

"A remark made by the lad some time ago led me to think that I could safely remove a portion of the cerebrum, and thus prove the existence of separate functions. Henry talked with me about it, and without any preliminary thought offered to submit himself as a subject. I did not take kindly to the idea at first, but by degrees became accustomed to it, and then accepted it.

SCOOPING OUT BRAIN MATTER.

"On the morning of that terrible day I placed Henry in the operating chair in the back office, first telling him what I intended to do. I administerd five ounces of ether, and when he was thoroughly under the influence I used the trephine. A semi-circular opening was made in the right parietal bone, one and a half inches above and in front of the ear. The brain was exposed, and then without hesitation I inserted a curette (a little scoop) and pushed it forward towards the posterior part of the longitudinal fissure, where, phrenology teaches us, the seat of veneration lies. An ounce of gray matter was removed, and then fearing to risk a further removal that day, I replaced the flap of the scalp, and when the patient came to himself administered an arterial sedative. There was a slight hemorrhage, but nothing dangerous, and as the sedative brought the pulse down to 50, I had no fear of inflamation. When the effects of the anæsthetic had passed off entirely I was a little alarmed at the result of my work. There was a twitching of the entire muscular system on the left side, and a continual drawing down of the left side of the mouth. I shall never forget the expression of the boy's eyes to my dying day. His right eye was sparkling and intelligent, but the other was dead and stony, and the contrast between the two was amazingly strange.

"A singular effect was produced upon the larynx and pharynx. He was unable to speak, seemingly and gave utterance to unintelligent sounds from one side of the mouth. This result was some what unexpected, I must confess, and I then determined to take the desperate chance of removing a corresponding cell from the left side to equalize the robbery. You will recollect how shocked you were at the time I speak of, to learn from me that Henry had suddenly become an idiot. I remember well the wicked lie I told to hide my crime. My theory about equalization was altogether unsound, as I afterward proved, because I falsely reasoned that the removal of a cell from the right hemisphere of the brain would act on the right side of the muscular and nervous systems. That was in contradiction to my early teaching, and was a conclusion drawn from an experiment I made with a rabbit. I do not wish to enter too minutely into the details of the second operation and of the terrible thoughts that then took possession of me. Three weeks later the idiot, as you thought him, was in the chair again."

It is impossible to reconcile this portion of the diary with the brief entries that precede the history of the operation, because the doctor speaks of the second time as though it were summer. The word "weeks" may have been written instead of "months," or else there is another part of the story missing.

SCOOPING OUT THE OTHER SIDE.

"It was a bright summer day," continues the physician, "all nature seemed filled with gladness and life. I felt no pity for the poor creature before me, because the moment I cut the scalp I was filled with a mad desire to push my skill to the uttermost. I began to think that I could recreate a creature, whose will, divested of its individuality, could be made subservient to mine. But enough of my thoughts. Let me hasten to the last and worst part of my confession. The boy was subjected to the same treatment as before, except that the trephine was used in the left parietal bone instead of the right. The opening was nearly opposite the other one. I plunged the curette into the brain and removed a portion of the brain directly opposite where the first removal had been accomplished. Then impelled by some devilish thought I reopened the first opening, over which the fibro-cartilagenous substance was begining to grow, and forced a catheter from one hole to the other. A rather profuse hemorrhage warned me to cease, and I replaced the scalp flaps, and awaited Henry's return to consciousness. The excitement following the operation made me weak and nervous, and leaving the room I locked the door, and went into the street. Feeling the need of a stimulant, I went into a saloon and took a heavy draught of brandy, and then walked I know not where. I seemed to have lost all recollection of what I had done until it suddenly flashed across my mind that the boy might come to and do himself some injury. I hurried back to the office and looked at the clock. I had been gone nearly two hours. Henry was still seated in the chair. He had not moved an inch. The bandages on his head were precisely as I had left them. I shook him slightly and then spoke to him, but he made no sign or motion. Then I sat him in an upright position. He remained perfectly motionless. I took him out of the chair and placed him on his feet. He remained standing as immovable as a block of stone. I lifted his arm and it stayed in whatever position it was placed. I drew up his closed eyelids and they remained open.

WAS HE A MURDERER?

"Like a flash of lightning the thought struck me that I was a murderer! Yes, my dear wife, a murderer. I realized instantly what this cataleptic condition indicated. Henry Bastain was no longer an accountable human being. I had utterly destroyed his individualty. His executive and directive power was gone. He was simply a piece of living clay—a vegetable without a will; and as I looked at the expressionless face, the sightless eyes, the fixed limbs, I felt the same remorse, I believe, as the assassin who sees the hot blood spurting from his victim's throat. You will remember that for months after Henry became, as you supposed, an idiot, I fed him with my own hands. I feared to permit any one else to do this, because my guilty conscience told me that it would result in discovery. You will understand that the operation did not interfere with the involuntary functions of the physical system, and that to make him eat it was only necessary to push soft food down the throat until it touched the epiglottis, and then the contractions of the muscles, made without will power, forced the food into the stomach. Can there be forgivness for me in this world or the next? Am I in reality—" and here the strange confession abruptly ends.

The doctor's wife never saw what was intended for her eyes alone, for she joined the silent majority at least a year before her husband's demise, leaving behind her two daughters, who never knew of their father's crime and the terrible remorse that made his last days miserable. Henry Bastian died in the Blockley almshouse in 1875, having lived six years practically without a brain. He never made a motion of his own volition from the day that the second operation was performed, and the surgeon and unintentional destroyer of his too willing victim undoubtedly died of the remorse that gnawed his conscience ever after.

AN ANCIENT CITY DISCOVERED.

More Relics of an Extinct Race of Men Found in an Arizona Canyon.

A Washington dispatch, dated January 8, to the New York *Sun* says: Mr. James Stevenson, of the Geological Survey, has reported to Major Powell, as one of the results of his last season's field operations, the discovery of several more ruined cave and cliff cities, differing in some respects from any he had before examined. The most remarkable was a village of sixty-five underground dwellings situated near the summit of one of the volcanic foothills of the San Francisco Mountains, in the San Juan regions of Arizona. The surface stratum of the hill had, by exposure, become hardened, and formed the common roof for the entire community. The dwellings were excavated after a common pattern, and a description of one gives an idea of the whole. They had no intercommunication beneath the surface and were only accessible by means of square holes leading from the surface by a vertical shaft to the floor of the main room of the dwelling. Holes cut at convenient distances along the sides of the shaft served the purposes of a stairway. Descending the shaft, the explorers found themselves at the side of an oval-shaped, arch-roofed room about twenty feet in its smallest diameter. At the ends and on the side opposite the entrance low doorways connected the main room with smaller rooms, the whole suite consisting of four apartments.

A groove eighteen inches deep by fifteen in width, extending from the floor of the main room up one side of the shaft to the surface of the hill, its bottom filled with ashes and its sides blackened with smoke, formed the fire-place and chimney of the establishment. Around the mouth of the shaft a stone wall inclosed a kind of doorway. The wall seems to have served the double purpose of guarding against snow-slides and preventing the accidental fall of an inhabitant into his own or his neighbor's dwelling.

Considerable debris was found in these ancient dwellings an examination of which led to the discovery of many curios, illustrating some of the social and domestic customs of the extinct race. Stone mauls and axes, the implements used in excavating the dwellings, pottery bearing a great variety of ornamentations, bone awls and needles of delicate workmanship, the family grinding stone for grain, its well-worn surface indicating long use, shell and obsidian ornaments and implements of wood, the uses of which were undiscoverable were among the trophies of the exploration.

Search was made for a watercourse or spring, but no appearance of the existence of water in the region in recent centuries was discovered. There were signs of intercommunication between this village and a cliff city some fifteen miles distant, which is also a new discovery. This city, or, rather, cluster of villages, occupied the sides of a canyon, which has recently been christened Walnut Canyon. It is an immense fissure in the earth, with nothing above the general level of the country to indicate its existence to the traveler until he stands upon its brink. The sides have been gullied by storms and torrents, leaving shallow, cave-like places of great length at different heights, along the bottoms of which, wherever the ledge furnished a sufficient area, dwellings in groups or singly were built. The season was well advanced when the place was reached, and only little time was spent in its exploration. All the ancient methods of approach had been long before worn away, and access to the nearest of the group of houses was a work of difficulty. The group or village which was most narrowly examined was about three-quarters of a mile in length, and consisted of a single row of houses, the common rear wall being the lining rock, while the sides and fronts were made of large squarred stones, laid in clay. A narrow street or pathway extended along the entire front. Others and similar villages could be seen along the canyon for a distance of five miles. Among the relics found here was a wooden spindle whirl similar to those in use by the Pueblos of the present time, but unlike them in the apparent manner of its manufacture.

Nothing indicating the use of metalic tools of any description was discovered. The surface of the wood of which the whirl was formed had apparently been charred and then ground down to the required size and shape by rubbing it upon sandstone. A shaft of reed similar to bamboo, a species entirely unknown in that region at this time, still remained in the whirl. It had been broken by the ancient workman, and neatly mended by winding about it a piece of fine twine. The ends of the twine, being examined under the microscope, disclose the fact that its fibre was of very fine human hair.

Articles of wood, corn cobs and even perfect grains of corn, walnuts, bones of the elk, antelope, and wolf, portions of wearing apparel of a fabric resembling the mummy cloth of Egypt, and other articles were found in abundance buried in the piles of debris which partially filled these deserted homes. There were no weapons of war or works of defense, no temples or idols, and no hieroglyphics or pictures.

A Conscientious Conductor.

Life.

"How did I become superintendent?" answered the railroad official. "Why, it was this way: I was conductor of the morning passenger express, and one day as we were coming down by the junction we struck a misplaced switch and ran into a freight that was standing on the siding. As we were running about thirty-five miles an hour of course it piled things up a good deal. Our engine was smashed all to pieces, the smoker telescoped the baggage car and the forward passenger coach ran up on the heap and rolled over. I was standing on the platform at the time the thing happened, and luckily was slung off about thirty feet beside the track. When I picked myself up everything was confusion, the air was filled with clouds of escaping steam, and about fifty passengers were somewhere in the wreck. Of course it was what you might call an 'emergency,' but there is no such word as that in the company's dictionary. I had my orders and knew what to do. The roof of the smoking car lay near me, and I heard a man crying out from underneath it. After ten minutes' work I had the stuff all cleared away and reached him. He was very weak and groaning. 'Oh, heavens!' he said, 'this timber presses on me so I can't move. Both my legs are broken below the knee.' 'Think you'll be here till the next train?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' he moaned. 'Then you'll need a stop-over check, sir,' I said, and I made out a pasteboard check and gave it to him. 'Young man,' he said, 'I observe that you have neglected to fill in the day of the month, but under the circumstances your omission is excusable. I am a director of the company, and if I survive your attention to duty shall be rewarded.' The old gentleman pulled through, and is now vice president. That's how I'm superintendent. And," he continued musingly as he fingered his lantern watch charm "I believe in the old saying that the company has rights which the public is bound to respect and rules which they must conform to."

The Real American Bird.

New York Herald.

When plans for our national insignia were under discussion, Dr. Franklin advocated elevating the American turkey to the dignity which was finally assigned to the American eagle. In intermediate generations there have been those who thought that the honor should be transferred to the American oyster or to the canvasback duck. If we were to consult foreign opinion at the present day, as indicated in our special cable dispatches to-day from Paris and Berlin, Frenchmen and Germans would confer it upon the American hog. He is the noble emblem, according to the *Clarion* and to the French Academy of Medicine and to Professor Virchow, of cheap and wholesome food for the toiling millions of unhappy Europe. And they are right.

—The Shakers of South Union, Iowa, one of the thirteen Shaker communities in the United States, own 20,000 acres in one of the best parts of Louisiana.

THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH

ARGUMENTS ON THE SUBJECT BEFORE A SENATE COMMITTEE.

An Answer by Gardiner G. Hubbard to President Greene of the Western Union—The Greediness of that Company Criticised—Time for Some Relief for the Public.

Washington, February 8.—Gardiner G. Hubbard made an argument before the Senate Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads to-day, upon the general subject of postal telegraph, and particularly in answer to the recent argument of Dr. Norvin Green. He said, under the pressure of discussion, that the Western Union Company, according to the admission of its President, had been forced to begin the work of reducing rates and improving the methods. Between the years 1868 and 1878, the average rates had been reduced from $1.04 to thirty-nine cents per message. Under this reduction the number of telegrams had been increased from 6,000,000 to 24,000,000 per annum, and the profits from $2,600,000 to $3,500,000. Then a change had taken place in the policy of the Western Union Company, by which other lines had been absorbed, and the reduction in rates had ceased. From 1878 to the present time the reductions were only nine mills per message. Was this the way to treat the public? Did not the Western Union Company know that new competition would be brought out. The whole history of the company, with the exception of a period from 1868 to 1878, would back this. It was this course of the Western Union which had led the public to ask if the stockholders had not fared will enough, and if the public had not some rights in the premises. The telegraph business was bound to be a monopoly whether carried on by the Western Union Company or not. It was true we now had a new company. Garrett would come before the committee to-morrow and say he does not propose to be bought out. So he said in 1878, when he had built another set of competing lines, at a cost of $4,000,000, and subsequently sold them to the Western Union for $15,000,000.

J. C. Reffny, interrupting, stated that this was incorrect. Garrett allied his lines with the American Union, but when the American Union was sold to the Western Union Garrett refused to allow the Baltimore & Ohio lines to be transferred, and they remain intact to-day.

Hubbard, continuing, said that if the lines were built and managed as proposed in the bill by the chairman of the committee, (Senator Hill) there would be an annual deficit, which the treasury would pay, and private lines would be swept away. Evarts had maintained that the Government should not go into this matter unless it purchased these lines. This he (Hubbard) would agree to if the Western Union lines had been built by the contributions of its stockholders, but this was not so. In 1866 the Western Union had 75,000 miles of wire, and in 1883 it had 432,000 miles, but not a dollar more of money had been contributed. It all was paid for by the public, in addition to the dividends to the stockholders.

In answer to an inquiry by Senator Palmer, Mr. Hubbard said he supposed the stockholders of the Western Union Company had actually contributed in money about $50,000, and that the contributions of Western stockholders and others who had built competing lines which had been absorbed by the Western Union, was altogether about $5,000,000.

Senator Hill asked what grounde the speaker had for asserting that under his (Hill's) bill, there would be an annual deficit.

In reply Mr. Hubbard said that the average cost of sending a telegram was twenty-five cents. Fourteen cents of this was for the operators, instruments, etc., a class of expenses which was proportioned in some way to the distance, while the remaining eleven cents was for messengers and office expenses, in respect to which distance was not material. The average distance for telegrams was 300 miles. A message sent a shorter distance was handled at a smaller expense, while for a distance of more than 300 miles the expense of handling a message was above the sum named. A new uniform rate would not increase the volume of business for short distances, because the rates were already below the proposed rate. The increase would be entirely on messages for long distances. The true policy for such a bill would be to have two rates, one each for short and long distances.

Senator Palmer referred to what might be termed the moral aspect of the question. The most difficult feature, he said, of the whole question was that innocent purchasers had invested their money in this stock, and he asked whether that matter should be dealt with.

Hubbard said in reply that when the innocent lay down with the guilty they must suffer the consequences, and that those purchasers had associated themselves with the guilty.

The Western Union fifteen years ago had said that neither the capital stock nor the bonded debt should be increased except by the consent of two-thirds of the stook holders. This was a pledge to the country, and they kept that pledge for a time, and the rates were reduced. Then they changed their policy in 1881, as no one would object to pay for this stock before these consolidations were made. Was it supposed these "innocent stockholders" did not get their share in this watered stock? There were no innocent stockholders.

Senator Hill remarked that no one would venture to assert that Congress, in the interest of the public, could not disregard these stockholders and establish a telegraph system for the convenience of the whole people. There were only about 2,900 stockholders in the Western Union, and one man owned more than half of the stock.

Senator Hubbard, proceeding, said that the rates were too high for the general public. The business community was well served, but the people at large reaped no benefits whatever. Mr. Evarts had said the Western Union forwarded messages other than which they received. This was only theoretically true, but there was something of more vital importance than anything yet presented. What are the relations of the Western Union to the people of the country in their social and political interests. The Western Union is controlled by three and four gentlemen in New York. It controlled the market prices, all the political and general news sent over its wires, wires every single important personal communication sent in the country. This company was controlled by no law except its owners. No State could pass a law which could have any effect on this corporation. Was there any other like power in the world? It would handle 160,000,000 messages ten years hence. Through its agencies it collected market news in London and Paris. A fraction of a penny a pound on cotton was a fortune to one man. They admitted no partnerships in this business. He made no charges, but he believed this was too large power to entrust to any man or any company. How was it with the press? The Western Union Telegraph Company and the Associated Press made a close corporation. He did not mean to say there was any fault to be found with the present management. Sometime ago two papers in San Francisco discussed the telegraph question, and the rates to these papers were increased. One died in consequence and the other ceased to discuss the matter. A paper which at one time criticised Mr. Orton's course found its rates doubled the next day. This was the power this corporation held. Dr. Green had said that the Western Union would be glad to come in and bid for the service. He (Hubbard) would favor the introduction of a provision to permit this. Evarts had referred to a private contract between the sender of a message and the Western Union Company. What was the private contract? Why, simply if any error was made in the transmission, the company would refund the sum paid for transmission, nothing else.

A PAPER READ BY DR. WILLIAMSON BEFORE THE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

How He Used to Practice Medicine when Men's Lives were Not Worth Much—Incidents Encountered during the Troublesome Times of '61, Etc.

"The Early History of Medicine in Kansas," a paper presented at the meeting of the State Ecletic Medical Association, by Dr. Charles Williamson, of Washington, Kansas:

The early history of medicine, and of Kansas physicians, is not quite as ancient as those we read of that embalmed the body of the patriarch Jacob, by order of his son Joseph, or were held in such high favor that they retained their liberty in a time of public strife, when all the rest were made slaves. For I have a very distinct recollection of an old physician and friend of mine, Dr. Eagles, a Free State man from Ohio, who was notified by border ruffians to leave the Territory, or suffer the consequences, which meant in those days the taking of his life, and the pressing or stealing of his property, for the simple reason that he was not "all right on the goose," which in other words meant that he was a black abolitionist; and before the summer of 1856 was past, the Doctor could beat a patridge hiding in the hazel brush to save his neck. Still he persisted in staying, and was a very good representative of an early Eclectic, Beach being his favorite author. Neither were our early physicians recognized as Priests, as among the early Egyptians, by their patrons, for more was required of them than Aaziah, King of Judah, did when he sent his messengers to Baalzebub, the god of Ekron, which was simply to get his prognosis.

My first colored patient in 1856 was the slave of a man who called himself by the soubriquet of fool Nate Nuby, and resident of Platt county, Missouri. The colored boy had intermittent fever, and was alone in a cabin on Nuby's premption, holding it for him. When Nuby returned he was told that an Abolitionist doctor had saved his slave, he remarked that he did not care a cup what he was, so that he cured the nigger.

There was a condition of things in 1856 in the Territory very similar to the close of the war. It was this, that while we had a few Colonels and Captains, every other man that came in '56 had dubbed himself a doctor or professor.

But the personal danger attending the practice of medicine during the trouble some times of '56 soon thinned the ranks so that the overworked few, who accepted the situation in the interests of suffering humanity, had no light task. There was an area of good feeling between physicians then, and one of common danger, in which no code of Ethics, Pro-Slavery or Free State sentiments played a part, for many a settler owed the protection of his life and property to the timely warning of his physician. Hardly a night passed but what I was halted by squads of armed men demanding my business, being told, the next question was, are you armed? replying yes, and showing my weapons which consisted of a pair of doctor's saddle-bags behind me on the saddle, and a diminutive lady's pen knife that I carried to dip medicine. It usually caused a laugh in my favor from the worst desperado. And the murderer of Buffou, the cripple, to obtain his gun, was often one of the gang. The next question would be, (Ain't you afraid?) I replied, no sir. You don't want to get along without me? To where do you line after telling them? They would say, tell your wife not to be afraid if she hears us getting around at night, for the Government has given us authority to press horses, and we intend to have them.

Hastening home and getting out of the saddle, I would lead my mare down some deep ravine and hide her. Going to the house I would find it vacant, my wife, and often a neighbor woman with her, would be hiding out a distance from the house, in the wet weeds and brush, awaiting my return, and to escape the insults of the midnight marauders.

Rideing one day in the fall of 1856 into the camp of the Pro-Slavery, Kicapoo Rangers, to take items, I was beckoned to by a Captain, sitting on a rail fence, who was airing his first and maiden sword, carving a big watermelon. Speaking low, he said that some of his men had threatened the life of Mr. Hiler, of Atchison county, and telling me to warn him. That night Mr. Hiler came after me to visit a case of obstetricks in his own family. He had traveled a circuit of sixteen miles to get seven. The night was drizzly and very dark, and the Kicapoo Rangers were camped across our route on the military road three miles east of Mount Pleasant. The case needed prompt attention. I told him if he would take his chances I would get him through the camp. Just before we reached the picket line a Government train came along driving some loose cattle. I then told him to turn cattle driver, mix in with the rest, and help do the hallowing. In this way he succeeded in getting through their lines. I held back, giving the pickets a chance to challenge me. Passing through, I soon overtook my friend and reached the sick.

Just before the Hickory Point fight, they stole my black mare, which I had picketed out while I got my breakfast. My neighbor, Mr. Wilkins, a Missourian and a Free State man, also lost a fine young mare. Mrs. W. tried to get her husband to go after it, but he declined. Reaching for her sun-bonnet and a sharp butcher knife, she started afoot three miles to camp, telling Mike, her husband, she would have that colt or die. Reaching the camp, she recognized her mare, picketed out. She sauntered along until she reached it, and with one swoop of her knife, the colt was free. Giving a whoop and swinging her sun-bonnet, and shaking her home-spun skirts, it sped like the wind towards home. They raised their guns and hallowed "Shoot her!" but the officers interfered, thinking her bravery earned it. I followed the Rangers, in the hunt for my mare, in the direction of Hickory Point, but fell back, hearing of the fight.

At noon, about twenty men, mostly South Carolinians, disarmed, stopped at Mr. Umber's, in Leavenworth county, for dinner, which was given them. They remarked that if they had taken the abolitionists, they would not have been used as well as they had been, for they were simply disarmed and sent back. One of the men, disgusted, went down to the river home, telling the truth as he found it, but they were about to mob him at home for holding such views, and he returned to the Territory thoroughly reconstructed for all time.

One case of surgery I had in Leavenworth county about this time was a Wm. Kline. It was on Sunday at a meeting, when a posse of Pro-Slavery ruffians, headed by a man by the name of Smith, from Salt creek valley, called Kline out, pretending to have a warrant; but as soon as he stepped ont in the yard, Smith shot him in the abdomen. He sent for a physician, who told him to take a dose of castor oil and make his will, and then left him. When I reached the place I postponed the will, and in about eight weeks I repored him gone home to die; but in reality he was well. The ball ranged upward from the right side, and was taken out at Utica, New York. Three years from this time he came back and arrested Smith in the valley, as Deputy Sheriff of Leavenworth county, for the above assault.

The physician of that day carried his life in his hands, and when he left his home in the morning, his death at night would not have been a surprise.

For three days I tracked my stolen horse, while my family had almost given me up. It was nothing strange to be called to a case of obstetrics where you found no person but the lady that was sick, and she could not leave. Her husband was probably with Jim Lane. At other times I found homes deserted and the domestic fowls as wild as prairie chickens. By unflinchingly trying to do my duty I earned the *soubriquet* of "the doctor that wasn't afraid," but I can assure you I was often scared about half out of my wits. Recollect, those were the times when Pro-Slavery men loaded their wagons with hemp and slaves and went to the voting precincts with a placard on the wagon representing a hanging, with the significant inscription below it, "Death to Abolitionits." It was also the time when repeaters voted the Pro-Slavery ticket at seven different places in a day. The time when it took a *posse* of seven men with guns, revolvers and a mounted cannon in Atchison county to serve a slave warrant on one Free State man, Mr. Speck, in a 10x12 log cabin. The man being absent the leader of the *posse*, an attorney, was taught manners by Mrs. Speck, a lady from Indiana, at the business end of a double barrelled shot gun, which they tried to steal. In fifteen minutes afterwards they were all in full retreat for Atchison city, having seen in the distance south of them Jim Lane and John Brown's cohorts coming to the rescue, but it proved to be only the lady's husband and a neighbor driving a few cows. In 1856 the names of Jim Lane and John Brown were often the only protection the Free State man and his family had, and in the Border Ruffian camps their constant theme was the whereabouts of the omnipresent James H. Lane, and the name of the heroic, liberty-loving John Brown will live and be cherished by Kansas' sons and in the world's history when his traducers have passed into oblivion. If any of the systems of medicine have a prior right to special legislation, based on their antiquity or historical reminiscences in Kansas Territory, it is the medicine men of the various Indian tribes who were here years before a white man ever set foot in the Territory. I found them plying their avocation with vapor baths, alternated with hydropathic douches in the streams, or with massage, herbs, incantations, pow-wows and invocations to the Great Spirit, very similar to the more modern faith doctor. If the Red Man, instead of stoically resting his case on its merits, had penned a few lines to some of the members of our earliest Territorial Legislatures at their homes in Missouri or the Indian Territory, for some of the tribes held slaves, he might have secured special class legislation (for we had far worse laws in those days) and then at least one system of medicine could have been handed down through all time on an everlasting basis. There was also here a botanic self-styled Indian doctor, a white man, who could neither read or write. He was draped in butternut jeans and traveled horseback, with a large pair of saddle wallets like the old fashioned itinerant Methodist preachers. He stripped the bark of trees upward for an emetic, and downward of a cathartic, and steeped the roots in river water dipped down stream to prevent its going *agin natur*. This doctor had a fashion of visiting my patients in my absence. But woman's curiosity compelled him to seek other fields of labor, for watching their opportunity they examined the contents of the mysterious wallets. It disclosed a number of little balls of rags tied with a string, containing melon, pumpkin, catnip and other garden seeds, which he had brought from the Indian Territory to start his first squatter's garden. This man, rather than employ a doctor of another school, allowed his child to die with congestive fever. He yielded at last, but too late; the child was dead before the messenger reached me. My homeopathic friend it was not my good fortune to meet in those early days. He had to come later to drill us in hygiene and diatetics. Another reason was that the Indian medicine man's patient was very like some of ours. For, with their old fashioned training, the bigger the dose and the nastier it was the better they liked it, and often they had this idea, that if a little did good, by taking it all at one dose he got the full benefit of it. Now my Missouri patient, whose early life had been spent in fighting the malarial fevers of the Grande River country, under the old mercurial treatment, the sequel of which was that by opening his mouth he could show me the inflammation and sponginess of his gums, their recession, and the destruction of the alveolar processes, especially of the lower incisors. His teeth were loose and rattled like dice in a box. Suffering, meanwhile, with mercurial rheumatism, he was a traveling barometer.

I found my Missouri friend very ready to accept Eclectic Practice, even though our powders of those days were large and somewhat distasteful, for he had brought with him a domestic pocket stock of medicine of his own. It consisted of a buckeye, of which a piece the size of a grain of wheat cured his colic, and carried in his pocket was his cure for hermonhoides. Rattlesnake's oil was his favorite embrocation, and the oil of angle worms and skunk's grease his remedy for anchylosis, but his favorite pancea for the extremes of heat and cold and snake bites, in particular, was *whisk*, of which he imbibed enough every Saturday, when he went to town, to last him the following week.

The M. D. of 1856 had by virtue of necessity an excellent opportunity to study the indigenous remedies, and follow Office Pharmacy for a portion of the time it was unsafe to go to the river towns for medical supplies. We had no railroads in those days, and the steamboats on the Missouri River were often forbidden to land—our emmigration reaching us by the way of Iowa and Nebraska. 'Fifty-six, although it was the Era of resenoids in Eclectic Practice, was decidedly better than the muddy fluid, inert and unreliable extracts of that day. The lesson taught by Office Pharmacy when we made our own tinctures from the fresh material was an experience never to be forgotten, for it brought with it a success in practice that was not obtainable by the other methods, and from year to year, thanks to our pharmacists who have supplied us with reliable tinctures of many of the older remedies and hundreds of the new, it has helped us to a better and more successful practice, getting us out of the old ruts, and instead of the old shot gun prescription of the past, we are reaching an era in medicine where all is not guess work.

The historical incidents I have related, and the advent of eclectics to Kansas, was just thirty years from the first teachings of the eclectic idea in medicine and the establishment of the Reformed Medical College in New York by Dr. Wooster Beach. Our text book of practice was by Jones and T. V. Morrow, the pioneers of eclectic medicine in the West. The *Eclectic Medical Journal* of Cincinnati was then edited by Prof. Newton, and it occupied then, as it does now, the front rank of eclectic journalism. Under its present editor, Prof. John M. Scudder, who has occupied the tripod for twenty-one years, it has given us an entirely new practice of medicine, and I believe it to be the future practice of the nineteenth century. It is a system of medicine that never lowers vitality, but removing the depressing causes, is specific both in its diagnosis, and the remedies given, and with them it increases the vital powers, for the better resistance, and for the subsequent restoration of structure and function. It has lessoned the mortality in all deseases, and with pleasant medication has won its way to popular favor. In 1856 there was only now and then an Eclectic physician in the field, especially in Kansas, but now it is represented in our State by 650 physicians and 250 working members in the State Society, while in the United States they can be counted by thousands. They have never asked a legislative body to grant them an advantage over any other school, but are willing for the public and suffering humanity to judge of their merits. Believing in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, the people our patrons are already thoroughly educated in the faith, and while the pioneer of Eclecticism in Kansas has done his part cheerfully, it has learned him Ben Franklin's lesson, that even the smallest duties of life are subordinate to the end.

Still, there is a battle to be won by the physicians of the day, for neither medicine, philosophy or ethics have come to a state of rest. The world is ever changing in all its aspects. The grand comprehensive want in medicine is more knowledge; for improvements do not begin with the hands: they commence in the head. Deeds grow out of thought: they belong to them as consequences, just as fruit is the result of blossoms. An idea grows in the brain till it can grow there no longer, and then it bursts into action. Of course, mistakes will be made, but mistakes are incidental to progress. The world is never wanting for Rip Van Winkle's, but what *we want to do* is to keep our eyes open to the changes that are going on around us, and while we as Eclectic Physicians represent progressive medicince and advance medical thought, we must bear in mind that we have not yet reached perfection, and that each succeeding generation will find much to learn as well as unlearn, for there is no law of physics, not even the law of gravitation without great growing exceptions, and no theory of physical phenomina, not even the undulating theory of light or the wave theory of sound. But what is now becoming more and more inadequate, to explain the facts discovered within the era of comprehension.

The Mississippi Investigation.

Washington, January 8.—The sub committee of the Privileges and Elections Committee appointed to investigate the causes which led to the death of Matthews in Copiah county, Mississippi, held a meeting this morning and decided on a plan of action. The committee will leave Washington Tuesday morning for Hazelhurst, the county seat of Copiah county, and decide upon further proceedings after arriving there. The sessions of the Committee will be held at New Orleans and Jackson, Miss.

To Be Tried for Hazing.

Annapolis, February 8.—Under the act of Congress to prevent hazing at the Naval Academy, Court Martial was ordered to-day to convene to-morrow to try such cadets as may be ordered before it. It is understood that Cadets Maxey, MacLean, Jastranski and Parker will certainly be tried.

How He Doubled His Trade.

Mr. Benj. W. Paton, pharmacist, Globe Village, Mass., says that the miraculous pain-cure, St. Jacob's Oil, has greatly helped his other business, and the sales of the remedey have doubled in one month. He keeps a large supply always on hand. Officers of the Army and Navy pronounce St. Jacob's Oil to be the greatest pain-cure of the age.

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From Life.

1. Bites of all sorts are painful, and if not treated with expedition and skill, they sometimes prove very dangerous. The most common kinds are those received from dogs, mosquitoes and bears. The rarest kinds are trilobites and Jocobites.

2. One seldom, if ever, gets a bite when out fishing.

3. If about to be bitten by a dog, while serenading or foraging in a melon patch, immediately take some violent exercise in order to preserve a good circulation. For instance, run a mile or so without stopping.

4. Never stop running because there is a man with a club apparently chasing the dog—sometimes he is encouraging him.

5. If this does not accelerate the action of the heart, climb the nearest tree.

6. Don't get down again for the purpose of rescuing the sample of your trousers. This is one of the dog's perquisites, and he wants it for his scrap-book.

7. When a mosquito begins to bite don't slap him. Some authorities insist that you should let him finish, and then offer him a toothpick and an after-dinner cigar.

8. The above rule applies strictly to mosquitoes, and must not be extended to include dogs or bears.

9. On suddenly entering the parlor, where the mistletoe hangs, you may surprise a young man apparently in the act of biting a young lady on the cheek. The symptoms which follow this generally include violent blushing and a tendency to talk about the weather. The most popular remedy is a solitaire ring applied to the third finger of the young lady's left hand.

—A New York elevated train ran fifty feet on the ties, stopping just short of falling into the street below.

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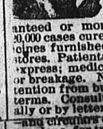

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LAWRENCE KANSAS, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

[Entered at the Postoffice in Lawrence as second-class matter.]

ENGLAND is preparing to plant herself permanently in Egypt.

The Kansas Farmer says and we say, that B. F. Smith, small fruit culturist, Lawrence, Kansas, sends out a neat little catalogue containing instructions in plant growing.

THE executive council has failed to elect a railroad commissioner, and adjourned. Several applicants have withdrawn, and it is said the others may as well turn their attention to other things, as none of them will be elected. The council may be called together at any time.

THE Women's Christian Temperance Union have done a mighty work. The prohibition of the indiscriminate manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is as certain to be in the early future, as the future is to come. The world is not indebted to the Women's Temperance Union for the original idea. It is not certain how results will come, but it is clear that the prohibition of this greatest of existing evils will come soon.

We may say that it will not be by praying, nor by the signing of pledges, nor by blue-ribbon societies, not this way nor that way. But it is coming. Politicians, who have said it must be kept out of politics, are now beginning to see it must be settled by politics. It is because the whisky interests have begun to strike back. It comes when they threaten to break the party if it does not kneel before the whisky barrel and acknowledge it as master. They are forcing the issue, and the people refuse the ultimatum. The Women's Christian Temperance Union has done its work in creating a public sentiment too honorable to submit to this dictation. Hundreds of men, not at all in sympathy with the radical temperance reform, are free to say that when it comes to whisky dictation, or prohibition, they are for closed saloons. For much of this public sentiment we give credit to the Christian women of the land.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The people of our land generally are to be commended for the interest they take in the public schools. We are taxed heavily, and we pay out a great deal of money to support them. This we do without complaining, and for this we are to be commended.

But there is no money that we invest so carelessly as the money we invest for the support of the public schools. When we have paid our school taxes as graciously as possible, we turn the whole matter over to other hands. Our school money is not often paid out to the best advantage. Even when it is done, we are so busied with other things that we do not give our school boards and our teachers the assistance that would enable them to produce the best results. There is no good business reason why we should not watch over investments of school money as closely as we would the money put in bank or railroad stocks. But we do not. We are almost indifferent as to the qualifications of teachers, to begin with. We are slow to understand the necessity of facilities to secure the best results in the school room. We are painfully thoughtless in regard to the sanitary condition of our school houses, and many of our children contract fatal diseases because of ill ventilation and poorly warmed rooms.

But one of the most aggravating evils we have to meet, is the want of uniformity in text books. To remedy this evil many expedients have been tried. Iowa is now taking a turn at it. A bill has been introduced to establish a publishing house, where school books for the state are to be prepared, and published. It is not a new experiment, and will not be a satisfactory one. In our own state a very unsatisfactory condition of things exist. We have uniformity here and there. But a family moving from one county to another, may find it necessary to buy a new outfit of books throughout. The prices, too, are enormously high. Still, the retailers affirm that their profit is so light they can ill afford to carry them.

The school book monopoly is one of the greatest in this land. Publishers of school books are able to retire in a few years with enormous wealth. Books, produced in quantities, are marvelously cheap, and the school children of America are entitled to the benefit of low prices. Some effort should be made to secure the very best possible books, and then they should be made uniform throughout the United States, and be published by one house and be sold to the school districts. That is, the text books should be a part of the school furniture, so that they may go from one pupil to another until worn out, and not cast aside because outgrown. Of course, pupils should be allowed to own their books if they desire, but no pupil should be delayed or embarrassed in his studies for want of books.

There is room for great reform in our school system. How can it be brought about?

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

A MODERN RESURRECTION.

A Miracle that Took Place in our Midst Unknown to the Public—The Details in Full.

(Detroit Free Press.)

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. Wm. A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan Avenue, in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain, and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to arise in the morning, and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly, I had a faint all-gone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to bloat fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends describing my appearance at that time, said: 'It is an animated SOMETHING, but I should like to know what.' In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony."

Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead; my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way, and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I then thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear, and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life, have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Crombie," said the writer, who had been breathlessly listening to the recital.

"Yes, I think I have," was the reply, "and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people, to-day, than any other one complaint. If I had the power, I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham "Eccentric," paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

"I knew about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type, and announced in the "Eccentric" that he could not live until its next issue. It was certainly a most wonderful case."

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, at Birmingham, and now of Schoolcraft, Michigan, in response to a telegram, replied:

"Mr. W. A. Crombie was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on two different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physicians as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle."

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance, and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarr, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousand of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMAN AND HOME.

The Male Money-Seeker--Art Overdone--Late Rising.

School Girls and Hereditary Disease --New Craze in Soup--A Female Editor---Care of the Hands.

[Dio Lewis' Monthly.]

The first great requisite toward beauty is absolute cleanliness. This can never be attained without the plentiful use of pure, soft water and good soap. Nothing keeps the hands in so good condition as rain-water or distilled water; but as these are often unattainable, the next best must be made use of. A bottle of ammonia and a box of powdered borax are indispensable toilet articles. A few drops of one or a tiny bit of the other in the hardest water will make it soft and pleasant to the touch. Neither very hot nor very cold water should be used; tepid water softens and cleanses better than either. Extremes and sudden changes in temperature should be avoided also. Fine white sand—which may be dried and used again and again—poured into the basin and used with the water, will be found very efficacious in smoothing rough places and in removing certain stains which have not become too deeply settled into the pores.

For whitening the hands there are various preparations which may be used without harm. Glycerine, vaseline, cold cream, or mutton tallow, well rubbed in, with a pair of old gloves worn over night, will do much to soften and whiten. The white of an egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it, spread on the hands and wrapped in old linen over night, will, so the chroniclers of Queen Anne's time say, make even soft and flabby flesh firm and clear-looking. Oatmeal and corn meal, both dry and moist, may be used with good effect. The roughest and ugliest pair of hands may be made smooth and soft, if not white, in one month, if the owner will but see to it that they are well washed in warm water every night, and rubbed with whichever of the simple preparations mentioned agrees with the skin—one or two applications will discover that—and then in case within a pair of gloves, from which the ends of the fingers have been cut.

Now that we have the hands shapely, soft, and white, let us turn our attention to the nails. The modus operandi of the professional manicure is as follows: The finger tips are put to soak in delicately colored finger bowls half full of tepid water, slightly scented with perfume. After twenty minutes of patient waiting the operator takes one hand, and, with an ivory blade, or dull pointed steel one, loosens and pushes back the cuticle from the half moon, which in most cases is nearly or quite covered. This is often attended with considerable pain, or at least discomfort; in stubborn cases some manicures use acid, but this is not desirable, as it makes the finger very sensitive for days. When the flesh is well loosened all the superfluous part is cut away with a tiny pair of curved scissors, made expressly for the purpose. The nails are then trimmed to the proper shape. Pointed French ones are considered the latest, but people of the best taste find that an oval-shaped nail, a little longer and about the shape of the finger, gives a better taper to the finger than the pointed ones. However, that is a matter of individual taste; but no matter what the shape, they must be left to grow quite long.

After a filing, a chamois polisher and powder are used until they shine beautifully; then comes a thorough washing and brushing in tepid water, and again are they polished with the attendant's bare hand, the oil from the human hand giving a higher degree of polish on finger-nails as well as on wood. This process consumes about an hour, and is rather enjoyable. Many people pay a stated sum quarterly and go to the manicure twice a week, but this is not at all necessary; after they are once well attended to a few minutes' care and attention daily will keep the nails in good order. Every time the hands are washed the flesh should be carefully pushed back with the towel; this will keep it loose and in good shape, and two minutes' rubbing will give them a good polish.

The Male Money-Seeker.

[Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

There is, this, and only this, to be said in extenuation of the male money-seeker: A rich girl can better minister to his appetites than the maiden who can offer nothing for his entertainment but pleasant conversation and sympathy with his efforts for improvement. Miss Clara Crœsus can give him dinners at which expensive food and costly wines take the place of witty talk and perfect breeding; she can give him a seat in a carriage, which is certainly more comfortable than a rattling street-car; she can save him the price of a ticket by inviting him to a theatre party; she can please him by elegant dresses and luxurious surroundings; she can flatter his vanity by accepting his advice as social law and gospel; accepting it and carrying it out, because he inherited his money from a grandfather who began life as a flatboatman, while his father, a porter on the levee twenty or thirty years ago, has not even a single generation of education to support the aristocratic pretensions of his silly wife and daughters. She can bring him, perhaps, a fortune that may be lost in a day, or else thrown into his teeth as sauce for every meal he eats in the house bought with old Crœsus' money.

There is nothing so paralyzing, so absolutely killing, to all the manhood in a man as the marriage for money. Not one man in a hundred survives such a crucial test. Not that a rich girl may not be loved for herself; if she is gentle, unselfish and attractive, it is equally cruel to her and to her lover to suspect a mercenary motive. Nor are improvident marriages, where neither of the contracting parties possesses a sou, where a household would be entirely dependent upon the uncertain salary of a struggling young man, to be in any way recommended.

It appears to the writer that money should have no more to do with choice than the color of the lady's dress. If they have enough to live upon, let them marry. If they are poor, let the young man work and economize, let the girl learn all useful household arts, and build up in every way her physical strength; and then after the affection has been well tested, strong in industry, rich in confidence and affection, let them, hand in hand, face the future.

Art Overdone by Women.

[New York Letter.]

I think we are suffering from too much art just at present. The number of so-called artists and art students is simply overpowering. All the schools of art are crowded to their doors, and every man, woman and child who can draw a straight line or a curve wants to paint, or, more than all, wants a studio. They like to be called artists and to fill their place with bric-a-brac and stuffs and to off in front of a easel. They may never sell a picture outside of their family, but they get their names in art directories and they are suffused with joy if they learn to hear themselves spoken of as "So and So, the artist." It doesn't matter what they paint. It may only be a flower or a bit of fruit, but it is done with real oils on real canvas.

This amateur talent seems to be rampant among the young women. They are all, it seems to me, dabbling in oils, and, yet what is worse, set themselves up as art critics. You should meet them in a picture gallery, airing their ideas on art. They rush in where others would fear to tread. There are many of these young women artists for whom I have the greatest pity—those who are struggling to earn their bread. Their chances are very slim. I feel very sorry for them.

Just in the neighborhood of my office is the Cooper Union, where scores of these girls study, and I meet them every day trudging cheerfully along, with their great canvas under their arms. They are happy enough while they are students; but the trouble is to come. The sort of painting the most of them can do the best is on plaques, wood and satin, and it is paid for very poorly. But when a girl shows a genius for decorative work she is likely to make a good living. The thing in the art direction that pays women the best is art needle-work. Look at Mrs. Wheeler with her embroideries! She gets fabulous prices, but she does marvelous work. She has revived the lost art of embroidery, and paints pictures with her needle. The drop-curtain of the Madison Square theatre is her work, and cost $10,000. I hope for the sake of the many women engaged in this pleasant pursuit, that there will not be a reaction in favor of plain curtains and portieres.

Comfort for Late Risers.

[Boston Traveler.]

The ethics of good sleep should form a part of household morality. It is hardly an extravagant assertion that comparatively few people after childhood is passed, know by experience what perfect sleep is, and satisfy themselves with a poor apology for this most perfect refreshment.

Rising tired and weary from a disturbed, imperfect sleep, they proceed to summon up lost energies by strong tea or coffee, which in its turn again interferes with perfect rest at night; and this process of life, more than any mental or physical labor, wears women out and makes them prematurely old.

"I have been reading myself to sleep after retiring," said a Boston woman the other day, "and when I have done this for two or three nights I can see that I look five years older." It is an experience that any woman can verify, and, conversely, she can see that sleeping in a perfectly dark and well ventilated room brings back the contour and the roses of childhood or early youth.

The most perfect sleep is obtained by carefully closing the blinds, raising and lowering the windows to admit plenty of pure air, and drawing down the heavy shades, thus making the room perfectly dark. Then, on going to bed, go there to sleep, not to write or read, or think or plan, but for that most valuable of all things, the foundation of all activity and energy—perfect sleep. A few nights of this experience will work a magic transformation in looks and in feelings.

Above all, let us divest ourselves of a traditional prejudice that there is somehow virtue in early rising. When early sleep is obtained, early rising is indicated by nature by waking; but artificially produced it is pernicious. Unless there is an exceptional reason, it is far wiser to sleep till one wakens naturally, and one hour then will do the work of three when one comes to it tired, unrefreshed. "Nature's sweet restorer" is of all things the most invigorating.

The New Craze in Soup.

[Chicago News.]

In plain English, bouillon is a thin, greenish brown soup, seasoned to suit the taste. It is served in a fine china cup, from which it is sipped without soiling the lips. The œsthetic accompaniment is a small roll tied with narrow ribbons. The first requisite for bouillon is a soup digester. This modern invention is a cast-iron, flat-bottomed vessel with bulging sides, whose smoothly ground interior surface has been treated with a lining of porcelain. The upper edge of this porcelain chamber is ground so as to fit the dome-shaped cover, and meets the body of the vessel by means of a steam-tight joint. A little safety valve on the top prevents explosion.

And having the pot the cook will need three pounds of raw beef, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one of black pepper, the white of three eggs, and two quarts of soup stock. Cut away every particle of fat from the meat and mince it in a wooden bowl. Add the seasoning, throw into the soup digester, and add the stock. Let it simmer on a slow fire for an hour or so. When done run it through a colander to get rid of the meat, set it away to cool, and skim off all the grease. When every particle of fatty substance has been removed the next step is to get it clear as amber. Beat up the eggs, pour the frothy mixture into the liquid, and let it boil thirty minutes, stirring all the time. Then strain through a napkin, and you have the celebrated invigorating beverage which the French call bouillon. Keep on the stove in winter, and on ice in summer, and, if the minister calls, give him a cupful; give it to Mrs. Brown with a French china desert-dish and a napkin, and she'll tell you all she knows and a great deal of information that she imagines, and, besides refreshing our visitor, you will build up a valuable reputation that comes from keeping pace with a refined civilization.

If you are out of a situation and can find an opening, any first-class restauranter or high-toned caterer will give you $35 a week to make the tasteless, odorous, but stylish soup.

Sketch of a Female Editor.

Mrs. Harriet P. Spofford has written a sketch of Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazar, from which we extract this pleasant picture of the lady: To a man of business she is merely a woman of business; but to the poet she is full of answering vibrations. She values beauty in every form, betraying the fact in her deep and intelligent love of nature, in a passion for flowers, gems and perfumes, and an intense delight and thorough knowledge of music. Warm in her affections, quick in her feelings, cool in her judgments, untiring in her energies, imperious in her will, and almost timid in her self-distrust, in spite of her achievement, her character is a singular combination of strength on which you can rely and a tenderness you would protect, while there is a certain bounteousness of nature about her, like the overflowing sweetness and spice of a full-blown rose. All these qualities are held within bounds by the shy and suffering modesty that will make it impossible for her to read these lines. In person Miss Booth is majestic and commanding, being taller and larger than women usually are. Her dress is simple in plainness when about her business, but rich and becoming otherwhere, for she has the weakness of other women about rare old lace and cashmeres that are drawn through a bracelet. Her hands are as perfect as sculpture and sparkle with quaint and costly rings, and her skin, of infantile delicacy and rose leaf color, her dimples, her straight short nose, her soft brown eyes and her prematurely silvered hair worn rolled over cushions, give her a striking appearance that approaches beauty.

Bathing Sometimes Injurious.

[Boston Globe.]

Bathing is conservative of health, but all persons do not find it so. A cold plunge bath is by no means a panacea for all human ills, as some seem to think. An occasional wash from head to foot in winter, and bathing frequently in summer, may be considered among the valuable agencies for promoting health. But I have known delicate people to be injured instead of being benefited by cold bathing. For most persons a wet sponge passed rapidly over the surface and followed soon by friction with a rough towel is bath enough for health purposes. When a cold bath is not followed by a good surface glow, it is doing more harm than good.

Schoolgirls and Hereditary Disease.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

The educator has no means of knowing the constitution and hereditary weaknesses of his girls—that the mother of one died of consumption, that the father of another was insane, that neuralgia is hereditary in the family of a third, that one has been nervous, another had convulsions when a baby, another has been threatened with water in the head, etc. His own education and training have not taught him to notice or know the meaning of narrow chests, or great thinness, or stooping shoulders, or very big heads, or quick, jerky movements, or dilated pupils, or want of appetite, or headache, or irritability or backaches, or disinclination to bodily exertion.

But all these things exist in abundance in every big school, and the girls handicapped in that way are set into competition with those who are strong and free from risks. It is the most nervous, excitable, and highly strung girls who throw themselves into the school competition most keenly. And they, of course, are just the most liable to be injured by it. All good observers say the intensity of feeling displayed in girls' competitions is greater than among lads, and that there is far more apt to arise a personal animus. Girls don't take a beating so quietly as boys. Their moral constitution, while in some ways stronger than that of boys, especially at that age, suffers more from any disturbing cause. The whole thing takes greater hold of them—is more real.

Don't Stay Too Long.

[Atlantic Monthly.]

I was obliged to hear some one say, not long ago, that she did not think she had any right to spend two hours at a time with any friend, without a special invitation, since it could not fail to be an interruption; and it gave joy to my heart that one person so respected the rights of others. Picture some one, who has assured himself that he is not likely to find amusement under his own roof, setting forth in search of a more agreeable place in which to spend the evening. He hunts from door to door; finding that one family has honestly paid its money and gone to a play, another is dining out, the third enjoying its invited guests, while at the fourth he is met at sight with the information that the ladies are engaged. Perhaps at the fifth he gains an entrance. One person rises hurriedly from the sofa; another puts down her book with a sigh; another comes reluctantly from a desk, where some notes and letters must be written at some time during that evening, and the stricken group resigns itself to the demands of friendship and society. The master of the house returns presently to his avocation, with a brave excuse. It may be 8 o'clock when the guest comes; it may be 9, and he may be kind-hearted and unobjectionable; he may even be profitable and entertaining; but he stays until after 10; everybody thinks that he never means to go, and inwardly regrets his presence.

Make Your "Exchanges" Practical.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

They usually keep useless articles to begin with, all sorts of fancy frames, and articles for wall decorations, hand-painted, expensively made, frail and unnecessary. Delicate china cups, not for use, jars, jugs, plaques, all to occupy space, and costly but not needed. This is the secret of their limited patronage. The useful departments consist of special nurses, aprons, jellies, jams and preserves, not so good as those that are imported, and that, even with our high tariff, are no higher in price. Make your exchange and bazar practical and useful, and it will succeed. Specialize preserved fruits, cakes and such things, supplying those kind for which you can get up a reputation, and which will command a fair price. Have useful things; children's wear, infants' simple trousseaus, certain articles of women's wear, pretty kitchen aprons, dressing gowns, sets for housekeepers, including covers for toilet table, bureau, linen splasher and mats. Other things will suggest themselves; sitting-room curtains of cheese cloth or dotted muslin, bed-room slippers, knitting bags, etc. Try above all things to use good, effective, but not expensive materials, and put them into articles that have real use; but you may cultivate the decorative idea also, there is money in it.

"Let Me Do It, Mother."

[Phrenological Journal.]

A young man had declared love to a lady and asked her to be his wife. She hesitated, and he allowed her her own time to consider the matter. One evening, soon afterward, she had occasion to visit an aged relative who resided in the family of which the young man was a member. As she approached the door a sudden impulse caused her to pause. He might be at home, she thought, and she might encounter him. And seeing her there, he would probably imagine she called on purpose to see him. While she stood upon the doorstep meditating, she heard the oven door of the cook-stove open, then the rustle of paper, as if it were thrown upon the table; then a firm, light step and the voice of her admirer saying in a gentle way, "Let me do it, mother." Then she knocked, and was admitted just in time to see the young man taking some pies from the oven. This little circumstance aided the young lady in concluding what answer to make to the all-important question; and in married life she finds the young man an excellent husband and father.

Gems from Gail Hamilton.

[North American Review.]

Under cover of discipline are cloaked often enormous domestic crimes.

No man can be so much benefited by a wife to whom he looks down as by one to whom he looks up.

The recognized principles of human life testify that no woman can serve her husband so well in a servile as in a commanding position.

While a man's relations to the universe are a high and worthy object of study, it is by his relations to his wife that he is to be justified or condemned.

For Carlyle, the penalty outlives the sin. Upon his great genius lies the lasting stain of his own ferocious selfishness Forever and forever the bedbugs of his household will crawl across the pages of his history to defile and defame.

Not a Fair Showing.

[Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette.]

As a matter of fact, the women in this country do not have as fair a showing in the lighter walks of life and work as they might. Thousands of stout but mediocre men are filling paying offices who might turn their hands to something else, and give the bright, industrious and needy women a chance.

New York Herald: Recent events should teach women in all grades of life that, although to appear fearless and unsuspicious may seem very pretty, it is worse than idiotic.

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DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Durham's history. It was neutral ground during the armistice between Sherman and Johnston. Soldiers of both armies filled it, drawn there with the tobacco stored there, and, after the surrender, marched homeward. Soon order came from East, West, Cortland Smith, for "more of that elegant tobacco." Then, ten men ran an unknown factory. Now it employs 800 men, uses the pick and pick of the Golden Belt, and the Durham Bull is the trade-mark of this, the best tobacco in the world. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco has the largest sale of any smoking tobacco in the world. Why? Simply because it is the *best*. All dealers have it. Trade-mark of the Bull.

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A man breathes about twenty times in a minute, 1,309 times in an hour.

Hysteria and Nervous Prostration.

We give our readers an extract from a cheerful letter, written by Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, of Richmond, Ind., who says: "Samaritan Nervine cured me of hysteria and nervous prostration." Comment is useless.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

Fitted for the season. Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes. Fashonable colors. Only 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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Did She Die?

"No!"

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.

"Under the care of the best physicians, "Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief.

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughter say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

Did She Die?

"No; she lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years, the doctors doing her no good; and at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about. Indeed! indeed! how thankful we should be for that medicine.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man.

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Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Fleming and Loring, the Chicago grain swindlers, were sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

The weak, worn, and dyspeptic should take Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic. No other. Of druggists.

The deaths in Chicago for the year just ended were 11,555, cholera infantum leading with 751.

Their Name is Legion.

Legions of people have had their lives made miserable by Piles. This painful difficulty is often induced and always aggravated by Constipation. Kidney-Wort is the great remedy for all affections of this kind. It acts as a gentle cathartic, promotes a healthy action of the bowels, and soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces. It has cured hundreds of cases where all other remedies and applications have failed. Sold by all druggists.

Fre destroyed buildings and stocks in New York valued at $870,000, on January 14th.

PHYSICIANS prescribe COLDEN'S LIQUID BEEF for the weak, worn and dyspeptic. TAKE NO OTHER.

John Jarvis was hanged at Princess Ann Court House for the murder of C. W. Bonney.

For 25 Years

I have been afflicted with Catarrh so that I have been confined to my room for two months at a time. I have tried all the humbugs in hopes of relief but to no success until I met with an old friend who had used Ely's Cream Balm and advised me to try it. I procured a bottle to please him, and from the first application I found relief. It is the best remedy I have ever tried.—W. C. MATHEWS, Justice of the Peace, Shenandoah, Iowa.

The English bark Elmira went down on the New Jersey shore and all hands were lost.

I Have Been

a sufferer for years with Catarrh, and under a physician's treatment for over a year. Ely's Cream Balm gave me immediate relief. I believe I am entirely cured.—G. S. DAVIS, First National Bank, Elizabeth, N. J.

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AGENTS Our new war book, DEEDS OF DARING, by Blue and Gray, is outselling all other books. Illustrated circular and terms free. FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati O.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand Rubber Stamps. Sample free. FOLJAMBE & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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THE "HULA-HULA."

Sketch of the National Dance of the Hawaiians.

[Lippincott's Magazine.]

At the end of the feast finger-bowls were again passed around, and at a signal from the queen every one rose. The invited guests followed the royal party into the palace, from the veranda of which we could look back upon the scene we had just quitted. Relays of natives crowded about the tables in procession and finished off the eatables. All were quiet and orderly, and when the tables had been cleared away the hula-hula began. The missionaries object strongly to the hula, but, so far, have been unable to prevent it. It is an old native dance, and no festival, wedding of marriage, birth, death or other occasion, is complete without it.

First, four boys came out and stood expectantly in a row. They wore white jackets and trousers, lace around their necks and waists, and short ballet-dancer pink skirts made of paper-muslin. Two men standing behind them sang, while they executed their steps with much animation and great precision. There is not much melody in the song; it is monotonous, and sharply accentuated to keep the time. After them came a band of girls, who went through the same steps, only more awkwardly.

Then, amid a wild burst of applause, the "Dandy" led forth two women, the crack hula-dancers of the kingdom. Strange looking creatures they were, with yellow lace, dark, swarthy skins and languishing black eyes. They wore pink paper-muslin skirts, white stockings, heelless shoes, and fluffy feathers about their ankles and wreaths of flowers about their heads. The Dandy, who is their trainer or dancing master, looked as though he had stepped off the boards of a negro minstrel show. He is a good looking fellow, very tall and slender, and on this occasion wore a high-crowned, bell-shaped, yellow felt hat, a glass in one eye, a dark-green silk jacket with gold buttons, a gorgeous watch chain, tight-fitting trousers of striped watered silk and toothpick shoes. The ends of his collar stood up nearly to his eyes, in regulation minstrel style. He came out, putting on his most elegant look-at-me-and-die airs, and played the jewsharp while the women danced. They began by slowly waving their arms about and undulating their bodies, keeping time to the music, and then gradually worked themselves up into a frenzy of wavings, stampings and whirlings. Several times they would drop a wreath, or their back hair would come down, on which occasions they would stop, calmly put themselves to rights, and then take up the frenzy just where they had left off. It was wonderful to see, but almost impossible to describe them.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis' Benefit.

[Detroit Free Press.]

During the last three years of Charles F. Browne's (Artemus Ward) residence in America, his manager was John P. Smith, and the other day chancing to meet G. A. Hough, Mr. Smith was reminded of the following experience with the great humorist:

"About six months after our appearance in Detroit we were filling an engagement at New Orleans. One day three elderly ladies called on me at the hotel and said they were a committee from the Ladies' Aid society of Louisiana. I asked them to be seated and as to what I could do for them. Then one of the ladies, hesitatingly, told me that the mission was a delicate one, as I was a northern man who had four brothers killed in the Union army, and as my sympathies were entirely with the north. Instantly I felt sure that it was one of 'Ward's' jokes, but I again asked the object of the visit, at which the ladies explained that they had requested Mr. 'Ward to deliver' a lecture under their auspices for the benefit of Mrs. Jefferson Davis; that Mr. 'Ward' had expressed deep regret because he was under a salary to me and could do nothing without my consent. If I was willing, he would gladly deliver the lecture gratis. 'He told us to approach you with diplomacy, and that he would abide by your decision,' continued the lady."

"Thereupon I explained to the ladies that I was by birth a Virginian, that I had four brothers in the southern army, that none of them were killed, and that if I had any prejudices they favored the south. Then, satisfying myself that 'Ward' had tried to 'put up a job' on me, I told the ladies Mr. 'Ward' would give them the desired lecture. Without seeing or saying anything to him about it, I obtained the use, free, of the largest hall in the city, advertised the thing heavily, visited the Charity hospital and got them to set aside the license fee, and Mr. 'Ward' delivered the lecture to an audience of over 2,500 persons, a purse of nearly $2,000 being thus obtained for Mrs. Davis."

Anti-Shoddy.

[Detroit Free Press.]

An anti-shoddy society exists in New York under the title of the Textile Microscopic association. The object of the association is to employ the microscope to detect shoddy fibre in cloth. As a good microscope can hardly be got under $100, and as a shoddy suit costs about $6, the cheapest way of finding whether or not the suit is shoddy, is to wear it. What New York really needs is an association for the detection of shoddy in its own aristocracy.

The Only Solution.

A contemporary asks: "How shall women carry their purses to frustrate the thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

A Blushing Boy.

Henry James says that Tourgueneff used to blush like a boy of 16. Where did Mr. James ever see a boy of 16 blush? In these degenerate days it is only with the utmost difficulty that a girl of 16, much less a boy of that age, can start anything that is even remotely connected with a blush.

THE ASYLUM BALL.

[London World.]

"Now remember, Lord Grayton," said the doctor solemnly, "all I told you. You are very welcome to come to our ball, though as a rule, we only ask a certain set of wise men and maidens who know our ways and their ways. Still, you are good-looking, humorous and cheery, and if you are sensible you can enjoy yourself, and, maybe, do them a world of good. I believe in electricity as a curative agent—not the quack nonsense of belts and chains and musical boxes, that only shake the nerve centres, but the real electricity of animal spirits, the tonic of good health."

"I shall do exactly as I am bid," said Lord Grayton, a handsome, florid, muscular young man, strong as a horse, buoyant as a balloon, just back after a self-imposed exile of five years in India with the big game; "but tell me of all those confounded cautions again. I did a lot of dancing of various kinds years ago, before I went before the tigers"—and he laughed as mingled memories of Mayfair and the Lotus club swam back to him—"and I've tried both the Corroboree and the Salonga; but, 'pon honor, I never danced with a lunatic girl yet."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said the doctor, grimly; "they are to be met with outside of Coppswood, I can tell you. However, listen; the rule is simple. Be civil and don't contradict. If old Crackton asks you to play chess, play. He's a good player, and will beat you fairly if he can; if he can't, he'll make a false move and call 'checkmate,' and you must resign. If poor Snobly thinks you are a prince and 'sirs' you all over the place, and throws out hints about being asked to Sandringham; if you are asked to listen to the chiming clock in Baker's interiors, or to avoid some one else, because he's glass and bright brask, you must do your best to be courteous to them all, and on no account laugh at their fancies."

"Sounds rather jumpy. And the ladies?"

"I'll see to that, and introduce you to the nicest, and tell you what to avoid speaking about; the men will make the talking for themselves, the women don't talk much."

"Sign of insanity, I suppose. And what am I to talk about?"

"Everything save some one thing—the empress of Austria or the stage, or white roses, or Mr. Mallock, or black stockings. I'll give you the cue—never fear; only, it may happen that one of them will ask you to dance, and then you must steer as best you can—talk society or art on chance. My own girls and their friends get on famously with the male patients, and you must do your best. Come, you are going to be our best tonic to-night, and you must be off and dress; 9 sharp, mind, as they all go to bed at midnight."

"Queer thing this," soliloquized Grayton as he completed his elaborate dressing, "beginning my first season after five years by dancing with a lot of lunatics. Hope they won't wear straw in their hair; if they do I shall bolt to the Congletons' dance."

He had many strange adventures that evening as he strolled about the pretty ball-room at the Coppswood private asylum. He was duly defeated at chess by the venerable Crackton, who deliberately slid back a captured queen on the board, and performed prodigies of valor with her. He sympathized with the gentleman who had swallowed a crocodile, and he noticed the pale, cadaverous man, who amused himself by counting the lights on each side of the room and singing softly to himself, "Sorry I Can't Admit It, Sorry I Can't Admit It!" He had been an acrostic editor once upon a time. He noticed the fussy little man, with a pale-blue shaven face, who wanted to stage-manage the sixteen lancers, and who piteously entreated the dancers to "go back over all that again, please, and try and get it crisper;" and the erratic journalist, who wrote paragraphs on his shirt-cuffs, and many other strange folks that passed by in the motley pageant of unsettled reasons.

"There's King Lear," whispered the doctor, as "a very foolish old man, fourscore and upwards," passed them muttering of "Brighton A's;" "you know who he was?" and he whispered a name in Grayton's ear that made that nobleman whistle softly.

"And are there any Ophelias, 'whose young maid's wits should be as mortal as an old man's life?'" asked Grayton, showing that he knew his Shakespeare as well as the doctor.

"Yes, but we keep their secrets. Now go and dance," and the doctor took King Lear off for a cup of coffee.

It was a sad, weird sight altogether, and as Grayton watched it, it reminded him of Kaulbach's "Dance of Death," and he felt oddly morbid as he thought of his own lonely life. He had once loved, and had given his heart to a woman whom he had both idealized and idolized; he had youth, brains and position, and with her he felt he could conquer the world. It was an old story—she turned out to be as loveless as she was lovely—and so he took to the tigers. He had got over it all now, but he shuddered as he remembered the fret of it all, and thought how near madness he had been driven when he heard of her ultimate fate and where her life had drifted to. So there were Ophelias here! More like Audreys, he thought, as he watched some rather uncouth gamboling in a corner. His eyes wandered around the room, and rested at last on a face.

It was an exquisite oval face, somewhat sad and wistful in expression, of that rare delicate olive color one sees in the south, with the skin of so fine a texture that the red flush springs up through the vein-tracery at a moment's excitement; the large brown eyes were soft and dreamy, the chiseled mouth was half-parted, and the dark brown hair, looking black at night, was worn Greek fashion, close to the head, sweeping in undulating lines past the tiny rose-tipped ears. She was seated on a low sofa, carelessly clasping one knee with both hands. She wore a simple white frock, just mysteriously frilled round the little white column of a throat and a great black-red rose nestled in her breast. One little high-arched foot, in peach-colored satin silk, kept winging to the music. No one seemed to talk with her except the doctor, who smiled pleasantly as he passed and said something to which she answered with a nod.

"Ophelia at last," said Grayton to himself; and in a melancholy vein he wished that he were Hamlet, and could lie at her feet and watch the play.

"'Poor Ophelia! divided from herself and her fair judgment!' (the quotation was irresistible). I wonder what sent her here—some brute of a man, or a soldier lover killed at Kassassin. Gracious! I hope this terrible Meg Merrilies is not going to ask me to dance!" and he moved away as he saw a wild-eyed woman bearing down upon him, to a seat somewhat near the pale girl with the black-red rose.

For a time he watched her; then he tried to magnetize her. At last their eyes met; he stared her full in the face. She never shrank from his look, only a sort of pitying light seemed to glow in the sorrowful eyes. A moment passed, and then she rose quietly and with perfect self-possessed grace walked over to him—to his intense astonishment sat down quietly by his side, and said, in a soft, musical voice:

"You seem sad to-night; I am sorry."

For a moment he was tongue-tied; then he recollected his instructions and pulled himself together.

"Well, I think I was sad because you were looking sad."

"Was I? I suppose I always do, then. Of course, being here naturally makes one feel sad. But we won't talk of that," she added quickly. "Do you care for dancing? I'll dance with you, if you like."

"Dance! With you?"

"O yes, if you like; many of the others dance, you know."

"How calmly she seems to recognize her state!" thought Grayton, as he encircled her and passed his arm around poor Ophelia's slender waist, wondering how she would "jig and amble." They were playing the "Dream-Faces," and as they swung in undulated rhythm to the pretty song he felt that few slips of sane 17 could come up to her.

"That's right," said the doctor, encouragingly; "set a good example."

"Means I'm to be a tonic, I suppose," thought Grayton; so he carried off Ophelia for an ice.

"You dance beautifully," she said. "No, you sit down and I'll get you the ice; there, now, there's a spoon and a wafer; now you feel comfortable, don't you? Isn't that a lovely valse?"

"Yes, I'm fond of 'Dream-Faces;' the people one meets in dreams are generally vastly nicer than the real folk. I have many dream-friends."

"Have you?" she said, looking amused; "tell me of them."

"Well, you know, I think I'm married to a dream-wife—just like Gilbert's Princess Toto, you know, with her dream-husband. And she comes to me sometimes and scolds me if I've done anything wrong in the day; and sometimes she's very loving; and sometimes she's cross and doesn't come near me for weeks."

He felt as if he was telling a fairy tale to a child.

"How charming! Do tell me more of her. Is she beautiful? What is she like?"

The fanciful conceit seemed to amuse her, so he went on drawing pretty pictures of an ideal woman; then growing unconsciously eloquent he burst out: "Ah, if one could only meet her alive, what a wife she would make! A very second self, aiding, sympathizing, helping, loving—at once the cheeriest of chums and the most idolized of idols."

She had flushed a little as he spoke, but she went on: "What a pretty picture! Where did you get your beautiful thoughts about marriage?"

"I suppose my dream-girl taught me."

"Is she pretty?"

Grayton wondered if deliberate, barefaced compliment would be a good tonic for a lunatic. "Yes, beautiful. She has large brown eyes, wonderful hair, a low voice, an olive oval face, she dances superbly, and she wears a black-red rose in her white dress."

Ophelia looked a little frightened.

"Forgive me, I didn't mean to be rude but she is—really you are not angry with me?" and he laid his hand gently on her.

"O, no!" then there was a pause. "Come, and let me show you some pictures; I'm something of an artist myself;" and she led him into a long gallery, and talked art so sensibly and sympathetically that here, at all events, he felt there was a very pleasant method in her madness.

"Talking art" is a recognized method of interchanging sympathies.

He was no bad judge of a picture; but he preferred to affect ignorance, and asked the stupidest questions simply for the pleasure of hearing her talk. There was a kind of innocent dignity about her that fascinated him. She was more like a Vestal virgin than a Bacchante. So the evening passed all too quickly, till he suddenly bethought himself that there was an important division in the lords that night, and that he was bound to be a "not content" before the clock struck 11, and after that he was due at Lady Congleton's dance.

"Must you go away?" she said; "why?"

"Well, you see, I'm one of those much-abused people that the Radicals call 'Hereditary Legislators,' and I am not abolished yet; I must be in our house at 11."

Of course she could not have understood a word he said, for she murmured to herself, "Poor fellow; so young, too!"

He rose and held his hand out. "Good night; thank you for a very charming evening."

"Good night," said Ophelia, tenderly.

"I should like a little memory of this meeting; will you give me that rose? I have been longing for it all the evening."

"Of course I will; why didn't you ask for it before?" and she took it from her dress and fastened it to his coat. "I shall see you again; there will be another dance here soon. How is it that I never saw you before at one?"

"This is my first dance here," he said gravely.

Why it was that Ophelia's eyes suddenly filled with tears he couldn't understand, but she left him with a quiet bow and went back to the dancing-room.

"You've been enjoying yourself, I see," said the doctor, as Grayton came to say good-by, "though I must say it was rather selfish of both of you."

"Selfish? Why, I did all I could for her, poor, dear girl!"

"Poor! why, my dear Lord Grayton, she has $6,000 a year of her own."

"Dear me! and what is done with it?"

"She does what she likes with it; she helps all the big charities, and she helps me and Copswood, in particular, and she generally does a lot of good to our poor people—picks up some one she takes a fancy to, and cheers him up a bit. She's one of my best tonics, and this is the first time I have noticed that she never danced once with a patient; that was your fault, you know."

"Good gracious! then she—isn't a—a—a patient herself?"

The doctor laughed till the tears rolled down his jolly face. "Bless my heart, no! That's Lady Mary Pettigrew, daughter of old Lord Polonius, and she's just one of the cleverest and sweetest girls in the world. I thought you knew her."

"Not I. She came over and spoke to me, and—"

"I see it all—took you for a patient! O, this is too lovely!" And the doctor was positively boisterous in his merriment.

Grayton bolted to the house, and having duly recorded his vote against the bill, sent up from the commons, for chloroforming grouse instead of shooting them, betook himself in a strange state of bewilderment to Lady Congleton's. His hostess welcomed him warmly, like the returned prodigal that he was, and insisted upon introducing him to some one in whom she seemed to have a special interest.

"Really, a delightful girl, Lord Grayton, quite after your own heart—devoted to art and philanthropy, you know."

Grayton was too full of thought to protest, so submitted meekly. What were girls to him just then? He was thinking over Copswood as his hostess took his arm and they set out on a pilgrimage.

"Ah, here she is! Lady Mary Pettigrew, Lord Grayton. I'm sure you two will get along capitally," and her ladyship was off, leaving Grayton staring vaguely at his fascinating lunatic.

Lady Mary could scarcely suppress a scream as she turned her head, and blushed as deep as the rose he still wore in his button-hole.

"How—how did you get out?" she asked, awkwardly.

"I was never in, Lady Mary; the fact is, I'm afraid there has been a little mistake on both sides. I only found out from the doctor as I left that you weren't a——"

She put her feathery fan up with a warning "Hush!" then said: "What brought you there?"

"Curiosity; and you?"

"I often go there and try to do some good. I cheer them sometimes, but to-night! O, how wrong and stupid of me!"

There was a little pause as he looked at her with his frank, kindly eyes.

"Let us forget and forgive, Lady Mary; after all, you were very good to poor Hamlet."

"And you were very nice and kind to foolish Ophelia. Listen! There's the 'Dream-Faces' again; let us see if we can dance it in our right minds," she said, as she rose with a nervous smile quivering in the corners of her lips.

And so it happened that in a month they both came to their right minds, and the doctor was at the wedding.

Greater than Niagara.

Writing to The Baltimore Sun from Sydney, N. S. W., a traveler says: "I have never seen anything in America that compared with Wentworth falls in the combination of both beauty and grandeur. At first the water leaps a distance of 700 feet, as though falling over the back of the seat of a great armchair cut out of the face of the mountain by some giant of nature. Falling in spray, it gathers itself for another run and leap, the second time falling over 800 feet into the great gorge below. The fall is so far and the foliage so dense at the foot that the eye fails to see the second gathering place of the clouds of spray glittering in the sunlight 1,500 feet below. The valley below the falls spreads out into a great amphitheatre fifty miles across, and hemmed in on every side but one with perpendicular walls of the mountain. No human foot has ever been known to tread this valley, as it cannot be reached from below, by reason of a second precipice over which the same stream falls, and to go down from above would be a perilous undertaking."

A Poet's Log Cabin.

[Washington Star.]

Work has been commenced on Mr. Joaquin Miller's log cabin, on the lot recently purchased by him on the brow of the hill at the head of Sixteenth street. The cabin will contain two apartments of convenient size. These will be lined with fur, and it is stated by the residents of the neighborhood that the poet of the Sierras intends to mount a stuffed bear upon a persimmon tree in front of his door. The cabin is very picturesquely situated among some fine oaks.

F. M. C.: Only man can be a fool. It distinguishes him from the higher animals.

THE MODERN STYLE.

[Lowell Citizen.]

Boxes of candy, light of the moon,
Kisses by starlight, desperate spoon;
Down on his knees to her, swearing their love,
Out to the opera, murmuring dove;
Beautiful hat bands (bought in a store)—
Sighs like a furnace, each other adore.
Penning of verses, sending of books;
Languishing glances; deep, pensive looks.
Hands clasping hands, eyes meeting eyes,
Souls mixed with souls, some tears and more sighs.
Eternal fidelity, the notice is read;
Seventeen bridesmaids, and then they are wed.

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HAY-FEVER Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It abays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.

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TO FARMERS.—It is important that the SODA or SALERATUS they use should be white and pure, in common with all similar substances used for food.

In making bread with yeast, it is well to use about half a teaspoonful of the "Arm and Hammer" BRAND SODA or Saleratus at the same time, and thus make the bread rise better and prevent it becoming sour by correcting the natural acidity of the yeast.

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KIDNEY-WORT

Spirit of Kansas

LAWRENCE, - - - KANSAS.

The Indications for the Missouri Valley are: Fair weather with northerly winds, becoming variable, and falling barometer; nearly stationary followed by rising temperature. The river will continue to rise slowly at Cincinnati and points below; the Tennessee, Cumberland and Arkansas rivers will also continue to rise; the Ohio river will probably fall at stations above Cincinnati on Saturday, and the flood will probably reach its maximum point at Cincinnati by Sunday morning.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PARNELL'S AMENDMENT.

London, February 8.—In accordance with a previous announcement, Parnell moved in the House of Commons to-day an amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's speech. The amendment severely condemns the policy of the Government of Ireland, asserting that it has failed to tranquilize the people; has wantonly prohibited public meetings and interfered with the freedom of speech, and has permitted the Magistrates to publicly applaud the conduct of Lord Rossmore, who had been superceded as Justice of the Peace, for disturbing the public order and inciting ill will and strife between the different classes of Ireland. The amendment further demands the immediate abandonment of the policy of stimulating State aided emigration of the Irish. In the course of his remarks, with which he accompanied his motion, Parnell asserted that the recent visit of Northcote to Ireland had been an exciting cause for civil disturbance. The Orange outrage was in his opinion a grave misfortune to the Conservatives. He denounced in strong terms the oratory on the Orange platform during the recent attempt to introduce the National League into Ulster.

TROOPS FOR EGYPT.

London, February 8.—Several Aldershot regiments have been ordered to prepare for foreign service, and more marines have been dispatched to Egypt.

A LANDLORD ARRESTED.

Vienna, February 8.—In the lodgings of Stelmacher, the assassin of Detective Bloch, dynamite bombs and seditious writings were discovered by the police. The landlord has been arrested.

ENGLAND'S COURSE.

London, February 8.—Papers have been laid before Parliament explaining the negotiations between England and the other neutral Powers concerning the course to be pursued should a war arise between France and China, which have twice formed a subject of inquiry on the part of France. Earl Granville, the Foreign Secretary of State, informed M. Waddington, the French Minister, at the Court of St. James last December, that the Powers having vessels in Chinese waters proposed to instruct their Commanders to unite in adopting measures to insure the protection of foreigners, and for a continuance of the friendly spirit towards France and China. M. Waddington said in reply that France would not exceed the programme already announced, by either interfering with the foreign trade treaty, or blockade the ports, unless forced to do so by actions of China.

Advices from Suakim announce that a siege has been proclaimed.

FROM TONQUIN.

Paris, February 8.—Official dispatches from Tonquin announce that the rebels in the provinces of Namdinh and Sontay have been dispersed with heavy losses. The rebel leader Dedore was wounded, and took refuge in Bacninh. Between four and five hundred rebels were slain. The gunboat Percival destroyed several nests of pirates at Savalow and Fort Ainson, killing and wounding many. An excellent feeling prevails at Hue. The King has appointed two delegates to assist Admiral Courbet in pacifying the country. Telegraphic communication between Hanoi and Paris will, it is thought, be completed by the 15th instant.

LONDON ITEMS.

London, February 8.—Advices from St. Paul de Leon, South Africa, dated January 15th, states that an attack had been made upon the whites by Muculla natives. During the fighting an explosion of gunpowder killed forty natives. The English and Portuguese gunboats landed marines.

In the case of Howard vs. Harris, in the Court of the Queen's Bench, it has been decided that when the manuscript of a play left with the manager is lost, there cannot be an action brought to recover damages unless a positive agreement has been made with the manager for the return.

MUST BE NATURALIZED.

St. Petersburg, February 8.—Foreigners employed upon the railways have been notified that they must be naturalized or be dismissed at the expiration of three months.

STRIKING WEAVERS.

London, February 8.—Fifteen thousand striking weavers at Blackburn, last night, marched through the streets toward the house of a manufacturer with the intention of hanging him in effigy before his residence. The crowd refusing to disperse, the police charged the procession, and during the melee several persons were injured. Affairs were beginning to assume a serious aspect when the police telegraphed to Manchester for assistance, which was sent, and order was restored.

A PROPOSITION.

Ottawa, February 8.—It is understood that the Government has received an offer from a syndicate of New York capitalists to take the Canadian Pacific Railway and complete it without further Government aid, and also agree to give up the monopoly privilege and pay the duty upon their material.

An Attachment Suit.

New York, February 8.—An attachment was granted in the Supreme Court against the Mexican National Construction Company in the suit brought by Guillam Kensens to recover $25,000 which he loaned to the company. The company refused to give him a certificate of his loan or to pay him the money.

Failures for the Week.

New York, February 8.—The business failures for the past week of the United States are 232; Canada, 46; total, 278, and for the previous week 373.

THE RAGING RIVERS.

IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY BY THE GREAT FLOODS.

Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville and Other Towns Suffering from the Inundation—The River Still Rising below Pittsburg—The Record of Yesterday's Destruction.

CINCINNATI.

Cincinnati, February 8, 9 a. m.—The river is sixty-two feet and four and one-half inches, a rise of four and one-half inches since 2 o'clock a. m. The weather is cloudy and cool, but the cold wave flag that was flying from the signal office yesterday morning has disappeared. The hopes of a freeze are dissipated, and no relief is expected now on that ground. The river at Portsmouth is sixty feet, and is rising fast. It is falling fast at the headwaters, but a further rise must come before it all runs out. Marietta and Parkersburg have been entirely cut off from all communication for two days. Portsmouth is the only up river point heard from so far.

Cincinnati, February 8.—The river is rising more rapidly than since 9 o'clock. At noon it was sixty-two feet and six and one-half inches, being a rise of two inches in the last two hours. No additional losses have been reported, and no loss of life on this side of the river. In Newport, Ky., early this morning, Wm. Buchert, a bugler of the United States troops at the Newport barracks, fell from a skiff while trying to reach the second story of the barracks building and was drowned. Mrs. Waddle, a widow living in Newport, has became a raving maniac on account of the flood. She is a poor woman with several children, living in the flooded districts. The neighbors took charge of her children and her, but being unable to see her children she imagined them drowned, and to-day she is hopelessly insane.

Cincinnati, February 8.—Friday has been one of axious suspense, and a constant speculation as to the continuance of the rise. The average during the day has been slightly over one-half inch an hour. The weather has been cloudy, with an occasional drizzling shower. All eyes were turned, of course, to up river points. The prospects now are encouraging, as a true fall is pronounced at Pittsburg, and an actual, though slow, fall at Wheeling. From thence downward no news can be had until Gallapolis is reached, which is about two hundred miles above Cincinnati. There is still no communication with Parkersburg and Marietta. The news from Zanesville, however, is that the Muskingum river is at an unprecedented height and still rising, which shows that the chance for a fall at Marietta is small, for the Muskingum enters the Ohio at that point. At Gallapolis at 1:30 p. m. the river had risen ten inches above the high water mark of last year and was still rising at the rate of about four inches an hour.

Specials to-night to the *Commercial-Gazette* show that at Hinton, W. Va., the river is seven feet and still rising, and that the weather is warm and raining. This is a branch of the Kanawha.

Rain is reported to-day at Charleston, W. Va., and the Kanawha is rising at that point. This gives another feeder to the Ohio at Point Pleasant. The rain at Hinton indicates that a general rain has fallen along the west side of the mountains. Chatanooga reports four inches of rain in the past thirty-six hours in Eastern Tennessee. At noon Cattlettsburg, Ky., reports a heavy rain, and says the storm is general. This makes the Big Sandy another feeder of the Ohio at that point. These facts indicate that the fall can not be very rapid, and at best the fall can not reach Cincinnati before Monday or Tuesday next. With the present rate that will bring the water above last year's flood. This estimate is based on the continuance of the present weather. The prospect of cold weather has gone, and there is greater probability of more rain.

The *Commercial-Gazette's* Ironton, O., special says: At 6 p. m. the river was rising at the rate of two inches an hour. The entire west part of the town is under water.

The *News-Journal's* Batavia, O., special says: New Richmond is cut off from all communication except by boats. The town hall is the only building not affected. In most villages along the Ohio river the people have left their houses and gone to high land. Great destitution is reported at various places.

The *Commercial-Gazette's* Maysville, Ky., special says: The river has risen four feet in the last twenty-four hours and is still rising at the rate of two inches an hour. At 6 p. m. it was within a foot of last year's flood.

Cincinnati, February 8.—A *Commercial-Gazette* special from Cattletsburg, Kentucky, says the situation is deplorable. Only one hotel and one grocery are open. Three hotels and thirty or more business houses are closed by the flood. The people are occupying the court house and school houses. The river is rising three inches per hour.

Ripley, Ohio, February 8.—The loss will be fully equal to last year. Many houses are swept from their foundations and 200 families are homeless. The river is rising an inch and a half per hour. To-night a relief committee will be organized and the citizens are taking care of the unfortunates.

Cincinnati, February 8.—The river at 6 p. m. was 62 feet 10½ inches, at 9 o'clock it was 63 feet, having risen half an inch an hour, and at 10 o'clock it had risen a quarter of an inch.

Relief work continues promptly, and large subscriptions are being made daily on change. A large vacant store room on Fourth and Race streets was used as headquarters, but supplies were distributed systematically through the various branch depots located near the submerged district. To-day 1,000 hams, 3,000 pounds of corned beef, cooked, and 6,000 loaves of bread was distributed, besides free meats given at the market house to all who applied. Two thousand people are sleeping to-night in the school houses. Relief boats, ten in number, under the control of the Associated Charities, ply through the flooded districts and distribute food and bedding wherever needed. The militia is on duty to-night, assisting the police. The gas is still burning, but it is not expected that it will continue till morning.

PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, February 8.—The rivers are again within their banks and steadily receding. The streets of both cities are almost entirely clear of water, and the people in the submerged districts are busy to-day in cleaning houses and streets of the mud and debris left behind. With the decreasing perils from water come the lurking dangers from weakened foundations which may overthrow the buildings, and from the streets and pavements caving where they have been undermined. Several small cavings have occurred in different portions of the city, but no accidents have yet been reported. Travel by street cars was resumed this morning between all sections of Allegheny, Pittsburg and the south side. The railroads are also getting into shape, and before many hours all the roads, it is thought, will be running trains as usual. Relief committees are hard at work distributing food and fuel to the needy. Liberal donations of money, food, clothing and fuel continues pouring in from citizens, and no outside aid will be necessary. Many families are still quartered in public halls, and it will be several days before houses will be in fit condition for their return home.

LOUISVILLE.

Louisville, February 8.—The flood situation has not materially changed since yesterday. The river continued rising slowly until 11 o'clock this morning, when it came to a standstill. There is but little suffering here, and that was promptly relieved by the Relief Committee. The water is within five feet of the highest point last year. The weather is colder and it has not rained here since midnight.

Louisville, Ky., February 8, 10:15 p. m.—The feeling here all day has been one of relief, as it is thought that the flood can do no further damage. The outlook, however, is not so favorable as it was at noon. Since then the weather has been moderating, and to-night it is raining slightly. The river came to a stand about noon, but it has been raising since then at the rate of one-fourth of an inch an hour. At 10 o'clock to-night the canal gauge registered forty feet and two inches.

The indications are that the water won't rise much more. The worst situation is at Jeffersonville. The town has not suffered much as yet, but a small rise will flood the entire town. There are some fears that the railroad fill will give way, which, if it should happen, will inundate the town. A *Courier-Journal's* Frankfort special says the river at that point is falling, and all danger there is passed.

TOLEDO.

Toledo, February 8.—Advices from up-river points to-day report the water about up to the flood mark of last year, but no general breakup of the ice. At this city the water is three feet above the ordinary stage, and stationary. Large tugs are employed in breaking the ice from the city and up and down the river to facilitate the flow lake-ward and to prevent a gorge when the final break occurs. There seems to be no immediate danger, and thus far no danger to bridges and other property at this point. The usual destruction of small bridges, barns and farm property upon the submerged low lands up the river are reported. The weather is mild.

MEMPHIS.

Memphis, Tenn., February 8.—At noon to-day the river was five feet and six inches below the danger line, and rising at the rate of one inch an nour. From the present outlook unless the Tennessee and Missouri rivers commence rising and add to the floods now pouring out of the Ohio and Cumberland rivers the Mississippi valley will not be subjected to a disastrous overflow. It is thought that the danger line here will be reached by Wednesday. Warning has been sent to the farmers below here to remove their stock to places of safety. It has been raining steadily since last night, which increases the apprehension of disaster, and preparations for the worst are being made. The river lacks seven feet and eight inches of being as nigh as it was in 1882, when all the country between Cairo and New Orleans not protected by levees was inundated.

WHEELING.

Wheeling, February 8.—The Wheeling, Baltimore & Ohio engine shops were carried away.

The Main Street bridge over Jonathan's run, north of Wheeling caved in this afternoon, and a boy sank with it but was saved.

Two unknown men upset at the head of the island from a skiff and clung to willows for two hours with the crowd watching but unable to save them.

Wheeling is in danger of a famine, as nearly all the bakeries and main groceries are beneath water, and the milk supply is cut off. Meat of any kinds except salt meat is almost impossible to procure and the stock of provisions is rapidly growing exhausted, with no prospect of replenishing it. The situation is hourly growing more grave and many appeals are received from the invaded parts of the surrounding country for provisions. There is nothing in the report that the Island bridge is gone. No lives known to be lost.

Wheeling, W. Va., February 8.—The water has fallen to forty-eight feet, and is now going down rapidly. The distress and suffering caused by the flood, however, is hourly growing worse. With all the volunteers who can be employed the relief committees are not able to give relief to the homeless and destitute as fast as needed. Five immense slides cover nearly a mile of the Baltimore & Ohio road between here and Moundsville, and it will be a week after the water goes down before trains can reach that city. Other roads are probably as seriously injured, though no definite reports have yet been received.

Three large tanneries were washed away here. Loss, each $50,000, and other tanneries will lose nearly as much by inundation.

Thieves have been detected chopping holes in the roofs of submerged houses and stealing the contents. Mayor Sweeney swore in 100 extra police who will patrol the flooded portions of the city all night.

At the present rate of falling, the water will be below the danger line by daylight. At ten o'clock this evening the water was at a total of seven feet higher than ever before.

COSHOCTON.

Coshocton, Ohio, February 8.—The flood reached its highest point at midnight, being twelve inches higher than was ever known. The water is now slowly receeding. The Pan Handle lock embankment broke at Morgan Run, fourteen miles east of Franklin, and five miles west of here, last night and the track between Dresden Junction and Adams is entirely submerged. There has been no trains from the east since Wednesday. While crossing a swollen creek near Otesgo, a lady whose name is unknown, missed her footing and was drowned. The three Nelson brothers, while out boating, were struck by driftwood and all three drowned. They were all under twenty years of age.

LITTLE ROCK.

Little Rock, February 8.—The Arkansas river has risen thirty-two inches since yesterday's report, but no damage has been reported anywhere from Fort Smith to the mouth. A light rain has been falling all forenoon but slacked up slightly this afternoon.

Evansville, Ind., February 8.—We have had another gloomy, drizzling day, and is still raining but warm. The river rose one foot in twenty-four hours, and is now forty-four feet and one inch on the guage. The thermometer stands at from 44 to 52; barometer, 29. The Rain-Bow arrived at 5 p. m. The Ariadine departed for Cincinnati, Dexter and Paducah at 4 p. m. The boats all came loaded with people, stock and corn saved from the flood. The situation is still critical but the people are still hopeful.

STEUBENVILLE.

Steubenville, O., February 8.—The river reached its highest point, forty-nine feet, at 3 p. m. yesterday, which is two feet higher that it was in 1842. Since then it has receded eighteen inches, and is still falling. The loss to private property here is about $150,000. The railroad loss is incalculable. The river division of the C. & P. road is all under water, and there is a bad break in the Pan Handle west of here. No lives have been lost in this vicinity.

A DOUBLE MURDER.

A Farmer and Wife Near Frankfort, Kansas, the Victims.

Kansas City, February 8.—The *Times* has a brief special from Frankfort, in the northeastern part of Kansas, stating that a horrible double murder was disclosed there to-day. John Pennington, a farmer living six miles west of Frankfort in a sparsely settled district, came to town last Tuesday morning with a load of hogs. He returned home that night, but was not seen again until to-day, when the lifeless bodies of him and his wife were found on the premises. A hired man in Pennington's employ is missing, together with a horse and saddle. The neighborhood is greatly excited, and detectives have been sent for to work up the case.

Atchison, Kas., February 8.—A special to the *Champion* from Frankfort, a town on the Central Branch Railway, about sixty miles west of this city, says that John Pennington and his wife were found murdered on their farm, five miles from that place, this afternoon. It is supposed they have been dead since yesterday morning. When found Pennington was lying on the floor of his barn, shot through the head, and his wife was lying near the door of the barn, in the corral, with her head mangled as if it had been crushed by some heavy instrument, probably a spade.

Pennington sold some hogs on Tuesday and was supposed to have considerable money about him. One of his horses and a saddle are missing. He had recently hired a stranger to work for him, who is suspected of the murder, as he is not to be found. Great excitement prevails, and it is thought the murderer will be lynched if caught.

Retirement of Gen. Sherman.

Washington, February 8.—The President to-day issued the following order announcing the retirement of Gen. Sherman:

"Gen. W. T. Sherman, General of the army, having this day reached the age of sixty-four years, is, in accordance with the law, placed upon the retired list of the army without restriction of pay and allowances. The announcement of the severance from the command of the army of one who has been so many years its distinguished chief can but awaken in the minds not only of the army, but of the people of the United States, a mingled emotion of regret and gratitude; regret at the withdrawal from active military service of an officer whose lofty sense of duty has been a model for all soldiers since he first entered the army in January, 1840, and gratitude, freshly awakened, for the services of incalculable value rendered by him in the war for the Union, which his great military genius and daring did so much to end.

"The President deems this a fit occasion to give expression in this manner to the gratitude felt toward Gen. Sherman by his fellow citizens, and to hope that Providence will grant him many years of health and happiness in relief from the active duties of his profession.

[Signed] "CHESTER A. ARTHUR."

Call for a Committee Meeting.

Atchison, February 8.—The following call was issued to-day for a meeting of the Republican Congressional Committee of the First District, viz:

As there has been no meeting or organization of the Olathe Committee for the First Congressional District, the undersigned, members thereof, have, after consultation, deemed it proper to issue a call for a meeting of the committee, to be held at the *Champion* office, Atchison, on Wednesday, February 20, at 8 o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of effecting an organization of the committee and arranging for the election of delegates to the Chicago National Convention. The members of the committee are as follows: Charles H. Krebs, Atchison county; John Schilling, Brown county; W. H. Wilson, Jackson county; James L. McDowell, Jefferson couhty; A. Caldwell, Leavenworth county; A. W. Williams, Nemaha county; L. B. Smith, Pottawatomie county, and C. Leland, Jr., Doniphan county. A full attendance is respectfully requested.

[Signed] CHAS. H. KREBS,
C. LELAND, JR.

A Grand Military Ball.

Chicago, February 8.—Very elaborate preparations are making here for a military ball in this city, next Tuesday night, under the auspices of the First Regiment of Cavalry of Chicago. Invitations have been extended to the officers of the regular army at all the Western and a number of the Eastern posts, as well as to the Governers of adjoining States and their staffs, and a large number of acceptances have been received. The affair is in charge of a number of recognized society leaders, and the responses indicate a great attendance. A party of personal friends of Gen. Sherman at St. Louis have signified their intention to be present, and, health permitting, it is expected that Gen. Sherman himself will attend. The arsenal band of St. Louis has been engaged for the occasion.

Murder and Suicide.

New Orleans, February 8.—James Graham shot and killed his wife and then cut his own throat. It is believed he was suffering from mental indisposition from drink.

CONGRESSIONAL MUSIC.

YESTERDAY'S PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Discussion Over the Shipping Bill in the Senate—The Greely Relief Expedition Bill—The House Rules Adopted—Mr. Wells' Educational Bill, Etc.

Senate.

Washington, D. C., February 8.—Senator Riddleberger offered a resolution providing for a committee from both houses, consisting of three Senators and five members of the House, to inquire into and report the causes of all the removals of subordinate officers made by the Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, the Clerk, Sergeant-at-Arms, Doorkeeper and Postmaster of the House. The resolution further directs that the committee report how many disabled and other soldiers have been removed, and the State to which they and all other discharged and appointed persons belong, also whether the civil service act applies to Congressional appointments.

Senator Frye reported the new shipping bill agreed upon by the Committee on Commerce, entitled, a bill to remove certain burdens from the American merchant marine and encourage the foreign carrying trade. Frye, in his explanation of the bill and in his concluding remarks, said he hoped the bill would receive careful consideration. It would enable America to take steps in advance of anything done for the shipping interests in the past two years. He hoped the barnacles placed on these important interests by our own laws, would be removed and something done to enable us to recover our supremacy of the ocean.

Senator Vest, in behalf of the minority of the committee from which the bill was reported, said that although they acquiesced in the bill as reported, they did not believe it touched the main difficulty which struck down our commerce. Other countries permit their citizens to buy ships wherever they can buy them cheapest. Was it reserved for the United States to go back to barbarism—to the restriction days of Oliver Cromwell—and say to her people that they should not buy ships in the lowest market? This and the tariff system of the United States are the fundamental causes for the decline in American shipping.

Senator Vest submitted an amendment providing for free ships and free material, to the bill as reported. Placed on the calendar.

Bills introduced and referred:

By Hill, providing for the readjustment of compensatian for the transportation of mails on railroad routes.

Hale called up the conference report on the Greely relief expedition, but the chair announced that the bill, from a point of view in parliamentary laws was in the possession of the House of Representatives, and no motion or remarks could be made relating to it except by unanimous consent. Hale asked the unanimous consent, owing to the emergency, to take the bill up.

Senator Ingalls remarked that much had been said about the emergency, when in fact no expedition could leave before May. He severely criticised the conduct of the Secretary of the Navy in "impertinently attempting to interfere with the legislation of Congress by sending communications to the members of one house on the subject of legislation while that subject was under consideration by the other house, with a view to preventing an agreement between the two houses."

Senator Hale defended the Secretary of the Navy, claiming that what he had done was not impertinent, but entirely proper.

Senator Ingalls referred to reports that he had read in public print to the effect that already, and before any bill on this subject had been passed by Congress, a ship had been bought by the Secretary of the Navy for this purpose.

Senator Hale said the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy were together recognizing the urgency of the situation, and had, on their own personal responsibility, arranged for the purchase of a ship, and if the Government did not want it, there was no obligation upon it to take the ship. The point of parliamentary law was gotten over by a suggestion of the Chair that the Secretary of the Senate take a communication to the House showing the condition of the bill. The matter was then dropped, and the Senate took up the Mexican land grant titles bill, and then adjourned until Monday.

House.

Washington, February 8.—Belmont offered a resolution directing the committee on judiciary matters to enquire and report whether Congress has power to regulate commerce between the United States and foreign nations by imposition, in the form of Federal Inspection laws, of any prohibition, hinderance, burden or tax on American pork destined for exportation from any State. Referred.

On the motion of Mr. Davis, of Illinois, a joint resolution was passed authorizing the Secretary of War to furnish tents for the Fifth Annual Reunion of Soldiers and Sailors of the Northwest at Chicago in August, 1884.

Mr. Finerty offered the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, The death of Wendell Phillips has deprived America of an orator worthy of rank with her greatest, from Patrick Henry, of Virginia, to Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; and

WHEREAS, As his life was an incessant and unselfish struggle for the liberty of mankind, irrespective of race, creed, country or condition, be it

Resolved, By the House of Representatives that it laments the death of Wendell Phillips as a National bereavement which at once deprives the American rostrum of a superb intellect, and human freedom of a devoted friend.

Mr. Eaton objected.

Mr. Boyne introduced a bill repealing all international taxes on domestic tobacco. Referred.

Mr. Randall submitted the conference report on the Greely relief bill, announcing further disagreements. The report was agreed to.

Mr. Turner of Georgia, chairman of the Committee on Elections, reported a resolution on the Mississippi election cases of Chalmers *vs.* Manning, discharging the committee from further consideration of the *prima facia* case, and awarding the seat to neither contestant. Ordered printed.

Mr. Leroy, from the same committee, reported a resolution in the Virginia contested election case of Garrison *vs.* Mayo, declaring that Mayo has the *prima facia* right to the seat, and securing him in his right pending the trial of the case on its merits. Ordered printed.

The House then proceeded to the consideration of the report of the Committee on Rules. Mr. Cox of New York offered his amendment creating a select Committee on the Tenth Census, pending when the House adjourned yesterday. Agreed to, 130 to 90.

The rule regulating admission to the floor was amended by excluding ex-Senators from that privilege, by a vote of 119 to 113.

The amendment offered by Mr. Reed, fixing the order of business, was discussed one hour, the debate running principally in the direction of pointing out the utter impracticability of having any public business done in the House except the passage of appropriation bills.

Mr. Randall, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported the Naval Appropriation Bill and gave notice that it will be called up next Tuesday.

Mr. Randall, in closing the debate on the rules, recognized the impossibility of Congress transacting more than a very small percentage of the business before it. In the Thirty-eighth Congress the whole number of bills introduced was less than 10,000. He opposed the amendment because it would tear down every restraint between extravagance and economy. He suggested that the remedy was not to be found in the rules, but in such legislation as would provide tribunals for private claims and for persons.

Reed's amendment was lost; yeas 126, nays 137.

Mr. Herbert moved to recommit the resolution with instructions to report it back with an additional rule, providing that when the House is proceeding to the business on the House calendar, or on the committee of the whole, it shall be in order for one member, under the direction from the committee, to make a motion to some particular bill. Lost, yeas 113, nays 131.

The report of the Committee on rules was then adopted.

Mr. Davidson offered a resolution to request the President to prevent the delivery of Senor Carlos Aguero, now in prison at Key West and held for extradition, on demand of the Government of Spain, until it shall be ascertained that the charges against him are true, and that he is not held for political offenses.

Mr. Wells introduced a bill providing for the support of common shools. Referred. It provides for an annual appropriation of from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 for the next ten years, the appropriation to be reduced $1,000,000 each succeeding year.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Cobb in the chair, on the private calendar. The first bill on the calendar was one to provide for the muster and pay of certain officers and enlisted men of the volunteer forces. It authorizes the Secretary of War to correct muster rolls of volunteer forces so that the muster of officers and enlisted men shall cover the whole period during which they regularly commissioned and actually performed the duties to which so commissioned, or were prevented from performing their duties by reason of wounds received, etc.

After a short debate, the committee rose and the bill passed.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Hopkins, Ward, Adams (Md.), Poland and Wilson (Ia.) as a committee to investigate the charges against H. V. Boynton, the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*.

Mr. Goff introduced a joint resolution appropriating $100,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the overflow of the Ohio river and its tributaries. Referred.

Adjourned until Monday.

OPPOSED TO THE SCHEME.

A Letter From Senator Sherman on a Proposed Reciprocity Treaty.

Cleveland, February 8.—Senator Sherman has written a letter to the *Iron Trade Review* upon the movement originating here and culminating in the organization in New York of an association of capitalists to secure reciprocity with Canada in the matter of a reduction in the duty on coal and iron ore. He says: "The subject of a treaty of reciprocity with Canada in respect to coal and iron ore has not been brought to my attention, but my first view is entirely against such a treaty. We have plenty of coal and iron ore in this country now protected by a comparatively low rate of duty, and I see no reason to disturb it. Indeed, the whole protective system is now in more danger from its friends than its enemies. The manufacturing interests are beginning to regard coal, iron ore, pig iron, wool and other articles of domestic production, as raw articles not to be protected by duty. If this new doctrine should get a foothold it would destroy the whole protective policy of the Government. The rule of protection must extend to all labor alike—to the labor of the farmer in producing wool and to the labor of the miner in digging coal, and if it is denied to the farmer and miner, it cannot be justly maintained in favor of manufacturers. It is labor that is to be protected, and not capital. It is indeed more important to develop the natural resources of the country in the production, mining and manufacture of such articles as wool, iron and coal, than to protect the higher forms of production where cheap labor is indispensible."

Failed.

St. Paul, Ninn., February 8.—Pitkington & Co., proprietors of the St. Paul Agricultural warehouse, made an assignment yesterday. Liabilities, $75,000; assets estimated at fully $85,000.

Chicago, February 8.—Augustus Ball, a partner in the firm of F. E. Gager & Co., cracker dealers, assigned to-day. Liabilities, $68,000; assets $62,000.

New York, February 8.—The Perrin & Co. Woolen Firm have assigned. Liabilities, $115,000, and the actual assets are $22,000.

Stopped Taking Freight.

St. Louis, February 8.—The Iron Mountain Railroad has stopped taking freight for points southeast of Cairo and Belmont, on account of the floods. The tracks of the Texas & St. Louis narrow gauge are now only two feet above the water, and probably before evening this road will also stop receiving freight.

Receiver Appointed.

St. Louis, February 8.—Judge Treat of the United States Court appointed Erwin C. Case receiver of the St. Louis, Hannibal & Keokuk Railroad. He was required to give bonds in the sum of $100,000, J. I. Blair of Blairtown, N. J., going his security.

McPherson county has two Presidential postoffices.

KANSAS NEWS.

Winfield celebrated Kansas Day.

Blue Rapids boys play cards on Sunday.

Burlington has twenty-eight telephones.

Hartford, in Lyon county, wants to incorporate.

Attempts at incendiary fires continue at Oskaloosa.

There is considerable diphtheria in Norton county.

In Jewell county they dig cellars with blasting powder.

Prairie fires have made much trouble in Barber county.

One merchant in Stockton has been burning butter for fuel.

Chanute now has a daily mail over the Girard Branch road.

Wild geese are numerous in the wheat fields of Jefferson county.

The Neosho Falls Fair Aassociation will hold a three days' fair.

Three mad dogs were killed in Kingman in one week, recently.

S. S. Mountz of Belle Plaine, recently caught a prairie dog in his cellar.

M. Christopher's house in Tisdale, Cowley county, was recently destroyed by fire.

Mayor Burnes, of Atchison, vetoed the "soda water and other drinks" license ordinance.

Burglars blew open a safe in Mound Valley, Labette county, and obtained twenty dollars.

Benton and Center townships, in Jefferson county, are reported to be overrun with rabid dogs.

The town of Cheney when only ninety days old sprouted five candidates for justices of the Peace.

Fredonia *Times:* George Spencer had two horses stolen last Sunday night from the Methodist church.

Waterville *Telegraph:* A wild cat was killed on the Blue about four miles north of Marysville recently.

Thos Keith of Shawnee township, Cherokee county, dropped dead from heart disease, recently.

One of the victims of the Crested Butte disaster was W. L. Jones, a son of Oliver Jones, of Norton, Kansas.

J. O. Givens, who was married recently, accidentally shot and killed himself while out hunting, near Grantville.

Delphos *Carrier:* Five cars of cattle, nine of corn and two of hogs were shipped from this station Monday night.

Concordia *Empire:* A seven-year-old son of Henry Beaver, in Center township, was killed by being run over by a wagon.

Douglass *Tribune:* Mr. Nulls, four miles down the Walnut has discovered several bee trees in his timber full of wild bees and honey.

The house of John Stratton, a farmer living three miles from Williamstown, Jefferson county, was entered and robbed of $257, recently.

Kingman *Citizen:* Diphtheria is raging on the north side of the Ninnescah. Mr. DeMott has lost two children from the disease, and two others are seriously ill.

Geo. Wecke, employed in a Leavenworth brewery was terribly burned by lighted varnish, recently. He overturned a lamp while cleaning a varnish tank.

Milbrook *Times:* All the townships in Graham county are about out of debt, and some of them are considerably ahead, Graham taking the lead with $150 in the treasury.

5 D. B. Green of Cheney, Kingman county recently set the prairie grass on fire accidently and several stacks of hay were consumed. He offers to pay all damages.

LaCrosse *Chieftain:* Mr. C. Benbow, of Hampton, passed through town this morning on his way to Larned with a fine load of broomcorn. He has forty bales for market.

After the men employed on the B. & M. R. R. in Washington county were paid off, they visited Hanover, took possession of the town and run the saloons. One man was fatally wounded.

The citizens of LaCrosse have requested Congressman Peters to secure from the General Government, if possible, an appropriation of $100,000 for the Artesian well company in Rush county.

E. A. Powers, President of the Powers bank of Ellsworth, and a prominent cattle dealer of Ellsworth county, died in St. Louis, where he had been taken a few weeks ago for medical treatment.

Council Grove *Republican:* The election for the voting of bonds to the Ottawa, Osage City & Council Grove road, on Tuesday, was all one sided. Only twelve votes were cast against the proposition.

Robb Bro.'s store and the postoffice in Galva, McPherson county, have been destroyed by fire. A roll of stamps in the safe was rescued, but so badly damaged as to be unfit for use. Loss, $7,000. Insurance, $5,000.

Junction City *Union:* A young man about eighteen years old, named Henry Parker was bound over last week by Justice White, in the sum of $300, for forging the name of B. Gemney to a store order. His folks live near Moss Springs.

Hiawatha *World:* As Chas. Green, of Powhattan township, was coming from Netawaka, and when about one mile north, he saw a deer. It jumped and fell over a fence. Mr. Green's shepherd dog held it till he came up and killed it. It was two years old and weighed 200 pounds.

Greenleaf *Journal:* Harvy Knight, the Kimeo chief, was an unexpected caller last Monday. Harvy has staid away from town for so long that we had come to the conclusion he was off on the war path; but he assures us that his tribe is at peace with the whites, and everything is lovely at Ki-me-o.

McPherson *Freeman:* Dr. I. O. Day amputated nine toes for J. Callender this week. Mr. Calender had his feet frozen while coming from Topeka. He had been robbed of his money and the conductor put him off the train between stations. The unfortunate man is a resident of the western part of the county.

McCune *Times:* Wednesday of last week, an old colored woman, Nestfield by name, came to a sudden death in the Island neighborhood. She had been at John Garfield's house, and sometime in the afternoon started home. The next morning the school children found her lying in the road, dead. It is not known whether she dropped dead or succumbed to the extreme cold.

Florence *Herald:* The deputy sheriff of Butler county passed through Florence Wednesday evening with four prisoners, en route for the penitentiary at Leavenworth. After their arrival here the officer received a telegram from ElDorado stating that a company of cowboys were on their way to this place for the purpose of liberating the prisoners. This message occasioned some little excitement for a few hours, but it proved to be groundless, as the officer took the east-bound train at 9:35 with his criminal proteges without molestation or hindrance.

Louisville *Republican:* Nicholes Welter, of Pleasant Run, went to Manhattan last Friday, and on coming home Saturday drank some whisky that he had brought with him. During the night he drank more, and about three o'clock Mrs. W. awoke and noticed that he was very sick. When he found that he would probably die, he told the family to take a vial from his pocket and throw it in the fire. He died Sunday. No inquest was held, but a small portion of hydrochloral was found in his pocket. Mr. Welter was one of the old settlers, and was quite well fixed and respected by all who knew him.

Oskaloosa *Independemt*, Perry item: On last Sunday evening, one week ago, Wm. Terrell and son, of Lynn county, Mo., arrived here. The former is a son of Father Josiah Terrell, of this place. During 24 years they knew nothing of each other's whereabouts, and you may rest assured that the meeting was an effecting scene. Father T. had forgotten the age of himself and several of his children, the old family bible having been given to this son William forty years ago. This Bible shows that Josiah Terrell was born Aug, 23, 1784, A. D., making him a round one hundred next Aug. Father T. had his third wife and this son William is the fourth child by his first wife and is 65. Old man Terrell is probably the oldest man in the west, and as he is yet able to go about in good weather, may live several years yet.

STOCK SQUIBS.

Points and Items About Kansas Stock.

There are 5,000 sheep in Avon township, Coffey county.

A feeder in Jewell county has ascertained by weighing a two-year-old steer that he gained 115 pounds in just one month.

In three years a man in Ness county, who started with nothing, has accumulated 130 head of cows and seventeen horses.

Onaga *Journal:* Robert Taylor shipped eight cars of cattle to Kansas City Monday, from Clark's feed lot. They averaged 1,230.

Sterling *Gazette:* Dick Woonacott sold eight head of three-year old steers last week, the average weight of each being 1,410 pounds.

Humboldt *Union:* Last Sunday morning Mr. Barrickman and others shipped to St. Louis over the Mo. Pacific road, $22,500 worth of cattle.

Ft. Scott *Monitor:* Hargrave & Hamilton shipped two car loads of cattle yesterday which averaged 1,400 pounds each. They purchased them from Mr. J. P. Rousey; of Memphis.

Sterling *Gazette:* W. Q. Elliott shipped to Kansas City last week thirty head of three-year old corn fed (Durham grade) steers, the average weight of each being 1,524 pounds.

Hanover *Democrat:* Bond, Guldin & Evans, of the Spring Garden Mills, sold Monday, to a party from Sabetha, 180 head of fat cattle. This is one of the largest sales made for some time.

Miltonvale *News:* T. C. Bond shipped six car loads of cattle and one of hogs from this place last Monday morning. Five car loads of the cattle were his own and were very fine specimens. They were shipped on an extra train.

Pleasanton *Observer:* G. T. Kenison of Prescott arrived home from Illinois last Saturday night with some valuable additions to his herd of fine horses. He now has ten of the finest stallions and mares in Eastern Kansas. He values his herd at $12,000.

Cowboy: Messrs. Borton and Bill are about to purchase a thoroughbred Hereford bull, which will be used for the exclusive service of about twenty-five of the best cows in their herd. The Hereford blood is taking the lead in Texas.

Cowboy: Alex McCloud, on the Pawnee, has lost recently over a dozen head of calves, from a disease of the mouth. The underjaw is said to rot away. Seventeen calves in the herd of Capt. John Glaspie have also died recently, whether from the same disease or not, we are not informed.

Osage City *Free Press:* John Ullery, of 110 creek, three miles south of Carbondale, shipped a carload of steers to Kansas City week before last which averaged in weight 1551 pounds, and sold for $6.30 per cwt., which is, according to the K. C. *Indicator* the highest price paid in a long time. He will ship another carload in about a week.

Winfield *Courier:* Mr. S. Nawman, of Pleasant Valley township, marketed last Friday thirteen hogs, the gross weight being 5,850 pounds, or an average of 540 pounds each, three of the same lot averaging 643½ pounds. Mr. Gilleland was the purchaser, at $5.90 per cwt., being the highest price paid this season. These thirteen hogs netted Mr. Nawman $320.88, being $24 68 per head.

Lincoln Center *Register:* N. S. Bryant showed us his premium Clydesdale Friday evening. He is seven years old, ten hands three inches high, and weighs at present 1,775 pounds. He is well built and has good action, and is one of the finest bred horses in the United States. His sire is the finest horse in all Europe and draws a royalty of $10,000 from the English government, annually. It will pay a lover of good horses to look the animal over.

Cowboy: The cattle in this neighborhood (Ness county) will go through the winter in better condition than many anticipated early in the season. There have been no losses thus far from rigorous weather or lack of feed on the range. The grass is unusually poor, but still there is enough substance in it to afford sustenance to stock. Range cattle which are subsisting wholly upon the grass on the plains, are in better condition than cattle in the eastern portion of the State that have been fed. The merits of the buffalo grass are astonishing.

KANSAS CHURCHES.

Items of all Kinds Concerning Them.

A Christian church is to be established at Wichita.

The revival meetings at Sedgwick resulted in fifteen conversions.

Sabetha *Hearld:* The meetings at the M. E. church are still in progress. Three conversions so far.

Blue Mound *Sun:* Protracted meeting is still in progress, at this writing, (Tuesday) four persons have professed conversion.

The Christian church at Topeka has had forty-four accessions during the past month. A new house of worship is to be erected soon.

Abilene *Chronicle:* There is some prospect that the Disciples will sell their church building to the Colored Methodists, and build a handsome new church.

Arkansas City *Democrat:* The free Methodist people have about one thousand dollars already subscribed for the erection of their new church building. It is to be 40x60.

Iola *Courant:* The meeting at Montevale under the auspices of Rev. York, still continues with great and good results. At present there are reported over thirty conversions and twenty additions to the church.

Topeka *Commonwealth:* The United Presbyterians have decided to rebuild and enlarge their present church building, on the corner of Eighth and Topeka avenues. This society is making substantial growth and needs more room, all of which is encouraging.

GRAND ARMY GLEANINGS.

Particulars Pertaining to the Posts.

A post of the Sons of Veterans is to be established in Salina.

A camp of Sons of Veterans has been organized at Peabody.

A Woman's Relief Corps was organized at Seneca Feb. 1st.

Lincoln Post No. 1, of Topeka, is taking steps to relieve needy comrades.

Henry Hopkins Post No. 301 has been organized at Stafford, Stafford county.

The Post at Sedgwick City will produce "The German Volunteer" at an early date.

Members of Lincoln Post No. 1 subscribed $331.20 to the relief fund at a recent meeting.

The G. A. R. Post at Mankato will give a masked parade, festival and ball, on 7th of next month.

A new Post, named after the lamented Garfield, has been organized at Cove school house, Ellsworth county.

Sabetha *Herald:* Nemaha county has six G. A. R. Posts and three Armories that are second to none in the State.

Holton *Signal:* The G. A. R. Post of this city has determined to hold a grand camp fire in the not far-distant future.

Montgomery Post, at Mound City, hold a camp fire to be followed by a ball on Feb. 22d. The object is to raise a charity fund.

Hays City *Star-Sentinel:* Our G. A. R. boys seem determined to have the best hall and furniture on the line of this road. The Post is officered by enterprising men, and will come near accomplishing their undertakings.

C. C. Whitson, was recently elected Post Commander of John W. Geary Post No. 15, Cottonwood Falls, for the third year. The membership of the Post is 77. The Post has a Relief Committee consist- of two from each township in the county.

Sabetha Post No. 175, G. A. R., held its first public installation in their Armory recently. Adjt. Gen. Devendorf, of Topeka, assisted by N. H. Martin, conducted the installation cermonies, after which those present partook of the free supper of pork, beans, and coffee.

During the past year the order has increased in Kansas from 147 Posts and 6,633 members to 301 Posts and nearly 18,000 members. The snug sum of $4,300 has been expended for charity; many of the Posts are fully uniformed, and sixteen Woman's Relief Corps have been established.

At a regular meeting of B. F. Larned Post No. 8, held Feb. 4th, strong resolutions were passed condemnatory of the passage by the House of Representatives of the Fitz John Porter bill, with instructions that copies be forwarded to each member of the delegation; also that a copy be forwarded to Department Commander to be read at the State Encampment.

McCaslin Post No. 117 of Paola has 270 members, of whom one was from California, four from Colorado, Seventy-two from Illinois, twenty-four from Indiana, twenty-one from Iowa, forty-nine from Kansas, one from Kentucky, two from Massachusetts, one from Maine, five from Michigan, nine from Missouri, two from New Jersey, four from New York, forty-four from Ohio, fourteen from Pennsylvania, five from West Virginia, three from Wisconsin, two belonged to the U. S. Service and six are classed as miscellaneous.

A Perilous Leap.

London Times.

Yesterday, as the Great Western 12:35 train from Chester to London was passing Gresford station, which it runs through at a great speed, the officials were horrified to see a lady jump from one of the carriages on to the platform. She fell with a loud crash, and those who witnessed the fearful leap expected to find her dead. However, it was found that she had only sustained a serious shake and cuts about her hands and face. She gave the name of Miss Walton, of Leamington, and had a ticket from Abergele to Leamington by London and Northwestern railway. It is supposed that on finding that she was travelling by Great Western route she attempted to leave the train in the manner stated. She was sufficiently recovered to leave for her destination later in the day, in company with two other ladies.

The remains of De Long and party left Hamburg for America Feb. 6th.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Hints That Will be Found Useful to the Farmer and His Family.

Rub corn meal over very greasy plates and give it to the chickens. This is a help alike to the chickens and to the dish-washers.

To beat the whites of eggs quickly, put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them.

Apple Shortcake: Make the cake of biscuit dough, with a teaspoonful of sugar added to it; or take one-half cupful of butter and cut them into a quart of flour.

Rose leaves dried in the shade, cloves beaten to a powder, mace scraped. Mix them together and put the composition in bags. It makes a nice perfume for linen.

Sprinkle salt immediately over any spot where something has boiled over on the stove, and the place may be more easily cleaned. This also counteracts the bad ordor.

The most charming decorations for a plate is a good piece of beefsteak with well cooked potatoes, and just a sufficiency of gravy. It will lay over trailing vines or a sunflower any day.

A carelessly kept coffee-pot will impart a rank flavor to the strongest infusion of the best Java. Wash the coffee-pot thoroughly every day, and twice a week boil borax and water in it for fifteen minutes.

For profit don't keep old fowls year after year, except for extraordinary merits. Some few old hens are famous mothers, and are worth keeping on that account, sometimes. But as a rule work them off in two years or so.

Take some plain boiled rice, put it into a saucepan with a lump of butter, and add as much tomato sauce as the rice will take up, and plenty of grated cheese. Mix well and keep stirring on the fire till hot. Serve piled high on the dish.

LUMPS ON COWS.—About six weeks ago I noticed an enlargement under my cow's belly. It has grown larger rapidly, and is now as large again as an egg, hard, somewhat inflamed, but not very sensitive to the touch. For some distance around the hide feels hard and thick, as if adherent to these places. The rest of her hide is loose and natural. She eats well, but is losing flesh, seems dull and stupid, and gives a much less quantity of milk. I have fed no grain, but plenty of good, clean, bright timothy and clover hay, and some fodder. She is about ten years old, and one of my best cows having given as high as 75 pounds per day on grass. Y. F. *West Camden, N. Y.* [Give her 1½ pints of raw linseed oil, half an ounce of compound tincture of aloes, and 2 oz. of spirits of turpentine. Repeat on the second day. Rub the swelling with the following twice daily for four days, then repeat: Powdered iodine, 4 dr; powdered iodide of potassium 2 oz., and vaseline, 3 oz; mix.] *Country Gentlemen.*

Cabbage makes a valuable food for poultry, as it contains a large per cent. of phosphoric acid. It is all the more valuable, because where cabbages are kept in the cellar or used in winter, there is always a supply of green food for the fowls.

If there is a large accummulation of course manure, put it where the fowls can reach it. They will not only scratch it to a fine condition, but be benefitted by the exercise.

Do not overlook the fact that sheep require shelter now, as well as other animals.

A writer in the London Garden says that for plants under glass, infested with bug and scale insects, paraffine has proved a most efficient remedy, and will do more in an hour than could be effected in a day by sponging and brushing. But its powerful nature should never be forgotten, and it must not be applied too strong, or without continual stirring. The crudest and least pure oil, being heavier and less inclined to float on water, is best. Two or three tablespoonfuls to a gallon of water is strong enough to kill any of the above named insects. For bugs on wood work it is used unmixed, and brushed over like paint into every crack. On some tender growth it may prove hurtful, even if largely diluted.

WART.—Have a colt that has a wart or cancer, low down on the hip. I took it off with acid but it broke out again. Take carbolic acid, pure, and touch the surface as often as convenient.

SURFEIT IN PIGS.—Have two pigs that have been fed mill feed all summer; they will not eat corn; seem to have some kind of fits. You have overfed the hogs, and having no outdoor exercise they are the subjects of such attacks.

THUMPS IN HOGS.—What is good for thumps in hogs? We presume you mean what will cure the distressed breathing. Keep the hog in comfortable, dry quarters feed bran slop for a few days, with salt and sulphur, and wood or coal ashes as a tonic.

FITS IN CALF.—Have a calf 8 months old that has fits. The stomach contains some foreign substance, that is baked on the walls of the third stomach. Take molassess 1 pint, carbonate of magnesia ½ oz., 1 pint of warm flax-seed gruel; mix and give every morning; do not give any hay till the bowels are relaxed.

SCOURING IN STEER.—Have a steer that has scoured for three or four months; is not thriving. Take Epsom salts 1 pound, molasses 1 pint; mix in 1 quart of warm flaxseed gruel; give every evening for one week; then 20 drops of tincture of nux vomica in the water to drink, three times a day, till the bowels respond to treatment. Feed browned oats occasionally.

Influenza in horses is one of the most prevalent diseases at this time of the year. The first stage of the disease is generally mild, and will readily yield to careful, nutritious diet, such as warm mashes, oatmeal gruel, suitable clothing and proper ventilation. If the respiration is troubled and the extremities cold, give a sedative medicine, rub the legs with dry mustard, bandage with flannel and send for an expert.—*N. Y. Herald.*

J. L. Budd says, in the Iowa *Register*, that cellars in which fruit is stored between picking time and the setting in of winter, should not be opened during the day, but the windows opened during the night, when the air is cooler. The warmer air of the day time has its moisture precipitated by the cold objects in the cellar, and dampness is engendered.

Potato stalks, says an exchange, should be left through the winter where they grow. They are rich in fertilizing value and they protect the surface from blowing and washing during the winter. It is sometimes recommended to carry them into the barnyard for manure; but they are of more value where they were grown.

As the frost does great damage to the tall combs of poultry, it is a good plan to cut off the combs and wattles close to the head, using a sharp pair of shears or a razor for that purpose. Then bathe the parts with strong alum water, keep the fowl in the poultry house for a few days, and no damage will be done.

In mulching, do not put the material on too thick, as two inches are sufficient except on wet soils. It should not be done too early, as it is best to let the ground become frozen first. The object of mulching is not to keep away the cold, but to prevent thawing, which dislodges the plant.

Professor Brown writes that the best shipping weight for a steer is 1,200 pounds. For sheep 160 pounds. Can make the weight of the steer at 2 years, and the sheep at one shear.

Wit and Humor.

The navy is to have a new uniform, and the query is whether there will be enough cloth left in the country for a pair of coat-tails for a policeman.

You will observe this, the devil never offers to go into partnership with a bizzy man, but you will often see him offer to jine the lazy, and furnish all the capital besides.—*Josh Billings.*

The *Hebrew Standard* says: "Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket," which seems to be a case of eating one's cake and keeping it.

An exchange says that recently a New York policeman got drunk on duty. We did not know that New York policemen were fond enough of duty to become intoxicated with it.

—A prima donna sang "Home, Sweet Home" to the convicts in an Eastern prison, and it so worked upon their feelings that seven of them escaped and struck out for the paternal roof-tree the same night.—*St. Louis Post.*

—A New York letter speaks of "a man who lost $60,000 a minute." Candidly, if we were to lose $60,000 a minute our fortune would be completely exhausted in less than half a day. Much less.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The *Christian Advocate* is credited with the following emendation: "Longfellow said, 'In the world a man may be either anvil or hammer.' He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows."

Nero is credited with being the cruelest individual that ever lived, and yet there is no record that he promised his wife a sealskin sacque and refused to give it to her.

Only twelve lawyers have been elected to the Connecticut Legislature. The remainder of the legal fraternity are busy on murder cases.—*Boston Transcript.*

A reporter who attended a banquet concluded his description with the candid statement that "it is not distinctly remembered by anybody present who made the last speech."

The man who can thoroughly enjoy himself at a fashionable reception after discovering that the bow of his white tie is under his left ear is superior to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

A man always finds out when there is a hole in the bottom of his stocking. He makes the discovery when he takes his boots off at night and puts his foot down on the hot register to warm. He rarely forgets to speak right out about it.

"T. R."—You ask why we do not print your sonnet. Because you have not sent the money, my dear boy. Our rates are 25 cents per line. A sonnet contains fourteen lines. That makes $3.50. If you want the heading, "To Addie," to go and your name as well, it will be 50 cents more.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

"What plaguey fools some people are!" exclaimed Mrs. Gruff, as she read the title of a tract which had just been left at the door. "'Why Will You Die?' Now isn't that sense? Why will I die? Because I can't help it, simpleton." And Mrs. Gruff threw the literary conundrum into the kindling box.—*Boston Transcript.*

At a meeting of temperance women the other night an old lady got up to give her experience: "I know something of the evils of rum," she said: "I have buried three husbands and all were hard drinkers. But I am glad to say," she continued, "that I don't fight with them. As soon as I found they would drink I got them to insure their lives heavily and let them go ahead. Ah, me! each one of them died from the effects of liquor, but, thanks to a kind Providence, each death netted me $10,000."

Old Gent: "Ah, Mrs. B., did you keep a diary during your visit to the country?" Mrs. B., indignantly: "No, sir, I didn't. The family bought milk from the neighbors."

"Please, sir, give a poor blind man a nick l?" said a strapping beggar to a gentleman on Austin avenue.

"But you are not blind," remarked the gentleman.

"No, but my partner is; he is standing down there on the corner, watching to see if the police are coming."

Following the death notice of a man 54 years of age, published in the Baltimore *Sun*, was the following choice flower of poesy:

He heard the angels calling him
From that celestial shore,
He flopped his wings and away he went
To make one angel more.

The lectures of Joseph Cook suggest a story to the San Francisco *Bulletin*: "Sandy, what is the state of religion in your town?" "Bad, sir; very bad. There are no Christians except Davis and myself, and I have many doubts about Davis!"

It is a mean wretch who will shyly drop a hair switch in a car loaded with women, and then smile as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.

Uncle Jaky Martin married a couple of colored individuals at Effingham, on Christmas evening. It is unnecessary to state Uncle Jacky did not kiss his bride.

Bonanza Flood's daughter will inherit $35,000,000. She is a sort of Flood that, if taken at the tide, may lead her husband to fortune.

The newspapers often print the "last words" of men, but never those of women. The latter would take up too much room and crowd out all the advertisements.

Since writing the above it has come to light that the fire was probably caused by a $400 insurance policy rubbing up against a $100 house.

Cockroaches, it is said, have 3,000 teeth As much as we hate the creatures, we should feel bad for a cockroach with the toothache.

Care of Window Plants.

Eds. Country Gentleman.

New readers and fresh culturists every year make necessary repetition of advice which some forget and others have never learned. Plants of different kinds vary so much in their requirements that the same room, or same exposure, or treatment, will by no means answer for all. Many which rest through the dead of winter ask only protection from actual frost, from soaking wet, and from parching dryness. A cool cellar is the best for all these, including dahlias, Maderia vines, erythyinas, potatoes, &c., among roots; oranges, tender roses, oleanders, &c., among tender evergreens, which, as they retain their leaves, should be near a window. Hydrangeas, crape myrtle, poinciana, bedding geraniums, &c., can stand anywhere, with their roots in soil dry rather than wet.

Of plants to be kept growing, one inexperienced can choose nothing better to begin with than a variety of geraniums, which alone suffice for a varied and rich display, if kept in healthy condition, without which there can be no beauty. Some have leaves so showy that one cannot ask for flowers. Others have flowers of such fair surface and penetrating color, set off by large round leaves of deepest green, that one feels ready to take a good deal of trouble, if needful, to keep up this splendid life, shining with promise, in the midst of the wintry desolation out of doors. Very little trouble is required if the needed care is given just when it is needed. Such plants as have been started from cuttings early in the preceding summer, and merely kept clear of weeds in some retired part of the garden till the heat of summer has passed, are carefully lifted in September and potted in rich soil, watered moderately at first, but freely as they show new growth, when a tinge of liquid manure should be given once a week. They are best kept out of doors in a sunken pit covered by a sash, to be turned off them in sunny weather. This is preferable to a dry room, because the leaves enjoy damp air and prefer a less degree of warmth than we require in our sitting rooms—55° to 60° rather than 70°. They must be housed in November, when they will be showing glorious blossoms, and will continue beautiful if the pots stand on a bed of damp moss, or are occasionally bedewed with a fine spray of water. Geraniums, like other fleshy plants, require watering at the roots only now and then, but when given it should thoroughly soak the whole ball.

The calla lilly is a grand companion of these dwarfed plants, and requires much the same preparatory care, but being a river plant its roots should be in water constantly after growing commences. A basket or vase with trailing plants, suspended from above, or set on brackets, on each, and a pair of ivies, Maderia vines, or other free climbers as the side, makes the window a picture of charming green. Plants that grow to thick, round tufts of some neutral color, like some of the sedums or cactuses, look well on the brackets, contrasting like buttons on a dress, and they are of the easiest possible culture, requiring very little of food or water, and keeping of themselves in good shape without need of any training. W. G. W.

Tyrone, Pa.

Woman's Work.

"Can you spell donkey with one letter?" asked a silly youg man of a bright girl. "Yes," she answered, "U."

"Oh, Charley!" she exclaimed, "see that little white dog! Isn't it pretty?" "Yes," replied Charley, "he is cur white pretty." She falls in a dead faint.

An Allegheny man, with a six-foot wife, says the difference between him and a base ball club is that he has a tall bosser and the club has a ball tosser.

Old Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

An unusual sight was witnessed in a horse car last night. Ten ladies filled one side, and an equal number of gentlemen occupied the other. But for their attire one might have imagined himself in a Quaker meeting.

Mrs. M. is a practical woman, with no nonsense about her. When Mr. M. in an affectionate manner, the other day, exclaimed: "My dear, how can I ever leave you?" she coolly replied: "Leave me in as comfortable circumstances as you can."

The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinaman of forty years, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?" "Alas, things are not what they used to be!" answered the devoted son. "The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day!"

"In our country," said an Englishman, as he leaned back in his chair, "before we marry we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife." "Yes, I know," replied the American, "but with us it is after they are married that a certain class settle everything on the wife, and arrange to beat their creditors." "Haw, I see, and how do the creditors take it?" "They never find anything to take."

A sober visitor in a small village on the east coast occasioned quite a commotion by saying that the bodies of three children had just been washed ashore. The villagers were indignant when, after much inquiry, the sober visitor said, "I tell you they were; they were washed ashore by their mother. You don't suppose she could take them out into the ocean to wash them, do you?"

Anna Dickinson said to a Chicago reporter last week: "I think I was born to live in a warm climate, read novels, and only talk when I feel like it—I mean to make some speeches before long. But this is to be no personal controversy with Monsignor Capel. He, a foreigner, comes to this country, and, after laying a platform of declarations, asks certain questions. I think I would like to try to answer them. Of necessity I cross the track Monsignor Capel has laid down."

—Photographers will soon be in big demand in British Columbia if the Parliament passes the bill now on the tapis, requiring Chinese residents to have their photographs taken.

HENRY COLLEGE LOTTERY

$30,000 FOR $2.

6th Regular Monthly Drawing will take place in Covington, Ky.,

Thursday, Feb. 28, 1884.

A Lawful Lottery and Fair Drawings, chartered by the Legislature of Ky. and twice declared legal by the highest Court in the State. Bond given to Henry County in the sum of $100,000 for the prompt payment of all prizes sold.

February Scheme.

1Prize, - $30,000	20 Prizes	500 each	$10,000
1Prize, - 10,000	100 Prizes	100 each	10,000
1Prize, - - 5,000	200 Prizes	50 each	10,000
2do. $2,500, 5,000	500 Prizes	20 each	10,000
5 do. 1,000, 5,000	1,000 Prizes	10 each	10,000
9 Prizes, 300 each,	Approximation Prizes, -		2,700
9 Prizes, 200 each,	" " - -		1,800
9 Prizes, 100 each,	" " - -		900
1,857 Prizes,			$110,400

Whole Tickets, $2. **Half tickets, $1.**

27 Tickets, $50. **55 Tickets, $100.**

Remit money or Postal Note, Bank Draft in Letter, or send by Express. ORDERS of $5 and upward by Express, can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to J. J. DOUGLAS, Covington, Ky.

New Strawberries!

New Raspberries!

Thirty-six Varieties!

Strawberries.—James Vic, Jersy Queen, Piper's Seedling, Old Iron Clad, Bidwell, Mount Vernon, Cumberland Triumph, David Boone, etc.

Raspberries—Hansell, Hopkins, Reliance, Cuthbert, Thwack, Gregg, Donegan, Smith's Iron Clad, etc.

Sixteen page descriptive catalogue with hints on planting sent free to all applicants.

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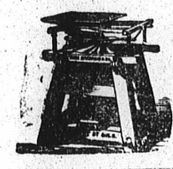

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Queen of the South PORTABLE FARM MILLS
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PERFECT
FOOD
IN THE WORLD
FOR
INFANTS
AND
CHILDREN

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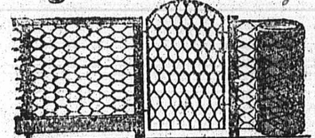

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PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN
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In Hard or Soft, Hot or Cold Water.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives **universal satisfaction.** No family, rich or poor, should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. **BEWARE** of imitations well designed to mislead. **PEARLINE** is the **ONLY SAFE** labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of
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FREE TO F. A. M.—Beautiful Colored Engraving Showing the Ancient Temple and Masonic Matter, recently discovered in Mexico; also, the large new illustrated Catalogue of Masonic books and goods with bottom prices; also, particulars of the very liberal business offered F. A. M. REDDING & CO. Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 731 Broadway, New York.

IN MY DREAMS.

[Matthew Arnold.]

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world and be
As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair and kiss my brow,
And say: My love! why sufferest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

HENRY CLAY'S DEBTS.

How a Certain Note Was Secretly Paid at a Kentucky Bank.

[Ben: Perley Poore.]

Henry Clay had a large and expensive family, and his homestead, "Ashland," was not a profitable estate, so generous was the hospitality which prevailed there. The "Great Commoner" is said, by those who knew him intimately, to have keenly felt his poverty, while he lost no opportunity of expressing his gratitude to friends, known and unknown, for all kinds of favors.

The day upon which Mr. Webster made his celebrated speech in March, 1850, he was highly eulogizing him at dinner, when some one asked him if he did not think Mr. Webster's influence had been greatly impaired by his allowing certain wealthy men in Massachusetts to settle an annuity upon him for abandoning his practice in the courts so as to devote more time to public affairs. Mr. Clay responded: "In view of the manner in which my note was paid at a bank in Kentucky, I do not think I ought to speak upon that subject. With difficulty had I raised the money to pay the interest when I went to the bank to ask a renewal. The cashier told me I had no note there. I asked him what had become of it, and he said he was instructed to answer no questions. And never have I been able to find out who paid it," but turning to Judge Conrad, of New Orleans, he said, "Judge, I always supposed you had something to do with that matter." To which he responded: "Whether I or any one else had anything to do with the matter you will never know."

Mr. Clay then said: "In view of my many opponents, I am as thankful for the secrecy as the money, but when I am free from public life I am going to insist upon knowing who were such benefactors." When some one said: "Mr. Clay, your friends will never let you be free from public life." "In that view, gentlemen," said he, "bear witness to my inexpressible gratitude to my friends, not only for their favor, but for their manner of bestowing it," adding that there was but one unpleasant thing about it—that it was the only present that he had ever received that he could not divide with his friends. Here Judge Conrad observed: "That need no trouble you, as you had liberally divided the proceeds before you gave the note." "You are right," says Clay, "the note was given principally to take up the paper of friends which I had indorsed."

The Hindoo Woman at the Medical College.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Anandibai Joshee, a Hindoo woman of the highest Brahminical caste, is a student in the Woman's Medical college of Pennsylvania. The mark indicative of her rank in life is on her forehead. She is said to be the first Brahmin woman who ever left India. One of the principal articles in the Brahminical faith strictly enjoins that no Brahmin shall cross the ocean. She is scarcely five feet in height, and, although quite plump, is graceful in her motions. In order to keep her caste while here she must live by herself, prepare her own food, wear the native costume, and rigidly observe certain religious rites. If she is faithful in these things when she returns to India there will be a meeting of the principal Brahmins, who will hear her confessions, and then absolve her from her transgressions. She is highly educated and a remarkable linguist, speaking seven languages fluently, among them Sanskrit. She was asked if she had any difficulty in acquiring English. "Oh, no," she replied, "it was easy after Sanskrit. My husband taught me. I studied English five years with him, but did not speak it all until I went on board ship." She speaks so well that it is difficult to believe this, and she writes better than she speaks.

English Cookery.

[London News]

In England very little benefit is extracted from the present long list of vegetable substances. Bread and potatoes, cabbage, and in agricultural districts beans with a little bacon and cheese and milk for the children, almost exhaust the list of food attainable by the working village population. What is called butchers' meat rarely makes its appearance in the cottage of an agricultural laborer, but it is quite certain that if the humble and wholesome materials at his disposition were more skillfully treated, he would be greatly the better. In manufacturing towns vast quantities of food are destroyed rather than consumed, owing to the ignorance of the woman of the most elementary principles of cooking. A hastily-made fire and a frying pan, a "lump of butter of indefinite size, some bacon and a few eggs of doubtful freshness compose the culinary preparations of a family earning between £2 and £3 per week.

The Educational Dodge.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Jones—I see that the government is educating 10,000 Indian children at its own expense.

Smith—Yes; great dodge, isn't it?

Jones—Great dodge! How so?

Smith—Why, you see, the copper-colored youngsters are put through the same kind of a cramming process that white children are subjected to, and even if they live to grow up they won't have strength enough left to go on a warpath.

F. Marion Crawford: Only man can be a fool. It distinguishes him from the higher animals.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

NEVER FAILS.

"You claim too much for SAMARITAN NERVINE," says a skeptic. "How can one medicine be a specific for **Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Rheumatism, Spermatorrhœ, or Seminal Weakness, and fifty other complaints?**" We claim it a *specific*, simply, because the virus of all diseases arises from the blood. Its Nervine, Resolvent, Alterative and Laxative properties meet all the conditions herein referred to. It's known *world wide* as

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

It quiets and composes the patient—not by the introduction of opiates and drastic cathartics, but by the restoration of activity to the stomach and nervous system, whereby the brain is relieved of morbid fancies, which are created by the causes above referred to.

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all those whose sedentary employment causes nervous prostration, irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, SAMARITAN NERVINE is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system. **$1.50. Sold by all Druggists.** (14)

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DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, Ky.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of any woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of Pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Inclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

Every family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. (1)

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

5 SPLENDID VARIETIES all labeled, your CHOICE for $1.
12 for $2. 19 for $3.
25 " 4. 35 " 5.
75 " 10. 100 " 12.

Strong Pot Plants, for immediate bloom, delivered safely by mail post-paid to all points

WE GIVE AWAY in Premiums and EXTRAS more Roses than most establishments grow, and are the only concern making a SPECIAL Business of Roses. Sixty Large Houses for Roses alone. Our New Guide, a complete Treatise on the Rose, 80 pages, beautifully illustrated and **FREE** to all, mailed **FREE**

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AUNT PHILURA.

As Proud of Her Bedquilts as If They Were Brickybats.

Miss Winter Makes up Her Mind to Say Her Piece---A Moral Lesson of General Application.

[Boston Times.]

Mrs. Stufflebeam was over here the other day, and spent the day with me. The men folks was over to the Griggs's, and so we had considerable time to visit.

She was piecin' bedquilts. That woman is always piecin' up bedquilts. Her house is running over full of bedquilts. Risin' star bedquilts, settin' sun bedquilts, horse-shoe bedquilts, basket bedquilts, log-cabin bedquilts, T bedquilts,, 999 pieces no-two-of-'em-alike bedquilts, hit-or-miss bedquilts, puzzle bedquilts—and I don't know how many other kinds of bedquilts that woman has got in her house. And she always takes her company clear through the house and makes 'em look at her bedquilts, as proud of 'em as if they were foreign brickybats. Why, I've known that woman to let her men folks' shirts go till they wouldn't hang on to their backs (without bein' tied on), so she could piece bedquilts.

As I was sayin' she was piecin' one that day. She begun to talk about 'em right off. Says she:

"I've got the cutest new pattern for a Queen Victory quilt. I got the pattern from Mrs. Griggs. She's just been up to Canada. She says they're all the go there."

"I didn't know bedquilts ever went," says I. "Though, come to think of it, they have been goin' ever since I knew you. Have you got the one done you was on with last before I went away?"

"Oh, yes," says she, "all done and quilted. You'd ort to been here to help quilt. It had jest 1,723 pieces, two inches square, and no two of 'em alike. When I get Queen Victory done I'm going to make one of 1,883 pieces, an inch and a half square, in 1,883 different shades of red and blue, if I can find 'em."

"How are your men folks off for shirts and overalls this spring?" said I, in dry tones.

"Poorly," said she. "I ain't had time to make their new gingham shirts, and they've had to put on their last year's ones that are all out at the elbows. This 'ere quilt, when it's done, will have a picture of Queen Victory in the middle, on a Turkey-red background."

"Who is Queen Victory?" says I—for I was feelin' just mean enough to want to corner her.

"Why, she's—she's—I dunno what her other name is. I'll ask Mrs. Griggs, if you want to know," says she, pickin' up a three-cornered yellow piece of calico and sewin' it to a pink and green square.

"What is she queen of?" says I.

"Wal, now, I didn't ask—of Canada, I s'pose. Could I get a few pieces of that blue spriggled muslin Molly had last summer to set right in here, Miss Winter? Them blue pokydots would be jest what I want for Victory's eyes."

"I ain't the woman to refuse Victory her eyes," says I, dryly, takin' myself up-stairs to Molly's closet to look up the pieces. I had to go somewhere to relieve my feelings; and the thoughts I thought of my countrywoman, while I was on my knees in that closet, wa'n't pious ones. When I come back she looked up through her specs, and says she:

"Why don't you piece up an album quilt or a puzzle quilt, Miss Winter? You must have lots of pieces."

"For one reason," says I, "I've given away so many of my calico pieces within a few years to them that was bedquilt crazy, that I couldn't piece one without begging the pieces. I made up my mind years ago," I went on, "that life was too short to spend cuttin' up new calico into little pieces for the sake of sewin' 'em together again. There's too much readin' I want to do; too much real thinkin' for a fairly bright woman, to tend to; too many things I want to study into; and even if there warn't—too many poor and sufferin' ones round me without respectable winter clothes to their back or a chance of their ever knowin' anythin', for me to piece many bedquilts. It would be a wicked waste of time for me—"

"Say," says she, interruptin' my flow of eloquence, "would you put this strip for her nose in of red calico or this dove-color."

Says I: "There is them shif'less ones, who have always got along with tucks, that have yet found time to read and inform their minds. Such ones could tell you who Queen Victory is, and what empire it is on which the sun never sets, that she rules over. There's them shif'less ones who sleep under comfortables—warm enough, too—that yet find time to read the newspapers, and knows what is goin' on in her own country, at least, to say nothin' of other portions of the globe."

"Say, if you was goin' to have a new orange and pea-green gingham this summer," said Mrs. Stufflebeam, as I paused seemin'ly so far away from her I could scarcely hear her, "how should you have it made? You've jest come from the city. How were they wearin' ginghams most, when you were in Boston?" says she.

"I should have it cut swallow-coat-tail fashion," says I, comin' down to earth with a solid thud, "with tight pants and a cane. The folks I saw dressed in that style seemed to be the ones with minds nearest to the bedquilt-piecin' level—what they had."

She was most good mind to be mad, and I was jest castin' about for somethin' to say to smooth things over, when I heard a step on the veranda, and there was Elder Jones at the door.

Buttermilk and Crime.

[Lime-Kiln Club.]

The secretary then announced an official communication from the secretary of the Anti-Buttermilk society, of Dupont Banks, Del., asking to be admitted to the Lime-Kiln club as a body, with authority to work on the third degree. The letter of application announced the fact that the society was of the opinion that buttermilk was the bane of the present age. Investigation had revealed the fact that the greatest consumers of this fluid were those most obstinately arrayed against society and the law. Out of twenty-two murderers questioned by the society, nineteen admitted their fondness for buttermilk. Train robbers, burglars, cowboys and all the prominent embezzlers were buttermilk drinkers and the society had started on a crusade which would not end until the churn was forbidden by law.

The secretary was instructed to reply that the Lime-Kiln club did not care for such an alliance, having used buttermilk for the last seven years with the most gratifying results.

A Busy Day.

[Punch.]

Sister: "If you are going into the town you can do something for me, Fred." Brother: "All right, if it's nothing much. Got an awf'ly busy day on, you see. Got to get my hair cut, and—er—have some lunch, you know, and—er—come back again, and all that, don't you know."

"IN A NUTSHELL,"

BY DIO LEWIS.

"Is the Book of the Season." Its Advanced Sheets Have Been Endorsed by Hundreds of College Presidents and Other Most Distinguished Educators and Critics.

FIRST—WHO IS DIO LEWIS?

As a medical student, Dr. Lewis stood at the head of his class, and graduated about forty years ago, with the highest honors. In the practice of his profession, for many years, his success was remarkable. By means of his system of light gymnastics he has revolutionized physical education the world over. As the sole originator of the Woman's Crusade, Dio Lewis has been the means of converting nearly every Christian church to the advocacy of total abstinence principles. But the Doctor has achieved his greatest success as an author of health books. For instance, the great publishing house of Harper Bros. had never succeeded with hygienic literature until the publication of "Our Girls," by Dio Lewis, which proved a marvel of success.

Concerning the Doctor's writings in general, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler says: "With friendliness, wisdom and catching mirth, Dr. Lewis preaches the gospel of simple living, of bodily activity, of repose, of a clear conscience, and of a merry heart." The *New York Observer* says: "Dr. Lewis is an acute observer, a man of great practical sagacity in sanitary reforms, a lively and brilliant writer upon medical subjects." *Andrew D. White*, President of Cornell University and late United States Minister to Germany, says: "His shrewd, genial and cogent way of presenting matters, of picturing follies, and of rebuking vices makes his works an armory of weapons, effective and easily handled in the warfare against the whole body of physical crimes and follies which have oppressed us." "He is the prince of button-hole preachers."—*Christian Union*. Says the *Christian Register:* "Set him to compiling the census or the live-stock reports, and Dio Lewis would make them racy and interesting." "The Doctor is a capital story-teller, and his books are full of bright, witty recitals."—*Boston Times.*

SECOND—WHAT IS "IN A NUTSHELL?"

The book has just been written in compliance with the urgent solicitations of several prominent educators having a large number of youths entrusted to their care. It is an epitome of the wisdom and the observations of a whole lifetime concerning the numerous topics which most interest all who would like to stand high in the sphere in which they live. While many of the subjects treated are commonplace, such as Climate, Ventilation, Sleep, Food, Mastication, Digestion, Exercise, Cold Baths, Building a Brain, Longevity, Quintessence of the Blood, etc., etc., there is not a paragraph in the book which is one bit stupid or uninteresting. Several copiously illustrated chapters upon *Curious Fashions* constitute an invaluable feature of the work. Many of the distortions of the savage, as well as of the civilizee, are fully exposed, and the whole subject is treated in a new light. The hideousness of some of our prevailing fashions are so graphically portrayed that every sensible reader must henceforth look with pity, rather than pride, upon their crippled monstrosities. The book fervently appeals to our youth for reform; and it is believed that parents will eagerly seize upon this opportunity to help their children. It contains interesting and vital facts, the knowledge of which is worth a thousand times the price of the book.

THIRD—WHAT OUR MOST DISTINGUISHED EDUCATORS SAY ABOUT "IN A NUTSHELL."

Inasmuch as the work had been written at the suggestion of several prominent educators, the publishers, before issuing it in the regular bound form, mailed "Advance Sheets" to heads of our most prominent institutions of learning for the purpose of ascertaining whether it could be improved by their suggestions and criticisms. Hundreds of college presidents, and others, have responded in long letters of their heartiest praise. These letters may be fairly epitomized by the following phrases:

"Very valuable."—*President Porter, Yale College.*

"Most admirable."—*President Cattell, Lafayette College.*

"Clear, common sense."—*President Patton, Howard University.*

"Cannot fail to be useful."—*President Fairchild, Oberlin College.*

"The points are in just the form to arrest attention and do good."—*Pres. Herrick, Pacific University.*

"Will give evidence of my approval by seeing that copies are laid before all our students."—*Pres. Moore, Earlham College.*

"It contains more wisdom about health than can be found elsewhere in many huge volumes."—*Pres. Miller, Mt. Morris College.*

"The work is adapted to a mankind. Shall send an order as soon as published."—*Pres. Spinner, Burlington College.*

"Just the tocsin of warning which this impetuous age needs. Cannot begin to read without a desire to finish, and cannot finish without a strong desire to act."—*Pres. Delong, Lebanon Valley College.*

"If every family had a copy there would be much less suffering and vulgarity."—*Principal Becker, Hinman's Business College.*

"What can they be furnished for by the hundred?"—*Prin. Rush, School of Elocution.*

"It is packed with good hits in plain, attractive form."—*Pres. Payne, Wesleyan University.*

"As was to be expected from such a source, thy excellent work is crowded with most valuable practical suggestions."—*Pres. Magill, Swarthmore College.*

"Why do you address it especially to college students? It seems equally applicable to all intelligent people."—*Prof. Richcock, Amherst College.*

"Practical and to the point."—*Pres. Merrell, Ripon College.*

"It would be a noble colporteur work to go from college to college distributing this little book to students."—*Prin. Warner, Business College, Akron.*

"The more I read it the more I am convinced that it ought to be circulated by the hundred thousand."—*Pres. Hooper, Rust University.*

"The book will be invaluable not only to students, but to *everybody* who shall read it. I think I shall put it in the hands of our teachers for daily use in their classes."—*Supt. Hatzler, (Wesark, O.*

"It is fitted to seize the attention of students and guard them against all our failures. Dr. Lewis has done a real service to the colleges of the country by preparing it, and by making it so short and terse."—*Pres. Magoun, Iowa College.*

"This work alone would be a worthy monument of a useful life."—*Pres. Mayhew, Detroit.*

"Its style beautifully illustrates the power of rhetoric, making the book a useful model for classes in English literature."—*Pres. Murfee, Howard College, Ala.*

"I have read thousands of pages of medical works in search of the very information here given 'In a Nut shell' without being benefited as I have been by this work. It is a gem."—*Rev. Livingston Smith.*

"No one can fail to understand this little book. It should be in the hands of all schools and families that the young may learn to take care of that beautiful temple, the human body."—*Supt. Bond, Connecticut Industrial School for Girls.*

"At what rate could you furnish one hundred copies for distribution?"—*Prof. Weidner, Augustana Theological Seminary.*

"In a Nutshell' is the best thing of the kind that ever came to my notice. The style is unique, fascinating and vigorous, and the matter deeply interesting and important. It should be in the hands of every young person in Christendom. Thus distributed, costing fifteen cents. The article on Market Gardening under Glass is worth twenty times the price. This being OUR ONE HUNDREDTH YEAR, we publish this Ornate Guide for Garden and Farm. To all sending us TEN CENTS in stamps, we mail a copy, and on orders for Seed will give credit for that amount. Address LANDRETH & SONS, Seed Growers, Lock Box, Phila., Pa.

"I wish it were possible to put a copy of this little volume into the hands of every student—boy and girl—in our land. I do not see how the book could be improved."—*Supt. Ellis, Rochester, N. Y.*

"If students would upon Dr. Lewis' suggestions their work would increase in quantity and improve in quality."—*Pres. Schuyler, Baldwin University.*

"This little book confirms my previous high estimate of the author."—*Pres. Quimby, New Hampshire Female College.*

"My aged mother, now in her 80th year, was so fascinated with it that she read it through at one sitting. Each morning after devotional exercises I read a chapter of it to our assembled students."—*Prin. Allen, West Newton Preparatory School.*

"I wish to arrange with you for a copy for each of our 400 students."—*Pres. Love, Kentucky University.*

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My Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1884, the result of thirty years' experience as a Seed Grower, will be sent free to all who apply. All my Seed is warranted to be fresh and true to name, so far that should it prove otherwise, I agree to refill orders gratis. My collection of vegetable Seed, one of the most extensive to be found in any American Catalogue, is a large part of it of my own growing. As the original Introducer of Eclipse Beet, Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, and scores of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. In the gardens and on the farms of those who plant my seed will be found my best advertisements.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Seed Grower, Marblehead, Mass.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XIII—NO. 24. LAWRENCE, KANSAS, FEBRUARY 16, 1884. WHOLE NO. 608.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

An Illustrated Farm and Home Weekly Newspaper.

KIMBALL & STEVENS.
Publishers,
Lawrence Kansas.

The SPIRIT of KANSAS aims to be a first class family Journal, devoted to farm and home affairs, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western Life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellany, original and selected, will be such as will interest and instruct. Its editorial page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial, and political life, wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved, and always from a broad, comprehensive and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

Our regular subscription price, for single subscribers will be as usual $1.25 with liberal reduction to clubs

Agents are wanted in every county in the west to whom commissions will be given that will enable them to make money

ADVERTISERS.

Can have but a limited portion of our space. The SPIRIT will be a paper for the reader and the space we have to spare for advertising will be valuable, but in proportion to circulation will be cheaper than that of most other papers of its class.

Rates, 10 cents per line of space each insertion agate measure, 14 lines to an inch.

Jay Gould gave his boy $3,000,000. and told him to see if he could take care of himself.

There is no denying it. The groundhog,—woodchuck we used to call him,—is a bigger man than old Vennor, or Wiggins, or any of them.

A Valuable Gift.

Send your name and address to S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent of the Hannibal & St Joseph Railroad, Hannibal, Mo., and you will receive by return mail, FREE, a copy of the "Old Reliable" Memorandum and Pocket Companion for 1884. The book has been thoroughly revised and enlarged since last edition, and abounds in useful information for the Farmer, Mechanic and Business Man. No one should be without it. Remember, it costs nothing.

Fine Stock.

Col. W. A. Harris visited Canada last week, and while there purchased of Mr James I. Davidson, of Ba sam, Ontario, the fine young Cruickshank bull Double Gloster, and the roan heifers Golden Thistle of the Brawith Bud tribe, and Lavender thirty-four of the Lavender family. In noting this sale the Breeder's Gazette, of Chicago, says: "Colonel Harris has now at Linwood one of the very best and largest collections of Cruickshank cattle in America." Coming as the above does from the highest authority on stock breeding in this country, it is gratifying to us to know that we have in Leavenworth county "one of the very best" herds of shorthorn cattle in America.—Linwood Leader.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE and Prof. Van Buren Denslow have been holding a joint discussion in Cleveland on the woman's suffrage question, in which it is generally admitted that the woman came out one ahead.

Garnett Republican:—The Burlington Independent says it "understands that several cases of itch put in an appearance at our city schools, but as soon as discovered they were set aside for repairs." It must be epidemic throughout this country, for the same difficulty has been experienced here.

Burlington and Garnett must be happy towns. Old King James said there was so much pleasure in scratching that those who had the itch were to be envied. And Petrarch, it was, the great Italian poet, who wrote a labored essay to show the advantages of having the itch. But Petrarch, as well as James, had a peculiar way of looking at things. Scratch.

MR. ALMERIN GILLETT, of Emporia, has been elected to fill the vacancy in the board of railroad commissioners. Mr. Gillett is a prominent lawyer of Emporia, and was not a candidate for the position, and has not yet decided to accept, as it would involve the sacrifice of a large practice. He is said to be well qualified for the position and it is hoped he will accept.

THERE is an urgent demand all along the line for state laws prohibiting the circulation of such papers as the Police Gazette, Police News and other similar papers. There can be no doubt that these papers, as well as a class of cheap books that are printed, are destructive to the morals of the people and that they lead to crime.

"Little Joker" is the best smoking tobacco.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The people of our land generally are to be commended for the interest they take in the public schools. We are taxed heavily, and we pay out a great deal of money to support them. This we do without complaining, and for this we are to be commended.

But there is no money that we invest so carelessly as the money we invest for the support of the public schools. When we have paid our school taxes as graciously as possible, we turn the whole matter over to other hands. Our school money is not often paid out to the best advantage. Even when it is done we are so busied with other things that we do not give our school boards and our teachers the assistance that would enable them to produce the best results. There is no good business reason why we should not watch over investments of school money as closely as we would the money put in bank or railroad stocks. But we do not. We are almost indifferent as to the qualifications of teachers, to begin with. We are slow to understand the necessity of facilities to secure the best results in the school room. We are painfully thoughtless in regard to the sanitary condition of our school houses, and many of our children contract fatal diseases because of ill ventilation and poorly warmed rooms.

But one of the most aggravating evils we have to meet, is the want of uniformity in text books. To remedy this evil many expedients have been tried. Iowa is now taking a turn at it. A bill has been introduced to establish a publishing house, where school books for the state are to be prepared, and published. It is not a new experiment, and will not be a satisfactory one. In our own state a very unsatisfactory condition of things exist. We have uniformity here and there. But a family moving from one county to another, may find it necessary to buy a new outfit of books throughout. The prices, too, are enormously high. Still, the retailers affirm that their profit is so light they can ill afford to carry them.

The school book monopoly is one of the greatest in this land. Publishers of school books are able to retire in a few years with enormous wealth. Books, produced in quantities, are marvelously cheap, and the school children of America are entitled to the benefit of low prices. Some effort should be made to secure the very best possible books, and then they should be made uniform throughout the United States, and be published by one house and be sold to the school districts. That is, the text books should be a part of the school furniture, so that they may go from one pupil to another until worn out, and not cast aside because outgrown. Of course, pupils should be allowed to own their books if they desire, but no pupil should be delayed or embarrassed in his studies for want of books.

There is room for great reform in our school system. How can it be brought about?

THE ONWARD MOVEMENT.

Regardless of individual ideas of prohibition, it is evident that a great temperance movement has begun all over the civilized world. It may be that it is question has been nearly settled in this state and that it may be speedily eliminated from our local politics. In other words, after one more unquestioned endorsement by the people, it is probable that no party will again care to antagonize state prohibition.

But it is coming forward in other states as a leading issue. It has been fought over in Ohio, but no satisfactory victory won. It will be the issue again. New York is sure to make a great gain. The prohibitionists are demanding a strong prohibitory enactment. The more conservative are contending for a very high license, similar to that of Illinois. There is little opposition to this, as it is more satisfactory to the saloons than prohibition, and something must be granted to satisfy the popular demand. The enactment of a high license law would be a great temperance gain in New York. It is the next step to prohibition. It will not satisfy the liquor interests when secured, and their revolt will end in sterner measures as in most other instances.

But it is not in our own country alone that the evils of intemperance have aroused the people. A prohibition bill similar to the law in this state is now before the Canadian parliament, and strong hopes are expressed that it will become a law of the Dominion. It is not probable that this will be the immediate result, but it indicates a wonderful change that the matter receives the consideration that it does.

In England the agitation is second only to that in this country, and it is certain that a great revolution is pending in that country.

The movement has penetrated Germany, and there threatens to work a revolution more marked than in any other nation. The progress that it is making may be imagined when it becomes a subject to be treated with respect by cable. But such is the case. Cable dispatches give an outline of this second great reformation, but special correspondents give the details that can leave no doubt that the temperance movement has taken deep root in German soil.

It is probable that we witness a wave of reform in this respect that will be coextensive with Christianity itself.

School Lessons.

The forcing process in our public schools is going too far. There is too much study and not enough thought. We enter a protest against the practice of requiring children, as a rule, to study out of school.

Six hours a day are enough for the study and recitations that are needed, and that are healthy for either mind or body. It is the practice in this city, and in most others to give out lessons to the pupils that require of them considerable study at home. We believe it to be wrong. The studies should not be so numerous, nor the lessons so long that all cannot be learned in the regular school hours.

By the forcing process now in vogue, a pupil, kept at school will get through his preparatory course, and be ready for the higher studies by the time he is twelve or fourteen, at which age no ordinary mind is fit to be taxed with abstruse questions.

It is far better that two or three years be added to the time necessary to complete the ordinary high school course, and that more time be given during their school years to recreation and physical discipline.

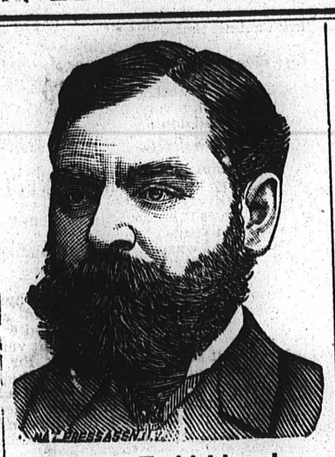
This matter we are pleased to see, is attracting more attention from school men who are urging that no study be required of pupils out of regular school hours.

THE RAILROAD CONTROVERSY.

The Emporia Republican, treating this question yesterday, says:

It will be noticed also that public opinion is by no means unanimous in regard to the questions in controversy. If expressions of opinion are to be considered as the index of public opinion, the people are more divided in regard to the A., T. & S. F freight schedule enacted by the commissioners than they were in regard to the schedule fixed by the railroad itself. At Lawrence, Topeka, Osage City, and many other points, great dissatisfaction is expressed at the new schedule, and this dissatisfaction comes almost altogether from parties who are regular shippers of various kinds of freight. The business community in Topeka seems practically unanimous in opposition to the commissioners' schedule, the board of trade of that city declaring that the rates are altogether in favor of Kansas City elevators and mills. The coal producing interests of Osage City complain that the mines there cannot be operated if the A., T. & S. F. is to be compelled to bring in Missouri coal at rates which prevent the road from discriminating, as it has heretofore done, in favor of the Kansas industry. There seem to be shippers in every town along the line of the road who object to the commissioners' rates as injurious rather than beneficial to the various kinds of business they are carrying on. Each shipper of course understands how the change of rates affects his business, and it must be a great disappointment to the commissioners to find that the rates which they set, after, no doubt, much careful investigation and comparison, are to all appearances unacceptable to the very business public they were designed to please. If the railroad company was the sole objector to the new rates, the question could be very easily understood and answered. The difficulty is that it is the shipping public itself which expresses dissatisfaction with the efforts the commissioners have exerted on its behalf. And it must be conceded that each shipper is the best possible judge of the manner in which freight rates affect his own business.

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."



Robert Todd Lincoln.

Secretary of War, and Prominently Mentioned as the Republican Nominee for the Presidency.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Robert Todd Lincoln, Secretary of War, is the oldest and only surviving son of Abraham Lincoln and was born at Springfield Illinois, August 13 1843. He received a good education in the common schools of that city but concluded his preparatory course at Exeter, N. H. He entered Harvard College from which he graduated in 1864. After his graduation he received a commission, as Captain, and saw considerable service in the field, but because of his youth he was kept a close companion to his father at the White House the greater part of the time.

After the exciting scenes of his father's assassination he settled in Chicago where he studied law, and was in a few years admitted to the bar. He then began the practice of his profession in that city and secured the management of several large estates and many Eastern Insurance Companies who loaned large sums of money on Chicago real estate. In attending to these trusts Mr. Lincoln developed superior executive abilty. He married the only daughter of Ex-Secretary James Harlan.

During the Chicago convention Mr. Lincoln was an ardent advocate of the nomination of General Grant and presided at the immense Grant meeting held in Chicago a few days before the nomination for the Presidency was made. Before that period his only active efforts in politics had been as a member of a citizen's committe formed in Chicago to effect a reformation and purification in local political affairs.

President Garfield's selection of Mr. Lincoln for Secretary of War was due to a determation to honor the name of our great War President, and so satisfactory was his administration of the War Department during President Garfield's incumbency that President Arthur retained Mr. Lincoln in the Cabinet and now finds him prominently mentioned as a Presidential candidate. Mr. Lincoln disclaims any ambition for futher political preferment, but his modest, unassuming manner only induces his admirers to more earnestly advance his claims.

Secretary Lincoln is one of the most popular officials that the War Department has ever been under, and in social and political circles, regardless of his party affiliations, he is a universal favorite. In form and feature Mr. Lincoln has no resemblance whatever to his illustrious father, but in executive ability and an intuitive comprehension of public affairs he has certainly inherited the sterling characteristics of Abraham Lincoln.

LEARNING TO SAVE.

The first thing to be learned in the art of getting on in the world is to save. A boy who is earning fifty cents, seventy-five cents or a dollar a day, should manage to save a portion of it if possible. If he can lay by only twenty-five cents a week, let him save that. It doesn't amount to much, it is true; it is only thirteen dollars a year, but it is worth saving. It is better saved than wasted; better saved than fooled away for tobacco or beer, or any other worthless or useless article or object. But the best thing about it is, that the boy who saves thirteen dollars a year on a very meager salary, acquires a habit of taking care of his money which will be of the utmost value to him.

WASHINGTON, D. C. May 15th, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in dispair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it I was completely prostrated.

MRS. MARY STUART.

THE BISMARCK FAIR.

Meeting of the Fair Association.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western National Fair Association was held yesterday afternoon

The object, was the election of directors and the consideration of the question of holding a fair this year. The directors elected for the ensuing year were as follows:

Douglas county—Wm. Evatts. I. N. Van Hoesen, S. Steinberg, Wm. Hughes, Geo. Leis.

Jefferson county—J. N. Insley, J. M. Snodgrass, J. F. Hinton, J. P. Harris.

Leavenworth county—H. M. Aller, R. J. Brown, C. J. Buckingham, W. A. Harris, C. J. Holman.

Wyandotte county—W. W. Dickinson, J. D. Heath.

Coffey county—S. J. Carter.

Bourbon county—J. H. Rice.

Franklin county—W. H. Clarke.

Johnson county—H. C. Livermore.

Trego county—F. H. Conger.

Mr. H. L. Moore, who has acted as secretary since last summer, resigned, and W. H. H Whitney called to fill his place pro tem.

I. N. Van Hoesen, Geo. Leis, and Mr. Whitney, were appointed to examine the books of the secretary.

The matter of holding a fair this year was considered. It was decided to hold an exhibition the first week in September. We presume, this settles the question in regard to alternating with Topeka, and is unfavorable to that project. We incline to believe this to be a wise step. When the matter was first broached, the NEWS took this position, and it has been the only paper in the city that has seemingly had an opinion on the question. This, however, is usually the case.

The Bismarck Fair is the best known fair in the west. It has a wider reputation abroad than any other. not excepting the Kansas City Exhibition. The last fair was a great success, and this will give the next one a good start. The association is in a good financial condition, and now that it is decided to have a fair, an unusual effort should be put forth from this time on to make it the greatest exhibition ever held in Bismarck Grove.

We shall refer to the subject again and often. It is an important one now the hand has been put upon the plow.

THE BREEDER'S GAZETTE is a large weekly newspaper for persons who are interested in breeding live stock—not especially the fancy breeder, but for the great mass of farmers, especially in the Middle and Western States, who make stock raising, or dairying, a leading feature of their buisness. It aims to thoroughly and truthfully inform its readers touching the characteristics and peculiarites of all the various breeds of cattle, horses, sheep and swine; the best methods of feeding and general management; designs and plans of barns, dairy-houses, sheep and swine pens, and other essentials to economic and profitable live-stock husbandry, a faithful and prompt report of the news from all parts of the world affecting the live-stock interest in any of its departments; a fearless discussion of all matters affecting the interests of those who make stock raising a leading feature of their buisness. In short it is the aim of the publishers of THE BREEDER'S GAZETTE to make this paper superior to all others in interest and practical value to every man who takes special interest in any feature of the live-stock business whether his fancy or interest lies in the direction of beef cattle, dairy cattle draft-horses, running horses, trotting horses, butter making, cheese making, wool raising, pork raising. To stock-raisers in the North, the South the East, and the West, on cultivated fields and rich pastures, and on the Western plains it is invaluable. In fact no man can be a careful reader of THE BREEDER'S GAZETTE for any considerable length of time without becoming thoroughly informed in everything pertaining to the live-stock business. Each number contains thirty-six pages, printed on the best quality of paper, and elegantly illustrated. It is published at Chicago, by J. H. Sanders & Co., at $8.00 a year. We can send it in connection with our own WEEKLY at $8.00 for both, the price of the GAZETTE alone.

From Major Downs,

Millitary Instructor, Mt. Pleasant Academy, Sing Sing, N. Y.: During the very cold weather I was suffering with Catarrh. My head and throat ached so severely that I was obliged to keep quiet. Ely's Cream Balm was suggested. Within an hour from the first applicant I felt relieved, the pain began to subside. In a few days I was entirely cured. W. A. DOWNS. (Price 50 cts.)

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY N. J. CLODFELLR.

[For the Lawrence NEWS.]

"Come Disappointment, Come,"
I feel thy piercing sting,
But vigils keep some monitress,
To watch and warn me of distress,
That time un o me brings,
And strews my way,
With thorns to-day,
For I must smile, and bear thy chasting rod alway.

"Come, Disappointment, Come."
Tho' hopeful pleasures fly,
And in their stead I feel,
Thy canker, and I kneel
In low despondency,
For 'tis my part,
To bear the dart,
And reverse the pinion that impelled it to my heart.

"Come, Disappointment Come."
My heart is not of steel,
Nor to it opes an iron door,
And oh! when it may throb no more,
May mercy to me deal,
One kind caress,
For my distress,
When silent pleasures 'round my couch seek me to bless.

"Come, Dissappointment, Come."
In all thy terrors clad,
Hearts were not made to always beat,
And what is past is obsolete,
Tho' it be good or bad,
I'll turn my eye,
Without a sigh,
To death's Prophetic call, and be content to die.

"Come, Disappointment, Come,"
To me all hope is dead,
Let melancholy phantoms rise,
They, are not pleasure in disguise,
For many hearts have bled,
Re-bled and died,
When side by side,
With those that flourished well in all their pomp and pride.

"Come, Disappointment, Come,"
Death soon will set me free,
And when life's sun doth calmly sink,
Then I will be content to drink.
My draught what it my be,
For then I trust,
A life more just,
Will meet us all when man yields up his earthly trust.

"Come, Disappointment, Come."
Life is of little weight,
And mine has been of humble rank,
And too, almost a total blank,
And such will be my fate,
But then when I
Am called to die,
I'll only crave the passing tribute of a sigh. —Crawfordsville Ind.

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

THE house committee on commerce, have decided that some regulation of inter-state commerce is necessary. So far there was but one dissenting vote in the committee, but when it came to the manner of regulating there was a greater difference of opinion, nine being in favor of a commission and six opposed to it. This question is a great one—the greatest that has ever yet found its way into congress. It was easier to solve the great questions brought on by the war, than to solve this one. But it is a question that must be met, and that speedily. We see the difficulties in the way of the railway commission in this state. What they may be when it comes to be a national question may be conjectured.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarr, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousand of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A strong fight will be made in Boston this winter to secure the right of way for an elevated road.

In Use 150 Years.

Impurity of Blood, however generated, is always present in the body when pain is felt; it spreads and ferments wherever a weak spot or low vitality exists.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the one great and unfailing remedy, because they take hold and expel only what is hurtful; so when sick, have pain, dizziness, rheumatism, colds, or costiveness, take from three to five, and if they do not operate in four hours or so, take three or four more. They cleanse the bowels and circulation from all impurities of the blood, and often save life. BRANDRETH'S PILLS preserve the vigor of youth, and for a long period keep off the debility of age.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, with plain printed directions for use.

The quantity of ice shipped from Norwegian ports in 1883 was 227,000 tons, the largest kown.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

KIMBALL & STEVENS, Publishers.

LAWRENCE KANSAS, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

[Entered at the Postoffice in Lawrence as second-class matter.]

They call him "Fool Kernan." He publishes the Leavenworth Free Lance and has failed to learn a thing in twenty-five years.

THE republicans of this district are in favor of a tariff so that it will afford a judicious protection where protection is needed; afford a revenue sufficient for necessary purposes, and permit the free importation of all goods most in use by the people, so far as it can be wisely done.

THE meaning of it is that England intends to secure Egypt and make it as much one of her colonies as India is. Egypt is a strategic point that is desirable for any power to hold, and has always been such. Alexander knew it. Napoleon knew it. Now Gladstone knows it.

SAM WOOD is now enjoying himself in Washington at the people's expense, claiming to have some title to the seat in congress filled by Judge Peters. If he were permitted to push his claims at his own expense, until it appeared that his claim was well founded, it would not be so heavy an imposition upon the people.

GENERAL LOGAN AS A SCIENTIST.

There is perhaps no man in this country, who, without scholastic culture to begin with, has shown more scholarly development, than Gen. John A. Logan.

He has quite generally been regarded as a very sharp politician. He has not only proved himself a successful politician, in the ordinary sense of the term, but he has shown true statesmanship as well. Time has proven the unusual qualities of Logan's mind. Although he was in congress before the war, and was then recognized as a man of force and power, he was then young, and was from an obscure part of Illinois. It was then too early for him to take a commanding position. It was first as a soldier, that his superior qualities forced themselves into recognition. He was one of the foremost generals of the rebellion. After the war he went into politics. He then showed the same remarkable powers of organization, the same executive ability that he displayed as a soldier. No one ever questioned his ability to succeed, but there have been those who were unwilling to give him credit for genuine ability. They conceeded to him shrewdness rather than mental strength—the powers of a demagogue rather than the ability of the statesman.

It has not been supposed that Gen. Logan had the mind of a scholar. He did not have the severe classic training of Charles Sumner, nor even that of Garfield. He was not like Blaine, the master of pure English. Much less was he ever popularly supposed to be interested in science and philosophy.

A few months ago, when he went so far out of the channel, commonly allotted to him, as to write a paper for the North American Review, on educational matters, there were critics who thought he would do better to stick to politics.

And yet Gen. Logan is much more than a politician. His mind is one of that class which readily takes hold of a great variety of subjects. He has been through all his varied life, a reader, a thinker and observer. His early surroundings were such as to interest him in scientific matters and especially geology. He was born and raised amid the coal fields of southern Illinois. It was here that he first became interested in natural science. As a youth he was a reader of Humboldt, Lyell, Hugh Miller, and later of Agassiz, Hitchcock and Darwin. The importance of a better knowledge of the topographical, geological, and mineralogical structure of the United States was better understood by Gen. Logan than by any of the more pretentious scholars who were in Congress sixteen and eighteen years ago. It is to his foresight and interest in science when a member of the fortieth congress that an appropriation, small at that time, was included in the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, to cover the expenses of Prof. Hayden in New Mexico and Colorado. From this originated the Government Geological Surveys, which have attracted the notice of scientific men throughout the world.

It is possible that Logan did not imagine how stupendous an enterprise he was starting when he asked that the small appropriation be added to the Sundry Civil bill, but this does not detract from the honor due him, nor make it less the act of wise statesmanship. Columbus little knew what would follow in the wake of his little vessels as they plowed their way across the Atlantic.

Logan has been a growing man from his first appearance in public life. Without the advantage of a finished education, he has won a foremost place in every position he has occupied. His statesmanship has been comprehensive, and on all matters pertaining to the general welfare he has positive and well defined opinions.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure Corns, warts, bunions.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Speaks its Mind on the Railroad Question.

An important meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held last night, President Bowersock in the chair. The object was to hear the report of the railroad committee, which was submitted as follows:

LAWRENCE, KAS., Feb. 18, 1884.

We, the railroad committee, offer the following report:

That in the judgment of this Chamber of Commerce of the city of Lawrence the present railroad law is chiefly advisory in its provisions.

That after a careful examination of this law we arrive at the conclusion that very limited powers are conferred upon the board of commissioners by it, and that practically it gives to that boad no power to make rates.

That we think the board of commissioners have already gone beyond both the letter and spirit of the law; in that the rulings of the board, in the cases passed upon, would indicate that the commissioners believe that the law gives them power to control all traffic.

Therefore we conclude, first, that the action of the commissioners is injurious to the commerce of the state and particularly to many of our new manufacturing industries, and secondly, that their action bids fair to entirely put a stop to all railroad enterprises and improvements in Kansas. We recommend that, in time to come, the boards of commissioners confine their action within such scope as will make it advisory in its nature, confident as we are, that the railroads will promptly heed their recommendations in regard to the redressing of all real grievances.

The business men of Lawrence are convinced that the ousiness and manufacturing industries of the city will be best subserved by this course, for we have reasons for believing that the various railroads centering here will observe and respect all enlightened and reasonable advisory action of the board of commissioners. We desire to say further that the policy and service of the railroad companies for several years has been satisfactory to the people of Lawrence; we have had little to complain of. We have been met friendly and liberally in our requests: far better rates and facilities, and especially the management of the roads has been such as to build up and strengthen our manufacturing interests upon which we so largely depend, and which together with the educational institutions located in our midst, form the basis of our highest hopes as to the future growth and prosperity of Lawrence.

J. D. BOWERSOCK,
J. S. EMERY,
GEO. LEIS.

This report was adopted unanimously after remarks by various members.

Mr. S. H. Hamilton, of the straw lumber factory, was present and made some remarks. After a prolonged absence he had returned to Lawrence. While away, he had succeeded in interesting a number of eastern capitalists in his enterprise. It was now backed by all the capital needed. To secure it he had made certain representations. He now comes here after shipping thousands of dollars' worth of new machinery to Lawrence, to be startled by the announcement that where they once paid five cents, they must now pay thirteen cents to Kansas City. It is more than one-quarter of all that is asked from Kansas City to New York. Had he known this ninety days ago, all the machinery now in the mill in Lawrence would have been in operation to-day in New York

The new freight rates will go into effect to-day. They will increase freight expense on general merchandise from fifteen to twenty per cent., while the freight on some of our manufactured goods will be more than doubled. The least that can be said is that this threatens disaster to Lawrence unless something is done to bring us a remedy. The railroads are ready to restore the old rates if, under the law they can do so. But the commissioners have taken it upon themselves to make rates, in which we believe they have exceeded their powers.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

Mr. O. P. Smith, one of the contractors for the Indian school, was present, and was called upon to explain the trouble in regard to that institution. He has just returned from Washington. It seems that owing to a little typographical error in the law appropriating $150,000 to Indian schools, the $50,000 that was to be appropriated to this school is not available. It is all for want of a semicolon. The sum of $14.000 had been paid out before the mistake was ascertained. It then appeared from the reading of the law that the appropriations were for schools already established and not for new ones. A simple semi-colon in the proper place would have made it clear and have given the $50,000 for the building.

Relief will probably be secured by further legislation at a very early day. Dr. Marvin is now in Washington giving the subject attention, and it is expected our delegation in congress will do all that is necessary to secure it.

T. L. Lovett, of Little Silver, N. J. sends us his spring catalogue, a very neat and useful publication.

Did She Die?

"No; she lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years, the doctors doing her no good; and at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about. Indeed! indeed! how thankful we should be for that medicine.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

How He was Overcome and the Way by which He was Finally Saved.

(Correspondence Spirit of the Times.)

An unusual adventure which recently occurred to your correspondent while hunting at Brookmere in this state, is so timely and contains so much that can be made valuable to all readers, that I venture to reproduce it entire:

The day was a most inclement one and the snow quite deep. Rabbit tracks were plentiful, but they principally led in the direction of a large swamp, in which the rabbits could run without difficulty, but where the hunter constantly broke through the thin ice, sinking into the half frozen mire to his knees. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the writer had persevered, although a very small bag of game was the result.—While tramping about through a particularly malarial portion of the swamp, a middle-aged men suddenly came into view, carrying a muzzle-loading shotgun and completely loaded down with game of the finest description. Natural curiosity, aside from the involuntary envy that instinctively arose, prompted the writer to enter into conversation with the man, with the following result:

"You've had fine success, where did you get all that game?"

"Right here, in the swamp."

"It is pretty rough hunting in these parts, especially when a man goes up to his waist every other step."

"Yes, it's not very pleasant, but I am used to it and don't mind it."

"How long have you hunted hereabouts?"

"Why, bless you, I have lived here most of my life and hunted up to ten years ago every year."

"How does it happen that you omitted the last ten years?"

"Because I was scarcely able to move, much less hunt."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, you see, about ten years ago, after I had been tramping around all day in this same swamp, I felt quite a pain in my ankle. I didn't mind it very much, but it kept troubling me for a day or two, and I could see that it kept increasing. The next thing I knew I felt the same kind of a pain in my shoulder, and I found it pained me to move my arm. This thing kept going on and increasing, and though I tried to shake off the feeling and make myself think it was only a little temporary trouble, I found that it did not go. Shortly after this my joints began to ache at the knees and I finally became so bad that I had to remain in the house most of the time."

"And did you trace all this to the fact that you had hunted so much in this swamp?"

"No, I didn't know what to lay it to, but I knew that I was in misery. My joints swelled until it seemed as though all the flesh I had left was bunched at the joints; my fingers crooked in every way and some of them became double-jointed. In fact, every joint in my body seemed to vie with the others to see which could become the largest and cause the greatest suffering. In this way several years passed on, during which time I was pretty nearly helpless. I became so nervous and sensitive that I would sit bolstered up in the chair, and call to people that entered the room not to come near me, or even touch my chair. While all this was going on, I felt an awful burning heat and fever, with occasional chills running all over my body, but especially along my back and through my shoulders. Then again, my blood seemed to be boiling and my brain to be on fire."

"Didn't you try to prevent all this agony?"

"Try, I should think I did try. I tried every doctor that came within my reach and all the proprietary medicines I could hear of. I used washes and liniments enough to last me for all time, but the only relief I received was by injections of morphine."

"Well, you talk in a very strange manner for a man, who has tramped around on a day like this and in a swamp like this. How in the world do you dare do it?"

"Because I am completely well and as sound as a dollar. It may seem strange, but it is true that I was entirely cured; the rheumatism all driven out of my blood; my joints reduced to their natural size and my strength made as great as ever before, by means of that great and simple remedy, Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, which I believe saved my life."

"And so you now have no fear of rheumatism?"

"Why, no. Even if it should come on, I can easily get rid of it by using the same remedy."

The writer turned to leave, as it was growing dark, but before I had reached the city precisely the same symptoms I had just heard described came upon me with great violence. Impressed with the hunter's story, I tried the same remedy, and within twenty-four hours all pain and inflammation had disappeared. If any reader is suffering from any manner of rheumatic or neuralgic troubles and desires relief let him by all means try this same great remedy. And if any readers doubt the truth of the above incident or its statements let them write to A. A. Coates, Brookmere, N. Y., who was the man with whom the writer conversed and convince themselves of its truth or falsity. J. R. C.

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

"BI CHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

IF WILL PAY TO GET our 1884 catalogue of Small Fruits all kinds. Ford's Early Sweet Corn sweetest best Early Colton Apple, best quality, hardy in Wis. OUR NEW POTATO Lee's Favorite, extremely early, best quality, most productive, 265 lbs. grown from one. Catalogue free. Address, Frank Ford & Son, Ravenna, Ohio

PEACH, and all other kinds Trees, &c., by the single one or Carload. 200 Acres; 50th year. Prices on list of stock you need. Testimonials from Customers, some of whom are of nearly Fifty Years standing, &c., free. STARK NURSERIES Louisiana, Mo

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

The Bald-headed Man in Church.

[Liverpool Courier.]

Old Mr. Collamore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the services, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider crawling over the latter's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and, in his nervousness, he hit old Collamore quite a severe blow. The old gentleman turned around in a rage to see who had dared to take such a liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain with gestures. But Collamore, in a loud voice, demanded what it meant. It was very painful to Hoff. The eyes of the congregation were upon him and he grew red in the face. "There was a spider on your head." "A white place on my head, hey? S'pose there is, what's that to you? You'll know what it is to be bald-headed yourself some day." "It was a spider," shrieked Hoff, while the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly it's wider," said Collamore, "and got more in it than yours. But let it alone—do you mind? You may let my head alone in church." "Mr. Collamore," shrieked Hoff, "there was a spider on your head, and I brushed him off—this way," and Hoff made another gesture at Collamore's head. The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there, and hurling a hymn book at Hoff, he seized the kneeling stool on the floor of the pew and was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on the fly-leaf of the hymn book, whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere.

Wilkes Booth's Ride.

[Washington Critic.]

"What did Booth ride?" asked the reporter.

"Old Sorrel Charley, the best saddler ever seen in this country. I doubt if the world ever produced his equal. Of course he came from Kentucky. All great saddlers do."

"Did Booth buy him?"

"No, he hired him."

"And what became of him?"

"We never heard."

"Was the hire paid?"

"In the sense that Booth had been a good customer only."

"What were Charley's points?"

"All that a saddler ever boasted. He wouldn't pull a pound, but a good rider could single-foot him down from Capitol hill to our stable with a full glass of water in each hand and never spill a drop, and at better than a four-minute gait, too. Booth knew him well, and could ride him like a picture. I doubt if he suffered even with his broken limb as much as has been said."

"How far was the ride?"

"Down to Dr. Mudd's that night, full twenty miles away. Sheridan's gallop from Winchester, I'll bet, was a fool to that ride. When I heard in the morning what horse the assassin rode, I said: 'They who pursue will follow, and only follow.'"

Cocoanuts as Food.

The Fiji Times, in speaking recently of the value of the cocoanut as food rations, states that a vessel left San Francisco with 400 passengers for Sydney, and in consequence of running short of stores, put in at Samsa, where a large quantity of cocoanuts were obtained. The weather became so severe that the remainder of the passage consumed eighty days, so that men, women and children were reduced entirely to a cocoanut diet and were obliged to be contented at last with one per diem for each adult. "Notwithstanding this diet," says the report, "not a life was lost, and not a single case of sickness occurred, all the passengers landing in a healthy and well-nourished condition."

Consumptive Birds.

[Exchange.]

In a preliminary paper read before a recent meeting of the London Pathological society, Mr. Sutton and Dr. Heneage Gibbs described an investigation now being made by them into tuberculosis of birds. They find that the disease is very prevalent among birds, and that it sometimes becomes epidemic. The effects do not exactly correspond to those produced in man by consumption, but the parasite present in both cases seems to be the same. The disease virus appears to be introduced with the food, and the birds most liable to be affected are common fowl, peacock, grouse, and other grain eaters.

Mars' Moons.

[Exchange.]

A remarkable feature of the two satellites of Mars, which were discovered about six years ago by Prof. Asaph Hall, is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, its distance from the centre of the latter body being about 6,000 miles; and from the surface less than 4,000. "If," said Prof. Newcomb, "there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixtieth that of the moon from us."

How Very Bold.

[Exchange.]

Miss Maria Pickaflaw (talking behind her fan to her sister)—The idea of Dolly Debu.'s wearing that heliotrope dress! Miss Jane Pickaflaw—Why, it strikes me as very becoming. Miss Maria (snappishly)—Becoming! Of course! Did anybody say it wasn't? But don't you know it takes a faultless complexion to wear that color, and for Dolly Debut to appear in that dress is as much as to say she considers her complexion perfect. Miss Jane—How very bold of her, to be sure!

When They Get Miffed.

[Exchange.]

When a Boston girl gets miffed at her husband she says: "Base tyrant, I shall leave thee and fly to my father." When a western girl becomes similarly affected she simply says: "Old man, I'm going to get up and get, and if you don't like it you just climb up on your eyebrows and see if you can stop me."

IN MY DREAMS.

[Matthew Arnold.]

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come as thou can'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on my new world and be
As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never can'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair and kiss my brow,
And say: My love! why sufferest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

HENRY CLAY'S DEBTS.

How a Certain Note Was Secretly Paid at a Kentucky Bank.

[Ben: Perley Poore.]

Henry Clay had a large and expensive family, and his homestead, "Ashland," was not a profitable estate, so generous was the hospitality which prevailed there. The "Great Commoner" is said, by those who knew him intimately, to have keenly felt his poverty, while he lost no opportunity of expressing his gratitude to friends, known and unknown, for all kinds of favors.

The day upon which Mr. Webster made his celebrated speech in March, 1850, he was highly eulogizing him at dinner, when some one asked him if he did not think Mr. Webster's influence had been greatly impaired by his allowing certain wealthy men in Massachusetts to settle an annuity upon him for abandoning his practice in the courts so as to devote more time to public affairs. Mr. Clay responded: "In view of the manner in which my note was paid at a bank in Kentucky, I do not think I ought to speak upon that subject. With difficulty had I raised the money to pay the interest when I went to the bank to ask a renewal. The cashier told me I had no note there. I asked him what had become of it, and he said he was instructed to answer no questions. And never have I been able to find out who paid it," but turning to Judge Conrad, of New Orleans, he said, "Judge, I always supposed you had something to do with that matter." To which he responded: "Whether I or any one else had anything to do with the matter you will never know."

Mr. Clay then said: "In view of my many opponents, I am as thankful for the secrecy as the money, but when I am free from public life I am going to insist upon knowing who were such benefactors." When some one said: "Mr. Clay, your friends will never let you be free from public life." "In that view, gentlemen," said he, "bear witness to my inexpressible gratitude to my friends, not only for their favor, but for their manner of bestowing it," adding that there was but one unpleasant thing about it—that it was the only present that he had ever received that he could not divide with his friends. Here Judge Conrad observed: "That need not trouble you, as you had liberally divided the proceeds before you gave the note." "You are right," says Clay, "the note was given principally to take up the paper of friends which I had indorsed."

The Hindoo Woman at the Medical College.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Anandibai Joshee, a Hindoo woman of the highest Brahminical caste, is a student in the Woman's Medical college of Pennsylvania. The mark indicative of her rank in life is on her forehead. She is said to be the first Brahmin woman who ever left India. One of the principal articles in the Brahminical faith strictly enjoins that no Brahmin shall cross the ocean. She is scarcely five feet in height, and, although quite plump, is graceful in her motions. In order to keep her caste while here she must live by herself, prepare her own food, wear the native costume, and rigidly observe certain religious rites. If she is faithful in these things when she returns to India there will be a meeting of the principal Brahmins, who will hear her confessions, and then absolve her from her transgressions. She is highly educated and a remarkable linguist, speaking seven languages fluently, among them Sanskrit. She was asked if she had any difficulty in acquiring English. "Oh, no," she replied, "it was easy after Sanskrit. My husband taught me. I studied English five years with him, but did not speak it all until I went on board ship." She speaks so well that it is difficult to believe this, and she writes better than she speaks.

English Cookery.

[London News]

In England very little benefit is extracted from the present long list of vegetable substances. Bread and potatoes, cabbage, and in agricultural districts beans with a little bacon and cheese and milk for the children, almost exhaust the list of food attainable by the working village population. What is called butchers' meat rarely makes its appearance in the cottage of an agricultural laborer, but it is quite certain that if the humble and wholesome materials at his disposition were more skillfully treated, he would be greatly the better. In manufacturing towns vast quantities of food are destroyed rather than consumed, owing to the ignorance of the women of the most elementary principles of cooking. A hastily-made fire and a frying pan, a "lump of butter of indefinite size, some bacon and a few eggs of doubtful freshness compose the culinary preparations of a family earning between £2 and £3 per week.

The Educational Dodge.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Jones—I see that the government is educating 10,000 Indian children at its own expense.

Smith—Yes; great dodge, isn't it?

Jones—Great dodge! How so?

Smith—Why, you see, the copper-colored youngsters are put through the same kind of a cramming process that white children are subjected to, and even if they live to grow up they won't have strength enough left to go on a warpath.

F. Marion Crawford: Only man can be a fool. It distinguishes him from the higher animals.

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Five Octaves, one 3-5 Sets Reeds, *Eight Stops*, including *Sub-Bass*, *Octave Coupler*, Stool, Book and Music, in Solid Black Walnut Case

Fancy High Top, as above.

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DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Prof. Horsford says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

Thackeray's gifted daughter, Anne, in her sketch of Alfred Tennyson, in *Harper's Monthly*, tells of her visit to the great poet. She found him smoking Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco, sent him by Hon. James Russell Lowell, American Minister to the Court of St. James.

In these days of adulteration, it is a comfort to smokers to *know* that the Bull Durham brand is absolutely pure, and made from the best tobacco the world produces.

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is the *best* and purest made. All dealers have it. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull.

"BARBOUR" CORN DRILL.

Unequaled for STRENGTH and SIMPLICITY. Drops positively only ONE Grain in a place, *twelve*, *sixteen* or *twenty* inches apart.

H. P. DEUSCHER, HAMILTON, OHIO.

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Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, etc. Invaluable to all. D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, MICH.

LIFE LOANS AT 4 PER CENT.

Principal need never be paid so long as interest is kept up.

No security required except for interest, and then only persons These loans are for poor or men of moderate means, in amounts of $100, $300 FOR LIFE. Send 4 cents for particulars. W. ROBERTS, Manager, 103 W. 9th St. Cincinnati, O.

26,999 NOW IN USE.

All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our Improved Keller Positive Force Feed, Grain, Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are as good as the best, and can be sold as cheap. All are warranted. Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co. Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.

Ladies approve smoking the "Little Joker" tobacco.

Did She Die?

"No!"
"She lingered and suffered along,
"ing away all the time for years,"
"The doctors doing her no good;"
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.
"Under the care of the best physicians,
"Who gave her disease various names,
"But no relief.
"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughter say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

Simple Justice requires that De Land's Soda should be given the leading place in the public esteem. It has been, and is, one of the greatest health promoters of the age.

The mayor of New York married 112 couples during 1883.

Fits Cured Six Years Ago.

"It has been six years since I was cured of fits," says Mr. W. Ford, of Wirt Jefferson Co., Ind. "Samaritan Nervine did it." And it always will, reader \$1.50, at druggists

The Washington monument is said to be only one-sixty-fourth of an inch out of plumb.

A remedy for Indigestion, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Weakness, Fever, Ague, etc., Colden's Liquid Beef and Tonic.

In the convent at St. Sabina, at Rome there is an orange tree said to be six hundred years old.

I would recommend

Ely's Cream Balm to any one having Catarrh or Catarrhal Asthma. I have suffered for five years so I could not lie down for weeks at a time. Since I have been using the Balm I can lie down and rest. I thank God that you ever invented such a medicine.—FRANK P. BURLEIGH, Farmingtown, N. H.

Mr. Gladstone, it appears, includes among his many vocations that of a dealer in timber.

My son,

aged nine years, was afflicted with Catarrh; the use of Ely's Cream Balm effected a complete cure.—W. E. HAMMAN, Druggist, Easton, Pa. (50 cts. a package. See Adv't.)

Solid Comfort.

Every one likes to take solid comfort and it may be enjoyed by every one who keeps Kidney-Wort in the house and takes a few doses at the first symptoms of an attack of Malaria Rheumatism. Billiousness, Jaundice or any affection of the Liver, Kidneys or Bowels. It is a purely vegetable compound of roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in Kidney troubles. Added to these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It removes the cause of disease and fortifies the system against new attacks.

A bill has been introduced in the Virginia Legislature to prohibit Sunday trains.

A prompt way to ease asthmatic wheezing. Use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

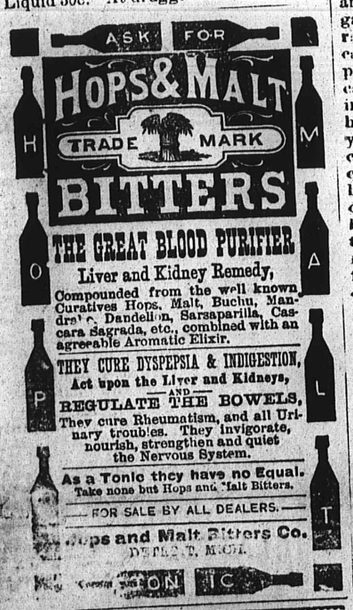
The Duc De Chartress won \$150,000 on the French turf last year.

☞ PRETTY AS A PICTURE. Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for Silk, Wool, Cotton, &c., 10c each. A child can use with perfect success. Get at once at your druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co. Burlington, Vt.

Bishop Kavanaugh, who presided at the Mississippi conference is eighty-two years old.

"Red Clover Cough Drops."

Knocks a Cough or Cold endwise. For children or adults. Troches, 15 c. Liquid 50c. At druggists.



Doesn't Know What He's Talking About.

[New York Graphic.]

"Oh! would I were a boy again," once sang an idiot, with a memory cut off so short that he couldn't recollect whether the last he took was beer or brandy. And as he sung and sung, and made others idiodically sing wishing that they were boys again if not girls again, forgetting that boyhood and girlhood as a rule is about the most miserable of human existence. What is it that cries every half hour for something it can't get? A 6 or 7-year-old child. What is it that wants everything it sees and doesn't know what's good for it? A 6 or 7-year-old child. What is it that lies on its little stomach, and kicks with rage and temper because it can't have candy enough to make it sick? A 6 or 7-year-old child. What is it that, pampered with all the "delicacies" of the season, cries for something to eat, it doesn't know what, and refuses out of the pure quintessence of ugliness to be satisfied? A 6 or 7 y. o. child. What is it in the summer time that steals the hard green apples, and then feels them gripe? The "would I were a boy again." What is it that is beaten with rods, straps and whips by the angry father? The 6 or 7 y. o. boy. What is it that is spanked by the tempestuous mother and bullied by everybody? It is needless to say. All have more or less suffered. And this is the compendium of misery, the animated bunch of unrest and fretfulness that he wants to be again? The man doesn't know what he's talking about.

The Rage for Mexico.

[Cro fut's New York Letter.]

A rage for going to Mexico has suddenly broken out, and it looks as if some thousands of our citizens would go and winter on the table-lands of the capital, where the thermometer varies but 10 degrees the year around. F. S. Church, the artist, is already there, and Joseph Gay is going. I met Charles Dudley Warner the other day and he said he talked of going, so do Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tuck of Sixty-first street, and many others. The number going this winter, even this early, is unprecedented. The trip cannot yet be made with much comfort overland, because the gap in the National railroad between Saltillo and Mexico is not yet closed; so the Alexandre steamers from Vera Cruz, stopping two days at Havana and one day at Yucatan, get all the custom. Seth Green caught the Mexican fever in the vestibule of the St. Nicholas the other day and said: "I vow, I believe I'll go. They say the fishing can't be beat?" "But it's no place for you," said Judge Roosevelt, "they catch the fish all with a seine." "They do!" broke out the son of Walton, "who said so?" "Why, it's notorious. Everybody says so. Haven't you heard yourself of the 'Hauls of the Montezumas?'" By the way, Thomas C. Purdy, vice president of the National railroad, of which Gen. Palmer is president, has just arrived from Europe with Mrs Purdy, and they will return to Mexico again next week.

Magazines too Dear.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The magazines will have to come down in price. Thirty-five cents is too much, and now that they are going so extensively for process engraving they can easily afford a reduction. The Century can be bought anywhere in England for 24 cents. Why should an American have to pay 11 cents more than the Englishman for an American magazine? But the thing that will force the coming down in price is the advent of the cheap English magazines here. Cassells have just published the first number of their Family Magazine in the United States. This magazine is the very best in England. Its price there is 14 cents; its price here is 15 cents. The engravings are of a very high class and the articles and stories by the very best writers over there. The tendency of the age is towards cheap literature. The sooner the older magazines recognize the fact the better it will be for them. Harper's can be bought in London for 18 cents. Why can't they sell in New York for 20 cents?

A Bride's Dowry in India.

[Exchange.]

One of the daughters of Meer Baba, nawab of Surat, has just been married, and this is what the people saw who gathered to watch the bride's dowry carried to the bridegroom's house: A cavalcade of elephants, horses, carriages and palkees led the procession. After them came a number of female servants, all in snow-white clothes, each bearing in her hands a covered tray. About fifty youths followed with rose-water decanters of silver on silver salvers. Then came 500 coolies, some with magnificent bedsteads, with curtains, pillows, etc.; others with swings, benches, boxes, cupboards of various designs, sofas, chairs, tables, and, in short, all the paraphernalia of a modern house. These were followed by seventy-five women; each carrying a tray of sweetmeats. One hundred men with cooking utensils brought up the rear, some of them carrying on their heads basket-loads of lamps, wall-shades, chandeliers, etc.

Silver Dimes.

[Inter Ocean.]

"The call for the dime silver pieces is largely increasing," said Director Snowden, of the Philadelphia mint, the other day. "Last month we coined 100,000 ounces of silver into 10-cent pieces, and for this month we have been authorized to purchase and put into coinage 10,000 ounces of the same denomination. The 5-cent piece, or nickel, is also very much in demand, as you will see by the coinage of last month of that denomination, which reached the total of 11,476,700 pieces. There has been usually a large amount of 10-cent pieces held in the vaults at Washington, but those have all been put in circulation, the demand has been so great."

S. Weir Mitchell: Human nature is inexhaustible, and we may rest sure that on Methuselah's 969th birthday he might have startled his family by some novelty of word or deed.

Peculiarities of Tennyson.

[Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

Tennyson passes most of his days at Farringford, surrounded by the lovely and romantic scenery for which the Isle of Wight is noted. He spends on an average six to eight hours a day in his library engaged in literary work. Orders are always given that he shall not be interrupted except for most momentous reasons, and he never is; for the members of his family and his servants think his making of a line of quite as much importance as the creation of a new world—an opinion which, it is needless to say, he fully shares. Perhaps if his wife—she was Emily Sellwood—were dying she might venture to have him informed of the fact during his hours of work. She would not be willing that his sanctuary should be profaned for any less cause, because she religiously believes that William Shakespeare is scarcely the equal of Alfred Tennyson. If she were capable of forming or cherishing any other opinion, it is doubtful if he would live with her. She probably preserves her connubial place by the most rapturous worship and the most absolute self-effacement.

There have been awful instances of the invasion of Tennyson's library while he was in the throes of composition, owing to the relaxed vigilance of his domestic dragons. The scenes that followed can hardly be described. The poet, in his wrath, raged like mad, threatening to destroy the intruder, and literally tearing the little hair he has left. The very idea of interrupting Alfred Tennyson in his hours of divine inspiration seemed to him monstrous beyond belief, a hideous crime eternally unpardonable. He has never, I believe made any physical assault upon an unfortunate intruder, though it would have been supposed, from his furious demonstration, that he could be appeased with nothing short of homicide.

Bulwer's Gypsy Love.

The recently published autobiography of Bulwer-Lytton furnishes some interesting facts about that peculiar character. Before leaving Cambridge he had enriched his experience with some vacation adventures, including an encounter with a highwayman, a night in a lonely cottage where an attempt was made to murder him, and an amour with a pretty young gypsy, in whose camp he spent five or six days of romantic dalliance.

"One morning she was unusually silent and reserved. I asked her, reproachfully, why she was so cold.

"'Tell me,' she said abruptly, 'tell me truly, do you love me?'

"'I do, indeed.' And so I thought.

"'Will you marry me, then?'

"'Marry you?' I cried aghast. 'Marry? Alas! I would not deceive you—that is impossible.'

"'I don't mean,' she cried impetuously, but not seemingly hurt at my refusal—'I don't mean as you mean—marriage according to your fashion; I never thought of that; but marry me as we marry.'

"'How is that?'

"'You will break a piece of burnt earth with me—a tile, for instance, into two halves.'

"'Well?'

"'In grandmother's presence. That will be marriage. It lasts only five years. It is not long,' she said pleadingly. 'And, if you want to leave me before, how could I stay you?'

"Poor, dear child—for child, after all, she was in years and in mind—how charming she looked then. Alas! I went farther for a wife and fared worse."

Wait a Moment.

[Wall Street News.]

My son, you have got a few thousand dollars to invest. You are crazy to buy stocks, or to speculate in wheat or cotton, and your days and nights are full of pleasant thoughts of enormous profits. If Gould didn't have your capital to start with, and now he thinks he owns eleven states. Vanderbilt only had hundreds where you have thousands, and yet he owns eleven of the other states and a brick house which is positively rat-proof. At your age Villard was a poverty-stricken clerk, and Russell Sage was inventing the three-legged milk-stool.

But, go slow, my boy. Any idiot can buy stock and futures, but it takes a long head to buy what is certain to return big profits. Fight shy of railroad stocks. Don't think of investing in silver mines. Keep clear of wheat and corn and cotton. Don't fool with canal shares, county bonds, navigation stocks, nor flying-machines. Be reasonable. Don't expect to make money too fast. Go into business with an undertaker for a year and let the market settle. Start a corner-grocery and get some idea of how codfish fluctuates. Establish a bucket-shop and learn how to manipulate the market. Open a liver-pad foundry and learn patience, humility and how to skin your fellowmen.

Drinking Liquid Fire.

["Durandal" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The young men behind the bar have to work like beavers to wait on the men who rush in on their way home. Many of them are very expert and quite showy. This is particularly the case at this season of the year while making hot apple toddy. The bar-tenders vie with each other in picturesque manners of mixing this drink. They pour part of the liquor in each glass and then light it.

As the spirits flame up they toss them from one glass to another until there is a semi-circle of fire above their heads. Then they slam it down on the bar, blow it out, and the customer gulps it down under the impression that he is enjoying it. It nearly scalds him to death, and he is quite convinced that he is swallowing liquid fire. The tears start from his eyes and he clutches the glass convulsively, but he is bound to down the liquor like a man, but more properly like an idiot. It's a cruel drink.

Rabbi Wise's Lecture: It is no mistake to maintain that the citizens of any country are as patriotic and law abiding as the members of its families are affectionate and dutiful among themselves.

CHILDREN'S MAGAZINES.

Too Much Mush and Molasses for the Children and Not Enough Solid Food.

[Springfield Republican.]

The great fault of the children's magazines is that they give the least possible quantity of sense to the greatest possible quantity of amusement. Now it is well to be amused, and the lightening of the reading of childhood by the riches of various folklore, the invention of new fairy and fantasy, the infusion of poetic beauty, and the ornament of art—all these are most praiseworty in due bounds. The objection is that there are no bounds; that trifles have the whole field to themselves, and in fact that the principal constituents of the child's paper or magazine are mush and molasses, cake and candy. Now, we do not feed our children after this sort at the home tables. We give them milk and bread and meat and potatoes—the sweet stuff is a mere occasional luxury. Why should we allow their finer being, their mental quality, to be demoralized any more readily than their physical? We are now greatly improving in physical hygiene—why should we lower the intellectual conditions?

We shall not be suspected of the Gradgrind spirit if we declare that 75 per cent. of nonsense is too much to present our children in a month, and even 50 per cent., which we are persuaded is the modern average, is too great for their mental healths.

We do not deny the value and necessity of cultivating the imagination. The Arabian Nights needs succession and sustainment, and when so great an original genius as Frank Stockton appears, we sincerely desire to limit his appearance, for we shall seldom in a generation find his equal. The flood of American production is not in the fashion of Mr. Stockton—though he has imitators at a distance—but in the general line of fanciful trash and silly fiction. It really affords one a grave sense of comfort to open an English juvenile like The Chatterbox, with its honest dullness, its pragmatical moralizing and its plain old-style wood-cuts.

The mention of wood-cuts leads to another consideration, and that perhaps the radical one. It is that our American child's magazines, papers and books are written and illustrated too generally above the heads of their ostensible audience.

What Dazed a Britisher.

[Philadelphia Press.]

A mild-looking importation from the British isles found his way to the postoffice last evening, and, after wading through the streams of water which served as a moat to the building, reached one of the windows in safety. He held a big package of Christmas cards up for inspection, and the clerk said it would take 40 cents to carry it across the Atlantic. The applicant produced the money, and the window-man made a picture-frame round the bundle with twenty stamps, each of the denomination of 2 cents, and then said: "Five cents more, please."

"How's that?" demanded the Britisher.

"It weighs heavier now the stamps are on," was the explanation.

"Why, the doose," expostulated the victim, "why the doose didn't you put one 40-cent stamp on or two of 20 cents. You are a genius!"

"Hurry up with that nickel," roared the official. "I want to go to sleep. What did you come so late for, anyway? All the stamps are locked up in the safe at this hour, and we've only got 2's."

The victim fumbled in his pocket and produced a trade dollar, and asked for the change.

"Don't like 'em," shouted the infuriated window gentleman.

Once more the victim fumbled and this time fished up a \$2.50 gold piece.

"That's too worn. That's too light," yelled the postoffice clerk, dancing about with rage.

There was a repetition of the pocket investigation, and the bewildered Britisher took one by one from his coat five cart-wheel pennies of the issue of 1850, and, as they are legal tender, the official was bound to accept them. He looked like a man with five mothers-in-law.

Humor of a Chinese Play.

[The Century.]

The performance of this play—one of the shortest in the theatrical repertory—was begun at 6 o'clock and ended at midnight. It was relieved by not a single sparkle of wit, not a solitary gleam of humor. The nearest approach to pleasantry was furnished by the speech of the emperor when he killed his child. The mother exclaimed, "Alas! you have slain our son." To which his answer is: "Well, console yourself: I am not going to kill him again." This brought out a burst of laughter from the audience; all seemed to regard it as a finished bit of humor. They looked on unmoved, however, when the gory corpse rose and retired from the stage, while a member of the orchestra handed to the murderer a false head, which he apostrophized in blood-curdling terms. The only other expression of enjoyment was elicited by the disguise of the mother in man's attire. When she stroked her long, false beard, several of the spectators laughed heartily, while a ripple of smiles passed over the stolid faces of the others.

Drew's Faith and Works.

[Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A story of Daniel Drew, the famous Methodist millionaire, who was bankrupted by a corner in Northwestern stock, and died a comparative pauper, went the rounds of the newspapers a few years ago. It it fat just here.

Old Uncle Daniel, as he was called by his Wall street pals, had been coaxed into subscribing a couple of hundred thousand dollars to some Methodist educational institute. The old man gave the subscription under protest, and in telling some brother about it a day or two after, said:

"Well, sir, I didn't know where the money was a comin' from. I was really worried about it, an' I made it a subjec' of fastin' an' prayer. I fasted and prayed over the matter a day, and then, sir, I went down on Wall street, and skinned them fellers out of a cool \$200,000 in less than twenty-four hours."

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

Some day, some day of days, threading the sweet
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill;
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair
And drop the garment, care;
Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,
How, face to face, each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forge the dismal dole
Of dreary fate's dark, separating sea;

And glance to glance and hand to hand in greeting,
The past, with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

THE IDEAL CREMATORY.

How Cremation Will Be Robbed of All Its Objectionable Features.

[The Modern Age.]

It is not a disagreeable journey on which we now propose to take our readers. It is to witness the final disposition of a friend's remains in the ideal crematory of the future—science having already perfected the mechanical appliances necessary in conducting it in the way we describe.

Our friend has died, and, through the usual announcements, we learn that the last rites will be performed in the columbarium at a given hour. Repairing thither at the appointed time, we first pass through a grove of stately trees, the soothing murmurs of whose rustling leaves brings peace and quiet into the hearts of those who mourn and gather to pay the last tribute. Within the grove stands a massive building of gray masonry, whose architecture shows no striving after ornamental effect, and whose solid proportions give a sense of eternal permanency. A few small windows in the simple frieze which crowns its walls do not destroy this effect, and their plain stained-glass clashes in no wise with the harmony of color between the sky, the trees and the gray stone of the temple of rest. About the Doric pillars of its portico green vines twine fondly, as though they, too, would do their share in robbing death of all its hideousness.

To this place loving hands have borne the body of our friend. No coffin lends its horror to the journey from this earthly home to here, where eternal sleep awaits him. A flower-strewn bier gives poetic carriage for this short and final journey. Entering the broad portal, the soft deep notes of an organ charm the ear. The eye takes in a most imposing sight. The entire interior of the building is one impressive room, with walls, floor, ceiling, all of white and spotless marble. The view is not a dazzling one, for the light is subdued and comes in varied color through the windows at the top. On either side of the chamber stand a few memorial statues—real works of art—each one of them keeping alive the memory of some one who in his life was either good or great. Many of the marble slabs in the sides and floor of the temple bear in plain, sunken letters a name and two dates. Behind or beneath them are niches containing urns, where rest the pure white ashes of the beloved dead.

On a simple dais in the middle of the room lies the body of our beloved friend. The hour has come, and about it are gathered those who knew and loved him while he lived. The scene, the surroundings, the subdued music of the organ, the absence of everything to jar upon the taste or senses, brings on a mood of solemn contemplation. No thought of physical corruption jars upon our memories of the dead. The opening words of the speaker are said, a hidden choir harmoniously chants of hope and life, and now the end has come. With the words "ashes to ashes" a white pall is thrown over the dais and we have looked upon our friend for the last time. The dais noiselessly sinks from sight, a short hour is spent in listening to a funeral oration or in contemplation, until the dais, still covered with the pall, rises from below. The pall removed, we see upon the dais an urn—provided beforehand, and containing the ashes of our friend. This is now sealed into one of the niches, and the ceremony is over. This is not pure imagination. Modern invention has robbed incineration of all its objectionable features. Never till of late years could the world well and simply solve the problem of what to do with its dead. The whole process can be carried on as we have pictured, and without a single revolting feature in any part of it.

Our Secret of Mormon Success.

[Exchange.]

The great success of Mormon missionaries abroad is owing to the fact that they offer poor people land. These lands are really furnished by our government under the homestead law. But the Mormons do a splendid business offering these lands to converts. The poor people come to our shores, get the land from our government through Mormon agencies, and they reimburse the church for the trouble of converting them by paying tithes. The Mormons do a thriving business in this way, and keep an overflowing church treasury, which supports two emissaries near congress with ever-ready reasons for not interfering with polygamy.

Hair-Cutting and Child Nature.

The banging of a girl's hair changes the whole nature of the little wretch, and she becomes as a gun that is loaded. You take a picture of "Evangeline," and bang her hair, and she would look as though she would "run at" people. How would Mrs. Van Cott, the alleged female preacher, look with her hair banged? It is just the same with boys. You take a nice, pious, Sunday school boy, who can repeat 300 verses in the new testament, and cut his hair with a clipper, and he looks like Tug Wilson.

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Those who have been denied a healthy and natural condition, and wish to establish same, will use Magnetic Pastilles. No stomach drugging. Our treatment uniformly successful, being based on scientific and direct methods of application. The following, used by permission, is one of the many testimonials on file at our office.
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Respectfully Yours, MRS. EMMA SNIDMAR.
Each case treated separately according to individual diagnosis. Correspondence invited, which is held in strict confidence. Letters forwarded in plain sealed envelope, and no one knows what they contain. Address for particulars,
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has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit. Is convenient and cleanly. It causes no pain nor sneezing.
IT IS NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF
HAY-FEVER Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It always inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.
A thorough treatment will cure.
Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucus membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c. a package—stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists.
ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N. Y.

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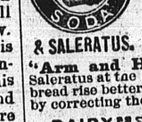

TO FARMERS.—It is important that the SODA or SALERATUS they use should be white and pure, in common with all similar substances used for food.
In making bread with yeast, it is well to use about half a teaspoonful of the "Arm and Hammer" BRAND SODA or Saleratus at the same time, and thus make the bread rise better and prevent it becoming sour by correcting the natural acidity of the yeast.
DAIRYMEN and FARMERS should use only the "Arm and Hammer" brand for cleaning and keeping milk-pans sweet and clean.
To insure obtaining only the "Arm and Hammer" brand Soda or Saleratus, buy it in POUND or HALF POUND PACKAGES, which bear our name and trade-mark as inferior goods are sometimes substituted for the "Arm and Hammer."

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THE SURE CURE FOR
KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.
PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.
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IN THOUSANDS OF CASES
it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.
☞ It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.
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Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Burlington Vt.
KIDNEY-WORT

A NEW YORK LUNCH-HOUSE.

An Establishment that Entertains Five Thousand Men a Day.

[New York Standard.]

Commencing with the Astor house, the reporter was conducted through a network of passages to the office of Monsieur Fere, the chief of that noted establishment. "You have undertaken a big job, but I think I can post you on the mysteries of our cuisine," he said.

"Have you any idea of the number of dishes served daily at the lunch counter in the rotunda?"

"I suppose we supply nearly five thousand lunches every day." Calling for a rotunda bill of fare, the writer counted a selection of exactly 100 dishes, not including vegetables, of which there were twenty-eight assortments.

"And what amount of food does that represent?"

"That's easily figured up. Our daily consumption of food comprises 126 ribs of beef, 400 pounds of English mutton for chops, 100 pounds of mutton ribs, 150 pounds of mutton legs, 25 loins of beef for steaks, 400 pounds of turkey, 300 pounds of chicken for entrees, and boiling purposes, 300 fowls for salads and chicken pates. Then comes game. Of this we use 100 pairs of quails, 25 brace of partridges, 25 brace of grouse, and 100 pairs of ducks of all kinds. We also consume daily 20,000 oysters—10,000 for patties, and 10,000 for fries, stews and raws. Of lobsters we use two barrels, chiefly for salads, and 500 pounds of fish. If you want to know how many vegetables we dispose of I can tell you that also; potatoes, ten barrels; cabbage, two; asparagus (in season), three; spinach, two."

"And what staff do you find necessary for so large a supply?"

"The oysters alone require a separate department. We have four oyster cooks and five openers. Oyster patties with us are a specialty, and we have, probably, a greater run on them than on any other dish. Our next strong point is our mutton chops, for which, also, there is a great demand. There are in addition to our oyster cooks twelve cooks, twelve assistant cooks, two bakers and a confectioner."

"Can you give me any idea of the consumption of wine and liquors at lunch?"

"The Americans are now beginning to learn to eat with discrimination, hence the increase in champagnes and clarets is very marked."

"Do you find much waste in the food?"

"Very little, if any. That which is left over goes to the 'help.'"

Reducing the Middle Classes.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

The tendency of the age is to accumulate the wealth of the community into few hands. The Vanderbilts and Jay Goulds represent a thousand or more rich men of the past era. The wealth of a community does not vary much from generation to generation; that is, if you divide the sum total by the number of inhabitants. If in any one epoch, therefore, a few persons become inordinately wealthy, it must be at the expense of many others, who lose their possessions. Nearly forty years ago the French philosopher Augusta Comte foretold the present state of things, and said that all the tendencies of the modern world were to mass wealth into the hands of a few persons. As this could not be helped, he urged the way to meet the difficulty was not by communistic agitation or a socialistic reorganization of society, but to create a public opinion which would force the millionaires or billionaires to regard their wealth as held in trust for the benefit of the community.

The middle classes in the past have been the small capitalists, storekeepers, merchants, brokers, employers—in other words, those who stood between the producer and consumer, and made large profits out of each; but modern invention is diminishing the gains of these middle men. The telegraph, railway, and modern banking devices are helping to destroy profits and are concentrating trade into great establishments. The late A. T. Stewart had, it is said, over a hundred persons in his employ, who had once been his rivals in business, and this same tendency obtains in every department of trade. This will end in this country in giving us a few very rich men, a reduced number of the middle classes and a relatively larger working population. This will furnish materials for a social convulsion, unless the coming billionaires so use their wealth as to improve the condition and conciliate the good will of their less fortunate fellow-citizens.

A Cooper After Fame.

[Wall Street News.]

A New York wholesale drys goods merchant, who was passing a day or two in a Pennsylvania town, received a call at the hotel from an anxious-looking, middle-aged man, who looked carefully around the room to see that nobody was eavesdropping, and then whispered: "Say, you are from New York, ain't you?" "I am." "That's what the boys said. Say!" "Well." "This is one of the meanest towns in the country." "Is it?" "You bet it is! Any man who tries to get along is cried down at once, and everybody is jealous of him. Say!" "Well, sir." "I've got a cooper shop down here about half a mile. Across the road is a fellow with a limekiln. An alderman from Pittsburg came on here a few weeks ago, and happened to visit the kiln, and the owner has been so stuck up ever since that you can't touch him with a ten-foot pole. Say!" "Yes." "Come down to my shop and straddle a shaving horse and sit there ten minutes and I'll buy you a new hat! That alderman was a big thing, and it was something to crow over, but if I can get a wholesale merchant from New York city into my cooper shop there won't be another church festival in this town without I 'tend the door and my wife makes the soup!"

A Georgia man has succeeded in making a beer from sugar-cane that will intoxicate.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

[The Century.]

No more she'll stroll by moonlight this year
Upon your arm;
She's gone to study Latin in a spot well
Fenced from harm.

How cool her muslin somehow seemed—she
always brought a breeze;
And how short she made the evenings 'to
those walks beneath the trees!

I must say it to her credit that she never lost
her heart,
Nor in any piece of acting ever failed to know
her part.

For she laughed at jokes, no matter how old
and stale and bad,
And she thought the present company the
best she'd ever had.

Then she gave us all her photograph, each
the first she ever gave;
"Would the recipient please be silent on the
subject as the grave?"

But her art was quite transparent, and as
harmless as the sun,
And the misanthrope who shunned her did
but lose a heap of fun.

So, old fellow, are we separate to join the
winter whirl,
Let's drink a parting bumper to that jolly
summer girl.

BALLADS OF THE WHEEL.

[Outing and The Wheelman.]

Through the winding lanes where willows lean,
And the stately elms their shadows throw,
Past the woodland bowers of sunlit green,
Where the dusky brave with bended bow,
In the haloed time of the long ago,
Would soft, like a stealthy panther, steal,
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

By the highways broad, where, fair, is seen
The bloom of the alder, white as snow,
Down hillsides steep on the road between
The vineyards wide with their vines a-row,
Nigh meads where the murmuring brooklets flow
And rushes tall in the breezes reel,
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

On days when spring is a verdant queen
And bright-eyed buttercups gleam and glow
'Mid hours when the forest's emerald sheen
Is scorched by suns that the tropics know,
In autumn tide, ere the winter's woe,
Whether bells of morn or eve outpeal,
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

ENVOY.

Come, riders all, be ye swift or slow,
And join in the praise of the steed of steel!—
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

A Better Class of Immigrants Coming

["Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

While immigration has decreased, the people who have arrived are of a far better class than have been landed on these shores for over ten years. There is a marked decrease in the arrival of the pauper elements, while skilled laborers from all countries have come in larger numbers than before. Germany, especially, has sent skilled mechanics, who have been employed in factories throughout the country at wages far in excess of those paid for the same labor in the old country. Another noticeable feature of the present year's immigration has been the influx of well-to-do farmers from the British isles, especially Scotland, who have purchased their own lands in the west, and with their families have settled down to a life of industry.

Of the 390,500 aliens who arrived during the year, it is estimated that less than five thousand returned, while over forty thousand persons have come to America during the year from foreign lands who had in previous years settled in the United States, but returned again to their homes in the old country. Persons of this class are not placed on the records as aliens, and are not included under the head of immigrants.

Germany has during the present year, as in former years, sent the most desirable class of immigrants, and, in point of numbers, has also excelled all other foreign nations. The British isles follow Germany closely, both in character and number of immigrants; and it is predicted that both these nations will, during the approaching year, furnish to the United States a larger number of desirable laborers than ever before, owing to the unsettled condition of affairs in the Old World. Belgium, while sending but 1,500 of her subjects, has furnished a class which has not been excelled by any nation save the two mentioned. It is particularly noticeable that no fault has been found with a single immigrant from Belgium during the past year, although nearly all have been supplied with employment by the labor bureau at the Garden. The number of arrivals for the year, with an estimate for the last week in December, amounts to 390,400, against 455,450 for the previous year, and 441,064 for 1881.

Picture of Andrew Jackson Davis.

["Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.]

The queerest preacher in New York is Andrew Jackson Davis. He is a Spiritualist, and I am not going to write a word for or against the soundness of his doctrines. At all events, they are not more unique than his person. Spiritualism has no such hold, numerically or intellectually, here in New York, as it has in Boston, Philadelphia, or Chicago; and Davis' congregation is very small, besides evidently unable, as a whole, to comprehend his complex and speculative teachings. Davis is at the head to-day, I suppose, of all the honest believers in spiritual communication. In the street or on the platform he is worth looking at, whatever may be the opinion as to listening to him. He is a little above the medium height, thin to emaciation, and straight in a squeezed-up way, as though he had been laid on his back under a heavy board when young and plastic. His head is a five-story structure, but built on a narrow lot. His nose would never be mistaken for anything else than Roman, and he has black whiskers that are the only commonplace thing about him.

He is intensely clerical in aspect, his broadcloth being smoother, his coat higher in the neck and more single-breasted, his hair longer and his spectacles glassier, than are often seen in an orthodox pulpit. He has visions, and shows it. A far-away look and a disregard of adjacent earthly matters are explained by his friends as the signs of spiritual intercourse. He may at the time be walking the street, or eating his dinner. He cannot be accused of mercenary insincerity. His preaching yields a slender income, he has nothing to do with seances for fees, and he might prosper by turning his talents to something else than the hard job of converting the world to his own religion. It was in a downtown restaurant that I made this sketch of him. Between the ordering of a steak and its delivery a trance came upon him. He had entered hungry, as his eager directions to the waiter regarding the necessity for rareness and juiciness in the beef clearly proved. But when it was placed before him he gazed vacantly over it into the spirit land; and when he returned to the earthly life it was uneatably cold. Can you doubt his honesty now?

A Circus in Java.

[Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Probably the most interesting thing I saw in Java was an American circus, and it was curious to see the crowds of Malays and Chinese as eager to catch a glimpse of the lion or to get a seat next the ring as the average American small boy. It was American in every respect, and I believe they are getting to be an institution of our country. To get a warm reception anywhere all the manager has to do is to advertise it as such; draw attention to the bare-backers riders all as Miss Emma, or some such good English name, instead of Mlle. Lucie de la Vere, as is the custom with us, and that Sam Johnson, the great American negro lion tamer, will give an entertainment with his five tame lions captured in the wilds of Missouri. Yes, the American circus is gaining a world-wide reputation, and even here in Batavia was the excitement of the week.

New Use for Eucalyptus.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

A new and curious use for the eucalyptus tree, already famed as an antidote to malaria, was discovered by accident lately in California. The leaves, it has been found, act as a preventive of that incrustation of steam boilers which leads to their general corrosion, and is said to be almost the sole cause of explosions.

Fulton market, New York, sells 40,000,000 pounds of fish and rejects 8,000,000 annually.

SAMARITAN NERVINE
NEVER FAILS.
THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

A SPECIFIC FOR

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCHOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.

$1.50 per bottle.

For testimonials and circulars send stamp.
The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Props.,
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Correspondence freely answered by Physicians.
Sold by all Druggists.

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DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and ACUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.
[From the Boston Globe.]

Messrs. Editors:—
The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.
On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."
It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.
It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.
For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.
"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.
All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.
Philadelphia, Pa. (6) Mrs. A. M. D.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES
5 SPLENDID VARIETIES all labeled, your CHOICE $1
12 for $2. 19 for $3.
26 " 4. 35 " 5.
75 " 10. 100 " 13.
Strong Pot Plants, for immediate bloom, delivered safely by mail post-paid to all points
WE GIVE AWAY In Premiums and EXTRAS more Roses than most establishments grow, and are the only concern making a SPECIALTY of Roses. Sixty Large Houses for Roses alone. Our New Guide, a complete Treatise on the Rose, 80 pp., elegantly illustrated, sent FREE
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co. Pa

AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS.

Peculiarities of Penmanship of Some Celebrated Writers.

[Boston Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's manuscript is a joy to the soul of editor and compositor, written in a clear, unshaded, perfectly legible hand, punctuated, capitalized and paragraphed with the utmost exactness. She sometimes tells with glee and pardonable pride how, when she was less known to fame than now, her health was proposed by George William Curtis at a New York press dinner, as the contributor who furnished perfect copy.

By means of fac-simile reproductions everybody is familiar with the small, elegant chirography of Longfellow and Whittier's rather scrawly, unshaded hand. The manuscript of the former was neat and precise, that of the latter suggests that it has been windswept. There was a certain resemblance between the writing of Whittier and that of Emerson, but the latter was smaller and more compact in character.

Dr. Holmes' manuscript, trig and tidy as is author, is in a small, running hand, which gives one the impression of having been written with great ease and rapidity.

Mrs. Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazar, writes in uneven, easy characters, not difficult to read, although her copy is less legible than her letters. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's literary work goes to the printer in writing wholly unshaded and with seperate letters often twisted and crushed out of shape, yet offering no especial difficulty to the compositor. Mrs. Celia Thaxter writes an odd, back-handed chirography, with a margin on the left, but running sharply to the edge of the paper on the right.

Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell puts her editorials for The Woman's Journal on the backs of circulars or any scrap of paper which comes to hand, in a stiff, school-girlish character, awkward and unformed, with frequent erasures and numerous paragraph marks. Col. T. W. Higginson's contributions to the same periodical are sent in on thin brown manilla paper, in a careless, nervous, compact hand, with a moderate number of emendations.

Miss Fletcher, author of "Kismet" and other novels, produces a MS. which has the clearness and sharpness of an engraved page, with an elegant, somewhat affected style of chirography.

George Parsons Lathrop's MS. is in nervous, jerky characters, with few erasures, and an exactness of punctuation and printers' marks, which probably results from his editorial experience.

W. D. Howell's handwriting is rather clear, very irregular and decidedly cramped.

Henry James writes a very black, heavy hand, which has much the appearance of having been written with a quill. It is rather blind, the final y's and g's running off into funny wiggles and quavers.

Nora Perry is fond of violet ink, and writes a scrawling, graceful hand, which, in moments of haste, melts away into intricacies of illegibility. It is true that it can be deciphered, but it much endangers the eternal welfare of the compositor.

Jean Ingelow's copy is scrawled upon unruled paper in the most loose and unformed of handwritings, yet with nothing angular about the characters, which, moreover, are easily read.

The manuscript of Wm. Lloyd Garrison is bare, because he had a horror of autograph collections, and took pains to have his copy returned to him. The example before me covers four sheets of ruled note-paper, closely written in purple ink, in a precise, old-fashioned hand, exactly correct in punctuation, orthography, capitalization and paragraphing; indeed, save for the fact of its being written upon both sides of the leaf, it is what a printer would consider an ideal piece of copy.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney scrawls in a light, scraggy Italian hand all over her sheet, not easy to read and not very pretty to see.

Julian Hawthorne writes a hand in which the letters are all well formed, but which are so small that one almost needs a microscope to make them out.

Mr. T. B. Aldrich, who himself writes a fine-looking page, but in a chirography in which the characters are so hastily made as to have the appearance of being but half-formed, expresses a hearty dislike for manuscript in the type-writer, yet Mark Twain's copy is in this form. His penmanship is clear and business-like, but he dictates now-a-days to a stenographer, who prints the result upon a type-writer as aforesaid. One of the oddest looking of manuscripts which one sees now is that of William Winter. The first glance at his copy gives one the impression that it is written in Japanese character, so strange and crooked is it. It is easily read, however; is written on small sheets and liked by the compositor.

Miss Louisa Alcott cultivates a swinging back-hand penmanship, the lines far apart and easily read. Lucy Larcom's hand is cramped and old-fashioned, like that of a very old lady; and the same is true to a less degree of that of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

How He Lost Her.

[Harvard Lampoon.]

Miss Rosalie Roseleaf, who is beautiful and sentimental, was sitting one summer's evening with Hollis Hodworthy on the veranda. The moon was shining brilliantly. Silence had reigned for some moments, when Rosalie, who, as the books say, was not 1,000 miles away from Hollis' purple cravat, looked up suddenly in his face, and sighed, "I must go in at 10; is it 10 yet?" "No, dear," said he, looking at his watch, "it is only 10 minutes of 10." A soft, restful expression spread over Rosalie's face at these words, and she said: "Then we may stay here ten minutes more; ten precious minutes here together in the beautiful moonlight," and her head again returned to a point not 1,000 miles distant from Hollis' purple cravat. Then poor Hollis, just as if the whole affair was a purely business transaction, blurted out: "But my watch is ten minutes slow." Poor, prosaic Hollis lost by a slip of the tongue the sweetest girl this side of Cambridgeport.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKERS
TRADE MARK.

THE BEST WATERPROOF COAT IN THE WORLD.
CHEAPER THAN GUM OR RUBBER.
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FOR ALL CLIMATES, ALL SOILS, ALL CROPS.
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SIBLEY'S SEEDS. HIRAM SIBLEY & CO. Rochester, N.Y. Chicago, Ill. POOR SEEDS.

18 PACKAGES OF SEEDS FOR 50 Cts.
$2.00 Worth of Seeds post-paid and the FARMER'S GUIDE 1 year, $1.10
Our seeds are warranted first class and of strong germinating power. We want every farmer and gardener to give them a trial. We will send
FREE BY MAIL
the following packages of new and improved varieties upon receipt of 50 Cts.: Egyptian Beet, Winnigstadt Cabbage, Long Orange Carrot, Dwarf Celery, Cluster Cucumber, Cabbage Lettuce, Cuban Queen Melon, Nutmeg Melon, Wethersfield Onion, Sugar Parsnip, Sweet Pepper, Early Scarlet Radish, Spinach, Livingston's Favorite Tomato, Purple Top Turnip. IN ADDITION, we will also send a sample packet of Leaming (yellow) Corn, and Clark Co. Champion (white) Corn, and furthermore, a packet of Buel's Superb Lettuce (the best lettuce in the world).
FOR $1.00 we will send all the above, and one packet of each of the following: Pansy (King of Blacks), Pansy (mixed), Verbena, Sensitive Plant (affords amusement). Phlox, Nolana (for rock work), Aster, Petunia, Balsam, Cenothera (flowers open at eventide), Portulaca, Mignonette, Ricinus (keeps mosquitos away), Candytuft, Mimulus (or Monkey Flower), Alyssum, Cleome (or Spider Flower), Swan River Daisy, Phacelia (good for Bee Food).
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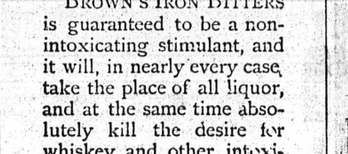

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XIII—NO. 24. LAWRENCE, KANSAS, MARCH 1, 1884. WHOLE NO. 610

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

An Illustrated Farm and Home Weekly Newspaper.

KIMBALL & STEVENS.
Publishers,
Lawrence Kansas.

The SPIRIT of KANSAS aims to be a first class family Journal, devoted to farm and home affairs, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western Life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellany, original and selected, will be such as will interest and instruct. Its editorials, page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial and political life, wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved, and always from a broad, comprehensive and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

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Can have but a limited portion of our space. The SPIRIT will be a paper for the reader and the space we have to spare for advertising will be valuable, but in proportion to circulation will be cheaper than that of most other papers of its class.

Rates, 10 cents per line of space each insertion agate measure, 14 lines to an inch.

SENATOR PLUMB would make the Agricultural Bureau, one of the departments, and the Commissioner a member of the cabinet.

INSURANCE RATES.

The enormous rates charged by fire insurance companies have begun to command attention. It is strange that they have not done so before. A few years ago there was a revolt against life insurance companies on this same ground, and as a result an innumerable number of co-operative unions were organized that give temporary insurance at a nominal cost. It is a plan not always to be commended, because, while it is cheap it is not in the nature of permanent insurance. But the result has been to materially decrease the expense of life insurance on the old plan.

Fire insurance rates are now nearly double the necessary amount to give security to the insured and afford a reasonable profit to the companies. It is intimated that an increase in rates in Lawrence is contemplated. Let us see whether this is necessary.

It was stated in a late meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, that over $30,000 annually is paid to Insurance companies, and that this will probably be more hereafter, owing to a contemplated increase in rates of insurance.

The losses by fire in this city for 1883, were unusually heavy, nearly sufficient to return to the city the amounts paid out, owing to the heavy Massachusetts street fire early in the year, and the destruction of the vinegar works.

It would not be fair to estimate in matters of this kind by the results of one year, nor by the figures from one town. We have taken some pains to gather some figures touching this subject that may be of interest.

The total losses paid in this city last year amounted to about $29,000. It was estimated by a leading insurance firm that for the three years preceding, the losses paid were less than $10,000 annually. For the last four years, then, we have received $59,000 from insurance companies; in payment of losses, during this period we have paid to the companies over $60,000 in the last two years, and not less than $50,000 in the two preceeding years. If we go back six years more to 1874, the difference would be still more striking.

In 1873 occurred the Bullene fire, when the companies paid out $50,000. During this space of seven years, at $25,000 a year paid in premiums, it would appear that $175,000 had been paid out in premiums. Including the loss paid Mr. Bullene, and say $10,000 a year for other losses it would make $120,000 received for losses, leaving $55,000 for the companies, or $106,000 paid out in eleven years, more than has been received.

It is a fact that this is not a favorite city with insurance companies. The agents of this city tell us that they have had the utmost difficulty in keeping down rates, and this when it appears that the companies have been making $10,000 a year and more on the insurance they have carried in this city.

The figures are given to show that the fire insurance companies made over half a million dollars profit in Kansas last year. The same general results are noticed everywhere, and it is against the payment of premium rates that will allow this, that general complaint is now made.

We are not called upon to pay money for insurance, to enable companies to pay large salaries to officers, or to build expensive blocks. Insurance, both life and fire, should be for mutual protection. All speculative features should be as thoroughly eliminated from it as Sam Riggs would have protection from the tariff, and now that the agitation of it has begun it is possible we may see it done.

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Not half-a-dozen years ago, the Indians were unwilling that their children should leave their native wilds and go to the civilized east to be educated.

The first attempt to educate Indians by the Government was made in 1876. During the Indian troubles in Florida, in 1875, a number were taken prisoners, and while held captive, several of them expressed a desire to learn the ways of their captors.

There was then no place so well fitted for their instruction as the Hampton Institute, located in Virginia, which was intended and used as a school for the instruction of colored children. An arrangement was made with the Institute, and young Indians, seventeen in number, were taken there and remained two years, at an expense of $767 each, per annum, to the Government.

In 1879 they were removed to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, which was the beginning of the Carlisle training school. This grew so rapidly in favor that the Forest Grove school was opened in Oregon Both were instituted and sustained by appropriations made for the purpose The success attending these schools induced the government to open others In locating these it was necessary to place them amid all the surroundings of civilization, and still, near enough to different tribes to save expenses of transportation.

So it came that one was located in our city. It will be one of the most commodious of all the schools, and will accommodate a thousand pupils. The expense to the government is now less than $200 a year for each child. At the end of five years it is supposed that each one of these children will be able to take care of himself, and to do something for those who are not educated It now costs the government $60 a year to support Indians not in school, and discontinue year after year, so that aside from the civilizing influences conferred upon the race, education is cheaper than permitting them to remain in a savage state.

The prejudice felt by the older Indians at the outset, is now generally obliterated. There is no difficulty in getting pupils. Only those are taken who come voluntarily. One difficulty is found to exist after the Indians return to their tribes. The educated are yet so few they fall back into their old habits. They are not yet numerous enough to surely influence their tribe to a higher life As they do not raise their fellows up, they are themselves brought down. according to a law of nature. But as more are yearly sent out, this will change, and the most sanguine hopes be realized. Such is the expectation.

BOY'S PLAY.

The tariff question is undoubtedly a great one. In one sense it may be considered a one sided question. The student, the moralist, and the theorist will be quite apt to decide in favor of free trade, because that is the goal toward which all commerce does and should tend. Primarily we are all free traders, we take it, as we are all in favor of personal liberty. We are all free men, free citizens, and as we believe wit a natural right to do whatever we please.

But when we come into society, when we associate together as free citizens, we surrender certain of these rights because the good of the whole seems to demand it. All consent to concede some rights that we may be better protected in others.

Under our system of government we are individually as free as the wild winds, until our wild and frisky freedom conflicts with the rights of others more weighty than our own, and then our rights are checked, and some of our freedom is curtailed This is plain enough to most republicans. Our freedom of person, of action and even of thought is controlled by the public welfare. A man is not even permitted to disseminate his thoughts if they appear demoralizing and corrupting, hence the growing disposition to suppress immoral literature.

The same principle is true in regard to trade. There are some goods in which we are not allowed to deal at all. In Kansas the trade in alcoholic liquors is prohibited. In all other States and in other civilized nations, trade is prohibited in some things.

Germany and France prohibit trade in American pork. Even trade in live stock is regulated, restricted and prohibited according to circumstances, and in every case this is done for the purpose of protection. We regulate, restrict and prohibit the sale of liquors to protect humanity. We regulate the sale of diseased cattle, or prohibit their importation, in order to protect our stock interests because the public good requires it.

And so we might multiply illustrations. The same principles applies all the way through. We can adopt and live by no rigid, inflexible rule. Circumstances and conditions enter largely into the account and must be duly weighed. As rapidly as we can approach the proper conditions, just so rapidly we approach absolute freedom, whether it be of trade or personal action.

It is here that the statesman meets his great obstacle, when he comes to consider the tariff question. Our genial Professor, J. H. Canfield, like other school men, takes up the tariff question as he would a problem in Euclid and solves it as readily. When he is done he declares for free trade. But he fails to take into account the conditions and circumstances, and so arrives at wrong conclusions, just as surely as the mariner who fails to make the proper allowances, will find himself out of his reckoning, and drifting into unknown seas.

Some of our people seem to have got cranky over this tariff question. Now and then a sedate professor, or some otherwise rational business men go out into the country school districts discussing the tariff. Perhaps two of them, one a free trade and the other a protectionist, will go out and spar away as if the life of the nation were involved.

This is what we mean by "Boy' Play." There is very little indeed to be made by these debates. The time spent in this way is little better than wasted It is well enough for school boys to enter into such contests, but very little really is to be gained by the discussions entered into even by the political giants in our congress. What oceans of ink Horace Greeley on one side and William Cullen Bryant on the other, wasted on this subject. And the country lived through it and has prospered.

The tariff is one of those questions that will settle itself in time. It will become clearer as our civilization advances. Trade has always been a handmaid of civilization. Commerce is a pioneer element in civilization. It breaks the way for the growth of nations. But this trade, like liberty must be restrained and regulated. Trade is not the cause of civilization. It is civilization that pushes trade forward and controls and guides it. The freedom of trade and the freedom of man will grow with the growth of civilization, not always with that of one nation and one people, but with that of the world.

NEWS SPECIAL WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1884.

The evidence on the Danville riots does not clearly establish the fact that the massacre was premeditated, and intended to fire the Southern heart and intimidate the colored voters, but it establishes beyond question that the whites were armed and ready, while the negroes, unconscious of danger, were entirely unarmed. Not only so, but it appears that but one white man was wounded, and that slightly, by another white man, while several negroes were killed outright and many wounded, four of whom died from the effects of their wounds. Fear keeps many from testifying to what they know of the affair, while it has clearly come out in the evidence, thus far, that those who desire to shield the perpetrators of this great wrong, hesitate at neither perjury, forgery or murder itself. The people of the North cannot realize the condition of affairs in the Southern States. They do not see how it is possible for men "made in the likeness and image of God" to be so holy depraved as to permit the atrocities that are committed. Could the truth, the whole truth, as to ostracism, intimidation and murder be brought clearly to the minds of our people, there would be no rest day or night until the secret tears and agonies and blood of those whose only crime is love of country should be avenged. Slavery, before the great rebellion was confined to the negro; to-day the lash of the tryant falls more heavily upon the white man, woman or child, for none are spared who dare assert views or opinions in opposition to Democracy in the South, than it ever fell on the back of the poor, helpless black man.

The greatest soldier of the Republic, lying upon a bed of pain from the result of a recent fall, and now made serious by complications of the liver and kidneys, watches with apparently great interest the success of the Republican party. To a friend recently he said, "after four years of strife to sustain the vital doctrine that we are a Nation, and not a sort of political co-partnership to be dissolved to suit personal or sectional animosities, the Republican party by its progressive ideas and enlightened spirit, has brought the nation up to a higher plane of development, enterprise and prosperity than ever known before; and it is a duty the people owe to themselves to perpetuate this state of affairs by perpetuating the Republican party; in order to do this, I think we need a candidate who fully represents the progressive and aggressive spirit of our institutions, and I hope such a selection will be made at Chicago." How like the grand old patriot that he is! These words should go ringing through the ears of every Republican and every lover of liberty, of justice, and of right, throughout the land, until they find a lodgment in the mind and heart, and impel to earnest untiring work until the best men in the party are nominated at Chicago, and their triumphant election assured.

Among the important matters before Congress, and upon which action will probably be taken during the present session, is a bankruptcy bill. The United States has had several bankrupt laws, but it was eventually found necessary to repeal them for the reason that they were gradually outgrown by trade and finance. A national bankrupt law seems to be a necessity to commerce and exchange, but the difficulty is in framing a measure that will be suited to all times and circumstances. Trade and finance, like all other things, are progressive, and a bankruptcy law that will meet the requirements of to-day may be found inadequate to morrow. A measure of the character mentioned is desired, which will be to political economy what the sermon on the mount is to Christianity—a thing adapted to all times and conditions of men. Our Solons at the Capital think that this time they will be able to shape an enduring statute. Let us hope that they will, and that the maturity of their labors will be equitable.

Some Pennsylvania Republicans in Washington, are a little exercised just now over Sam Barr's pronunciamento for Logan for President, and the statement that he had received orders from Senator Cameron to boom the senior Senator from Illinois. Barr denies that he received any such orders. After all, what does it matter whether he did or did not receive orders or expressed wishes from Cameron? Barr is but one man and Cameron is but one other. There will be a "free ballot and a fair count in the next National Republican convention, and the nominee thereof will be supported by all Republicans and the friends of good government, and triumphantly elected too.

Ex-Senator Dorsey is in Washington, and is lying quite seriously ill at Welcker's Hotel. It was thought on Wednesday evening that he would never be able to leave his bed again, but he has since been getting better slowly, and will, in all likelihood, soon recover.

Forney, Democratic Congressman from Alabama, has come out for ex-Congressman Roswell P. Flower, of New York for President.

Representatives of the manufacturing and laboring interests of Pittsburgh, Pa., and other sections of that State, are in Washington with the purpose of appearing before the Ways and Means Committee to oppose the Morrison tariff bill. It seems ridiculous for the industries of the country to load so heavily for such small game. The Morrison bill does not stand a shadow of a chance of getting through the House, let alone the Senate. While the hungry and mole-eyed Democrats are almost to a man in favor of free trade, they are—every mother's son then—for the offices first; and, seeing that their pet policy of anti-protection will not go down at the present stage of the proceedings, they will try the game of straddle till they get full control of public affairs.

It is stated on good authority that Senator Sherman has declared that his ambition is satisfied. All that he desires now is to be permitted to serve his State and the country to the end of his present Senatorial term, when he desires to retire to private life and enjoy the remainder of his days in quiet and peace.

The court of inquiry appointed to inquire into the reason for the lost of the steamship Proteus and the failure to relieve Lieut. Greeley and his party stationed on Grinnell Land, north of Lady Franklin Bay, in their report lay the blame for the most part on Gen. Hazen, of the Signal Service Bureau.

During the quarter ended September 30, 1883, 9,289,144 acres of public lands were disposed of at an aggregate price of $3,426,298. The increase in acres of land disposed of as compared with the corresponding quarter in 1882, was 5,636,448, and the increase in receipts was $1,401,680.

Springer, who is always conspicuously absurd and absurdly conspicuous, is pounding away at the Department of Justice in his committee with closed doors. The public knows nothing of what is done except what Springer chooses to give out and Springer never gives out anything except for the behoof of Springer. He is very much of an ass, and a very mischievous one.

Congress very promptly voted $500,000 to the flood sufferers along the Ohio, and will from present appearances be called upon for at least $500,000 more for the Ohio sufferers and also for the Mississippi, as everything points to an unprecedented rise in the latter. This prompt action of Congress meets with the almost universal sanction of the people.

Senator-elect Blackburn, of Kentucky, was tendered a serenade at the National Hotel, in Washington, on Wednesday night. Fully three thousand people were in attendance, and the greatest of enthusiasm prevailed.

Ex-Senator McDonald was on the floor of the Senate chamber on Thursday afternoon. He was cordially greeted by Gen. Logan, and while the two men talked together they were closely eyed, especially from the reporter's gallery, curiosity being awakened by the fact that Presidential bees of the largest size are buzzing in the bonnets of both

Representative Ryan, who has been untiring in his efforts to get the Indian school appropriation through has succeeded, and the work in which Lawrence people are interested, will go on. Dr Marvin is entitled to great credit for the close attention he has given the matter.

Senator Plumb's resolution having in view the substitution of greenbacks for national bank currency has made a sensation. It is not likely to pass the Senate in its present shape but its introduction, and the discussion it has called forth, must be regarded as very significant.

DOUGLAS A. BRYAN.

Fell Through the Bridge.

The following is the Herald's account of the accident that happened on Sunday:

Samuel Clarke was a single man,, of English birth, a shoemaker by trade, who had lived in this city for six or eight years. He has for several years worked for J. H. Boyd. He had a few intimate friends whose acquaintance he had formed outside the shop, and it was while out walking with some of these that he met with his death. He boarded at the Central Hotel. Sunday morning he started out for a walk with John H. Goodell and Charles Holman. They went to the U. P. depot, and from there to the north end of the railroad bridge. At that point Goodell and Holman called to Clarke, who was in advance to stop, as they did not wish to cross the bridge, but Clarke did not heed them and kept on. Seeing him apparently crossing in safety, and not wishing themselves to run the risk they went down to the river bank to the edge of the water. They saw an object fall from the south end of the bridge, but did not think of its being Clarke, till the bridge watchman told them that a man had fallen off the bridge. They then crossed and saw the lifeless body of Clarke lying under the trestle work of the bridge.

At the point where Clarke fell through the ties were fully six feet apart, and the watchman, Mr. Ecke, says that deceased tried to get over by walking the stringer, one foot each side the rail. He fell to the east, and struck the back of his head against an ugly jagged rock, which penetrated the skull and must must have caused instant death. Mr. Ecke and Mr. Hope were watching Clarke at the time he fell. They ran at once to him but he only gasped once after they arrived. He fell full thirty feet.

STATE OF KANSAS, }
Douglas County. }

An inquest held at Lawrence, in the county of Douglas, on the, 24th day of February, A. D. 1884, before, me, V. Miller, coroner of said county, on the body of Samuel Clarke then lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed, the said jurors upon their oath do say, That we, the jury, find that said Samuel Clarke came to his death by falling from the railroad bridge in the city of Lawrence, (across the Kansas river), on the 24th day of February, 1884, and that it was accidental.

F. W. READ,
J. A. MONTGOMERY,
H. L. SCHAUM,
JUSTUS HOWELL,
LEVI A. DOANE,
MARQUIS HAMILTON,

Attest: V. G. MILLER, Coroner.

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Ladies approve smoking the "Little Joker" tobacco.

It Seems to Satisfy

A family want, and I wonder how we ever got along without Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in our family. Mrs. Jines, Albany.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

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Mrs. Martha J. Byers, Vice President
Mrs. A. M. Goodnow, Recorder Secretary.
Mrs. M. J. Eldemiller, Treasurer.

Regular weekly meeting, every Friday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church at 3 o'clock, p. m. We earnestly solicit the personal interest of the ladies of Lawrence and their attendance upon these meetings.

OUR COLUMN.

EDITOR MORNING NEWS:—The ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Lawrence express their gratitude, and offer their sincere thanks to you in the matter of allowing us a column in your paper.

We live in an age of progression, and progression in our work, means PROHIBITION. Our work is one that certainly should command the respect of every philanthropist. We seek to develop the public mind, and especially, that of our youth, that the use of alcoholic drinks is the great enemy and curse of the nineteenth century. Our work is to ameliorate the condition of the masses, to aid the inebriate to reform, to remove temptation from our sons, and to educate our young women to throw their whole influence before the dead-march of drunkenness, the giant evil of our age.

It is true that we often have to labor at some disadvantage, when compared to the other sex; yet even disadvantage, and oft-repeated disappointment, cannot deter us from the discharge of our duty in this crisis of our beloved country. The loud demand for state and national prohibition of the liquor trafic, is the bugle blast, to call every woman in the land to the ranks of this great conflict. No wonder that woman is interested in this revolution, for she is the chief sufferer. She it is who bears the blows of the iniquitous traffic. It is our children who are beggared and disgraced. For man long years we have cried to the saloon keepers to spare our husbands and sons, but they heeded our tears no more than the blood-thirsty wolf the bleating of the lamb. Then turning away from them, we looked to God, and cried, "Oh Lord, how long, how long?" At last we are heard. Prohibition has come to our relief—it has come through the ballot of the people and "vox populi, vox Dei."

Now we want this column in your paper that we may in this way have a medium of communication, and also aid in the enforcement of the prohibitory law; and although we may be called a feeble folk, yet we have not forgotten that this great moral revolution was born in the era of the crusade, which owes both its incipiency and development to the philanthropy of women. However, we do not boast, but deem it a great privilege to aid in the overthrow of this evil, and trust that it may be said of us, "She hath done what she could."

M. J. B.

TEMPERANCE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

At Spring Hill, Johnson county, a committee of the Sons of Temperance waited upon the school board and presented a paper asking the introduction of text books on temperance into the public schools. The result was as follows:

"At a called meeting of the school board, January 28, they unanimously passed a resolution to place in their advanced room Miss Julia Coleman's Lesson Book on Alcohol and Hygiene."

PROHIBITIONIST.

LIFE LOANS AT 4 PER CENT.
Principal need never be paid so long as interest is kept up.
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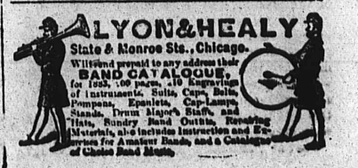
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THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

[W. S. Gilbert in London Dramatic News.]

When I became 18 years of age my father, a distinguished begging-letter impostor, said to me: "Reginald, I think it is time that you began to think about choosing a profession."

These were ominous words. Since I left Eton, nearly a year before, I had spent my time very pleasantly and very idly, and I was sorry to see my long holiday drawing to a close. My father had hoped to have sent me to Cambridge (Cambridge was a tradition in our family), but the business had been very depressed of late, and a sentence of six months' hard labor had considerably straightened my poor father's resources.

It was necessary, highly necessary, that I should choose a calling. With a sigh of resignation I admitted as much.

"If you like," said my father, "I will take you in hand and teach you my profession, and, in a few years, perhaps I may take you into partnership; but, to be candid with you, I doubt whether it is a satisfactory calling for an athletic young fellow like you."

"I don't seem to care about it particularly," said I.

"I'm glad to hear it," said my father. "It's a poor calling for a young man of spirit. Besides, you have to grow gray in the service before people will listen to you. It's all very well as a refuge in old age, but a young fellow is likely to make but a poor hand at it. Now, I should like to consult your own tastes on so important a matter as the choice of a profession. What do you say? The army?"

"No, I don't care for the army."

"Forgery? The bar? Cornish wrecking?"

"Father," said I, "I should like to be a forger, but I write such an infernal hand."

"A regular Eton hand," said he. "Not plastic enough for forgery, but you could have a writing master."

"It's as much as I can do to forge my own name. I don't believe I should ever be able forge anybody else's.

"'Anybody's else,' you should say, not 'anybody else's.' It's a dreadful barbarism, Eton English."

"No," said I, "I should never make a fortune at it. As to wrecking—why you know how sea-sick I am."

"You might get over that. Besides, you would deal with wrecks ashore, not wrecks at sea."

"Most of it is done in small boats, I'm told. A deal of small boat work. No, I won't be a wrecker. I think I should like to be a burglar."

"Yes," said my father, considering the subject, "yes, it's a fine manly profession, but it's dangerous it's highly dangerous."

"Just dangerous enough to be exciting, no more."

"Well," said my father, "if you've a distinct taste for burglary I'll see what can be done."

My dear father was always prompt with pen and ink. That evening he wrote to his old friend Ferdinand Stoneleigh, a burglar of the very highest professional standing, and in a week I was duly and formally articled to him, with a view to ultimate partnership.

I had to work hard under Mr. Stoneleigh.

"Burglary is a jealous mistress," said he. "She will tolerate no rivals. She exacts the undivided devotion of her worshipers."

And so I found it. Every morning at 10 o'clock I had to present myself at Stoneleigh's chambers in New Square, Lincoln's inn, and until 12 I assisted his clerk with the correspondence. At 12 I had to go out prospecting with Stoneleigh, and from 2 to 4 I had to devote to finding out all particulars necessary to a scientific burglary in any given house. At first I did this merely for practice, and with no view to an actual attempt. He would tell me of a house of which he knew all the particulars, and order me to ascertain all about the house and its inmates—their coming and going, the number of their servants, whether any of them were men, and, if so, whether they slept on the basement or not, and other details necessary to be known before a burglary could be safely attempted. Then he would compare my information with his own facts, and compliment or blame me as I might deserve. He was a strict master, but always kind, just and courteous, as became a highly polished gentleman of the old school. He was one of the last men who habitually wore hessians.

After a year's probation I accompanied him on several expeditions, and had the happiness to believe that I was of some little use to him. I shot him eventually in the stomach, mistaking him for a master of a house into which we were breaking (I had mislaid my dark lantern) and he died on the grand piano. His dying wish was that his compliments might be conveyed to me.

I now set up on my own account, and engaged his poor old clerk, who nearly broke his heart at his late master's funeral. Stoneleigh left no family. His money—about £12,000, invested for the most part in American railways—he left to the Society for Providing More Bishops, and his ledgers, daybooks, memoranda and papers generally he bequeathed to me.

As the chambers required furnishing, I lost no time in commencing my professional duties. I looked through his books for a suitable house to begin upon, and found the following attractive entry:

THURLOE SQUARE.—No. 102.
HOUSE.—Medium.
OCCUPANT.—John Davis, bachelor.
OCCUPATION.—Designer of dados.
AGE.—Eighty-six.
PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES.—Very feeble; eccentric; drinks; Evangelical; snores.
SERVANTS.—Two housemaids, one cook.
SEX.—All female.
PARTICULARS OF SERVANTS.—Pretty housemaid called Rachel; Jewess. Open to attentions. Goes out for beer at 9 p. m.; snores. Ugly housemaid called Bella; Presbyterian. Open to attentions; snores. Elderly cook; Primitive Methodist. Open to attentions; snores.
FASTENINGS.—Chubb's lock on street door; chain and bolts. Bars to all basement windows. Practicable approach from third room, ground floor, which is shuttered and barred, but bar has no catch, and can be raised with table knife.
VALUABLE CONTENTS OF HOUSE.—Presentation plate from grateful æsthetes. Gold repeater. Mulready envelope. Two diamond rings. Complete edition of "Bradshaw," from 1834 to present time, 568 volumes, bound limp calf.
GENERAL.—Mr. Davis sleeps second floor front; servants on third floor. Davis goes to bed at 10. No one on basement. Swarms with beetles; otherwise excellent house for purpose.

This seemed to me to be a capital house to try single-handed. At 12 o'clock that very night I pocketed two crowbars, a bunch of skeleton keys, a centre-bit, a dark lantern, a box of silent matches, some putty, a life preserver and a knife, and I set out at once for Thurloe square. I remember that it snowed heavily. There was at least a foot of snow on the ground, and there was more to come. Poor Stoneleigh's particulars were exact in every detail. I got into the third room on the ground floor without the least difficulty, and made my way into the dining-room. There was the presentation plate, sure enough—about 800 ounces, as I reckoned. I collected this and tied it up so that I could carry it without attracting attention.

Just as I finished I heard a slight cough behind me. I turned and saw a dear old silver-haired gentleman in a dressing-gown standing in the doorway. The venerable gentleman covered me with a revolver.

My first impulse was to rush at and brain him with my life-preserver.

"Don't move," he said, "or you're a dead man."

A rather silly remark to the effect that if I did move it would rather prove that I was a live man occurred to me, but I dismissed it at once as unsuited to the business character of the interview.

"You're a burglar!" said he.

"I have that honor," said I, making for my pistol pocket.

"Don't move," said he; "I have often wished to have the pleasure of encountering a burglar, in order to be able to test a favorite theory of mine as to how persons of that class should be dealt with. But you mustn't move."

I replied that I should be happy to assist him if I could do so consistently with a due regard to my own safety.

"Promise me," said I, "that you will allow me to leave the house unmolested when your experiment is at an end?"

"If you will obey me promptly you shall be at perfect liberty to leave the house."

"You will neither give me into custody nor take any steps to pursue me?"

"On my honor as a designer of dados," said he.

"Good," said I. "Go on."

"Stand up," said he, "and stretch out your arms at right angles to your body."

"Suppose I don't?" said I.

"I send a bullet through your left ear," said he.

"But permit me to observe—" said I.

Bang. A ball cut off the lobe of my left ear.

The ear smarted, and I should have liked to attend to it, but, under the circumstances, I thought it better to comply with the whimsical old gentleman's wishes.

"Very good!" said he. "Now do as I tell you, promptly and without a moment's hesitation, or I cut off the lobe of your right ear. Throw me that life preserver."

"But—"

"Ah, would you?" said he, cocking the revolver.

The "click" decided me. Besides, the old gentleman's eccentricity amused me, and I was curious to see how far it would carry him. So I tossed my life preserver to him. He caught it neatly.

"Now take off your coat and throw it to me."

I took off my coat and threw it to him diagonally accross the room.

"Now the waistcoat."

I threw the waistcoat to him.

"Boots," said he.

"They are shoes," said I, in some trepidation lest he should take offense when no offense was really intended.

"Shoes, then," said he.

I threw my shoes to him.

"Trousers," said he.

"Come, come, I say!" exclaimed I.

Bang! The lobe of the other ear came off. With all his eccentricity the old gentleman was a man of his word. He had the trousers, and with them my revolver, which happened to be in the right hand pocket.

"Now the rest of your drapery."

I threw him the rest of my drapery. He tied up my clothes in the tablecloth, and telling me that he wouldn't detain me any longer made for the door with the bundle under his arm.

"Stop," said I, "What is to become of me?"

"Really, I hardly know," said he.

"You promised me my liberty," said I.

"Certainly," said he. "Don't let me trespass any further on your time. You will find the street door open; or, if from force of habit you prefer the window, you will have no difficulty in clearing the area railings."

"But I can't go like this! Won't you give me something to put on?"

"No," said he, "nothing at all; good night."

The quaint old man left the room with my bundle. I went after him, but I found that he had locked an inner door that led up stairs. The position was really a difficult one to deal with. I couldn't possibly go into the street as I was, and if I remained I should certainly be given into custody in the morning. For some time I looked in vain for something to cover myself with. The hats and great coats were no doubt in the inner hall; at all events they were not accessible under the circumstances. There was a carpet on the floor, but it was fitted to the recesses of the room, and, moreover, a heavy sideboard stood on it.

However, there were twelve chairs in the room, and it was with no little pleasure that I found that on the back of each was an antimacassar. Twelve antimacassars would go a good way towards covering me, and that was something.

I did my best with the antimacassars, but on reflection I came to the conclusion that they would not help me very much. They certainly covered me; but a gentleman walking through South Kensington at 3 a. m. dressed in nothing whatever but antimacassars, with the snow two feet deep on the ground, would be sure to attract attention. I might pretend I was doing it for a wager, but who would believe me?

I grew very cold.

I looked out of the window, and presently I saw the bull's eye of a policeman who was wearily plodding through the snow. I felt that my only course was to surrender to him.

"Policeman," said I from the window, "one word."

"Anything wrong, sir?" said he.

"I have been committing a burglary in this house, and I shall feel deeply obliged to you if you will kindly take me into custody."

"Nonsense, sir," said he; "you'd better go to bed."

"There's nothing I should like better, but I live in Lincoln's inn, and I have nothing on but antimacassars; I am almost frozen. Pray take me into custody."

"The street door's open," said he.

"Yes," said I. "Come in."

He came in I explained the circumstances to him, and with great difficulty I convinced him that I was in earnest. The good fellow put his own great coat over me, and lent me his own handcuffs. In ten minutes I was thawing myself in Walton street police station. In ten days I was convicted at the Old Bailey. In ten years I returned from penal servitude.

I found that poor Mr. Davis had gone to his long home in Brompton cemetery.

For many years I never passed his house without a shudder at the terrible hours I spent in it as his guest. I have often tried to forget the incident I have just been relating, and, for a long time, I tried in vain. Perseverance, however, met with its reward. I continued to try. Gradually one detail after another slipped from my recollection, and one lovely evening last May I found, to my intense delight, that I had absolutely forgotten all about it.

The Quinine Supply.

[Chicago Herald.]

According to Dr. Sach, of Buenos Ayres, there is no danger of an exhaustion of the quinine supply. The experimental plantations in Java and the island of Reunion have been very successful; and, besides these nurseries, the trees have been cultivated in Bolivia by the million for ten years. At three places in the last-named country, taken as they come, the number of trees growing is given, severally, at 70,000, 200,000 and 3,500,000.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe*.]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are *the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

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Or CHILLS and FEVER,
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"DOG-PINCHERS."

Fifty Pups Sold from a Single Litter ---Two to Bernhardt.

Tricks of the Dog-Stealing Trade--- Petting, Cold Meat and Oil of Anise Will Induce Any Dog to Follow.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A reporter, who was the third member of the groupe, became interested upon hearing the answer of the ex-detective, and with the business man expressed his ignorance of the term "dog-pincher."

"Well, a 'dog-pincher,'" said their companion, "is a man who makes a business of stealing pet dogs, either as a speculation of his own or to order. He tramps around the residence portion of the city from morning until night, and if he sees a valuable dog he induces it to follow him away, and then he sells it. Very often a man about town sees a fine dog he would like to own, and he induces some 'pincher' that he knows to 'lay for it' and steal it for him. He usually has to pay a pretty good price for it, too."

"Do these 'pinchers' hold the dogs they steal for any rewards that may be offered?"

"Not very often. Very few people will pay large rewards for the return of a dog, and the ordinary 'pincher' does not like to return a dog for a reward and run the risk of being 'spotted.' He will have nothing to do with a common dog, and those he does take he can readily sell for a good price."

"Are there many 'dog-pinchers' in Chicago?" asked the reporter.

"Not very many expert professionals. There are a number of amateurs, but they are not up to the business."

"How do they entice dogs away from their homes?"

"That is a secret known only to professional 'dog-pinchers.' They rub some stuff on their hands or pants, and when a dog gets a smell of it no one can call him away. What this stuff is I don't know, but I think it's oil of anise. You know all animals are fond of that. If you don't know it, just put a little bit of it on some bread in a rat-trap and you'll have the trap full of rats."

"Do you know any of the Chicago 'dog pinchers?'"

"No, not now. Since I have left the force I have lost all track of them. 'Hungry Dick' used to be the boss of them all. He could 'pinch' a dog when there wasn't any around. I remember a very funny thing about Dick. Poor fellow is dead now. Some years ago I had a beautiful Yorkshire bitch given to me. She had fine, long, silky hair, and was a perfect picture. My folks were moving at the time, and, as I had no place to keep her, I asked Dick to take care of her for me. He consented, and I told him if he lost her or sold her I would kill him.

"Well, Dick took her, washed her thoroughly, combed out her beautiful hair, and she was a fine looker, I tell you. Dick took her through the streets with him, and I guess he was stopped every block by some one who wanted to buy her. He would always say that she was not for sale, but he would sell one or two of her pups. Almost every one would jump at this chance, and I guess Dick sold about sixty of her pups. One day Sarah Bernhardt's agent—who was here at the time—saw the bitch, and insisted that Mad. Bernhardt see her. Well, Dick took her up to the Grand Pacific, and Bernhardt declared that she must have her. Dick knew it would be as much as his life was worth to sell her, so he said he would sell two pups. The madam agreed to pay $50 for them, and Dick went out and got a poodle and a little spaniel, for which he received the $50. Then he disappeared mysteriously, and did not turn up until after Bernhardt had left town. He told me he had planted himself and the fifty in Bridgeport, fearing that Bernhardt would discover the swindle and send for him."

The reporter started out in search of a "pincher," and succeeded in finding him according to directions. He was a man about 25 years of age, with a thin, weazened face and a shambling, sneaking gait. At first he did not care to say anything, and expressed ignorance of the art of "dog-pinching," but when the reporter mentioned the name of the ex-detective as his "bondsman," and gave a personal assurance that no name would be mentioned, he consented to tell something about the art, which he claimed was a lost one so far as he was concerned.

"What is your secret for making a dog follow you off?" said the reporter.

"I was brought up among dogs, and I know their peculiarities. My father was a dog fancier, and when I was still a very small boy I was trained by him to 'pinch' dogs. I did most of my pinching through petting and feeling. I would warm myself into the good graces of a dog by giving him little bits of meat and cheese on the sly, and when he began to expect it as a regular thing I won dig to him and then walk away. Of course he would follow me, expecting to get his usual portion, and when I had him some way from his home I would take him in my arms, or chain him, and make off with him."

"But don't the 'pinchers' have some secret means of inducing dogs to follow them?"

"Yes, they use oil of anise sometimes. They rub it on their hands and on their pants, and then they pat a dog and allow him to smell it. The dog likes the smell, and he follows it away; but I think the feeding and petting is the best plan, though it is not as rapid and easy as the other."

"Do they sell the dogs at once, or hold them for rewards?"

"Generally they hold them for a few days, until search for them is given up by the owners. Then they sell them in hotels or saloons. They don't offer them for sale, but wait for an offer, and as they always 'pinch' good dogs the offer is not slow in coming. Sometimes a lap-dog or a pet is stolen just for the reward. Actors and actresses will invariably offer large rewards for lost dogs, and it pays to pinch their animals."

"But actors and actresses always stop in hotels. How do the 'pinchers' get at their dogs there?"

"They generally stand in with porters, chambermaids or bell-boys. You know most hotels don't allow dogs in the rooms, and when the porter takes charge of them they are easy to get."

Each Having Its Own "Exchange."

[Demorest's Monthly.]

Another development of business is noteworthy. In all the centres of population, exchanges are being organized to facilitate business. In times past, it was only merchants and bankers who met on "change," and their dealings were confined to an international traffic, but in New York for instance, every great business is having its own exchange, hence the stock, cotton, produce, metal, grocers, dairymen, petroleum, mining and real estate dealers, as well as other special businesses, have their special buildings in which to do business. The tendency in these institutions is to reduce profits to a minimum, and hence they are beneficial to the community, though they tend in the end to drive the small trader out of business.

London has 700,000 houses and nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants—about seven people to each house.

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Also other Small Fruits, and all older varieties Grapes, Extra quality. Warranted true. Sheep by mail. Low Rates to Dealers.

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NEW Vegetables — A Specialty.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE

1854.—1884

My Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1884, the result of thirty years' experience as a Seed Grower, will be sent free to all who apply. All my Seed is warranted to be fresh and true to name, so far that should it prove otherwise, I agree to refill orders gratis. My collection of vegetable Seed, one of the most extensive to be found in any American Catalogue, is a large part of it of my own growing. As the original introducer of Eclipse Beet, Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, and scores of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. In the gardens and on the farms of those who plant my seed will be found my best advertisement.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Seed Grower, Marblehead, Mass.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKERS

THE BEST WATERPROOF COAT IN THE WORLD.

CHEAPER THAN GUM OR RUBBER.

Do not buy worthless imitations. Get the "*fish-brand*" coat that will keep you dry in *any storm* and *that will last for years.*

Illustrated catalogue, giving full description, sent free to any address by mail.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, Mass.

SEEDS FOR THE GARDEN, FARM & FIELD

ESTABLISHED 1845.

Our Annual Catalogue,

mailed free on application, published first of every January, contains full description and prices of **Reliable Vegetable, Tree, Field and Flower Seed, Seed Grain, Seed Corn, Seed Potatoes, Onion Sets,** etc.; also **Garden Drills, Cultivators, Fertilizers,** etc., with full information for growing and how to get our Seeds.

Address PLANT SEED COMPANY,

Nos. 812 & 814 N. 4th St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

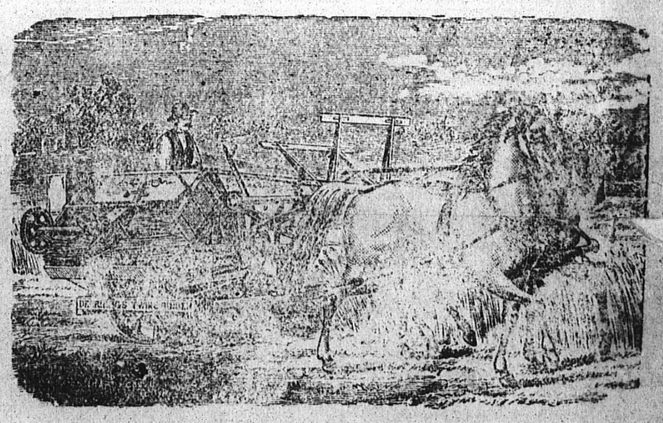
OLIVER BUTLER. F. M. ALEXANDER.

BUTLER & ALEXANDER.

Dealers In

Casady Sulkey Plows, the best in use.
Farmers Friend Corn Planter.
Buckeye Grain Drills.
Neff's Stalk Cutter.
Sulky Hay Rakes.
Enterprise Wind Mill.
Cox's Straw Stacker
Star Farm Wagon.
Furst and Bradley's Buggies
B. D Buford Stirring Plows and Harrows
Dayton Corn Planter.
Tait Check Rower.
Neff's Combine cultivator.
Neff's Walking Cultivator.
Climax Riding Cultivator.
Enterprise Walking Cultivator.
Shuttler Farm Wagon.
Spring Wagons of Different Make.
Stirring Plows.

DEERING HARVESTER AND BINDER



MOWERS AND REAPERS.

Gear, Scotts and Buffalo Pitts Engine and Separators.

Steel Goods and Hardware.

And all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

DRAWN BLANK.

[All the Year Round.]

The passionate grief beside the dying bed;
The passionate longing for the vanished bliss;
The passionate yearning for the glory fled;
Of each we ask: "Can life bear worse than this?"
Aye—answer weary lips and tired eyes,
To violent sorrows, solace nature grants;
Worse than the world's supremest agonies,
Are all its empty blanks—its hopeless wants.

When vivid lightnings flame and thunders crash,
When the fierce winds lash the fierce sea to storm,
We see the beacons by the lurid flash,
The tossing spray-clouds glittering rainbows form;
But when below the sullen drip of rain,
The waters sob along the hollow shore,
'Tis hard to think the sun can shine again,
The dull waves gleam to living light once more.

When time saps slowly strength and hope away,
And the black gulf yawns by the lonely path,
When the dumb night creeps on the empty day,
And the one clue of all is held by death;
Look not to fade l joy or lingering love,
To wake the power youth and faith had given,
Take patiently the lot we all must prove,
Till the great bar swings back and shows us Heaven.

ENGLISH GIRLS ABROAD.

They Manage to Have Plenty of Interests Apart from Society.

[London Paper.]

American girls are much more popular abroad than ours, and for an obvious reason. They are more continental in their tastes. They live for society, dress, flirtation. Our young women, like their fathers and brothers, are profoundly indifferent to continental opinion. When Swedenborg visited heaven he found that the English there kept very much to themselves. So do our countrymen abroad. They have plenty of interests apart from society. They botanize, they walk, they play lawn-tennis as if they meant winning sets, not hearts. They carry hammers, they explore fossils, they dig up bits of primitive man, they collect sea beasts, they even study the peasants and their patois. They regard foreign young men as beings of another species, no more marriageable than monkeys. For all these reasons they do not dress to please foreign young men.

They wear big-nailed boots, hideous sunshades, and, when very Alpine and pedestrian, seem chiefly to robe themselves in seedy old ulsters. Sealskins and waterproofs limit their ideas of costume. They wear out their old things. Occasionally they introduce æsthetic dresses to a foreign population which never heard of Mr. Wilde. It is amusing to observe the horror-stricken curiosity of a foreign town when the first peacock-blue pair of puffed sleeves is promenaded through the streets. All these signs of the cold and insular indifference of the British fair make her unpopular on the continent. She is not thinking about love, and sentiment, and fine feelings. She is taking her pleasure manfully, after the manner of her race.

No Room in the Abbey.

[London Times.]

It sounds like a landmark in history when we are told that there is no more room for interments in Westminster Abbey. Matters must have come to this pass when the dean has had to deny ground to the most distinguished member of that inventive class which the Roman poet admitted into the Pagan Elysium. It is said of the last two interments, those of Darwin and Spottiswoode, that the coffins were only a very few feet below the surface. For a long time there have been ghastly stories of the disturbance necessary to the finding of room for a new arrival. This has been the case, indeed, for a century and a half or more. Chaucer's grave was molested to make way for Dryden's; Ben Jonson's bones fell out one by one into the grave prepared for Sir Robert Wilson, and came in sight again when a grave was dug for John Hunter. Addison lies upon the duchess of Albemarle, and upon him James Craggs.

She Got Ahead of Butler.

[Buffalo Express.]

Washington claims the honor of producing the only individual who ever got very far ahead of Gen. Butler. It was a woman, of course. She was imprisoned by him during the war, and suffered many hardships and indignities. One day he sent for her to come to his private office to interrogate her himself. As she entered he was busy writing, which he continued to do without speaking to her or noticing that she was standing. She looked around for a seat, found one, and also a tray with a luxurious luncheon for the general himself. Having nothing else to do, she quietly ate the luncheon up, and what she could not get away with otherwise she stuffed in her pockets. After a while Gen. Butler wheeled around and said brusquely: "As you see, I have been deeply engaged." "and so have I," sweetly responded the lady, pointing to the empty tray, where not a bone remained. History does not record the general's reply to the unterrified woman.

The Suene Butter Trade.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Suene, which has thus become so great a part of the butter trade, is manufactured from the very finest creamery butter—the finest that can be purchased at the great butter markets of Elgin, Ill.—mixed with lard. The adulteration is usually the finest leaf lard, which by an interesting process is completely deodorized. Then amalgamation of the creamery butter is made, and so completely is the flavor and appearance of the creamery product retained in the counterfeit butter that people who have been handling creamery butter for years fail to detect the deceit, even after making the most careful test. The principal suene manfacturing centres are Chicago and Detroit. One factory in the former city turns out 80,000 pounds a day.

A volume containg Petrarch's songs, printed in Venice about the end of the fifteenth century, was recently sold in London for the sum of $9,750.

THE KANGAROO COURT.

A Peculiar Institution Among the Cowboys and in the Jails of Texas.

[Texas Letter in New York Sun.]

The kangaroo court is an institution of the southwest. It exists in nearly every well regulated jail, and is not unfrequently organized outside of these institutions. When it once gets a victim in its clutches, it is generally barbarous and always merciless. When ten or twenty desperadoes, cowboys, hummers, negroes, and hard men are cooped up in one of these Texas jails, with nothing to do, they resort to the kangaroo court for diversion. A meeting is held, at which the law is laid down and the penalties prescribed for its violation. Some of the rules and regulations prepared by the inmates of Texas jails for their own government are sweeping and far-reaching enough to answer for an entire territory. For every conceivable offense possible of commission within the walls of a prison, there is a penalty, and never a very light one. The standard of morality is sometimes distressingly high, and sometimes it is dubious indeed.

Not long ago a party of cowboys came to town for the purpose of having a little fun, and in the course of their rambles they came upon a fellow from Houston, a tough character, but one not at all familiar with the ways of the wild men of the plains. He drank and caroused with them until late in the night, and, finally, on the instigation of a few of his companions, he threw a beer keg through a store front. The echo of the crashing glass had hardly died out before he found himself a prisoner, with his arms pinioned behind him and an armed guard surrounding him. He was marched out of town for some miles to a desolate spot, where the entire party camped until daybreak. The light showed the prisoner that most of his friends of the previous night were with him still, but there were half a dozen other men who appeared to be officers of some description whom he had not seen before. He was duly arraigned, not only for the window breaking, but for a dozen other offenses, murder and arson being of the number, and, notwithstanding his protests of innocence, the court proceeded to try him on each of the indictments in their order. For the window breaking he was sentenced to twenty lashes, for arson to ten years' imprisonment, for murder to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, for assault with intent to kill to be imprisoned at hard labor for twenty years, for horse stealing to be hanged, for deserting from the army to be shot, and so on. The proceedings were conducted with the utmost solemnity, and lasted all day, the prisoner's pretended friends exerting themselves in his behalf, but being unable to move the court to mercy.

The next morning the kangaroo judge announced the order of exercises. As the prisoner was an uncommonly guilty person, he said, he would have to even up his punishment in some way. If he was hanged or shot at once he would escape the just penalties for his other crimes Imprisonment would not answer, for the length of his sentences would give him a good opportunity to die of old age. It was the judgment of the court, therefore, that he should first be whipped, then ducked in the river, then whipped again, then shot at and crippled, but not killed, and then hanged. This the court considered the most merciful sentence it could impose and at the same time do justice to outraged law. The man first remonstrated, and then begged, but to no avail.

He was whipped and ducked, and whipped again, and was being put in place for the crippling act, when his persecutors got into a quarrel among themselves over the precedence in winging him. The court had been drinking freely during the day, and a good many of the boys were quarrelsome. In the course of the fight that ensued the prisoner managed to escape.

In the Robeetie jail the prisoners, twelve or fifteen in number, had during the day the privilege of walking or sitting in the corridor, being locked in their cells only at night. A big negro named Caffrey was one day arraigned for some breach of propriety and tried with great formality. The arguments alone lasted nearly a week, and after he was found guilty by the jury, who played seven-up to settle the case, it was shown by the prisoner's counsel that the jurymen had played with a short deck of cards, and the court thereupon gave him a new trial. This was more protracted than the first, but finally resulted in conviction and a sentence to life imprisonment. Caffrey was thereupon escorted to his cell and the door was closed. Once or twice when the turnkey unlocked the boys in the morning the negro walked out with the others, but they immediately ordered him back, unmindful of his entreaties. After he had been thus kept in solitary confinement for a fortnight the jail authorities had to interfere in his behalf, and the court, with due solemnity, held a session with the culprit present, reopened his case, and formally granted him an unconditional pardon.

Greenbacks at College.

[Inter Ocean.]

An exchange says a Harvard student has fitted up his room at a cost of $4,000. The probabilities are that he will be the poorest scholar of his class, and before old age will be glad to take a clerkship under some of the now property-stricken members of his class. It is a rare thing for a scholarship and riches to go together. The father makes no greater mistake than when he lines the pockets of his son in college with greenbacks.

Food for Early Risers.

[Chicago Herald.]

A caterer in Buffalo, N. Y., cooks angleworms. He feeds them on milk for a few days, dusts them with flour, and drops them into a pan of burning oil or fat. They are served in drawn butter with a little lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce.

A Madison avenue New York woman keeps a coach dog to match her freckles. She calls him Spot.

Messrs. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.—Enclosed please find money for four bottles of Cream Balm. I tried it on a man who could not smell at all. After using your balm for six days could smell everything.—J. C. MATHEWS, Salem, N. C. (Price 50 cents.)

There were 4,000 suicides in Paris last year.

Milk worth 6 cents per quart can easily be furnished for 4 cents at a profit, by a proper admixture of water. Cheap Baking powder can be furnished on the same principle. DeLand's Chemical Baking Powder is free from all adulteration. It is made from Grape Cream Tartar and Pure Ry-Carb. Soda.

The European inhabitants have evacuated Boerher.

Paralysis, Nine Years.

"After having suffered for 9 years with paralysis," says Mr. Joseph Yates, of Paterson, N. Jersey, "I was cured by Samaritan Nervine." Mr. Yates authorizes this statement. Your druggist keeps it, $1.50.

The French cabinet is divided on the Egyptian question.

James. M Hawkins, Vinton, Ia., says: "My wife was in delicate health. She is taking Brown's Iron Bitters and has never felt so well."

President Grevy, of France, received at Elysee on New Year's day.

Faded hair recovers its youthful color and soft, silky texture by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam.

British plans for sanitary reform in Alexandria have been adopted.

It Seems to Satisfy

A family want, and I wonder how we ever got along without Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in our family. Mrs Jines, Albany.

Catholic missionaries in Southern China have recently been greviously maltreated.

Decorative Art.

Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c. 10c. Druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Mousseau has resigned the premiership of Quebec, and will be appointed judge of Rimouski.

J. C. Tipton, druggist, Elkader, Clayton Co., Iowa, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has large sales and gives good satisfaction."

Portugal repels the charge of monopolizing the Congo trade, and says that it is free to all the world.

The weak, worn and dyspeptic should take Colden's Liquid Beef-Tonic. Take no other.

Thirty persons have been arrested at St. Petersburg for connection with the murder of Lieutenant Colonel Sudeikin.

A dressing to beautify gray hair every family needs. Parker's Hair Balsam never fails to satisfy.

Ladies approve smoking the "Little Joker" tobacco.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER 1.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With billious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I Could not move!
I shrunk!
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. KITZPATRICK.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

Officeholders.

The office held by the Kidneys is one of importance. They act as nature's sluice-way to carry off the extra liquids from the system, and with them the impurities, both those that are taken into the stomach and those that are formed in the blood. Any clogging or inaction of these organs is therefore important. Kidney-Wort is Nature's efficient assistant in keeping the kidneys in good working order, strengthening them and inducing healthy action. If you would get well and keep well, take Kidney-Wort.

The Chinese have blockaded Canton river, leaving a space of only 90 feet for vessels.

Last winter I found positive relief from Catarrh with Ely's Cream Balm. Was troubled for years. I have no doubt a thorough use of Cream Balm will cure a great majority of cases.—E. D. NORTON, Ithaca, N. Y, (See ad.)

Mr. Schram's residence, Clay county, and contents, were recently burnd.

Think, ladies! You can permanently beautify your complexion with Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," 50 cts.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarr, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousand of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

TO LIVE.

[Carlotta Perry.]

It is to bid the waking world good morning,
To say good night when evening drapes the earth,
To toil with hand and brain for gold or honor,
For sake of those beside the household hearth.

It is to guide the steps of little children,
With faithful arm to shield the aged head;
To kneel and pray, to twine the bridal roses,
To fold away the garments of our dead.

It is to walk abroad when leaves are starting,
To hear the birds sing, tread the garden path;
To sow the seeds and gather in the harvests,
To look on fields all rich with aftermath.

To hear the welcome sound of rain in summer,
To see the rose and gold of evening skies;
To fear the storms and see the stars shine out,
To kiss fond lips and look in loving eyes.

To feed the hungry, give the cup of water,
To break some chain and help some soul go free,
To build our castles and to see them vanish,
To wonder when our ships will cross the sea.

It is to hunger with the heart, and, asking
For wine get gall; for bread receive a stone;
It is to know that somewhere 'neath God's heaven,
A loving, constant heart is all our own.

It is to sing, to paint, to carol, and never,
Even when genius its fair best has wrought
To find the song, the statue or the picture,
So fair, so true, so perfect as the thought.

To live! It is to love, to hope, to suffer,
To search for truth, to spend our souls for dross;
To win; to lose, to sometimes win in losing,
And ofttimes find our winning is but loss.

It is to long, led by our love and sorrow,
For some good knowledge—other than faith brings—
Of that strange world that lies beyond the silence,
Whose mysteries baffle all our wonderings.

CONGRESSIONAL COSTUMES.

The Kind of Good Clothes Worn by Some of Our Leading Statesmen.

[Cor. Chicago Journal.]

Your average congressman dresses in black, a sort of compromise between an afternoon dress-suit and a business suit being the most popular style of body gear chosen by these, the people's servants. Hiscock, of New York, usually wears a black coat of the "Prince Albert" cut, buttoned close across in front, black pants, shoes neatly polished, and a polka-dot tie, with loose ends, which falls over the lapels of his carefully-brushed coat with pleasing effect. Hewitt, of New York, gives very little attention to his dress. He usually wears a black suit, more of a business than dress style, the coat a short sack, and pants somewhat uncertain, sometimes black, sometimes gray. His coat is usually open, or perhaps closed by one button, and his hair rumpled.

Randall wears a black dress-coat, not a Prince Albert, but more the style that was fashionable for afternoon dress a few years ago, cut lower in front than the Prince Albert, and inclined to fall away at the front unless kept buttoned—as it never is in this case He sports a turn-down collar and the plainest of black ties, black vest and pants, not a particle of color anywhere, except in his face, which flushes occasionally in the heat of debate. His hat is a silk one, and usually showing signs of a good deal of wear. McKinley, of Ohio, seldom wears anything more than a business suit, or, at least, one that by its cut has that appearance. His favorite coat is a black sack. Gov Robinson, of Massachusetts, who is pointed out by everybody as "the man who beat Ben Butler," wears a quiet black suit, sometimes a sack, sometimes a long frock. Robertson, of Kentucky, who succeeds Proctor Knott, wears a snuff-colored business suit, which stands out rather prominent among the almost universal funereal black which clothes nine out of every ten members. Phil Thompson, who used to wear a suit with a little color in it, succumbs to the custom, and wears black on most occasions. Kasson delights in a short sack coat of some dark material, but is obliged at times to give that up for a suit more in the prevailing style in the house. Holman, "the objector," usually wears a black frock coat, pretty long as to skirt, and seldom buttoned in front, while his tie is not in its normal condition if not awry. His general appearance this session, since he has been made so prominent by the talk of the presidency, is a little neater than it used to be Carlisle's dress is very plain, a black coat afternoon dress, but not the latest cut, black tie, turn-down collar, smooth face, and no particular attempt at anything more than average neatness in attire

Death to Tornadoes.

[Cor. Scientific American.]

Take one keg or barrel of common rifle or cannon powder to the limit of your city or town where it is approached by a tornado. Fix to an artillery priming tube, having a string to it about 100 yards long. Take your position at the end of the string, holding it taut. Wait till the tornado seems to be precisely over the powder, then fire the powder by pulling the string, and if the charge is large enough, that gyrating, whirling tornado will be effectually blasted out of existence; at least, made harmless till blown beyond your town where perhaps it will reform itself

Cameron and Buchanan.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Gen. Simon Cameron tells the following story: "When Mr. Polk was inaugurated Buchanan came to me and said: 'Cameron, Mr. Polk has tendered me the position of secretary of state in his cabinet; what would you do about it?' 'Why ask me? You have already made up your mind to accept it.' 'Then who will succeed me as senator?' asked Mr. Buchanan 'I think Simon Cameron will,' was my reply. Mr Buchanan walked away, and was never after my friend, although we never quarreled. I have always thought he had a candidate of his own."

Cleared Ten Dollars.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"Whose grave is this?" said a gentleman while strolling through a cemetery.

"That," said his companion, "is the grave of Mr. Taggleworth."

"That so! Why, hang it, he owed me $10. I am the most unfortunate man in the world. I needed that money. Hello! Who have we here?"

"Mr. Zulkin, who died the other day."

"Well, that's encouraging. I owed him $20. Made $10 by the two transactions. Arkansaw's a pretty good country after all."

A Convenient Double.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

There are two men in the city so much alike that they are constantly taken for one another. They met on a California street-car one day and the one offered to toss the other to decide which of them should shave his whiskers off.

"No, no," said he. "It is most convenient. If I am ever accused of doing anything disreputable, I always say it was you."

I can safely recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh. Cold in the Head, etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time.—HENRY LILLY, Agent for the American Express Co., Grand Haven, Mich. (Price 50 cents.)

Joseph Caldwell, of McPherson county, was found dead in his bed, recently.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Knocks a Cough or Cold endwise. For children or adults. Troches, 15 c. Liquid 50c. At druggists.

Gov. Glick has appointed H. S. Doutitt probate judge of Elk county.

Did She Die?

"No!"
"She lingered and suffered along,
"ing away all the time for years,"
"The doctors doing her no good;"
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.
"Under the care of the best physicians,
"Who gave her disease various names,
"But no relief.
"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughter say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

A Clay Center merchant expends $1,366 per year in advertising.

BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases $1. Druggists.

The Florence Herald denies that a fine vein of coal has been found near that city.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Yes "The Fling Dutchman" that's the name of it. We mean the new three wheel Sulky Plow that is creating such a sensation and drawing such crowds of people to examine its merits at the Implement House of G. R. Gould & Co. It is both novel in name and novel in design, and is constructed upon a scientific principle never before applied to sulky plows, by the use of which the draft is so greatly reduced that two ordinary sized horses can easily do the labor, where it required three to perform with old styled plows. It is an old saying and as true as ancient that "THE MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEASTS." Hence Farmers who have any regard for the welfare of their team will do well to examine this before buying. Also while there you will do well to examine their immense stock of goods just in, which is complete in every detail in their line. All goods warranted and a "SQUARE DEAL" guarranteed. Don't fail to call at their store.

Nos. 170 & 172, Mass. Street.

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure Corns, warts, bunions.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE EASY TO USE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

CREAM BALM

has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit is convenient and cleanly. It causes no pain nor sneezing.

IT IS NOT A

LIQUID OR SNUFF

HAY-FEVER

Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It always inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.

A thorough treatment will cure.

Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c. a package—stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists.

ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N. Y.

DEITZ SEED CORN

Early Mammoth double-eared yellow Field Corn; the Best of 30 years' selection. 2 lbs by mail, paid, $1; one peck here, $1; 1 bus. $3; 5 bus. $10; 100 bus. $150. Sample 10c. G. A. DEITZ, Chambersburg, Pa.

CURES COUGHS COLDS HOARSENESS WHOOPING COUGH AND BRONCHITIS

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP 25 CTS. A BOTTLE

CROUP INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION & A PLEASANT AND SURE CURE

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

ALL FOR 30 CENTS.

1 pkg each of Sugar Trough gourd, Prize Head Lettuce, Acme Tomato, Choice Penny, and bridched and striped Petunia. I have grown the gourds by the acre to hold from two to five gal's. each. With each order will send my treatise on fence worth TEN Dollars to any Farmer. Address WALDO F. BROWN BOX 14, OXFORD OHIO.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Me.

LYON & HEALY

State & Monroe Sts., Chicago.

Will send prepaid to any address their BAND CATALOGUE, for 1883, 300 pages, 310 Engravings of instruments, Suits, Caps, Belts, Pompons, Epaulets, Cap-Lamps, Stands, Drum Majors Staffs, and Hats, Sundry Band Outfits, Reading Materials, also includes Instructions and Exercises for Amateur Bands, and a Catalogue of Choice Band Music.

SAMARITAN NERVINE NEVER FAILS.

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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

HEREDITARY TAINTS.

Some Revelations on a Subject Which Concerns the Welfare of the Race and the Happiness of All.

[Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.]

To any one who has studied the laws of life, and especially those which relate to reproduction, an experience such as we are about to relate, will come with special force and interest. The transmission of certain mental traits of prominence, and of certain physical traits of equal prominence, are facts which all acknowledge, but which none can understand. The father may be distinguished,—the son an imbecile; or, the parent may be decrepit and unknown, and the child achieve the highest place possible to humanity. But through it all, there will be certain characteristics, which mark the individual as descending from certain ancestors. Too often, indeed, these characteristics are infirmities, and often of a physical nature.

These facts were strikingly brought out during a conversation which a representative of this paper recently had with Mrs. Carrie D. T. Swift, who is the wife of one of our most prominent citizens. This lady related that she inherited from her parents certain tendencies, over which she had no control, and which were in the nature of blood difficulties, assuming the form of rheumatism. Her experience can best be described in her own words. To the writer she said:

"I felt the beginning of this hereditary taint many years ago, in vague pains, which seemed to come unaccountably, and at uncalled for times. They were annoying, exhausting, and interfered not only with my duties, but also totally destroyed my happiness. At first they would be only transient, appearing for a day or two, and then disappearing; then again they would come in such violent forms, that it was impossible for me to lift a cup to my mouth. Afterwards, my feet and hands swelled so that it was impossible for me to draw on my shoes or gloves without the greatest effort. I realized what the difficulty was, but seemed powerless to avert it. I finally became so bad that I was confined to the house and to my bed most of the time. My joints pained me continuously, and my feet swelled to enormous proportions. Knowing that I inherited this tendency, I had about abandoned hope, when I began the use of a remedy which was recommended to me by a friend as being specially efficient in cases of a similar kind To my great gratitude, I found that it relieved me, restored my appetite, and I am able to say that now I have gained forty pounds in weight, feel perfectly well, and am in the best possible condition, owing wholly to Warner's Safe Rheumatic cure, which was the remedy I used."

"No one would ever suspect you had suffered so, Mrs. Swift, to see you now," remarked the reporter.

"That is what all my friends say. Only yesterday, an acquaintance of mine, whom I had not seen for some time, hesitated, before speaking, and apologized by saying, 'Why, I really did not know you, you have changed so for the better since I last met you, how well you do look.'"

"Have you any objection to giving the name of the party who first mentioned this remedy to you?"

"Not the slightest. It was Mr. R. H. Furman, the photographer."

The newspaper man, after bidding Mrs. Swift good-bye, repaired to the photographic rooms of Mr. Furman, when the following conversation ensued:

"Have you been a sufferer from rheumatism, Mr. Furman?"

"Well, I should think I had."

"For how many years?"

"Twelve or fifteen."

"Did you try to cure it?"

"Yes, I tried everything, and, at last, went to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and nothing seemed to do me any good until I tried Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure."

"And it cured you, did it?"

"Yes, completely."

"And you can cordially recommend it?"

"Yes indeed, more cordially than anything I have ever known of. It is simply a wonderful medicine. I believe that two-thirds of all cases, both acute and chronic, could be cured as I was cured by the use of this remedy. In fact I know a number of persons who have been in the worst possible condition, and are now completely well wholly through its use."

The statements above made are from sources, the authority of which cannot be questioned. They conclusively prove the value of the preparation named and show that even hereditary traits can be removed by the use of proper means.

The story of the Merv, an abbreviated edition of Edmund O'Donovan's large two volumes on the Merv Oasis, is issued by Funk and Wagnall, New York, and forms No. II in their standard library for 1884. It presents the important substance of the original two large volumes in a 16mo of reading size. Of uniform style and issued by the same house, is "Memorie and Rime," by Joaquin Miller, author of "Songs of the Sierras," etc.

CUMNOCK'S SCHOOL SPEAKER.—Rhetorical recitations for boys and girls. Compiled by Robert McLean Cumnock. A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Chicago, Jansen McClurg & Co. This is a most excellent selection of prose and poetry from the best sources, suitable for all the children who have to learn "pieces to speak," and will certainly prove a boon to both the wee ones in the lower grades, as well as the older ones who are more advanced. Teachers would do well to examine it, and recommend it to their pupils, as most of them at the eleventh hour are hunting high and low, and bothering papa and mama, and all the home folks to help them get a "piece." Price $1.00. For sale by J. S. Crew.

I can safely recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh. Cold in the Head, etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time.—HENRY LILLY, Agent for the American Express Co., Grand Haven, Mich. (Price 50 cents.)

Our Book Table.

Reputation with posterity has ever been esteemed one of the most powerful incentives to deeds of heroism; and one modern school of philosophy recognizes as the only true immortality of man, the enduring beneficient influence of his virtuous actions. If, however, the fabric of our civilization were seen to be tottering, it is plain that this particular stimulus to virtue would fail. But, "Is our Civilization Perishable?" The question is asked in the North American Review for March, by Judge J. A. Jameson who considers the several agencies by which the overthrow of the existing civilization might be affected. In the same number of the Review there is an article of extraordinary interest on "Agricultural Politics in England," by William E. Bear, editor of the Mark Lane Express. "A Defenceless Sea-Board," by Gen. H. A. Smalley is a discription of the unprotected condition of the harbors and coast cities of the United States; and though the author employes none of the arts of the rhetorican his statement cannot fail to awaken the people of this country to the importance of being in peace prepared for war. "Neither Genius nor Martyr" is the judgment pronounced upon the wife of Carlyle by Alice Hyneman Rhine whose contribution to the Carlyle controversy is characterized by much force. In "The Story of a Nomination", W. O. Stoddard recounts the hitherto unpublished history of the means by which the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for a second presidential term was brought about. Other articles are "Literary Resurrectionists" by Charles T. Congdon "How to Improve the Mississippi", by Robert S. Taylor; and the Constitutionality of Repudiation", by D. H. Chamberlain and John S. Wise. Published at 30 Lafeyette Place New York.

The March Atlantic continues Dr. Mitchell's story, "In War Time," and Mr Crawford's story, "A Roman Singer." These though very unlike, are two of the best and most interesting serial stories that have appeared from American writers for a long time. Henry A. Clapp contributes an admirably intelligent and discriminating article on Henry Irving, the famous English actor. Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi, an American lady who has lived in Italy decribes "A Pisan Winter," which includes a story. Henry M. Lyman has an interesting paper on "The Disvovery of Peruvian Bark," which under the name of quinine is so much used in medical practice. "The Journal of a Hessian Barroness," culls from the letters and journal of Baroness von Riedesel many curious facts relating to Burgoyne's campaign during the Revolution. "Drifting Down Lost Creek" is a story of East Tennesee life, by Charles Egbert Craddock, who knows that peculiar life so intimately and describes it so dramatically. This story will be finshied in the April number. Other interesting articles are "Don John of Austria," by Alexander Young: "The Sources of Israelitish History" an excellent example of what is now known as the "higher criticism" by Rev. Phillip H. Wicksteed, a learned English Clergyman; "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys," a continuation of Mr R. G. White's articles on "Mr. Washington Adams," "Texts and Translations of Hafiz" by Prof. E. P. Evans; two poems, reviews of books, and a bright Contributors' Club. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for March is an unusually lively number, containing as it does an illustrated article on sub-marine diving by an expert, and the third installment of "On Land and Sea, or California in the years 1843 '44 and '45." by Mr. William H. Thomes the author of that popular novel of the day, "The Belle of Australia," "The Gold-Hunters of ustralia" "Life in the East Indies," and other well known works. In this chapter the vessel arrives at Monterey, and a vivid description of the town is given as it existed at that time, with a glance at some noted persons, among them Mr. Thomas O Larkin, afterwards the American consul. This "On Land and Sea" grows more humorous and interesting as it progresses, and promises to be the author's best work. There is not a tedious line in the three parts that have appeared, and no doubt all will pan out as well. Old residents of California should read this story, as it is full of interest. Ballou's Magazine is only $1.50 per annum, postpaid, or 15 cents a single copy. Send 10 cents for a sample copy. For sale everywhere; but, if your newsdealer does not keep it ask him to order it. Published by Thomes and Talbot, 23 Hawley street Boston.

The March Eclectic contains as its principal articles: "A Prospect and a Retrospect," by Herbert Spencer; "The Soudan, and its Future," by Sir Samuel Baker; and "A Visit to Philistia," by Sir Lepel Griffin. There is another installment of Ivan Turgenieff's prose poems, "Senilia." which will be read with great interest. A very remarkable short story is "Old Lady Mary," from Blackwood's, by Mrs. Oliphant, one of the most original and unique ghost stories ever written. A very vivid picture of medæival Italian life is given in "A Florentine Tradesman's Diary," which will be completed in the next number. Other striking papers are: "Earthquake Weather." "Tragedy in Japan," "Personal Recollections of Gambetta," "Scraps from the Chronicles of Venice," and "Old and New Cynics." The poems are from Swinburne. Tennyson, and Browning. The magazine, in its entirety, is of great interest, and contains more variety than usual in spite of several lengthy papers. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Stree, New York: Terms, $5 per year: single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, $1.

MEMORIE AND RIME.—By Joaquin Miller. A most delightful mingling of sketches of travel, stories, and poems. "In Notes from an Old Journal" there are given delicious bits of experience in New York City, in the Franco-Prussian war, at a tea-party given by the English poet, Rossetti, etc. The stories and sketches are of Western life, told with the humor and pathos for which the author has long been noted. The "Rhymes for the Right" are in Mr. Miller's fervent and vigorous vein. "In Memoriam" gives some recollections of men and events which occupy a prominent place in history. The volume does no contain a page, but is brimful of interest California, Colorado and especially Oregon are drawn upon for a fund of interesting anecdote and reminiscence. The author writes of a life he knows thoroughly, and with the pen of genius. Publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey St., N. Y.

EXTINCT RACES.

A Queer Collection of Stone Vessels---A Curiosity in Dentistry.

[Santa Barbara (Cal.) Independent.]

About two or three months ago C. W. Clark of this city decided upon collecting a small cabinet of curiosities, to include coins, relics, and trinkets. The result has been the accumulation of a store of rare curiosities which would make an ordinary Natural History society turn green with envy. The last important addition is a collection of stone utensils manufactured by a race of people now extinct upon this coast, who were evidently far advanced in the science of stone-cutting, and also in the arts culinary and ornamental. These extinct tribes made piping or tubes out of the hard agate rock, heads out of shells, charms and talismans of exquisite shape and perfection, representing fishes and animals, cut of abalone shells, fine fish-hooks from mussel-shells, and all kinds of cooking utensils from the solid rock. They had no metallic chisels or drills, no metals of any kind, no turning lathes, and yet their work is perfect.

The collection donated to Clark's natural museum includes one mammoth-sized mortar and pestle, both cut out of solid, hard rock, the mortar nearly two feet across the top, the pestle two feet in length. Both are perfect in contour and finished as smoothly as rock can be dressed. The mortar would hold about half a bushel of grain, and was no doubt the property of the miller of the tribe, who could grind corn meal very rapidly by the aid of such a large-sized hand mill. Then there are a dozen or more beautifully-finished mortars and pestles, all of solid stone, some of one variety of stone and some of another. Some of the mortars are of smoothly-polished agate and very beautiful.

The most remarkable of these exhumed Indian curiosities are the ollas or water vessels and the solid-stone cooking vessels. These latter articles are wonderful. The largest is a globular vessel of solid stone, chipped out of the hardest kind of rock, and as round as a ball. It is hollow, and has been patiently chipped out until the globe is quite hollow, about two inches thick, with an aperture about four inches in diameter at the top. It still bears the marks of fire, although it has been buried perhaps two centuries. There are several of these globular stone-cooking vessels in Clark's collection, and dozens of other aboriginal curiosities.

Dentistry seems to have been quite an art in the days when the extinct race held control here. Among the store of curiosities exhumed from the graves upon the Santa Barbara islands and now in Clark's collection are six or seven sets of false teeth. They are formed each from a shell which was fashioned to fit the roof of the mouth or could be adjusted outside of the gums. These shell teeth are perfectly formed and easily adjustable. Whether they were used for ornament or for mastication of food is one of those mysteries the grave still holds in concealment. The water bottles are round and are of woven grass mixed with asphaltum. The pipes are tubes of agate of fine-colored stones gathered upon the beach. How the natives turned and polish this hard flint-like stone and then drilled holes through it so as to use it for a pipe is a mystery. Among these recently-exhumed curiosities from the Santa Barbara islands are dozens of highly polished stone rings; some of them have been broken, but have been mended with a cement of which asphaltum is the principal ingredient. This cement used by these extinct tribes appears to have been durable and effective, as the shattered stone rings united by it are as strong and as solid as those not damaged.

Crockett and Hackett.

[Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner.]

The following is an extract from a letter written from Washington fifty years ago by the Hon. William Hiester:

During last week we had an amusing farce with Col. David Crockett. It was announced that at the particular request of Davy, Mr. Hackett would appear on the boards in his favorite character of Nimrod Wildfire in the play called "The Kentuckian; or, a Trip to New York." This brought out a house full to overflowing. At 7 o'clock the colonel was escorted by the manager through the crowd to a front seat reserved for him. As soon as he was recognized by the audience they made the very house shake with hurrahs for Col Crockett: "Go ahead!" "I wish I may be shot." "Music! Let us have 'Crockett's March.'" After some time the curtain rose, and Hackett appeared in a hat covered with a wild-cat skin and long tail attached, who, after bowing to the audience, turned toward Crockett and bowed repeatedly. The compliment was reciprocated by the colonel, to the no small amusement, noise and glorification of the spectators. The play then went on, through the whole of which were used the phrases attributed to the colonel: "I am a full team," "I can whip my weight in wild-cats," "I am half horse, half steamboat," etc. Really, it was the greatest farce imaginable to see a grave congressman the buffoon of such an audience, and he appeared to enjoy the sport very much. I have not yet got acquainted with him, but his appearance and conduct in the house are good and altogether correct.

Not from Monkeys but Bears.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The late Mr. Darwin has a formidable rival in his great feat of tracing the origin and descent of man from the monkey. Prof. Gheike challenges him, in respect at least to the people of northern Europe and American Indians. They, he says, descended from bears, which, having floated southward on icebergs toward the end of the glacial period, could not return. The warmth of the climate made them shed their furry coat, and they walked on their hind legs in order to keep their fore legs dry. Thus, in process of time, by successive modifications, they developed into men.

Writing Names on Hatbands.

The romantic experience of Miss Beach, the young lady of Bethel, Conn., who wrote her name on the band of a hat, and finally married the New Orleans gentleman into whose hands it fell, has had an unexpected sequel. Of course the other girls in the shop did the same thing, and now a western firm has refused a consignment of hats sent on their order, because so many of them have young ladies' names written inside the bands. Several married men who, unobserving, bought hats so marked, had the very foul fiend's own time about the matter, and the locality was all broken up for a while.

Theodore Tilton.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Theodore Tilton is living quietly in the Quartier Latin, Paris, near the school of fine arts, engaged busily in literary work. "I have not had a vacation for many years," he says. "I have my portfolios full of unfinished work. It struck me that if I could get away to some quiet nook like this, I should find an opportunity to complete what I have begun. I may remain here all winter, with the exception of a little visit to Rome. I am quite alone, both of my married daughters now being in Chicago."

An Anti-Charity Society.

[Joaquin Miller's Letter.]

I have been implored, and with savage pleasure I call attention to an Anti-Charity society in New York. Could any one believe that, as we stand upon the verge of days which have been devoted since the advent of Christ to universal charity, that there is a great society of that name, or rather that nature, in New York? Well there is a flourishing order of that kind here; and it has just held a big meeting and was presided over and addressed by big men, rich men, influential men, federal officeholders, professed Christians. One is an ex-cabinet minister. They appeal to the public to give no beggar a cent.

Of course these are honest men. They mean well. But I make a solemn protest against such teachings. The motive I do not question. Yet I cannot see how any reasonable man or woman can see any good to come out of this society's doings. And it is easy to see how much heartlessness, inhumanity, indeed, can and must naturally grow out of it if it is permitted to flourish. And I repeat that it seems impossible that at this day and age such an association could be thought of for an instant.

For Gods sake, let those who have anything to give and the good heart to give it, be permitted to give unquestioned. I do not think the beggars will get any too much. If these rich and great men are sick of seeing beggars in the streets, let them be provided for as in Paris so that their unseemly corpses come not between the sweet air and their lordships' lifted noses. Of course this association disclaims being uncharitable. It simply says, do not give until you investigate, and thus get rid of beggars. And so few investigate and fewer give. Oh, my friend, so ne one richer, better than these rich, influential men here in New York, long since said that the poor shall be with us always. And I reckon that no society that ever was or ever will be could ever do away with that pitiful fact.

Who are the beggars? You find as a rule that they are those who have been wounded in this battle of life. No, not in the body but in the brain. They are very helpless. Let them lean just a little on you as they limp on toward the grave, only a few paces ahead. Look at any beggar you meet. Will he live long? He or she will, nine cases out of ten, not live the year out. Measure his or her intellect with yours. Repulsive? Of course, very repulsive. But Christ never seemed to think them so. They mar the beauty of the city a bit. But all the beggars out of purgatory would not and could not put so much shame upon the city as does the existence of one anti-charity society.

The Book-Collection Craze.

[New York Times.]

The craze of the book-collector pervades New York society more extensively than most people know. I am acquainted with many business men whose sole recreation is to collect rare books. There is Brayton Ives, for instance, who has a delightful museum of rarities. He runs to old and scarce books rather than to merely costly ones. He has many rare editions of old English works—Caxtons, Wynken de Wordes, and so on—to say nothing of copies of early colonial American imprints, some of them worth their weight in gold. Robert Hoe, Jr., on the other hand, collects beautiful and curious books in wonderful bindings, illuminated missals, early examples of typographical art, and wonders in book plates. Charles T. Congdon, the well-known journalist, is a bibliomaniac. An unsophisticated friend, examining one of Congdon's latest extravagances, an Elzevir, said: "I wonder how you ever get time to read so many books as you buy?"

"Read 'em!" cried the book-buyer, with disgust. "D'ye suppose I read them?"

"If not, what do you do with them?"

"Collect them," replied Congdon, with an air of having settled the question beyond any cavil.

A Cache of an Old-time Hunter.

[Western Exchange.]

An old-time cache was recently discovered by Fred Halleck, in Umatilla county, Oregon, stowed away three feet under ground, near the head of Dutton canyon. He was hunting water at the time, but instead found bread, or what had been used as a substitute for bread. One specimen is a section of portable prairie dog sausage, about fifteen inches long. The other is a chunk of what might be called preserved pudding. It was apparently made from crushed crickets, camas and cowse, cooked into which was a sweet decoction of sugar, pine sap and grasshopper juice. Both delicacies look as though they would retain their freshness and flavor in any climate. Old settlers say that years ago they have seen bands of Indians go through the country with many packponies loaded down with this kind of sausage. It was made up in strings a thousand feet long, and was coiled completely around a cayuse, thus acting as a self-fastening pack outfit.

Scribe's Struggle as a Dramatist.

[Longman's Magazine.]

Scribe once said in my hearing that he began his career as a dramatist by seeing thirteen of his pieces fail one after another, and, on the first night of the fourteenth (doomed to a similar fate), felt so discouraged, that he said to his collaborateur: "I give it up; and, when we have got through the half dozen more that we have on hand, I will never write another line. Luckily," he added, "the fifteenth essay was more successful, and I bought a fresh packet of pens on the strength of it." Since then this extraordinarily prolific writer must have enriched the French stage with at least 800 or 900 productions, more or less meritorious, while his son-in-law, Bayard, following his example, has contributed no less than 230.

President Arthur is credited with the statement that since his accession to the presidency he has endeavored to make it an inflexible rule to preserve his temper under all circumstances.

The Current: There are probably not over 600 Americans in China today, while there are not less than 150,000 Chinamen in the United States.

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The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Prof. Horsford says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

Thackeray's gifted daughter, Anne, in her sketch of Alfred Tennyson, in *Harper's Monthly*, tells of her visit to the great poet. She found him smoking Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco, sent him by Hon. James Russell Lowell, American Minister to the Court of St. James.

In these days of adulteration, it is a comfort to smokers to *know* that the Bull Durham brand is absolutely pure, and made from the best tobacco the world produces. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is the *best* and purest made. All dealers have it. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull.

PLAIN TRUTHS

The Blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only* sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system; and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.

[illegible] Md.

[illegible] Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1880.

[illegible] recommended [illegible] tried Brown's [illegible] tonic and re- [illegible] daughter, whom [illegible] convinced was [illegible] a Consumption. [illegible] daughters by the [illegible] under the care of [illegible] ians, I was loth to [illegible] anything could arrest [illegible] of the disease, but, [illegible] surprise, before my daughter [illegible] taken one bottle of BROWN'S [illegible] IRON BITTERS, she began to [illegible] was quite restored to [illegible] A fifth daughter began [illegible] signs of Consumption, and [illegible] the physician was consulted, [illegible] quickly said "Tonics were required," and when informed that [illegible] elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ADORAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,

Why ?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD

restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

3 Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

New Strawberries!

New Raspberries!

Thirty-six Varieties!

Strawberries—James Vic, Jersy Queen, Pier's Seedling, Old Iron Clad, Bidwell, Mount Vernon, Cumberland Triumph, David Boone, etc.

Raspberries—Hansell, Hopkins, Reliance, Cuthbert, Thwack, Gregg, Souhegan, Smith's Iron Clad, etc.

Sixteen page descriptive catalogue with hints on planting. Sent free to all applicants.

B. F. SMITH,

SMALL FRUIT NURSERYMAN,

Lawrence, Kansas

"OUR SOIL PULVERIZER."

If you want a CLOD CRUSHER that will last you a lifetime, without getting out of order, and that will do BETTER WORK with ONE-HALF the labor and lighter draft than any other Implement for the purpose, send for prices and description to

H. P. DEUSCHER, Hamilton, Ohio.

THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD IN THE WORLD FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN Sold by Druggists.

BIDGES FOOD FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

THE BEST DIET FOR INVALIDS AND OLD PEOPLE FOUR SIZES, 35, 65, 1.25, 1.75 Worth twice the cost

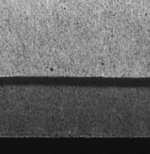
GRAPES My Specialty. Nursery established 27 years. Vines of over 100 best, new and old varieties for vineyards and gardens. Stock fine. Prices low. Catalogues free. Geo. W. Campbell, Delaware, Ohio.

VIRGINIA Farms for Sale. Catalogue free. Maps of Va. 20 cts. H. L. Staples & Co. Richmond, Va.

Established 1840. THE CELEBRATED "BRADFORD" PORTABLE MILL.

CORN, WHEAT & Feed MILL MACHINERY. Send for descriptive Circular. Address Mainly THOS BRADFORD & CO. 174, 176, 178 W. Second St., CINCINNATI, O.

ESTABLISHED 1844. Simpson & Gault M'f'g Co. (STRAUB MILL CO.) MAKERS OF THE OLD RELIABLE Queen of the South PORTABLE FARM MILLS For Stock Feed or Meal for Family use. Over 10,000 Sold. All kinds of Mill Machinery. CINCINNATI, O.



$1000 REWARD

Double Holler, it has made

For any machine hulling and cleaning fit for market as much Clover seed in one DAY as the

VICTOR

$10 after in ONE DAY

ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet mailed FREE. JEWARK MACHINE CO. NEWARK, O.

26,999 NOW IN USE.

All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our Improved Keller Poultry Force Feed, Grain, Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are as good as the best, and can be sold as cheap. All are warranted. Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co., Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.

STEWART'S HEALING POWDER.

SOLD BY HARNESS AND DRUG STORES. Cures all open SORES on ANIMALS from any cause.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XIII—NO. 24. LAWRENCE, KANSAS, MARCH 8, 1884. WHOLE NO. 611

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

An Illustrated Farm and Home Weekly Newspaper.

KIMBALL & STEVENS, Publishers, Lawrence Kansas.

The SPIRIT of KANSAS aims to be a first class family Journal, devoted to farm and home affairs, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western Life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellaneous, original and selected, will be such as will interest and instruct. Its editorial page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial, and political life, wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved, and always from a broad, comprehensive and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

Our regular subscription price, for single subscribers will be as usual $1.25 with liberal reduction to clubs

Agents are wanted in every county in the west to whom commissions will be given that will enable them to coin money

ADVERTISERS.

Can have but a limited portion of our space. The SPIRIT will be a paper for the reader and the space we have to spare for advertising will be valuable, but in proportion to circulation will be cheaper than that of most other papers of its class.

Rates, 10 cents per line of space each insertion agate measure, 14 lines to an inch

The ground in many places is frozen to the depth of fourteen inches. A great many farmers and gardeners are anxious to know how long this state of affairs will exist. It is best not to know the time when a change will take place but quietly wait for the wagon It will come.

Four men came down last week and took the largest one in the herd of buffaloes at Bismarck away to Topeka, where before this time he has been executed, and his remains divided among his friends. For more than two years he had been growing vicious and defied everything that crossed his path. In the summer season he was allowed the freedom of the pasture, but with this he was not content. He would allow no person in this enclosure. For the past month it has been deemed necessary to remove him from Bismarck.

It is no uncommon thing to hear of swindlers in different localities who generally make their points among that class of persons who are unable to resist their efforts and nefarious schemes. A few weeks since some peddlers canvassed Grant township in the interest of a house in Chicago, as they claimed. These men were selling dry goods of all kinds, from an overcoat to a pocket handkerchief. They claimed to have imported goods which had been smuggled from London, and consequently could sell them about twenty-five per cent. less than any of our Lawrence merchants. Before they commenced their canvass they found it necessary to to know the standing of these farmers; for they sold their goods on one and two years time, and took their notes. After they had made a sale they would take the notes to some Lawrence bank and sell them at a discount of 25 per cent. This is one way of swindling. A few days since some book agents were selling Bibles in this city, and claimed to be Bible students. But upon examination it was found that they had never read a book in the Bible. One of these book agents had visited a house not less than three times, and this was always when the owner was absent. The last time this book agent called, he insulted the good lady because she would not buy a Bible, while at the same time there were no less than three of these books on the book-case, near by. The gentleman who lives at this house where this transaction took place, has served a few years in the army, during which time he participated in several successful engagements, and more than a hundred times slept on 'his arms," and is willing to do so again if his house is invaded. This might be called another way of swindling. If these two classes of swindlers wish to make their business respectable, they should make but one call, and have that as brief as possible.

Hard to Believe.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of a Kidney disease after his body swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplished by Kidney-Wort in the person of M. M. Devereaux of Iona, Mich., who says: "After thirteen of the best doctors in Detroit had given me up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want every one to know what a boon it is.

Western National Fair Association.

The board met pursuant to adjournment, at the office of the secretary. The members were, Messrs. Evatt, Sternberg, Van Hoesen, Hughes, Leis, Allen, Brown, Buckingham, Holman, Heath, Rice, Clarke and Conger, who were sworn in office by W. A. Harris.

The election of officers being in order Dr. Evatt was nominated for president of the association for the ensuing year, and was unanimously elected, but declined in favor of Judge Allen, of Leavenworth.

A motion was made and carried that a vote of thanks be tendered Dr. Evatt, and the same put upon record, for his untiring efforts in making the fair of last year such a grand success.

The following persons were elected vice presidents:

First vice president, Dr. Wm. Evatt; second vice president, Gen. John A. Rice; third vice president, W. W. Dickinson; fourth vice president, W. W. Walton; fifth vice president, J. B. Abbott.

R. W. Cunningham was placed in nomination and unanimously elected secretary for the ensuing year.

The following gentlemen were elected to fill various positions, but declined to serve: W. A. Harris, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Livermore and Mr. Hinton. The following named gentlemen were then elected in their stead: L. Bullene, Thos. Bain, S. E. H. Drought, S. C. Usher and John C. Ellis.

The salary of the secretary was fixed at $1,500, he to pay his own clerical help.

The following named gentlemen were elected as an Executive Commitie:

I. N. Van Hoesen, Wm. Miller. L. Bullene' Dr. Evatt, and R. J. Brown, of Leavenworth.

Several bills were here read and allowed.

The matter of the election of a general superintendent was left to the executive committee.

A communication from the secretary elect, accepting the position, was received and read.

The question of preparing a premium list was left to the executive committee, who will probably report at the next meeting.

The secretary was then authorized to re-rent the office occupied by him for another year.

Mr. Geo. Leis chairman of the committee on stock, read their report, which was adopted, and the secretary instructed to issue stock to parties entitled to the same.

On motion, the association adjourned, to meet the last Tuesday in March.

The Flood at Cincinnati.

Noted among the many exciting and interesting incidents in connection with the late Ohio river flood at Cincinnati, was the fact that the Ohio & Mississippi Railway was at no time out of running order. This road was the only line making direct connection for the West, without excessive delay. Even at the gloomiest period, when alll other Western roads were cut off, the indomitable pluck and energy of the managers of that line asserted itself; organizing a yawl transfer from the end of the Eighth street line of cars, they carried passengers rapidly, and with perfect safety, to the only available landing place in Cincinnati, at Storrs station, on the O. & M. road, where there were in waiting elegant and commodious steamers, which made three trips each day between Cincinnati and Aurora, in both directions, thus affording their patrons, instead of the usual provoking delays and additional heavy expense, caused by high water, a most enjoyable excursion of twenty-five miles, giving them a full and magnificent daylight view of the Ohio, as it has never been seen before, and probably never will again, and making intermediate connections at Aurora for all points West, Northwest, South and Southwest.

COLORLESS AND COLD.—A young girl deeply regreted that she was so colorless and cold. Her face was too white, and her hands and feet felt as though the blood did not circulate. After one bottle of Hop Bitters had been taken she was the rosiest and healthiest girl in the town, with a vivacity and cheerfulness of mind gratifying to her friends.

In place of the poke we will have a modified Dunstable called the Mignon.

The nutritive properties of Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic sustains the body without solid food. Colden's; no other.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

OUR COLUMN.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

OFFICERS OF LAWRENCE UNION.

Mrs. Drusilla Wison, President.
Mrs Martha J. Byers, Vice President
Mrs. A. M. Goodhue, Recorder Secretary.
Mrs. M. J. Eldemiller, Treasurer.

Regular weekly meeting, every Friday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church at 3 o'clock, p. m. We earnestly solicit the personal interest of the ladies of Lawrence and their attendance upon these meetings.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. KATE R. HILL.

For the LAWRENCE NEWS.

I.

Yes; still look up, Oh! sinking hearts,
And eye, whose courage fails;
Hope with this clear-cut truth ne'er parts,
That might will right prevails,
And woman's heart and woman's hand
May rescue love and save the land.

II.

Not only around the fireside hearth
Her dainty feet must tread;
But in the lowly paths of earth,
She, by the Christ-child led,
May woo, e'en from the Tempter's side,
Some souls for whom the Savior died.

III.

"Shame on the heart" that weakly grieves
O'er the "accursed cup."
And from white harvests brings but leaves.
Or empty hands holds up:
This holiest work to mortals given,
The tar to Paradise has riven

IV.

Rouse up, then, woman to thy toil,
Good seed though long entombed.
Hath budded oft on earthly soil,
And then in Eden bloomed.
And this that thou doth lightly prize,
May win that SURE home in the skies.

Manhattan, Kansas.

A Wreck of a Man

What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man — the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a lazar-house of diseases; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried.

Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burned into their hands; even for murder. Cain was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium; How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example; How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon his all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling; How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks as with a trumpet, "BEHOLD A BEAST!"

Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons and at the tables of the "upper ten;" but surely to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfume, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.—[Horace Mann.

LITTLE MARY.

Sitting by my pleasant fireside, listening to the winds as they sweep unceasingly by, and with a moan through the cedar branches without, I was thinking of the many children who read this paper, and I wondered if they all had cheerful homes, bright fires, and kind parents whom they loved, to shield them tenderly from these bitter storms.

Dear children, I believe you are earnest temperance workers in the Band of Hope, and I know that you with your bright young Christian lives, will be the future hope of our country. Ere many years shall have swept into the unreturning past, we, your elders, will have passed from active life and you will have taken your places in the front ranks of christian temperance work, in business, in all the affairs of our loved and glorious country.

While my thoughts were absorbed in your present, and your future lives, dear children, it occurred to me to relate to you a circumstance that came under my own observation, of a sweet little girl whom I knew many years ago. When I was a child, many stories and histories of Scotland fell in my way, and were eagerly read, creating in my childish heart a love for that noble and daring people. I loved to read and think of the powerful clans and warrior chiefs who lived in the mountain fastnesses; of the beauties and grandeur of their rocky Highland homes as portrayed in the descriptions of the word-painter, Walter Scott. In olden times deadly feuds used to exist between bands and clans of this nation of warriors, but times are happily changed there, and it is now the land of learning and religion.

The people are peaceful, and have the name of having the best schools and colleges in the world.

You can see on your maps where this historic country lies. Look at its history; for somewhere among these craggy rocks grand mountains, and beautiful blue lakes, the first few years of little Mary's life were passed. Many wild legends and stories came to the child's ears of the bold acts of her brave and knightly ancestors. But in her secluded mountain home knowledge came, the newspapers drifted there, and through them the parents heard of a fertile land, far away, beyond the stormy Atlantic, a land overflowing with every choice thing, where numberless broad acres were lying wild and idle for want of strong hands to till them.

So gathering up their worldly treasures the child herself the chief, they embarked for America. After a tedious and stormy voyage, they landed upon our shores, strangers in a strange land. Everything was new to them, and so different from what they had known in their own country; sickness and poverty overtook them, and then came strong temptation to the noble-hearted father, in the shape of the intoxicating cup. The demon met him at every corner, thirsting for his soul. At last he yielded and fell. To the once happy wife and daughter came this heart-crushing sorrow. The young mother soon faded and died, the father, too, in a few short months was laid by her side, and little Mary was doubly an orphan among strangers. The little girl shared the common lot of the poor, the homeless and friendless, carrying with her the opprobrium that always attaches itself to the drunkard's child. Surely a hard fate had fallen upon this gentle young girl.

Thus she lived a few years, until at last her aged grand-parents arrived from Scotland, sought her out and never more did Mary want for home and friends. At school she was a sweet-tempered, obedient, and obliging little girl, dearly loved by every one. She never grew discouraged and cross over hard lessons, but with a will kept on studying and trying until the task was accomplished.

When I used to meet her in the school room, I could not forbear laying my hand upon her sunny curls and repeating the sweet name, "Mary." Many years have passed since then, and little Mary is a woman now. And what kind of a woman, do you ask? I will tell you. Her husband, for she is married, has wealth, and she is surrounded by all that is luxurious and beautiful. But her whole soul is absorbed in one object.—charity. She devotes with untiring energy the greater part of her time, her talents, and much of her means, to this mission. She is the founder and head of a school and Home for orphan children. It is delighful work for her to gather in the little waifs, clothe and feed them, and enjoy their happiness. No fear for herself comes to her as she goes out into the streets where the most degraded people dwell, and where poverty and filth and evil bear sway. Her loving heart goes out in sympathy for all. In the drunkard's hut, comforting the sorrowing, talking to the little ones, visiting the sick, a helper to all. Yet, with what tenderness, does she care for those unfortunate little children whose parents are addicted to drunkenness and in her unwearied exertions in behalf of these she has smoothed many rough paths for little feet to tread. Is not her life beautiful? Yes, filled full of the most beautiful devotion, carrying sunshine and happiness wherever her presence comes. S. A. W.

I can safely recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh. Cold in the Head, etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time.—HENRY LILLY, Agent for the American Express Co., Grand Haven Mich. (Price 50 cents.)

Weather Report for February.

[Prepared by Prof. F. H. Snow, of the University of Kansas, from observations taken at Lawrence.]

This month, although nearly five degrees colder than the February average, has been exceeded in average coldness by four Februaries in the past 16 years, '74, '75, '81 and '83. The minimum temperature, however, was high, having been lower in ten of the preceding Februaries. The rainfall and humidity were nearly normal, the cloudiness was excessive, and the wind velocity was considerably above the average. The peculiar sunset after-glow of the preceding months was occasionally observed, but had apparently disappeared before the end of the month.

Mean Temperature—58.03 degrees, which is 5.18 degrees below the February average. The highest temperature was 57 degrees on the 25th; the lowest was one degree below zero on the 13th, giving a monthly range of 58 degrees. The mercury reached the zero point but once. Mean temperature at 7 a. m., 21.86 degrees; at 2 p. m., 33.43 degrees; at 9 p. m., 28.41 degrees.

Rainfall—Including melted snow, 1.13 inches, which is 0.20 inch below the February average. Rain fell 4 days and snow on 4 days. The entire depth of snow was two inches. There was one thunder shower. The entire rainfall for the two months of 1884, now completed, has been 2.41 inches, which is 0.12 inch below the average for the same months in the preceding 16 years.

Mean Cloudiness—54.33 per cent. of the sky, the month being 8.27 per cent. cloudier than usual. Number of clear days (less than one-third cloudy), 9; half clear, (one to two-thirds cloudy) 8; cloudy (more than two-thirds) 12. There were four entirely clear days and eight entirely cloudy. Mean cloudiness at 7 a. m., 63.10 per cent.; at 2 p. m., 50 per cent.; at 9 p. m., 49.166 per cent.

Wind—N W., 26 times; S.W., 20 times; N. E., 18 times; S. E., 15 times, S., 4 times; W., twice; E., once; N., once. The total run of the wind was 11,742 miles, which is 841 miles above the February average. This gives a mean daily velocity of 464 89 miles and a mean hourly velocity of 16.87 miles. The highest velocity was 54 miles an hour on the 18th.

Barometer—Mean for the month, 29 158 inches; at 7 a. m., 29 193 inches; at 2 p. m., 29.137 inches; at 9 p. m., 29.145 inches; maximum, 28.469 inches on the 9th; minimum, 28.587 inches on the 18th; monthly range, 0.882 inch.

Relative Humidity—Mean for the month, 72.3; at 7 a. m., 80.8; at 2 p. m., 56.4; at 9 p. m, 76.6; greatest 100 on two occasions; least 27, on the 2nd. There was one fog.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Troches, 12c. Liquid, 50c.

Ladies approve smoking the "Little Joker" tobacco.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarr, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousand of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Long lace pelerines will take the place of fichus on in-door toilets.

Last winter I found positive relief from Catarrh with Ely's Cream Balm. Was troubled for years. I have no doubt a thorough use of Cream Balm will cure a great majority of cases.—E. D. NORTON, Ithaca, N. Y, (See ad.)

A pretty new walking hat of fine Milan straw is called 7—20—8.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Yes "The Fling Dutchman" that's the name of it. We mean the new three wheel Sulky Plow that is creating such a sensation and drawing such crowds of people to examine its merits at the Implement House of G. R. Gould & Co. It is both novel in name and novel in design, and is constructed upon a scientific principle never before applied to sulky plows, by the use of which the draft is so greatly reduced that two ordinary sized horses can easily do the labor, where it required three to perform with old styled plows. It is an old saying and as true as ancient that "THE MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEASTS." Hence Farmers who have any regard for the welfare of their team will do well to examine this before buying. Also while there you will do well to examine their immense stock of goods just in, which is complete in every detail in their line. All goods warranted and a "SQUARE DEAL" guarranteed. Don't fail to call at their store.

Nos. 170 & 172, Mass. Street.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.—And true economy requires the use of pure goods at a reasonable price rather than adulterated at less. De Land's Chemical Baking Powder is absolutely pure and the price is reasonable. It contains only Grape Cream Tartar and pure Bi-Carb Soda.

Surplice waists will be used on the soft, wool dresses of young girls.

Ministers Sound Its Praise.

Rev. Mr. Greenfield-, Knoxville, Tenn writes as follows: "Samaritan Nervine permanently cured my son of epileptic fits." Here's food for thought. Sold by druggists $1.50.

Guipure de Genes is a new lace which has the appearance of embroidery.

I had severe attacks of gravel and kidney trouble, was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time. A Distinguished lawyer of Wayne Co. N. Y.

Silver jewelry of a heavy type in sporting designs is a fashionable fancy.

Quantity and quality. In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c at all druggists. Wells Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Soft silk with India designs is employed in the spring wraps of Ricamier pattern.

Howenstein & Co., Parkersburg, Ia., say: "All who have used Brown's Iron Bitters pronounce it an excellent medicine."

A veiling in fine Ottoman ribs is very lovely in combination with taffeta glace.

John Early, Marshalltown, says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and general debility with beneficial results."

Heather in bloom will be a favorite garniture for the new Milan straws in champignon.

MOTHER SWAYNE'S WORM SYRUP.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

Moliere waist coats will be belted in the future.

Nobody should neglect a cough.—Take Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instanter.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Dinner and reception toilets for young ladies have demi-trains.

Faded hair recovers its youthful color and soft, silky texture by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam.

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

DEBILITY IN MAN.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, impotence, Sexual Dibility, cured by "Well's Health Renewer." $1.

The Anne Boleyn cap is the dead dress of the hour.

It Seems to Satisfy

A family want, and I wonder how we ever got along without Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in our family. Mrs Jines, Albany.

A dressing to beautify gray hair every family needs. Parker's Hair Balsam never fails to satisfy.

All sorts of redingotes will be fashionable this season.

The "Bon ton" walking hat bids fair to be a great spring favorite.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. KITZPATRICK.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

Spring dresses in velvet combinations will frequently have pompon garnitures.

FOREIGN BEAUTIES.

[Journal Amusant.]

A Parisian One.

Changing His Shirt.

[N. Y. Times.]

A Frenchman traveling by railway in England, was very anxious to change his shirt in order to make a visit after the train had arrived at its destination, without taking the trouble to go to a hotel. His guide book indicated a tunnel on the road, and he asked the guard how long the train would be in the tunnel. The guard shook the question, and, supposing he asked how long before he would reach the tunnel, answered briefly: "Half an hour." The carriage in which the Frenchmen was traveling contained several ladies and gentlemen. The traveler got down his valise, unlocked it, and made everything ready for a change of apparel while they were in the tunnel. As soon as they entered it he pulled off his shirt and prepared to put on a clean one, but imagine his surprise on discovering that the train remained only three minutes in the tunnel instead of thirty! As they came out into open daylight he was smiling in their midst in a condition quite unfit for a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen.

The Gutta-Percha Chicken.

[Chronicle-Herald.]

"Here," said an excited man entering a grocery store, "what kind of a chicken was that you sent to my house? It certainly wasn't the one I ordered." "Great Scott," exclaimed the grocer, "if that boy hasn't made another mistake. He went and gave you one of those gutta-percha chickens that we have especially for boarding-houses. Did the paint boil off?"

Ratiocination.

[London Punch.]

Country Doctor—"Did you take that bottle of medicine to old Mrs. Gambridge's?—because it was very important——"

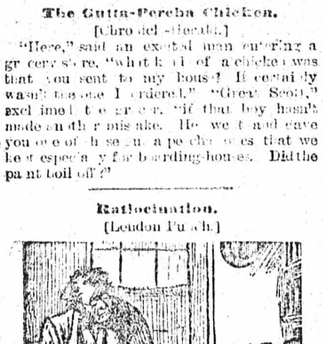
Doctor's Boy—"Oh, yes sir. And I'm pretty sure she took it, sir!"

Country Doctor (after a pause)—"What do you mean by that, sir?"

Doctor's Boy—"Well, I see the shutters up at the house as I passed this morning, sir!"

A Little More Curved.

[Fliegende Blaetter.]



Customer.—"You will cut those pantaloons according to the fashion plate?"

Tailor.—"Oh, yes, only a little more curved."

Diabolical Puns.

"What color would you diniogue?"—*The Hatchet.*

If the leg were about eight or nine inches in circumference and about three feet long, and we were within reaching distance of the perpetrator of such a pun, we'd endeavor to dye it blood red.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Oh, wood you?—*The Hatchet.*

Why They Hurried.

[N. Y. Commercial.]

"Why does the train run so much faster than yesterday?" asked a passenger on a branch of the Wabash railroad of the conductor. "We are in Missouri to-day," was the reply, "and we always get out of this state as soon as possible."

Cabin South to Die.

[Texas Siftings.]

William Norton, the Arctic explorer, who helped Kane to discover the open polar sea, died recently in Alaska. Arctic explorers, as a general thing, do not come that far south to die.

He Passed the Question.

[N. Y. Morning Journal.]

"Papa, is Ash Wednesday the day the cart calls for the cinders in the back yard?" asked a Long Island boy.

His father smiled, and put the question by until the good pastor called.

Objects to a Rival.

[Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.]

It is said that the reason why Bismark objects to the American Hog is that he doesn't propose to have a rival while he lives

The Strategy of Tiger Tom.

[New York Sun.]

Thomas Ochiltree, the Texan,
Youngest born and dearest darling
Of the Auburn-tressed Aurora;
He, the terror of the Brazos,
Tiger Tom of the Nueces,
Glory of the Rio Grande,
Wonder of the present congress;
Who, alone and quite unaided,
Set the Lasker ball to rolling;
When he heard how Otto Bismarck
Scorned, and flouted, and defied him,
Striking at him through the couriers;
Thomas Ochiltree, the Texan,
Roared, and flamed, and smoked in fury;

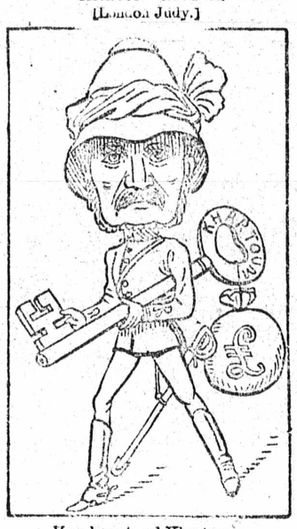
"Order out the old Dictator,
And the ancient Amphitrite,
With the Puritanic navies,
And the wild Manitou mobile!
Let the fearful Roanoke naval navy
Guard the mouths of the Potomac—
Filled with stones, and sunk there!

"Give me, then, the Talapoosa,
We'll supply her with fresh provisions,
With the choicest wines and liquors,
While I cross the raging ocean,
And proceed to pluck the feathers
From the double-headed eagle.

"I will mix a drink for Otto,
With the whisky of Kentucky,
With the mint of old Virginia,
With the sugar of the ropes,
Such as getty shall allure him
From the thorny path of warfare.
Thou the double-headed eagle
And the schwein Amerikaner
Sweetly shall lie down together,
Never thinking more of Lasker
Or the fear of trichinosis.
Aye, and Tiger Tom shall lead them."

"Chinese" Gordon.

[London Judy.]



How he entered Khartoum.

Receiver Wanted.

[Wall Street News.]

In one of the northern counties of Ohio, a company which was manufacturing agricultural implements had occasion to borrow $5,000. Some of the stockholders, being of a tricky turn, decided to beat the lender of the money out of it, and a Toledo lawyer was asked for his advice.

"You can do it very easily," was his blank reply.

"How?"

"Why, one of you go into court with an affidavit that the business is not being properly managed, and ask to have me appointed receiver. I can beat the man out of his $5,000."

This was done, and, as one of the victims was saying the other day:

"Yes, sir, he beat the man out of that money slick as a whistle."

"How?"

"Why, by beating the rest of us out of every dollar we had. The man who gave us the advice now owns and runs the business.

Recipe for Pancakes.

[Peck's Sun.]

A young housekeeper writes for a recipe for making pancakes. If there is anything more than another we know how to make, it is pancakes. Take a cupful of flour, one pint of warm water, mix thoroughly and cook over a thorough fire until it becomes thick. Then remove and let it stand for an hour to cool. Take a strip of cotton flannel and cut in round pieces about the size of a tea plate. Smear both sides with the flour and water mixture and bake on a hot griddle. Serve with molasses labeled maple syrup. This, of course, is not the family style. We got our information by observing a pancake bill at an uptown restaurant, and it can be relied upon.

A Sinecure.

[Petit Journal Pour Rire.]

Waiter—"Coffee, sir?"

Clerk—"No! I never take coffee for breakfast, it interferes with my nap in the office."

Happy Chicago.

[Peck's Sun.]

Chicago ought to be happy. She not only gets the Republican, but will get the Democratic convention this summer. No apprehension is entertained that a water famine will follow either convention, but Chicago lays itself liable to be called the national bear garden after entertaining these two great political conventions.

Uncertain What to Do.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"See here, my friend, that dog of yours killed three sheep of mine last night, and I want to know what you propose to do about it?"

"Are you sure it was my dog?"

"Yes."

"Well, I hardly know what to do. I guess I had better sell him. You don't want to buy a good dog, do you?"

Along the Ohio.

[Burlington Free Press.]

The river is up, the channel is deep,
The wind blows steady and strong;
And o'er the roof we'll gloomily keep
Our eyes while floating along.

To people ashore it is pleasant to think
Of life on the fish-some wave;
'Tis awful to die without victuals and drink
And a glimpse of a watery grave.

You lubbers can prate of "waters so blue"
And winds "blowing steady and strong;"
But we who are swamped by this hullabaloo
Are singing a different song.

A Celebrated Actor.

[London Judy.]

Henry Irving, of whom Oscar Wilde says: "One is like unto a dream, the other, a sublime poem."

Gen. Washington's Explanation.

[Washington Hatchet.]

Gen. Washington being a Mason was frequently detained at the lodge until very late. On one of the went home, and got his boots over a chair, and laid his watch under the bed, and asked her quietly to tell his affectionate wife nothing:

"George, you have been drinking."

"You're mistaken, Marsha," replied the general. "You're mistaken."

"But I smell it," insisted Mrs. Washington.

"Deed, my sweet, you're mistaken. What you smell is bay rum the barber put on my ear."

Mr. Washington, satisfied with this explanation, turned over and went to sleep, and the general, putting his finger on the side of his nose, whispered to himself:

"It be cold day when I'se Master of Mish Country gets off."

She'll Disfigure Him.

[The Judge.]

"Oh, say Neville, if you should ever prove untrue to me, I think I would disfigure you for life with a bottle of vitriol!"

Talmage's Texas Rival.

[Texas Siftings.]

There is an old negro in Austin named Uncle Nace, who is a regular attendant at the church of the Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter. Meeting him upon the other day, the latter said:

"Yours seems to enjoy my sermons mightily, Uncle Nace, considerin' you am so hard ob hearing," shouted the clergyman.

Uncle Nace nodded understandingly.

"Kin yer hear me when I preach?" bellowed the colored pastor in Uncle Nace's ear.

The old man shook his head.

"Whatfor den does yer come to de church?" howled Baxter.

"Bekase I 'muses meter see you cut up dem monkey shines, and saw de air wid yer arms."

No Assets.

[Texas Siftings.]

Russia has made a formal demand on Turkey for the expenses of the late war. Although backed in her demands by the other great powers, Russia will find it extremely difficult to collect the amount, owing to the plucked condition of plucky Turkey.

She Was Insulted.

[Life.]

"Mrs. Mulrooney you are charged with assault on Mrs. McGuinniss; what have you to say?" said his honor.

"Troth a' faith, yer worship, I was goin' down Perril street paycible an' quoite when I met Missus Mugginty.

"'Good mornin', Mrs. Mugginty,' sez I.

"'Good marain', kindly,' sez she.

"'Whare wor ye?' sez I.

"'Down at the Fulton market below,' sez she.

"'That hev ye in the bashket?' sez I.

"'Fish,' sez she.

"'It shmells,' sez I.

"'Ye lie,' sez she.

'Wid that I druv off an' hit her a welt for sphakin' such an unmannerly word to a Mulrooney, from Ballynahinchiskin; bad cess to her.'"

Texas Fashion Note.

[McKinney Black Waxy.]

The mustangy looking bangs, which The Clarksville Standard says make a woman look like an unruly cow with a board tied over her eyes, are to be changed now for a mop of frizzes, to be set high upon the head *a la* crow's nest.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.

[Life.]

If instead of being the 1524 this were the 25th anniversary of his birth, is it possible he would have appeared thus?

We refuse to believe it.

The Lime Kiln Club.

[Detroit Free Press.]

As the meeting opened the president announced that the following spring medicine would be hung on the wall during the coming week:

"Pay-cuss."

"Dead-en-le square."

"Sell your dog."

"No man kin sit on de fence an' plant onions."

"Figs wasted am shillin's lost out of a hole in de pocket."

"If it am pollyticks against 'taters, take de 'taters."

"An hour wid a saw-buck am more valuable dan an hour wid a statesman."

"De man kind bit am a swimmer wid his buteous."

AN IMPOSTER.

Immediately after roll call the world was received from the Outer Guard that a colored man giving the name as Prof. Bloom Punkett, and his residence as Memphis, had arrived in Detroit for the purpose of delivering a course of science before the club.

Brother Gardner replied that he had never heard of any such person, and asked if the name was known to any member. No one could recollect it, but it was decided to admit the stranger and listen to his remarks.

The moment the scientific professor entered the ballad-singing members rose to their feet and shouted out first he was a white man in disguise. The curly length of heel in a colored man was a dead give away, and he forgot to turn in his toes as he walked. In a minute the false wig was torn from the man's head, and it was plainly seen that he was white. Then a painful silence fell, broken at last by the voice of Brother Gardner as he said:

"White man, did you want anything in particular in dis hall?"

"I thought I'd have a little fun," was the sulky reply.

"An' is you shall have! De committee can sole to their will escort de gemlen down to de alley dah an' see dat he am given a proper send-off."

The committee consists of Giveadam Jones, Pickles Smith and Whalebone Hawker, three of the heaviest kickers in the club. They seized the base imposter and hurled him away, and in the course of two or three minutes there come a succession of thuds which jarred the hall from cellar to garret and put out six of the lamps. Next

THE DOUGLASS MARRIAGE.

The secretary then announced the following:

ACADEMY CORNERS, PA.

BROTHER GARDNER—Dear sir: It has been reported here by men of color that you attended the wedding of Hon. Fred. Douglass and "stood up" with him, and after the ceremonies made a neat little speech highly recommending the match, and there declared that in case your old woman should leave this world soon for a better one (and you thought she would) you would unite your hand with some white woman, or words to that effect. It is said you made inquiries about the Hon. F— D—'s second wife's unmarried sister, etc.

Did you then and there declare that all prominent members of your club, such as Waydown Beeby, Giveadam Jones, Trustee Pulback and even Rev. Penstock had advised you to make a "Nepolian" of yourself—get divorced—and they would follow suit? An early reply to the foregoing will relieve the minds of an anxiously waiting public with pulse seventeen below zero.

Respectfully yours,

ARTEMUS BELLFOUNDER.

"Let me say in reply," answered the President, "dat I did not attend de marriage mentioned, neither has I ever remarked de remarks imputed to me. Nevertheless, if Fred Douglass or any odder man of color desires a white wife, an' kin secure one in the reglar way dat brides am secured, it am nuffin to anybody outside de family relashuns.

"So far as dis club am consarned we take de color straight, an' we mean to continue dat way. If it should be known heah dat Wha'ebone Howker, who am a widower an' lookin' fur a second wife, had become de husband of a white society belle, he would probably be axed to vacate de red stool on which he has so long reposed, but we shouldn't blame him mo' dan de woman. When I git ready to trade my ole woman, who am at least two shades darker than tar, fur de slickest white woman dat ever run a man in debt, I'll gin de Lime-Kiln Club a month's notice."

New York Commercial:—In eternity Keely and his motor will have all the time they want.

ALL ALONGER BRADLAUGH.

[London Judy.]

"Bradlaugh, indeed! if you'll wait till I've emptied my mouth, I'll show ye Bradlaugh's a hass!"

"You'll do nuffin' o' the sort, young man; so there!" Whack!

Getting slightly tragic.—"For one or both of us the time has come."—(*Richard III.*

Result: both on us for forty shillings or a month.

A Mouse in the Room.

[Drake's Trav. Magazine.]

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she backed into a corner and stuck her head straight out in front of her. "My dear, there's a mouse! what are we going to do?"

"I should judge from the width of your mouth that one of us was going to swallow him!" replied Mr. Spoopendyke, springing from the chair and grasping his cane. "Where is he? Show him to me!" and Mr. Spoopendyke rallied around under the bed with his back, and then barged the table.

"There he is!" yelled out Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking around cautiously and then springing into a chair. "Call a policeman! Don't go near him! We'll all be murdered in our beds!"

"Look here!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, "going to sit up in that chair like a trigon all night until that mouse issues cards to show where he transacts business! If ye can't talk out his geography, point your measly finger at him, will you?"

"Can't you see him?" gurgled Mrs. Spoopendyke, between distorted imagination the mouse filled the whole room and lapped over. "There he is! Ow-w-w! Here he comes! There he goes! Wee-e-e-e!"

Mr. Spoopendyke made a lunge in the direction indicated by his wife's agony glare of horror, got the cane between his legs and rolled tumultuously into the closet.

"Do I give the impression of having got him?" he yelled, as he looked out and saw his wife sliding up the back of the chair, like a reversed avalanche.

"There he goes! Ho-o-o-e-e-e!" interrupted Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a prolonged shriek.

Mr. Spoopendyke looked around him with dazed eyes and spied the mouse for the first time.

"Whoop!" he roared as he plunged for the corner, and he banged his head against the wall as the mouse darted between his feet.

"He's climbing up the chair! Take him out! Scald him! Burglars!" piped Mrs. Spoopendyke, with her knees in her neck and her hair on end.

"What's the matter up there?" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, "a thousand feet above the level of the sea, got some kind of a notion that you're a fancy sunset, haven't you? Think you only need a candle and an emetic to be an active volcano, don't you? Well, you don't—! Hi, there! Got you now, have I?" and he made a dive under his wife's chair after the mouse. "Got some kind of a scientific impression that the combination of mercantile intelligence, known to the banks as Spoopendyke, isn't to be relied on as a phenomenon in the *vote* of amateur rat trap, haven't you?" and Mr. Spoopendyke gave a vicious jab at the mouse with his stick and found himself stuck under the chair.

"Is he dead?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the gyration of her husband's limbs.

"Get up!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, trying to extricate himself.

"Hear me! Get—!" and with a mighty effort Mr. Spoopendyke upset the chair, bringing his wife down on him like a bundle, while the mouse went up the chimney.

"Did you hurt yourself dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, still dreading the reappearance of the mouse. "You did splendidly. I really think you have scared him away for good."

"Do, do ye?" grinned Mr. Spoopendyke, with a horribly pleasant expression of visage. "Had time since it happened to think it all over, haven't ye? With your celerity of thought and ability to impart what you know, you only want a tin staircase inside of you and a fire-fly in your fist to be a doggasted Bartholdi Statue of measly Liberty enlightening the World! The next time you see a mouse around these premises, you get up an sit on him until I get ready to commence. You hear?" And with this verbal letter of instruction, Mr. Spoopendyke projected himself into his night-shirt and filed himself away between the sheets.

Drunk In a Plug Hat.

[Puck.]

The world is filled with woe everywhere you go. Sorrow is picked up in the fence corners on every road. Unavailing regret and red nosed remorse lurk behind the coat of the tie-clipper as well as the cut glass cane of the millionaire. The earth is convulsed with the universal sob, and the rocks are muddy with tears. But I do not call to mind a more touching picture of unavailing misery and ruin and hopeless chaos than the plug hat that has endeavored to keep sober and maintain its self-respect while its owner was drunk. A plug hat oozes and prosperity and shine forth joyfully while its face smiles. That's the place where it seems to thrive. A tall silk hat looks well on a thirsty man with a clean collar, but it cannot stand dissipation.

I never knew a plug hat that had lost respect for itself very much, and and you is way upheld by steady endeavor. No one knew a plug hat to come home in an evil hour, it too started to attend a banquet, and all at once its joyous career ended. It not only hung and strutted and contradicted everywhere after that.

The demon rum is bad enough on the coatings of the stomach, but it serves more disastrous to the tall hat. A man may mix up in a row and carry off an overdose of valley tan in a soft hat or a cap, but the silk hat will proclaim it upon the house tops and advertise it to a gaping, wondering world. It has a way of getting back on the rear elevation of the head, or over the bridge of the nose, or of hanging coquettishly on one ear, that says to the eagle-eyed public: "I am cock full."

I cannot call to mind a more powerful lecture on temperance than the silent pantomime of a man trying to hang his plug-hat on an invisible peg in his own hall after he had been watching the returns three years ago. I saw that he was excited and nervous when he came in, but it wonderfully raised it until he began to hang his hat on the smooth wall.

At first he laughed in a good-natured way at his awkwardness and hung it up again carefully; but at last he became irritated about it, and almost forgot himself enough to swear, but controlled himself. Finding, however, that it refused to hang up, and that it seemed rather restless anyhow, he put it in the corner of the hall with the crown up, pinned it to the floor with his umbrella, and heaved a sigh of relief. Then he took off his overcoat and, turning a clerical collar, pulled off his dress-coat also. I showed him his mistake and offered to assist him back into his apparel, but he said he hadn't got so old and feeble yet that he couldn't dress himself.

Later on he came into the parlor wearing a linen duster, with the bat drooping behind him like the broken harness hanging to a shipwrecked and stranded mule. His wife looked at him in a way that froze his blood. This started him so that he stopped back a pace or two, tangled his feet in his circumference, clutched wildly at the empty gas bracket, but

missed it, and sat down in a tall majolica cuspidor.

There were three games of whist going on when he fell, and there was a good deal of excitement over the playing, but after he had been pulled out of the American tear-jug and led away, every one of the twelve whist players had forgotten what the trump was.

They say that he has abandoned politics since then, and that now he don't care who her we have any more November elections or not. I asked him once if he would be active during the 1884 campaign, as usual, and he said he thought not. He said a man couldn't afford to be too active in a political

campaign. His constitution wouldn't stand it.

At that time he didn't care much whether the American people had a president or not. If every public spirited voter had gone to work himself up into a state of nervous excitability and prostration where reason tottered on its throne, he thought that he needed a reform.

Those who wished to furnish reasons to totter on their thrones for the national committee at so much per tot could do so; he, for one, didn't propose to farm out his immortal soul and plug-hat to the party, if sixty million people had to stand four years under the administration of a setting hen.

BILL NYE.

SAMARITAN NERVINE
NEVER FAILS.
THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

A SPECIFIC FOR

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCHOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.

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CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation wherever known. It is displacing all other preparations. An article of unlimited merit. Is convenient and cleanly. It causes no pain nor sneezing.

IT IS NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF

HAY-FEVER Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.

A thorough treatment will cure.

Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c. a package—stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists.
ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N. Y.

BAD BLOOD
SCROFULOUS.
INVETTED.
ULCERS.

In 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until my breast was one mass of corruption. Some of these ulcers were not less than one and one-half inches in diameter, the edges rough, ragged and seemingly dead, the cavity open to the bone and filled with offensive matter. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. Gradually the bone itself become diseased, and then the suffering began in earnest. Bone ulcers began to take the place of those hitherto on the surface. I became a mere wreck. For months at a time could not get my hands to my head because of extreme soreness.

COULD NOT TURN IN BED.

Knew not what it was to be an hour even free from pain. Had reason to look upon life itself as a curse. In the summer of 1880, after ten years of this wretched existence, I began to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after two years' persistent use of them the most ulcer has healed. The dread disease has succumbed, All over the breast where was once a mass of corruption is now a healthy skin. My weight increased from one hundred and twenty-three to one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and the good work is still going on. I feel myself a new man, and all through the Cuticura Remedies.
JAMES E. RICHARDSON,
Custom House, New Orleans.
Sworn to before United States Commissioner
J. D. CRAWFORD.

TO CLEANSE THE BLOOD of Scrofulous, Inherited and Contagious Humors, and thus remove the most prolific cause of human suffering, to clear the skin of disfiguring blotches, itching tortures, humiliating eruptions and loathsome sores caused by impure or poisoned blood, to purify and beautify the skin, and restore the hair, so that no trace of disease remain, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, Diuretic and Aperient and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin cures and beautifiers, are infallible. They are the only remedies that succeed when physicians and all other means fail.

GREAT BLOOD MEDICINE

The half has not been told as to the great curative powers of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. We have paid hundreds of dollars for medicine to cure diseases of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIES.
CHAS. A. WILLIAMS.
Providence, R. I.

Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Sold by all druggists. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

CATARRH
COMPETENT TREATMENT $1.

A single dose of Sanford's Radical Cure in stantly relieves the most violent sneezing or Head Ache, clears the head as by magic, stops watery discharges from the Nose and Eyes, prevents Ringing Noises in the Head, cures Nervous Headaches, and in three cases of Chills and Fever. In Chronic Catarrh it cleanses the nasal passages of foul mucous, restores the senses of smell, taste and hearing when affected, frees the head, throat and bronchial tubes of matter, sweetens and purifies the breath, stops the cough and arrests the progress of Catarrh towards Consumption.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS

For the relief and prevention, the instant it is applied, of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Coughs, Colds, Weak Back, Stomach and Bowels, Shooting Pains, Numbness, Hysteria, Female Pains, Palpitation, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bilious Fever, Malarial and Epidemics, use Collins' Plaster—in Electric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster) and laugh at pain. Twenty-five cents everywhere.

ALL FOR 30 CENTS.

1 pkg. each of Sugar Trough Gourd, Prize Head Lettuce, Acme Tomato, Choice Pansy, and beautiful striped Petunia. I have grown the gourds by the acre to hold from five to five gal's. each. With each order I will send my treatise on fence building. TEN Dollars to any Farmer. Address
WALDO F. BROWN FOX'S, OXFORD OHIO.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

GRAVITATION.

There's a force in tree and tree,
In the quiet air and sea,
In the calm splendor of the sky,
And in the white cloud drifting by,
In earth and sun, in farther space,
Wherever life has room and place,—
A force invisible, yet not hid
From the clear soul that dwells amid
A cosmos of creative thoughts
Whose unpressed unity wrought.

Yet we who think know little of
This force we call Reason, Love—
The human how we cannot weigh
Nor count in measure. But we say
That love is in the gentler heart
Adding together lives apart,
And it is locked as though they were
On life whose vibrations storms scar
To one decline, to one decay:
Ah! love is mystery, love is real.

And so, by this omniscient power
The dew which glistens on a flower
Is found together; here are tides
In the bodies that enrhythmics
And transpirations of breath;
Attraction meets us everywhere
Have the cephrim by which farms
Chaos to clarity; and light burns
With the orb of its rays;
Worlds roll, and wear what we are.
GEORGE EGBERT MONTGOMERY.

AT THE PLAY.

We sat and looked on the flattering stage—
The man that I loved and I.
We saw the actor rave and weep,
And love, and hate, and die.
The curtain fell and a tender joy
My passion heightened;
While ever and anon music swelled,
Floated, and thrilled, and thrilled.

And he—he saw that I loved so well—
By a tenderling hand,
Told me a story we two had read;
For I was his friend, he said.
He showed me a picture fair as day—
Dear God! why should I tell
How over all life's hope and joy
Despair's dark curtain fell.

And all around the mirth went on—
To me it seemed so strange,
Such clang could come into my life,
And all the world not change.
I wondered, seeing all their smiles,
I, with my reckoned mad—
What all these fools saw women found
To make them gay and glad.

And when once more upon the stage,
The curtain rose again,
They gave their ready smiles and tears,
To mimic love and pain;
Yet, had they gazed upon a scene,
With symphonies untuned,
From real life's greater drama, in
That act between the gods.
CARLOTTA PERRY.

HOW BABIES BEHAVE AT SEA

But few of the ladies are sick, at sea,
They always get over it quick, at sea;
And when the gruess
The babes of all sizes
Laugh, gallop and dance,
And joyfully prance;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

They play every juvenile game, at sea,
Repeat every trick they can name, at sea
Small sympathy offer
To mothers who suffer,
Of fathers in bed
Who wish they were dead;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

In setting the hulls where we dine, at sea,
They take hold of hand in a line, at sea;
And when the sail lurches—
Some lower deep searches—
They shout as they slide
To the opposite side;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

The vessel recovers herself, at sea,
'Mid laughing of each fit the elf, at sea;
They jump around ready
To slide again,—catty!—
Away they all scud
With yells to the flood;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

The cushions and pillows they take, at sea,
And out of them vehicles make, at sea,
They pull up the edges,
And use them for sledges,
Then rush down the hall
Till they're stopped by the wall;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

They play every juvenile game, at sea,
Rehearse every trick they can name, at sea,
Small sympathy offer
To mothers who suffer
Or fathers in bed
Who wish they were dead;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.
W. A. CROFFUT.

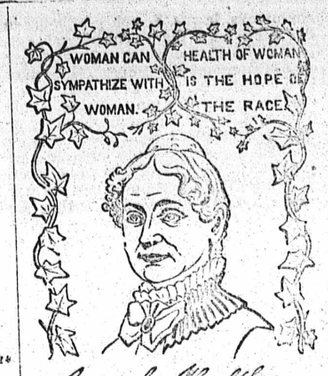
That portion of the earth's surface which lies west of the Mississippi and south of the Arkansas river has got enough negro diarrhea literature wholesale. A private letter from a Little Rock editor says that nearly every man in the south has become inoculated with this malignant virus, believing it to be the straight and solid road to success. He has on hand some five or six bushels of dialect drivel, which will be sold without discount at five cents a pound. "The governor of Arkansas is the only man in the state who has not become a manufacturer of negro dialect, or 'funny nigger,' in the vernacular of the office, and we are hourly expecting a cargo from him," says the disheartened editor.

Donn Piatt has become a farmer, and only waits the pen which may inspire him. He knocked off from regular journalism, he says, "in order to live like a gentleman, and die, if possible, like a christian, which is not newspaper work."

A new novel on mormonism, accredited to the wife of a United States Senator, is soon to emanate from a Boston publishing house. It is said to have elements of excitement in it equal to "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Will Hubbard Kernan, once of The Oklahoman States, is now editor of the Sunday Free Lance at Leavenworth. It is not necessary to say that that lance has a particularly keen blade.

Dr. John F. Newman is the author of a book on Babylon, soon to be published by the "Standard Library" series.



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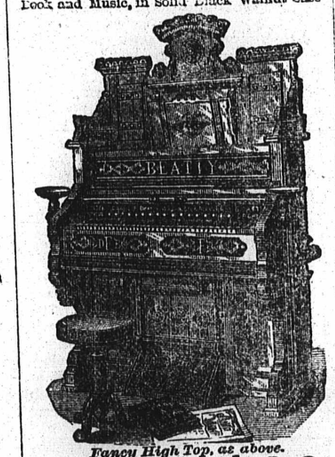

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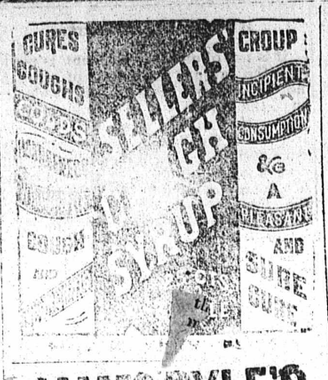

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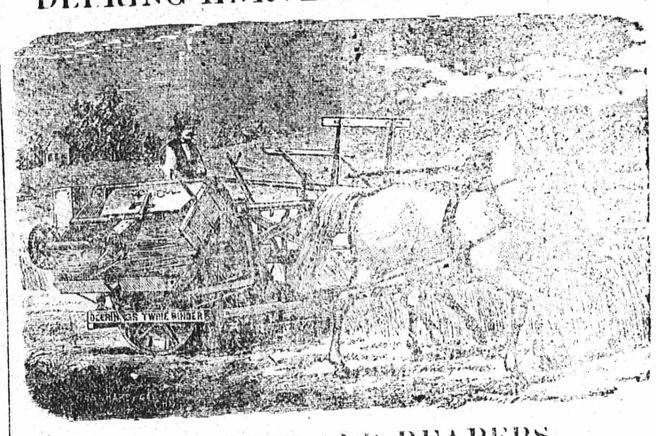

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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

NEAER mind this kind of weather. Spring will put in its usual appearance about the 20th day of March.

THE new prohibition bill of Iowa has been signed by the governor, and the law will go into effect the first of July

MR. FUNSTON'S great majority has had the effect of making the democrats and free-traders call a halt. Mr. Morrison's bill will not be passed, and tariff will cut a small figure in the coming campaign. If capital cannot be made on this question in the Second Kansas District, it cannot be done anywhere That is the way the argument runs.

THE prevailing mouth and foot disease that is now proving so destructive to cattle in many places, is supposed by some to have its origin in the extreme and prolonged cold weather, in which the feet of the animals became frozen and softened, and that the disease thus engendered is communicated to the mouth through feed that has been trampled upon.

THE raisin growers of California have forwarded a petition to Congress asking an advance of from two to three cents a pound in the duty on imported raisins Next we may hear of a proposition to impose a heavy tax on sunlight in our houses, which is now admitted free. What a boom this would give to the manufacture of gas, candles and oil, and thus give many thousand persons employment in the product on of these articles. If some fool free-traders should object to the cost, and agitate for a repeal of this tax on natural sunlight. They could easily be silenced by referring to the many thousands of workmen that would be thrown out of employment by a change of policy, and the loss that would necessarily ensue to those who had their capital invested in the production of gas, tallow, beeswax and oil.

THE telephone is coming more and more into generel use, enabling persons in different and distant cities to converse together It is being used also to convey musical sounds. The Register office recently had the pleasure of listening to a concert telephonically performed. The music was on two harmoniacs, and every note could be heard distinctly. "Home Sweet Home," a jig, "Arkansaw Traveler," and "Money Musk" were played. "The music was fairly enchanting, coming over the wires in such a way, nothing could be sweeter than it sounded." We expect to hear some day of music halls being constructed on the plan of whispering galleries, and connected by telephone with different residences throughout the city, so that all in those dwellings may enjoy the mu ic equally with those present at the concert hall.

ORATORICAL POWER.

An exchange says of Wendell Philips: "He was the great orator of the anti-slavery cause. In the stormiest period of the abolition movement, when anti-slavery speakers were hissed by the populace, when rotten eggs were hurled at them, when mobs threatened and sometimes assailed them, he never quailed nor lost his presence of mind. He was no ranter. In the tempest and whirlwind of passion, with a furious mob responding to his every sentence with a storm of hisses and opprobrious epithets, he kept magnificently calm, and he lashed his antagonist as with a whip of scorpions, launching upon them his scorn and defiance, he did it like a gentleman."

In this connection it will be proper to give another paragraph which is going the rounds: "On one occasion during the war, when Anna Dickinson had moved an audience to alternate cheers and tears, Wendell Phillips, who had spoken at the same meeting, said to her: 'Anna, I would give much to be able to make people cry as you do. Why cannot I do it?' 'I suspect the reason is because you never cry yourself,' was the answer."

INDIA.

The increasing importance of India as a wheat producing country is wonderful. In four years her exports of that cereal have increased 3,030 per cent, or from 1,656,726 cwts., in 1879 to 15,714,982 cwts. and in six months of 1883, the end is not yet, for there are thousands of square miles of wheat growing lands in India, as yet untouched by the plow. England appreciates the value of such a dependency as this and is actively engaged in furnishing her Indian toilers with the best agricultural machinery at her command. One feature of India's growth in wheat culture is the effect it will have on that pursuit in other countires, and especially in the United States. If India drives us out of foreign markets, we shall have to depend on home consumption, which will either lessen the profits of the business or compel greater diversity of farm production. This fact is not likely to disturb the serenity of Old England in the least, but another fact, in connection, is likely to do so, and that fact is that Russia has for a long time been aware of the value of India, and since 1878 has been quietly preparing to wrest it from its present owner. She has occupied, one after another, nearly all the provinces lying between her rightful boundary and the English possessions, and is now within 400 miles of the latter. A struggle for the possession of India seems unavoidable and, with immense resources on either side, it is doubtful how or when it will end.

THE Kansas City Journal is greatly improved in its new dress. It is taking its place among the wonderful newspapers of the day.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE IN ENGLAND

The department of state has received information from the United States consul at Birmingham, Eng., that the foot and mouth disease is among cattle in almost every county in England. The secretary of the treasury has requested the secretary of state to notify the United States consuls in Great Britian not to certify invoices of cattle unless, after examination of the animals by a veterinary surgeon, they are satisfied that the animals are free from disease.

HIGH LICENSE- HOW IT WORKS.

Comptroller Gurney, of Chicago, estimates that only 600 saloons in that city will take out the $500 license to sell high liquors and wine, while 2,400 will take out the $150 license. Being asked how he made the estimate, he replied, "On my knowledge of human nature." "I think, said he, "that one out of five saloon keeper will sell whisky fraudulently." This is the famous High License (Harper) law of Illinois, which the Legislature of that state passed at its last session, after long delay and strenuous opposition, which is to right the evils of intemperance. The supreme court has recently decided this law to be valid. The saloon keepers, it would seem, will render it inoperative and void, so far as the high license part is concerned. One of the great objections to prohibition, on the part of licensed men, has been that it will promote lying and deception. presumably by persons selling fraudulently, and by their customers. If valid against prohibition, it is much more so against license. Persons, in the above case, contract with the state to pay $150 a year for license to sell beer, and then, under cover of that license sell whatever intoxicants their customers call for, and thus the business of lying, deception and fraud is constantly practiced, under the apparent sanction of the state or municipal government.

SENATOR BENJAMIN HARRISON,

Of Indiana, Who will Go into the Next Republican Convention as a Candidate for the Presidential Nomination.

Although it is not generally known to the public, the friends and admirers of Senator Harrison are working in a quiet way to secure the Indiana and other state delegations to the Chicago Convention next June. Mr. Harrison has been frequently mentioned as an available candidate for the republican, but he has refrained from advancing his personal interests through public "shouts," and when the convention assembles it will be surprised at the strength the Indiana senator will develop for the head of the ticket. There is no doubt but Mr. Harrison, if nominated, would carry Indiana, Ohio and New York, and thus practically secure the success of the republican party. In view of his increasing prominence in this convention, we give this week a portrait of the senator with a brief

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis, was born in Hamilton county, Ohio August 20, 1833. After graduating at the Oxford, Ohio, University, and having studied law two years in Cincinnati, in 1854 he selected as his future home Indianapolis, where he has since resided, and has been one of its most prominent lawyers. In 1860 he was chosen by the people as Reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana, but at Lincoln's famous call for 75,000 volunteers, Mr. Harrison enlisted and was commissioned as a second lieutenant. He then organized Company A., of the 70th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, and was commissioned Colonel on the completion of the regiment. While in the field he was promoted to be Brigadier General, and was mustered out in June, 1865. Upon his return to Indianapolis he resumed the duties of court reporter, and served four years. In 1876, he was the republican candidate for Governor but was defeated; and in 1879 was appointed on the Mississippi River Commission, In 1880 he was elected United States Senator to succeed Joseph E. McDonald, and took his seat March 4, 1881.

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All excitants, to radical cure, must be innocent. The art consists in continuing their use until matters in the system contrary to health are removed. Health finds happiness in the mere sense of existence.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS stimulate the blood so as to enable nature to throw off all morbid humors, and cure disease, no matter by what name it may be called.

The secret of recruiting the vital principle is discovered in BRANDRETH'S PILLS because they remove what holds it in Check. It is believed they possess the elements of vitality. Heat, healthy animal warmth, is certainly increased by the use of this wonderfull medicine. Provided the great organs are irreparably injured, there is no disease BRANDRETH'S PILLS will not cure. The true art of healing is to assist nature to throw off disease—to concentrate, as it were, the whole vitality of the system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part.

GET BRANDRETH'S PILLS! Be put off with no other! and follow the printed directions, and health will surely bless you.

Wheat and Corn Growing.

It is not often the statement is made that the largest production of crops is not necessarily the most profitable; in fact, the tendency is to urge high farming by thorough cultivation and by the free use of fertilizers, without carefully considering the relations between the cost of such high farming and the value of the crop obtained. Prof. Jordan, of the Pennsylvania State College, recently said in regard to the question, "How can the production of cereal crops be economically increased?" that the profits coming from increased production rapidly decrease or stop when that increase reaches a certain moderate number. "The maximum crop that is profitable will vary with soil and locality. The area of farm land in Pennsylvania that can be made to yield profitably more than thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre is very limited in most localities. Every bushel above that yield will cost in time and fertilizers more than its value. It is unbusiness-like to train every point for a large crop when a smaller one will bring greater profit."

During nineteen years the reported wheat yield of Pennsylvania has never exceeded sixteen bushels per acre, and has often fallen far below that. The average cost of production, as reported, was $2.11 per acre for wheat and 22.39 for corn, but these figures, Prof. Jordan thinks, are too high. On the college farm carefully kept accounts showed an average cost or $11.20 for wheat and $14.10 for corn production. Adding interest and taxes would bring these figures up to $18 and $1 per acre respectively. A crop of less than eighteen bushels of wheat or of thirty-five bushels of shelled corn per acre would not balance this outlay. Considering these two crops by themselves, and not as part of a system of rotation, they are produced at a loss.

While he does not intimate that "a little farm well tilled" may be more profitable, under some circumstances, of. Jordan does not at there are grave objections to the solution offered by many authorities of the problem of growing grain profitably. "If a farmer can cultivate the many acres in a slipshod way only, and can find paying employment to his working force when not engaged at home, he had better rent his acres and let little land and let a portion lie idle or in natural state. But even here always covet the time of horses and teams in such a case, it would be better to grease small areas well than to more suitable to the more widely dependent and more extensive operations.

"The grave objection to this solution is that with small area the possibilities of business successes in agriculture are limited. The possible profits on ten acres are twice as great as the profits from five acres under similar conditions. Agriculture offers no exception to the general rule that a small business pays small gross profits. "A little farm well tilled" is not a sound maxim for grain farmers. The need to work to obtain must harder for an increase of production on increasing areas. His land and buildings are the farmer's fixed capital. His stock, machinery and the money used in his business are his floating capital, and this last is often too small when compared with the first. If it be objected that many farmers own their farms, and that is about all the answer must be that their lack of capital is just as fatal to the highest success in farming as it is in other business. Large income only comes from the investment of large capital.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Infants' Outfits.

There is very little change in the style of making infants' outfits. Formerly a mother dressed her babe in precisely what and at of the times and sheets equally, until it was at least four or five years of age. Now child of two years has dresses of warm texture, such as cashmere, merino, etc., and into these a touch of color is often introduced, which makes the little one look more comfortable, while older ones wear flannels, cashmeres and merinos. Infants' dresses are made of nainsook and linen lawn, with tucks, and trimmed with lace and embroidery, and have sleeves. The robe style of making infants' dresses is not so popular as formerly. There are now more often trimmed above the hem at the lower edge with embroidery, insertion, tucks, ruffs or lace. The skirts, which are gathered to the yokes, are long and very full. The newest cloaks for infants are of white cashmere, in Mother Hubbard style, with yokes of the finest embroidery and cuffs to match. The long, loose cloaks are usually made of white or light-colored cashmere and are trimmed with embroidery. There are other handsome cloaks made of cotton and silk for summer they are usually pique, either plain or embroidered. Some of these are shaped like a long, double cape, but the newest and the most liked are of the Mother Hubbard style with straight breadths shirred into the yoke, and the long sleeves shirred at the wrist. The prettiest caps for babies are those of the closely fitting cottage shape, which are made of embroidery that is done in an open pattern, representing wheels of stars that resemble the designs in open braid laces. Bows of satin ribbon are added at the top and at the back. The pretty French caps are as popular as ever and are worn by both girls and boys. There are comfortable-looking crocheted jackets of white, pale blue or pink zephyr in pretty designs, with a border in shell pattern. Dainty little hoods of worsted with silk netting over them are also provided for their comfort, and little soft socks of zephyr or silk are in colors to match their sacques or hoods. To complete the baby's outfit is a leather case lined with bright satin, containing a hair brush, comb, powder box, a rattle and a ring for cutting the teeth, all of celluloid.

The first short dresses worn are of nainsook, with high neck and long sleeves. These can be made from the long dresses used by the child previously as long dresses. Sashes are entirely out of fashion for babies; the dresses are loose and unconfined. At the age of two years the guimpe and Mother Hubbard and English princess dresses, made of colored material, are worn, and white is only used for best dresses or special occasions. For the summer, percales, chambreys, lawns, Scotch ginghams in delicate shades, plain Turkey red cottons and neat figured satteens, are worn with white muslin guimpes. This may be a separate high-necked waist, gathered to a belt, with long sleeves, made of muslin, tucked and embroidered, or else the yoke and long sleeves may be permanently attached to the colored material. The little slips can be given this effect by putting a puff over the arm at the shoulder and by edging the yoke with embroidery. The guimpes of fine embroidery are pretty with dresses of buff, pink, cream color or baby blue cashmere. The guimpes of embroidered muslin or nainsook are suitable for the cotton goods, such as chambrey, batiste, Scotch gingham and linen lawns. White muslin slips can be utilized as guimpe and petticoat, over which these low necked dresses of cashmere or muslin can be worn. A look of scantiness should always be avoided in young children's dresses. For rough country wear dresses of flannel have simulated guimpes of the same. For little girls just in short dresses, there are small yokes with lace plaited inside. A very pretty wrap for these little ones for the spring is a half length straight sacque of red, garnet or electric blue cloth, with white braid in rows on the edges, and large white pearl buttons. There are other long coat that cover the entire dress, and are made of flannel or cloth and have box plaits below the waist. With these coats large collars of white embroidery, braid lace or grenadine are worn.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cultivation of Currants.

The currant has always been a universal favorite, not so much, perhaps, because of the real nature of the fruit as because of the extreme hardiness of the bush, which hitherto has withstood a good deal of neglect, with little or no attention. After one planting them in some remote corner of the garden, or under the fence, they are left severely alone. But with the currant, as with other things as soon as they become scarce, the demand for them will increase and better prices rule. My plan of cultivation—which I do not claim as the best, but which has always succeeded with me—is simply this: As soon as the leaves are off the bushes in the fall, I go through them with a sharp knife and trim out the old branches and any of the new that show signs of borer, and cut back all new shoots one-third. I then rake up all the wood that has been cut out, and burn it to make sure of destroying all insects that might cling thereto. This done, I work in deep—usually with the spade—three or four shovelfuls of good, well-rotted barn manure around each bush, to the space of about three feet: the ground between the rows is now otherwise plowed or spaded, and the whole given a liberal top dressing of light manure, and the work is done for the winter.

As soon as the first worms appear in the spring—which is early I take a heaping tablespoonful of powdered white hellebore, and thoroughly wet it with boiling water—quart or so. I now turn this to a pail of clean cold water, stirring constantly all the while, till every particle of the powder is well mixed. It is ready now for application to the bushes, which is done with a large watering pot, taking great care to thoroughly sprinkle every bush: repeat this as often as the worms reappear.

Usually two applications, one early in the spring, and the other just before the fruit ripens, are sufficient to keep down the worms. Keep the ground around them mellow and free from weeds, and if at any time through the summer a branch is seen to wilt, it is immediately cut away and burned, as such is the "sign of the borer."

Following this method of cultivation, I have never lost a bush or had a poor crop of fruit And I bespeak the same success to any who will take the same trouble for the sake of this delicious fruit. It will pay.—*Practical Farmer.*

Trimming Apple Trees.

Those who did not finish trimming their apple trees before Christmas, have had but little opportunity to do it since; the rough cold weather of the last half of December and most of January, has driven the orchardist into business that would keep him warmer, than would the work of trimming trees. Sometimes there are pleasant days in February in which this work can be comfortably done; when these are they should be improved, because if the work be left until March, the sap begins to start, so that when a large limb is cut off, it is kept so wet by the running sap, that it is difficult to cover the wound with anything that will stick, thus leaving it exposed to the changes of the weather until the leaves begin to open; then it could be covered, but as a rule, if not done when the limb is cut off, it is neglected until decay commences, when it is too late to prevent serious injury.

While it is no doubt best to cut off all large limbs from fruit trees at a season when the sap will not flow from the wound, there is no doubt that a tree can be trimmed at any season, without serious injury, if particular efforts be made to cover the wounds with some water proof material, as soon as the season arrives when it can be made to adhere to the wood. It would be better to trim at the most unfavorable season, if good care be taken to cover the large wounds, than to trim at the most favorable season, and neglect to protect the wounds made by cutting off large limbs.

To trim trees well, requires both patience and skill, especially when it becomes necessary to cut off large limbs. To saw them off and let them split down when two thirds cut off, is to make a wound that will require years to heal, if ever it does. When a large limb is to be cut off, it should first be cut or sawed from the under side, thus preventing it from splitting. When the limb is off, sufficient time should be spent to smooth off the wound with a sharp paring chisel, so that when the wound begins to heal the new wood will begin at once to cover it; but if it is not pared off, it will take years for the new wood to grow up to the edge of the wound.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—The first man a convict sentenced from Texarkana, Tex., met when he arrived at the Penitentiary was the person he had helped to send there while on a jury at the previous term of court.

History in the Schools.

A disposition has at last become manifest among school authorities to undertake a reform in the methods of teaching American History in the public schools. That they have awakened to the importance of the study and to the necessity of reform is gratifying. In Indianapolis the agitation has been confined to the history of the Civil War, which, it appears, has been almost entirely neglected. But this neglect is simply a single defect among many. Whatever may be the method of instruction employed it needs no investigation to assure us that it is unsatisfactory. Conversation with the average schoolboy will demonstrate that the system is a failure. It is one thing to know the relation etween the fourth of July and the Declaration of Independence, but it is another thing—and inestimably more essential—to know the motives that inspired the colonists to the declaration. It is one thing to know that Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson lived and were great men in their day; but it is another thing—and a great deal more important—to know of the Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian theories of government, in what respects they differed, the relations sustained by these contemporary statesmen to the General Government, and how far each succeeded in perpetuating his doctrines. The pupil who leaves school without adequate knowledge of the motives of the revolutionary fathers, the actuating and precipitating causes of the separation from the thralldom of kingly rule, comes into his majority so poorly equipped for the duties of citizenship that the chances are most decidedly in favor of his proving a very dangerous voter. During the period when his mind is most impressionable when his heart is most easily touched when his imagination is most easily kindled by the stories of the brave struggles of the forefathers for liberty he has failed to adequately learn the one great vital lesson of his country, and becomes the easy prey of the demagogue. Plunged immediately on leaving school, into the whirlpool of business cares and responsibilities, he has neither time nor opportunity to familiarize himself with those blood-bought facts, without knowledge of which he has no moral right to cast a vote. He very easily learns to seek the ballot box, only to record that which his self-respect dictates. Practical ignorant of those fundamental principles which underlie the whole fabric of the Republic, he has no clear idea of the differences between this government, which was meant to insure the largest individual liberty to the citizen, and those of the old world, out of which come hundreds of thousands of hurrying immigrants every year. And when we consider the vast and unabated flow of this immigration; when we reflect that these new comers are not imbued with the true American spirit and can become good citizens according to the American standard only by association, it is no wonder solicitude should be felt that the boys and young men, born in the land should be kept keenly alive to the genius of American institutions.

In this day, when the spirit of agnosticism is abroad in the land; when reformers of all kinds are trumpeting their new creeds in every community; when it is the fashion with a certain class of writers to speak lightly of the heroes of the past when party strife waxes continually fierce; when monopolies are aggressive, and labor clamorous; when the air is full of new and strange influences that affect the welfare of every citizen, when precedents for novel policies in law and government are established every day—when all these things are demanding the attention of the citizen, is it not most essential to the perpetuity of the Republic that the young should be made to know just what warning posts the fathers set up in the wilderness? The question should appeal most forcefully to every man who is proud of his American citizenship. To implant this essential knowledge in the minds of the young is the responsible duty of the teacher of History. A grander field of tutorage there can not be than this. It is by no means necessary that the youth of the nation be made to see nothing good in other government systems. But they should be made to know what their fathers wrought and the blood it cost. It is most important that they, enjoying the fruits of revolution, should learn that freedom is not indigenous to any soil, and that there is danger in departing from the precepts of those who dearly bought that which, though most glorious in benefit, may be most easily lost. The man who votes to amend a Constitution without knowing why that Constitution was framed and no other—without knowing why so much was guaranteed in a bill of rights no more and no less—is as dangerous an element in the body politic as can be imagined. When great corporations are constantly demanding new franchises and privileges; when so many law-making bodies are asked to shut their eyes to constitutional restrictions; when the rights of the States are constantly in jeopardy; when each year the General Government seeks new authority—much depends upon the school-teacher, overworked miserably-paid as he usually is.

A little less Latin and Greek, and more History in the schools more monuments in the highways to illustrate patriots, and the next voting generation would be more fitted to insure the permanent influence of those principles by which, in one century, the people of the United States have come to be the most prosperous of all the peoples of the earth. A little more History in the schools and we shall see less of effeminacy among the young men of the time. A little more History in the schools and it will be easier to kindle into flame the national sense of outrage. A little more History in the schools and the less danger there will be from plotters against society and social forms; the greater will be the sense of public security; the more stable will everything become; the more vigorous will be the national development: the stronger and more healthful the general growth. The nation that has no annals may be blessed; but the nation that has annals must keep them, for its own salvation, ever fresh in the minds of its people. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" But it is well to know why vigilance should be exercised against what enemies, and the value of the thing in custody.—*Gus. C. Matthews, in The Current.*

FOREIGN.

The Parnellites Preparing for Another Agitation in Ireland—Insanity of Nellis.

English Shipowners Threaten Secession—West India Planters Want Reciprocity with America.

The Lasker Matter—The War in Tonquin—Canadian Copyright—Disorders In Russia.

LONDON, March 8.—The Parnellites are irritated at the refusal of the Government to reopen the Irish land question, and intend to begin forthwith a great agitation in Ireland, to make strong appeals to the Irish to demand an amendment to the Land Act, and open subscriptions to a special fund for agitative purposes. Michael Davitt's services will be secured. A conference of leaders will be held at Easter to discuss the programme. Shipowners threaten to register vessels under a foreign flag if the proposed shipping bill becomes a law. This bill was foreshadowed in the Queen's speech, and introduced by Joseph Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade. Its object is to provide for the greater security of life and property at sea. Nellis, the Irishman who surrendered to the Greenock police recently and professed to give the names of the murderers of the Earl of Leitrim, has been adjudged insane and sent to a madhouse. West Indian sugar traders have been urging Lord Derby, Colonial Secretary, to include the British West India colonies in the "favored nation" clause of the treaty of 1815 with America, or allow the colonies to enter into reciprocal commercial relations with America under the treaty between Great Britain and America, similar to the treaty of Spain and America. Lord Derby replied that there is no prospect of negotiations for such an inclusion leading to any result, and the Government is not prepared to allow the colonies to enter into reciprocal agreement with America. The remains of Jerome Collins will be escorted to Cork by a guard of honor, consisting of fifty blue jackets, ten officers, and two pinnaces. A model of the Jeannette ice-bound was landed with the coffin. The latter was wrapped in the American flag.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, March 8.—The *Deutsche Tagblatt* publishes an array of comments derogatory to Minster Sargent, made by certain American newspapers at the time of that gentleman's appointment. In the Reichstag, after the President had been re-elected, that functionary announced the death of Lasker and other members during recess. The deputies remained standing while the announcements were being made. Rickert, Independent, speaking, as he explained, on the order of the day, expressed thanks in the name of Lasker's friends for the many tokens of sympathy received. He was particularly grateful to the American Congress for the action of the House of Representatives. The President informed Rickert that he was departing from the order of the day. A somewhat stormy debate took place. It is generally regretted that Lasker's name was made the subject of stormy discussion. The conduct of the President of the Reichstag is generally commented on. The council of the royal household has instituted proceedings against Dr. Van Bulow for publicly insulting Van Holsen, Director of the Royal Theatre. The *Tagsblatt* says Sargent will not be recalled until after a new President is elected when it is possible he will be appointed to St. Petersburg.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Later advices from Tonquin state that General Millot, commander of the French land forces, with his staff, has crossed from Hanoi to the right bank of the canal of the rapids, to effect a junction with General Negrier, who has left Haidzuong for Bacninh, another column advancing to the north so as to cut off the retreat of the Chinese. Fighting at Bacninh is imminent. Measures have been taken to blockade the delta and suppress piracy.

Agrarian disorders are reported in Southern Russia, the Cossacks violently resisting efforts of the Government to collect taxes.

The rebel, Osman Digna, refuses to negotiate, and ignores flags of truce sent out from Suakim. Graham is already beginning to advance against Osman.

A bill has been introduced in the Canadian House of Commons to amend the present Copyright law, by placing dramatic authors in the same position as to copyright as other authors, copyright to be vested in the author's heirs for fifty years after his death.

The Cahokia Horror.

ST. LOUIS, March 8.—The skull of the peddler murdered near Cahokia, Ill., several days ago, and which has been missing since the remains were discovered, was found in a hut near the place where the mutilated body was found. A negro named Brown lived in the hut, and he and his wife were arrested for complicity in the murder. A bloody axe was also found in the hut, and other evidences of the murder. Brown made a partial confession implicating two other men in the affair, and the Deputy Sheriff started to Cahokia to arrest them. There were also found in Brown's hut, besides the skull mentioned above, several bones of the leg and feet of a man and a number of articles belonging to a peddler's stock in trade. There is no longer any doubt that the mutilated body found some days ago was that of a peddler, and that he was most brutally murdered, apperently for plunder; that an attempt had been made to burn the remains, but this failing, the mangled body was buried, but not deep enough to escape discovery.

Coal Oil Failure.

NEW YORK, March 8.—A. L. Lowrie, a member of the Oil City and New York Petroleum Exchange, has failed for 100,000 barrels, and has closed out his account. At Oil City the failures of Rice & Rider and A. F. Hemings are also announced. At the National Petroleum Exchange the oil market was weak and demoralized. Pipe Line certificates went down to 98½.

Stupendous Fraud.

LONDON, March 8.—Two members of the firm of Parker, solicitors, Bedford Row, London, have absconded, having misappropriated their clients' title-deeds. Liabilities between £1,000,000 and £2,000,000. They had borrowed £500,000 pounds for various speculations.

Rugg, the Assassin.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Two indictments for murder, three for assault with intent to kill, and one each for robbery and burglary, were found against Charles A. Rugg, the colored assassin of Long Island.

Killed.

EL PASO, TEX., March 8.—A mine explosion occurred near Dragoon Summit, A. T. One man was killed and one wounded.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

A MAIDEN'S DREAM—SONG.

The Prince is coming, coming,
O, where do you hear?
The Prince is coming, coming,
When swo ds and spinia s clear;
O, all ye blo ri g grasses
You'll know h whe a he passes,
The sun will shine so clear.

The Prince is coming, coming,
O, fields put on your gr en!
He has a wonde u palace,
And I shall be the Queen;
You'll know h m, wild-bee rover,
For when he smi es the clover
Will flush in rosy sheen.

The Prince is coming, coming!
Away w t toil a d care!
I'll bind the red, red roses
All in my bonny hair.
O birdies, sing your loudest!
O roses blaze your proude t
And make me passing fair.

The P i ce is coming, coming,
Across the bright blue sea.
O robin in the t ee top,
Do you his great ship see?
His sails will be the whi e t,
His pennons stream the brightest,
The day he comes for me.

The Prince is coming, coming;
, daisies wou d you see?
Crowd closely all the roa side,
And find how e rend we'll ie
With breeze to s d p umes a ancing,
And snow-white pa fre s p ancing,
To church across the lea.

Then we'll go sailing, sailing—
O bright will be the day
W t all the waves a-glancing
And all the winds at play.
O, breezes blowing afte ,
Crowd full our sails with laughter
As we go down t e bay.

Mattie Pearson Smith, in The Continent.

MR. CRAMTEXT'S NEW COAT.

It was the seco d ring of the door-bell. Ellen, the "help," wa busy getting bre k as , to which Mrs. Cramtext had gone down to give the fi ishing touch e , so, putting aside my book, I went down to the door in person.

"The Reve end Mr. Cramtext, I presume," said a melancholy looking youth, raising a very high hat, swathed in a deep weed.

I bowed assentingly.

"May I have the favo of a few words with you?" he ask d pensively.

I was about to request him to say them at on e, and, beside , to make th m as few as possible: for, though Dorcas is a model m nister's w fe the ad ectiv , if it b one, is meant for the wi e, and not the m nister—she has her h usew ely va ie as well as another, and they're quic as easily wounded, too; so I knew, if I wanted the morning coffee sweetened with her smile, I musn't spoil it by keeping t wa ing.

But the young ma 's man er was exceedingly sad, a d his hea t seemed too ove -bu dened to be unloaded in a moment; hence, at the risk of Dorcas's displeasure, I invited him into the study.

"W hat can I do for you, my young fr end?" I inquired, in ting him rst to be seated.

I epositing a neatly fo ded parcel on the l oor, he took o t his handkerchief and a pl d it o his eyes. For some se onds his frame shook with emot o . Then wiping his eyes hard, he re overed himself with an effort.

"My poor fat er—" he b gan.

Aga n the handkerchief went up and the vo ce went down.

"I am yoursel," I said, s othingly, adding the customary te ti relation o "our l ghter a flictions, which are but for a m ment."

"My poor father," he resumed, se mingly a little comforted, "d d a week ago. His labors in the v neyard—"

"Was he in the wine busin ss?" I interrupted, my Temperance principles taking the alarm.

"He was a clergym n," re lied the youth, r proach ully, "whose labors had so xhau ted his health that his physician declared the o ly hope lay in a change of a r, to obtain which he was traveling, with me as his c mpan on, wh n suddenly he grew so much worse that we were forc d to stop, and in a brief space death put a p iod to a useful and blameless life, and de rived an unhappy son of the best of fathers.

"The money we had w th us li tle more than su ced to pay the medical b lls and funeral charges; and I am now thus far on my way to carry to my bereaved mother the sad tidings of our mutual loss, without the means of proceeding furth r.

"I have not come to solicit ch rity," he hastened to add. "I have in this parcel"—opening it, and unfolding a new broadc oth coat of m nis e ial regulation cut— "an a ticle belonging to my late father which I would gladly d spose of even at a sacrifice, and it being su table only for a cl rgyman I venture to offer it to you."

I ha pened to be in need of such a piece of apparel. Dorcas had been hint ng for some t me that my pastoral usefulness would be d cidedly enhanced by a better coat, and by close pinching we had saved up nearly enough to supply the want.

Had I been in affluent circu stances, I should have ch erfully re ieved the needs of a deceased br ther clergyman's son gratuitously. But not being in a condition to warrant such liberality, the best I could do would be to accede to his propo al and purchase the pro ered garment, provided the terms and fit suited.

Calling up Dorcas, I explained the case. The coat was tried on. It fitted beautifully in front. The straitest of our sect, could find no fault w th the straightness of the cut, and the single file of bombazine buttons, marshaled in close order down the right b east, looked a very phalanx of orth doxy. Dorcas pronounced the rear view equally perfect. All it needed was a little "tak ng in" at the left armpit, which any competent person could do in ten minutes; and Deacon Dorrity, whose secula vocation was that of a tailor calling in just then, fully corro orated Dorcas.

How much was the price, was the next question.

"I think father never wore it more than once," said the young man—"though it may have been twice. I'll call it twice, to be on the safe side. It cost twenty-five dollars; but, of course, having been worn *some*, there should be a reduction."

He hesitated. It was apparent he feared to name a price lest it should be too much. It was gratifying to witness such scrupulous adherence to rectitude under the sore temptation of want.

"Do you think twenty dollars would be f ir?" I said, coming to h s relief.

"It is more than I should have da ed to ask," he replied; "but if y u think it right, I shall be re o'ced to a cept it."

On these terms the transa t on was conclu ed o our mutu l sati faction. The sorrowing son w s pro ided with means to o ntinue h beautiful ourney, and I had a coat, as good as new, at some sav ng of cost.

Ellen rang the breakfast bell, and Do cas joined me in pre sing the stranger and the deacon to join u at the table, but both declined on the ground that they h d alrea y breakfasted. And after much warm hand-shaking and a cordial exchange of blessings the former went his way.

I had been honored shortly before with an invitation to parti ipate in a pr tracted meeting to be held about a hundre l miles away, under t e auspices of an old college classmate. And now that I had a decent coat to my back, Dorcas insisted on my going. She posses ed a good deal of wifely ambition, and had set her heart on my speedy rise in the church to which she seemed to th n the only thing r quis te was a mo e w dely diffused knowledge of my gifts.

Of course Dorcas had her way, and everything was got in read ness for the journe . I pi ked out my best sermon and touched t up a bit here and th re, som what improvin the rhetoric if not the doctrine. If it should o ly impress the he rers hal as much as it did myself i couldn't fail of doing good.

I wa ted to travel in my old coat, but Dorcas wouldn t listen to it. A clergyman's appea an e, she insisted, sho ld, at all times, comport w th the dignity of his calling. I could wear my duster in the sta e-coach, b t must be sure to remove i whenever I stopped.

Had I been going as a missionary to Timbuctoo Dorcas could scarcely have been in a gr ater fidget. I shall not risk incurring the charge of exaggeration b hoarding a con ecture a to the number of time she packed, unpacked an repacked my hand-ir nk, or by divulging her v ews as to the nu mber of night and day shirts, white ties and t oat lozenges required for a week s min strial campaign. How to get such an nlimit d quantity into a l mited spa e was a problem solvable only by fem nine ingenu ty.

I confess to a feeling of rel f when the hour ca ne to kiss Dorcas good-by and take my place in the coach.

Half an hour had elapsed, and I had just gotten c nfortab y settled down n a corner of the back seat, when all of a sudd n I start d fro the revery into which I was being gently jolted.

Wasn't like the man ho went shooting and o got his gun? Hadn't I le t my s rmon behind? I em mb red laying it out be ore starting, but re ollected noth g further. I began a hur ied search, and o ldn't help an exclamation of rel f as my hand encountered the prec o s document in my inside breast pocket.

The jo rney was without inciden till the last day, hich was Saturday, hen suddenly e co lapsed a wheel. Fortunately the acc dent occ rred at the entrance of a populous vi lage, where the passengers co ld be made comfortable pending the r pairs.

A wheelwright was sent for, who, after a careful di gnos's, declared that it would take at least a f w day to get the ve cle on its legs. I must either, then remain where I was till Mond y, or continue my o rney on the Sabbath, which was against my princ ple. I had ecently made the sin of Sunda -traveling the subj t of a set discourse, and fe t obl ged to practice my own teachings as wel for c nsistency's as for conscience' sake.

I was inwa dly deploring the necessity o s ending the com g Sabbath in the prom scuous society of a village ta ern, when a grand looking gentleman accosted me.

"I presume, by your garb," he said, "t at you are a clergyman, and being of that ca ling m self, am conjecturing your ave s on to pro eeding on a journey under circumstances wh ch may carry it into the Sab ath, permit me to tender you the hospitality of my roof till Monday."

I thankfully accepted the offer: and shortly after myself and hand-trunk we e snugly besto ed in Br ther and Sister Gushinggood's best room.

Though an e tire stranger to both, I could sca ely have been more hospitably received had I en oyed their int ma y for years. In the course of the evening Brother G shinggood and I discovered that our views c mpletely harmonized o certain im o tant ques ons then actively mooted; and before the ho r of retiring he pressingly invited me to oc upy h s pulpit on the morrow. I saw no strong reason to decline; for though I had rought but a single ser mon with m , and should be obliged to repeat it at the protracted meet ng, the two plac s were sufficiently distant to insure th t the audiences would be wholly different.

Befor lying down I took out the sermon to run it over, as was my custom of a Saturday ight. Every broth r knows that to read a se mon credita ly, one can not be too fam liar w th it.

At the first glance I started wi h surprise. It wasn't my sermon at all! I must have forgotten the latter as I had feared, and this must be one of the dead m nister's left in his coat pocket.

I glanced it over and found it a well-compac ed d scourse on a popular topic. Why not use it? It was an excellent product on and might do great good, of which the world was not to be depr ved merely because the author was dead. Besid s, it had fallen into my hands as a sort of Provident al treasure- rove, in which I felt I possessed at least a usufructuary title.

But I must hurry on to the poin at which I rose n Mr. Gushinggood's pulpit next morn ng with the newly-discovered sermon carefully smoothed out and neatly deposi ed between the Old and New Testament in the big Bi le on the reading desk.

I began in my best manner. By repeated perusals I had so familiarized myself with the manuscript tha , with the aid of an occasional prompting glance, I was able to clothe the words w th the freshness of apparently extemporaneous delivery.

The opening sentences were received with respectful attention; but pretty soon queer looks began to be ex hanged, and one sedate-looking gentleman a tually winked at ano her at the close of one of the best-rounded periods. The most pathet c passages, instead of eliciting tears, e cited sm les: and the peroration, which was highly a thetic, was rece ved with a broad gr n, and more than one da ty handker hief was ra sed, not to choke back a sob, but to stifle a titter.

I sat down indignant, and left Brother Gushinggood to ontinue the exe cises. He did so with a br of paper, decidedly wanting n u ction, fro m which the usual comp imenta y all sion t "the excelle t d scou e t which we have bee priv l ge t listen," was studi sly o mitted.

Befo the givin out of the final hymn I expected o h ar the custo ma y announcement f a c llection t be take n up f r the benefit of the bro her who has j st ad ssed s." On the contrar , he w s what Bro her G shinggood said.

"Not long since, when I had occas on to make a visit to a distant town, the hou e at hich I stopped was robbed. Among other art cles taken was a coat o mine with a sermon in the pocket. To that sermon we have ust listened; and I observed you all recognized it, for it is not long since I p ea hed it here myself. The stol n garment is on that m n's back. I identi y it as fully as I do the discourse wh ch he has ust had the effronte y to deliver. I believe he is an i nposter a d a thief, who has assumed his present character for the purpose of vi timizing the unsuspecting po tion of the religious comm nity. You will now receive the b nediction, and at the con lusion Consta le Haler will please step this way."

Wh ch Consta le Haler very promptly did; and it was in *his* company, followed by the body of the congregation, that I left the ch rch.

As the proces on passed along the street w met the Sunda coach coming in. Through one of the windows I caught a glimp e of Deacon Dorrity. Ordinarily I shou d have felt inclin d to read im a homily on the wi kedness of trave ing on the Sabbath. As it was, my joy at seeing h m knew no bounds.

"H w are you, r. Cramtext? I ha dly exp cted to overtake y u here," said the deacon, catching sight of me as he alighted.

In a few hurried, excited words I explain d my plight. He heard them, I thought, with unbecoming levity, for it was some t me before he could speak for laug ing.

"Well, *well*, what a joke!" he exclaimed.

I confess I didn't see it.

"But here comes Brother Gushinggood," continued the deacon, as my late ho t made his appea ance.

The deacon and he proved to be old friends: nd the former, as the reader will recol ect, having been present w en I bought the co at, of course the whole matter was quickly cleared up.

Dorcas, learnin r that the deacon was coming that way, and would pass th ough the town w ere the protracted meeting was held, had charged him with the de ivery of t e forgo ten sermon, wh ch at the instance of Brother Gushinggood, who ins sted on my continuing his guest, and wearing his coat till my r turn hom , I delivered in his church at even ng to an appr ciative audi tory, and had my feelings further soothed by a liberal co lection.

I never made anot er ventu re in posthumous coats or dead men's sermons.

—*N. Y. Le g r.*

The Old Gentleman's Mistake.

"Nice child, very nice chi'd," obse ved an old gentleman, crossing the aisle a d addressing the mother of the boy who had ust hit him in the eye with a wad of paper. "How old a e you my son?" "None of your business!" replied the youngster, taking aim a another passenger. "Fine boy," smiled the old man, as the parent regarde l her offspring with pride. "A remarkably fi e boy. What is y ur name, my son?" "Pudd n' Tame!" shouted the youngster, w th a giggle at his own wit. "I thought so," continue l the old man, pleasantly. "If you had given me three guesses at it, that would have been the first one I would have struck on. Now Pudd'n', you can blow those things pretty straight, can't you?" "You bet!" s ueaked the boy, delighted at the compliment. "See me take that old fellow ver there!" "No no" exclaimed the old gentleman, hastily. "Try it on the old woman I was sitting w th. She has boys of her own, and she won't m nd." "Won't you hit the la y for the gentleman, Johnny?" ask d the fond parent. Johnny drew a bead and landed the pellet right on the end of t e old woman's nose. But she did mind it, and rising in her wra h soared down on the small boy like a blizzard. She put him over the l ne, reversed him, ran him backward till he didn't know which end of him was front, and finally dropped him into the lap of the scared mother, with a benediction whereof the purport was that she'd be back in a moment and sk n him alive. "She didn t seem to like it, Pudd n'," smiled the old gentleman softly, "She's a p rfect stranger to me, but I understand she is matron of a truants' home, and I thought she would like a littl fun; but I was mistaken." And the old gentleman sighed sweetly as he went back to his seat.—*Jerseyman.*

—A young man recently entered a Hartford street car, carrying three ros s, one white, one green, and one salmon colored. They attracted much attention, especially the green. The owner finally explained that all three were whit that morning, and that the coloring had been done by putting the stem of one into green ink, and the other into red ink. The leaves were beautifully colored, and the coloring would not rub off, but it seemed as if nature had done the work. The process only required ten minutes.—*New Haven Register.*

—The in ermarrying of white people and half-breed Indians seems to e growing in popularity. Only two weeks since Miss Rebecca Hobbs, Matron in the Government school at Santee Agency, took a young Santee-American as a husband, and now Rev. S. D. Hinman takes to h s bed and board a young woman of like birth, Miss Mary Merrick, of Santee Agency. The bride is understand to be heir to a goodly slice of the Santee Indian Reservation when it shall be parcelled out.—*Springfield (O. T.) Times.*

A Hong Kong Cat.

A remarkable cat story is told by Captain Howland, commander of the American ship Red Cross, which is now lying at the east side. The Captain states that two years ago his ship was lying at a wharf at Hong Kong taking in a cargo, when a red cat made its appearance, and finally jumped on board the vessel. It made its appearance at in ervals for several days, when at last the ship, having finished loading, left the port, the cat go ng with her. During the voyage she was rarely seen, and it was a mystery to the c ew what she found to subsist on, as it was no pr s med there were many rats or mice aboa d. When she did come around, however, all hands would spare no pains in providing her with food. She would then mysteriously di appear, and at t mes four weeks or more would elapse ere she would show her handsome form on deck.

This was kept up for nearly two years, when all hands compla ned that they ha not seen her for a very long time, and but for her previous lengthy disappearances, fears would have been ente ained for her safety. Time wore along, howe er, and still there were no signs of puss, so she was given up as lost. A few weeks ago the Red Cross arrived at Astoria and commenced d sch rging her ca go. By this time the existence of the poor cat had slipped the memory of nearly all on boa d, and when e en thought of by her most ardent admirers it was as an ine dence of the past. During the process of unloading, however, the body of the unfortunate pet was found, wedged in between two heavy pieces of i on, which had rolled to ether while the ship was toss ng about in a rough sea. After officers and crew had taken a last look she was cons gned to a watery grave. It s a mat er of cour e this was considered the last of the Hong Kong fel ne but in th s they were very much mistaken, as the conclusion will prove. In a few days the Red Cross came f om Astoria and made fast near where the bark Carrie Winslow was lying. In conversation with Capt in Barrett, of the Carrie Winslow, Captain Howland told him about the red cat, which it may be well to state was of a very peculiar color, and when once seen would not be forgotten. After the Red Cross had been in this port a few days the cat made its appearance on the Carrie Winslow, this time in a half starved condition. Captain Barrett saw her, and from Captain Howland's descrip ion was sure it was the same one, which proved to be the case. The latter had stated that the cat was a good mouser, so Captain Barrett th ught he would keep her on board his bark, sup sing that Captain Howland had been mistaken in th nking that she had been thrown overboard while at Astoria.

Miss Puss was very dainty while aboard the Winslow, refusing ev rything but mi k to eat, but the capta and mate would gladly furn s this in order to keep her. One day Captain Barrett went into h s state room and found the cat on his bed. This was too much for the capta n, and th nking he had had enough of he company, picked the cat u by the tail and threw he into the river, the s in and hair leaving the tail and rem ining in the captain's hand.

About a week ago, it will be remembered, the Carrie Winslow, hav ng secured a charter, left Eastport, for Westport, where she is loading lumber for the river Plate, South America. The work of loading was progressing finely, when a few days ago the same cat was seen running rapidly across the middle deck, with its hairless tail stick ng up straight. She w s first seen by the second mate, who r shed up and reported the fact to Captain Barrett. The captain told him he was mistaken, but it was not long before she was again seen, and the captain is positive it is the same one, the color being peculiar, while the bare tail adds additional weight to the matter.

She is now seen very o ten on the bark at Westport, and the mate told Captain Barrett that s me disposition will have to be made of her, or he will not go to sea on that vessel. Captain Morrison, of the Indiana, who knows the others well, informed the reporter that there is not the least doubt in his mind as to the truthfulness of the s ory, and it is a very strange cat, to say the least. No doubt it is one with "nine lives."—*Portland News.*

One Widow's Great Woe.

There is noth ng remarkable about her. She is a shriveled, pinched little widow, whose thin, rusty bla k garments and faded veil of crape have withstood the sto ms and sunshine of the six years that have passed by since she put on mourning for her lost husband. He had been a generous, dashing sailor, who spent his l ttle earnings to make his family comfortable, and when he went down at sea she dropped all her old luxurious ways and w nt forth to earn a liv ng for the two little girls that were left to her. By going out to nurse the sick and by taking in sewing when not otherwise employed, she managed to keep the ch ldren with her, and last fall, when the younger one began to go to school and brought ho ne little words of praise and encouragement from her teacher, there was not a happier mother in Boston than the one who occupied the modest tenement on Northampton str et. Work and the responsibility of supporting her children respectably had dulled her great sorrow, and the desire to rear them to h nest womanhood was something to keep up her lagging spirits and cause hope to spring and grow from what had at one time seemed the depths of des air. Merry Christmas was not celebrated with more joyfulne s anywhere than in this little family; the turkey was smal and the dolls were inexpensive, but they were as much to these two children and their hearts were as grateful for the gifts as though the treasures of Aladdin had been showered upon them. It was the last Christmas they were ever de tined to see. On New Year's day the eldest—she of the curly hair and eyes that were black and merry, like her father s—died of scarlatina, and in one week from her death the other one, who was so tall and demure, and who looked like a little woman in spite of her infa tile years, was laid beside her sister in Forest Hills.

The widowed mother went through it all, watched at their sides by night and day, saw them toss and moan in delirium, gave them soothing medicines, smoothed their feverish pillows, ever whispering words of comfort and cheer, and when all hope was gone still held their pallid hands and losed t eir sightless e es w thout a tear. On the day after the last one was uried she bought two sim le ouq ets of pinks and ferns, and taking them to the cemetery placed them on the g aves of her "babies," as she was in the habit of calling them. The following day her pilgrimage w s repeated, and the nex and the next and the next. Her hab ts were so regu ar that no matter how co d or how warm it was or how many stayed at home on account of the weather, the conductors of the Egleston Square line of horse-cars felt sure of having at least one passenger every day. These visits were made early in the forenoon, and after she had finished this duty he would wander around on the various streets of the Highlands, looking at t e children as they romped and played, and asking every one she met if they had seen anything of her babies. After removi g the old bouquets and replacing them with fresh ones, she would make a circuit of the burying-place and hen walk down Washington s reet as far as Dudley street. Then instead of going home she would turn up Warren street to Grove Hall and return by the way of Blue Hill avenue, p ering anxiously into the face of eve y little g rl she saw, and asking her if she had seen her Hattie and Mamie. "My Mamie had hair like yours," she said to a child in in throp street, curling her tresses fondly on her fingers and matching them with a lock which she held in h r han ; "but hers was no r than yours; see, it is as fine and yellow as threads of gold. I have lost her so newhere she and my other baby wen away a w ek ago and more, and I want them to come ome. You looked li e her when first saw you but your eyes are not so bright, nor y ur hair so fine. I don't want to trouble you any, but if you see my babies anywhere will you tell them that their mo her is at home waiting for them? Their books are on the stand, and their supper is growing cold; tell them to come at once, for I know they will catch cold. Thank you, dear. I know yo will not break a poor mother's heart." And, kissing the surprised child, she went on as earnest as ever in her fruitless search.

When the City of Columbus disaster occurr d she appea ed deeply affected, and followed the newspaper accounts of its hor ors with an interest that seemed strange for a person who had no friends among th passengers or crew. In a dition to her usual pe ambulation of streets and daily visits to the cemetery she called at a l the undertakers' rooms and at the morgue on Grove street, asking if they had found the body of her husband.

"I know he is dead," she would say, "but I wa t to see his face and know that he has a decent bur al. If my babies only knew that their papa was dead, they w uld come home and comfort t er poor mother and never run away again."

It was after the disaster that she began to buy thre floral offerings and take them to Forest Hills in stead of the two she had been wont to carry, and, although she n ver gave any explanation for her co duct, everyb dy knew that the ex ra bouquet was for her husband, whose loss at sea six yea s ago this last disaster had newly impr sse upon her shattered int llect, causing her to believe him among those who were on the City of Columbus.

When she began to meander the streets, looking n at t e school no ses and questioning the g rls she met n her mild, earnest manner, res dents along her route were a r id of her, and some talk was made of having her arrested and sent away for insanity; but when the story of her sorrows became known this idea was at once abandoned, and those w o were most suspicious are now her p tying friends and vie with one another in deeds of k ndness to her who is so anxiously sear hing for those she will never find.—*Boston Globe.*

Matrimonial Collisions.

The collision of husband and wife is so frequ nt as to have a literature to itself. In this case the man, though he suffers also, suffers much the least. He can, if he is severely d sappointed, get mentally away: he can form new friendships, he can harden himself until he is more or less apathetic, he can put affection, which makes the true string of such unions, away from him, and so, with his coolness restored, can go on and find life endurable. He is free to strive, though the striving is useless. The woman—we are speaking th ough out of the good—can not g t away, either from the house, or, what is more important, from hers lf, can not st ve without loss of s lf- espect, can not enfranchise herself fro n her own sense of right, her own necessity to herself of conceal ng her disappoint ent from her own heart. She can n t be quietly discontented, or coolly disappointed, or patiently callous. The condition is imperative and she must su er daily, hourly, perhaps through life, from a cause wh ch even a mental change, possible to be made if duty did not forbid, would either remove or, at least, diminish to much smaller proportions. A woman so situated can not be either serene or genuinely happy, can at best be resigned, feeling all the while how harsh destiny is, yet how irresistible, because it exerts its force not from outside, but straight on her own heart. "I must bear," says the husband to himself, and he bears; "I ought to cure it," says the wife, and it is incurable. The pain in the one case is disappointment the pain in the other that of con ention with the inexorable, which yet you know it is your duty not to contend with. Patience is usually the medicine; but Griselda, whatever else she may be, is not serene, and Griselda is but a fairy tale.—*London Spectator.*

—A decided sensation was created at a masked ball in Stamford, Conn., the other night, when "Oscar Wilde" and "Uncle Sam," on unmasking and saluting their white lady partners, were found to be 'Professor" Dudley, a coal-black boot lack with dudish proclivi es, and Henry Carpenter, another negro equal to the emergency. The "lark" of the negroes was undertaken in revenge for some disparaging remarks to which they took exception.—*Hartford Post.*

NEWS NOTES.

Ten towns in Kingston, N. Y., voted no license.

The Sheriff is in possession of the *Gazette* office, at Davenport, Iowa.

There is considerable excitement and uncertainty in the coal oil market.

The cable report of a combination of European Powers against Great Britain is pronounced false.

It is reported that W. B. Cash, the desperado of South Carolina, has taken to the swamps of the Peedee River.

An effort is being made to erect a monument to Red Jacket, the noted Indian chief of former days at Waterloo, N. Y.

The examination of Jud Crouch and Dan Holcomb for the murder of the Crouch family, has begun at Jackson, Mich.

The German Minister at Washington has received the rejected Lasker resolutions and Bismarck's letter accompanying them.

Prince Krapotkine has asked to be allowed to remain at Clairvaux as being near Paris. He will then be able to obtain scientific documents to assist him in his researches.

The Italian ambassadors are instructed to confer with the powers in regard to the proposed European demand upon the United States Government to legislate against dynamiters.

William W. Wharton, Clerk and Commissioner of the United States Circuit and District Courts and United States Shipping Commissioner at Pensacola, Fla., has absconded, being a defaulter.

The British steamer Gladiolus arrived at New York recently from Newcastle, Eng., after a most stormy passage of twenty-two days. The vessel was a pretty sight, being covered with ice from stem to stern.

The railroad coal miners at Shaner's Station slope mines, near Pittsburgh, Pa., resumed work at a reduction of half a cent per bushel, and also signed a contract to continue at the same rate for one year.

In the Waller-Birdsall controversy, at New Haven, Conn., Birdsall adds a chapter by publishing their correspondence during the last campaign, as the only "course open," owing to the "duplicity of the Governor."

Serious charges have been made by the bar against Judge Cassoday, of Oshkosh, Wis., concerning corrupt actions, release of prisoners, etc. He is a candidate for re-election, and is opposed by G. Gary, the bar candidate.

Governor Cleveland, of New York, is unearthing a system of swindling by which the State is defrauded of thousands of dollars. The "system" seems to be the old Tweed trick of certifying to excessive amounts for labor performed.

The tack factory of S. P. Hollister, at Pittsburgh, Pa., has been sold to a syndicate of Eastern capitalists, who, it is said will form a monopoly for the manufacture of tacks. The works will be abandoned and the machinery taken East.

It is stated that Western shippers will meet in New York soon, to decide how much anthracite the West will take next year, and the prices. It is thought the West will take 4,000,000 tons during 1884. Prices will be maintained at all hazards.

It has leaked out that $27,000 was stolen from the office of the Paymaster of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad at Chicago, on the 1st inst. The matter has been kept quiet, for the purpose of aiding the detectives, but no arrests have yet been made. The Paymaster was discharged for negligence.

MARKET REPORTS.

Grain and Provisions.

ST. LOUIS, March 8.

FLOUR—Unchanged.

WHEAT—Higher; No. 2 red, $1.10¼@1.10¾ cash; 1.11⅛@1.11⅝ May; $1.10¼ June; $1.01¼@1.01½ July; 98@98¾c the year; No. 3 red, 99¼c bid.

CORN—About steady; but inactive; 48¼@48¾c cash; 48¼@48⅝c March; 47⅛@47⅜c April; 50⅜@50¾c May; 51⅛c June; 51⅜c June; 52¾c July.

OATS—Firmer and slow; 33¾@34½c cash; 34¼c bid April; 35¾ asked May.

RYE—Quiet at 58c bid.

BARLEY—Steady at 55@80c.

PROVISIONS—Firmer and more inquiry. Pork, jobbing at $17.87½. Bulk meats—Loose clear, $9.10@9.25; short rib, $9.25@9.35; short clear, $9.50@9.55. Bacon—Long clear, $9.80; short rib, 9.87½@9.90; short clear, $10.1½. Lard nominal at 9.25c.

PRODUCE—Butter unchanged. Eggs easier at 18@18½c.

CATTLE—Receipts, 1,500 head; shipments, 1,500 head; quiet and little changed; exports, $6.50@7.00; good to choice, $5.80@6.40; fair to medium, $5.25@5.75; corn-fed Texans, $5.00@5.75.

SHEEP—Receipts, 1,000 head; shipments none; common to medium, $3.00@4.25; good to choice, $4.25@5.25; fancy, $5.50; Texans, $2.75@4.75.

CHICAGO, March, 8.

FLOUR—Quiet and steady.

WHEAT—active and higher; March, 91@91¼c; April, 91⅝@91¾c; May, 90¼@90¾c; June, 98½@98¾c; July, 99¼@99¾c; No 2, spring, 91¼@92½c; No. 3, 78@80c; winter, 99@$1.01.

CORN—Fair demand and firmer; cash, 50¾@51¼c; March, 50⅞@51⅛c; April, 51⅛@51⅜c; May, 55½@55⅞c; June, 56½@56¾c; July, 58½@58¾c.

OATS—Steady and higher; cash, 32c; March, 31c; April, 31¼c; May, 35½@35½c; June, 35½@35¾c; the year, 29½c.

RYE—Quiet and steady at 58½c.

BARLEY—Dull at 63@65½c.

PROVISIONS—Pork fair demand and firmer; cash, $17.60@17.65; May, $17.87@17.92½c; June, $17.82½@17.97½; July, $18.02½; the year, $15.-77½.

LARD—Fair demand; 5@10c higher; cash, $9.30@9.35; May, $9.42½@9.50 June, $9.50@9.60; July, $9.60@9.65. Bulk meats firm; shoulders, $7.25; short rib, $9.20; clear, $9.85.

PRODUCE—Eggs, 21@22c.

CATTLE—Slow and steady; exports, $6.25@7.00; good to choice shipping, steers, $5.80@6.30; common to medium, $5.10@5.70; corn-fed Texans, $5.00@6.00.

SHEEP—Steady; fancy lambs $6.00@6.60; inferior to fair, $2.50@4.50; medium to good, $4.50@5.60; choice to extra, $5.00@6.00.

NEW YORK, March 8.

FLOUR.—Unchanged.

WHEAT.—Market easier; No. 2 red, $1.08@1.13; No 3 red, $1.06½@1.03¾.

CORN.—A shade better; No. 3, 60c; March, 61⅛@61¾c; May, 64@64½c

OATS.—Firm; mixed western, 40½@42c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork Dull, $17.50@17.75. Lard weak at 9.62½c.

PRODUCE—Eggs steady at 23@23½c.

KANSAS CITY, March 8.

WHEAT—There was a firmer market to-day on 'change, with values higher. Cash No. 2 red was nominal and March sold at 81½c; April sold at 87¾c; May was nominal, as also No. 3 red and No. 2 soft.

CORN—This market was also stronger to-day with sales of cash No. 2 mixed at 41¾c; March was nominal and April sold at 42¾c; May, June and July were nominal.

OATS—No. 2, cash, 29c bid, 29¾c asked; March, 29¾c; April, no bids, nor offerings; May, 31c bid, 31¾c asked. Rejected cash, no bids nor offerings.

RYE—No. 2 cash, 47½c bid, 50c asked; March, 47c bid, no offerings; April, 47½c bid, no offerings. Rejected cash, no bids, nor offerings.

FLOUR—There is a steady market. Quotations are: Fine, $ 100 lbs. $1.00. Superfine $ 100 lbs. $1.05. Extra $ 100 lbs. $1.10. XX $ 100 lbs. $1.15. XXX $1.30 @1.40. Family, $1.60@1.70. Choice, $1.90@2.00. Fancy, $2.20@2.30. Patent, $2.65@2.85. Rye, $1.50.

PRODUCE—BUTTER—Receipts light and market active. Choice creamery, 28c; good creamery 25c; fine dairy in single package lots, 20c; store packed good in single packages, 12@14c; common, round lots, 6@7c. Roll—choice, 17@18c; good 11@12c; medium, 7@8c. Eggs—Receipts fairly large and demand fair at 16½c per dozen.

PROVISIONS—Prices are for job lots. Dry salt meats—Shoulders, 7¼c; clear sides, 9¼c; long clear sides, 9¼c; clear rib sides, 9¼c. Smoked meats—Shoulders, 8¼c; long clear sides, 10¼c; rib sides, 10¼c clear sides, 10½c.

CATTLE—The market to-day was firm and active with upward tendency. Shipping steers, $5.80@6.25; butchers' steers, $5.15@5.25.

HOGS—The market showed a weaker feeling; prices ranged from $5.80@6.75.

The Bald-headed Man in Church.

[Lynwood Courier.]

Old Mr. Collamore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the services Mr. Goff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider crawling over the latter's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. He didn't aim quite high enough, and, in his nervousness, he hit old Mr. Collamore a solid one over the left ear. Mr. Collamore, who had been dozing, awoke with a start, and, seeing Mr. Goff with his hand raised, thought he was going to fight him then and there, and hurling a hymn-book at Goff, he seized the kneeling stool on the floor of the pew and was about to bang Mr. Goff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on the fly-leaf of the hymn book whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere.

Wilkes Booth's Ride.

[Washington Critic.]

"What did Booth ride?" asked the reporter.

"Old Sorrel Charley, the best saddler ever seen in this country. I doubt if the world ever produced his equal. Of course he came from Kentucky. All great saddlers do.'

"Did Booth buy him?"

"No, he hired him.'

"And what became of him?"

"We never heard."

"Was the hire paid?"

"In the sense that Booth had been a good customer only."

"What were Charley's points?"

"All that a saddler ever boasted. He wouldn't pull a pound, but a good rider could single-foot him down from Capitol hill to our stable with a full glass of water in each hand and never spill a drop, and at better than a four-minute gait, too. Booth knew him well, and could ride him like a picture. I doubt if he suffered even with his broken limb as much as has been said."

"How far was the ride?"

"Down to Dr. Mudd's that night, full twenty miles away. Sheridan's gallop from Winchester, I'll bet, was a fool to that ride. When I heard in the morning what horse the assassin rode, I said: 'They who pursue will follow, and only follow.'"

Cocoanuts as Food.

The Fijians, in speaking recently of the value of the cocoanut as food, relate that a vessel left San Francisco with 300 passengers for Sydney, and in consequence of running short of stores put in at Samoa, where a large quantity of cocoanuts were obtained. The weather became so severe that the remainder of the passage consumed eighty days, so that men, women and children were reduced entirely to a cocoanut diet and were obliged to be contented at last with one per diem for each adult. "Notwithstanding this diet," says the report, "not a life was lost, and not a single case of sickness occurred, all the passengers landing in a healthy and well-nourished condition."

Consumptive Birds.

[Exchange.]

In a preliminary paper read before a recent meeting of the London Pathological society, Mr. Sutton and Dr. Hemage Gibbes described an investigation now being made by them into tuberculosis of birds. They find that the disease is very prevalent among birds, and that it sometimes becomes epidemic. The effects do not exactly correspond to those produced in man by consumption, but the parasite present in both cases seems to be the same. The disease virus appears to be introduced with the food, and the birds most liable to be affected are common fowl, peacock, grouse, and other grain eaters.

Mars' Moons.

[Exchange.]

A remarkable feature of the two satellites of Mars, which were discovered about six years ago by Prof. Asaph Hall, is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, its distance from the centre of the latter body being about 6,000 miles; and from the surface less than 4,000. "If," said Prof. Newcomb, "there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixtieth that of the moon from us."

How Very Bold.

[Exchange.]

Miss Maria Pickaflaw (talking behind her fan to her sister)—The idea of Dolly Debut's wearing that heliotrope dress! Miss Jane Pickaflaw—Why, it strikes me as very becoming. Miss Maria (snappishly)—Becoming! Of course! Did anybody say it wasn't? But don't you know it takes a faultless complexion to wear that color, and for Dolly Debut to appear in that dress is as much as to say she considers her complexion perfect. Miss Jane—How very bold of her, to be sure!

When They Get Miffed.

[Exchange.]

When a Boston girl gets miffed at her husband she says: "Base tyrant, I shall leave thee and fly to my father." When a western girl becomes similarly affected she simply says: "Old man, I'm going to get up and get, and if you don't like it you just climb up on your eyebrows and see if you can stop me."

Real Estate Transfers.

C. F. Vogel to Charles Curr, lot 4, in block 71, 6 in 7, 18 in 129, 6 in 128, 2 in 192, 4 in 228, Eudora. $50.

Samuel P. Frazer to Emily L. Johnson, lot 176 Kentucky street, Lawrence. $850.

Stephen Studebaker to Charles W. Sumner, northeast fractional quarter of northwest fractional quarter of section 10, township 13, range 19, and northeast quarter of southeast quarter of northwest quarter; in all 50 acres, Willow Springs. $1000.

Washington Mercer to James Victor, pre-claim lot 53, addition 5, North Lawrence. $1.25.

H. E. Barr to B. S. Peterfish, southwest quarter of section 5, township 12, range 19, in grant to Ustlip. $3,000.

L. H. Bell and J. A. Slaughter to Hattie F. Bodine, lot 30, Rhode Island street, Lawrence. $800.

E. S. Chapman, heirs, to Joanna Spring, lots 25 and 57, addition 2, North Lawrence. $700.

Robert Owens to John J. Jones, south mixed quarter, lot 6, and east 33½ feet of west half of lot 16, Massachusetts street, Lawrence. $5,500.

Victor Eckman to Peter Landgran, southeast quarter of northeast quarter of section 23 township 13, range 20, Eudora. $500.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Paul Hoffman says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

Thackeray's gifted daughter, Anne, in her sketch of Alfred Tennyson, in *Harper's Monthly*, tells of her visit to the great poet. She found him smoking Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco, sent him by Hon. James Russell Lowell, American Minister to the Court of St. James.

In these days of adulteration, it is a comfort to smokers to *know* that the Bull Durham brand is absolutely pure, and made from the best tobacco the world produces.

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Are your nerves weak?
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Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late C. I. 6th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Talmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Cyril Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. H. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Calloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort *permanently* cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. G. Fine recommended it to me." Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Eyersdown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and had suffered thirty years." Uldridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of seven years standing. Many friends have used it with like success." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

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If you have a consumption, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Debility, Kidney Complaint, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, FARRAR'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier and Kidney Regulator known.

If you are wasting away, from poor digestion or any disease or weakness and feel you want a tonic, it will invigorate and build up from the first dose and will not be long before it has raised hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

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16 boxes Matches (200 in each)	25
9 pounds new Valencia Raisins	1.00
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100 pounds A No. 1 Flour	2.90
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9 Cans Corn (2 lbs each)	1.00
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THE RICH AND POOR.

Bill Arp Philosophizes about Their Peculiarities.

How the Rich Got Poor and the Poor Got Rich—"Nabor Cobe's" Philosophy—Time as a Doctor.

I don't mind a poor man getting rich if his children w uldent put on so many airs about it. Their airs dont hurt me, but then when they get uppity and bigoty over poor folks it's a reflection on their daddy and mammy. I know some rich folks who never had any parents, I reckon, for they never mention 'em. I like to see folks rise in the world and better their condition, but they should do it modestly and not go back on their ancestors. Vanity is the fool of fools. There are very few things that will justify vanity. Making a big pile of money went do it. But if a man makes it by industry and honestly, and then uses it for a purpose that does good in the world, he might be vain a little, just a little, with reason. But his children have no right to be vain about it—they dident do it; and even if they man-ge to keep the money their father left 'em they deserve no credit for that. Most any fool can make money when he has money to start on. Money will make itself; it dont need any help. I know a family that inherited a hundred thousand dollars from an old grandmother, and they never earned a dollar in their lives; but they put on airs and strut around like they were better than their neighbors, just because they have an income of six thousand dollars a year.

But the most ridiculous vanity of all is the vanity of our southern people who used to be land and uneducated and have gotten rich since the war. There are lots of them down south. The results of the war made an opening for them, and they have come to the front. They had nothing to lose. They had energy and pluck and dident wear store clothes and dident want no carriage nor piano; and so they drove sharp bargains with those who did and built up on the general wreck. The old stock of rich folks were broken down and had no big much but land and there was a mortgage or two on that, and they couldn't work it for they never had worked and didn't know how. They were blooded stock and bloded stock has to be groomed and pastured and kept for display on great occasions. Our old aristocracy was an aristocracy of common and had abundant leisure; and Solomon says that in leisure there is wisdom, and so these men were not bothered about making money and had time to think and study and develop and they became our law makers and judges and statesmen, and they were solid men and stood up like giants in the land. They gave tone and dignity and character to the southern people, and set up mind over matter, culture and manners over money.

But the war broke most of them up and brought about a new order of things. The common people knew how to work, and they went at it. They dident have much education, but they were good traders. The sharpest of them soon got into the towns and cities and built up rapidly. They are a clever people, too, and make good citizens. They made good soldiers in the war. They fought for the rich man's niggers, but they dident want to do it. Poor folks don't like niggers any more than niggers like poor folks. They dont like one another now.

The sharp traders got rich—some of them are big rich for this country. They are running the financial machine and have established money as the new base line for society, and this new line is as visible as the color line, and as hard to cross. Money moves the multitude now. The old stock look on with wonder and disgust. Most of them are dead, and their children are struggling against the current, but children's children are catching the infection and falling into line. Money-making is a disease, and our people have taken it just like taking the small-pox. It don't kill 'em, but they are all to be pitied. Like small-pox, the disease is worse in the towns and cities, for one man affects another man, one family another family, by contact. We poor farmers in the country havent got it bad yet. We live too far apart and are too poor to aspire to anything but vittels and clothes. We never think about piling up money. Our ambition is to keep even and make buckle and tongue meet. My nabor Cobe says he is about even with the world, for he owes about as much as he don't owe—and there are a good many in Cobe's fix.

But these poor folks who have gotten rich are right ambitious. The old man keeps pegging away and talks about his hosses and his liverry and the purty blossoms in the garding, but his family swell up amazingly. Mrs. Wilkins has been right sick and she told me the doctor said she had the newralgy, but she believed it was an ulster in her nose. Well, that is all right, and I do like Mrs. Wilkins. I used to go to her daddy's house to get plums when she and her sister Polly were spinning and weaving barefooted, but their feet always looked clean—yes, they were clean. Her children are powerfully stuck up now. The boys are at college and the girls go to the springs for their health. They don't go barefooted. The old folks used to worship in a country meeting house and set on puncheon benches and sing through their noses; but they have got a velvet cushioned pew in a city church now, and Janette, who used to be little Jane, sings in the choir. That's all right, too, if they dident put on so many airs over poor folks. There were two boys who grew up together and were good friends, and one went off and got rich and the other kept poor, and after twenty years the poor one went to see the rich one in his fine house and found the family at dinner, and everything was fine and fashionable and they had blue finger bowls, and the rich man was mighty glad to see his old friend and set him down to the table and the poor fellow was thirsty and tired and drank out of the finger bowl, and the rich man drank out of his and his wife drank out of hers, just to keep the poor man from feeling mortified. Well, I like that. That was true politeness. But the children of our rich poor folks will learn how to do after a while. By the time they bump around against the people and lose about half their money they will haul up and put on the breaks. The pendulum is always swinging. Generations play at see-saw, up to-day and down to-morrow. There is a law of compensation that governs everything, and folly cures itself after awhile. Old Father Time is a wonderful doctor. Anno Domini will tell.

BILL ARP.

TWO GREAT ORATORS.

Donn Piatt's Recollections of Phillips and Corwin.

An Ante-Bellum Episode in Cincinnati—The Courage of the Great Reformer—Corwin as King of the Stump.

In that divine faculty of thinking aloud one's ego so as to say a crowd, I am not sure that Wendell Phillips was not the foremost of orators. He was strangely gifted for such a role, owing all he possessed in that line, not to the assymaneti m, as we call it, which gives popular control to some orators in their mere presence but to the force of intellect and the force of character that win through the hardest of thoughtful processes.

I write this without the advantage given of ever having had the happiness of hearing Mr. Phillips. I tried on two occasions, and both speaker and hearer were separated by the audience being mobs, and illustrating in their conduct that the American eagle is given frequently to laying rotten eggs.

I saw enough him to know that he was a man of cold, quiet temperament, who relied entirely on his array of facts and force of reasoning to own his way before a crowd. I gathered, moreover, that his moving impulse was more in hate of the oppressor than his love of the oppressed.

Sumner was of this sort. It is told of Julia Ward Howe that she once called on Charles Sumner a poor African stranded on the stormy streets of Boston. He responded in words to this effect:

"Madam: My life is given to securing justice to the race I have not the time to spare for individual cases of suffering.

"CHAS SUMNER."

The witty sister of Uncle Sam Ward had this remark framed and hung in her drawing room, and upon entering the visitor could read:

"From latest advice God Almighty has not yet reached this plane of lofty indifference."

Whittier alone, of all this class, put feeling for the slave and forgiveness for the master in his work.

To understand this, so far as Wendell Phillips is concerned, one has to remember that to a man of superior intellectual qualities and attainments there is nothing so insulting as the aggressive injustice of an ignorant class.

I made two efforts, as I have said, to hear this renowned orator and failed through the violent intervention of the audience. In neither case was it a violent effort of a few disturbed brains up a gathering. In both instances a large majority of the audience gave Wendell to understand that it would not have his abolition talk at any price.

The last occasion was significant, for it occurred at Cincinnati very shortly before the awful civil war broke out, which we are fond of asserting was inaugurated and carried on to the bitter end for the sole purpose of emancipating four million of slaves.

This is a falsehood that history, ever amiable to popular wishes, hastens to put on record.

The war was inaugurated to destroy the Union by the South. How little slavery had to do with this one realizes when he remembers that in the border slave states, where the institution of slavery, as we called it, suffered most from escaped slaves, the ordinance of secession failed to obtain and the war was unpopular; while in the interior, where a slave never got away alive, the war spirit was rampant.

On the very eve of that terrible appeal to arms Osawatomie Brown, who wrote the emancipation proclamation on the mount in old Virginia long before Lincoln was thought of, was hanged with the almost unanimous approbation of the American people. And about the same time I made one of a vast crowd collected at Pike's opera house, Cincinnati, to hear Wendell Phillips on "the sum total of all iniquity, known as human servitude."

The house was packed from pit to gallery with men, and for nearly an hour before Phillips appeared there hung a feeling of deadly antagonism to the abolition cause that found expression only in the faces of the main body seated at the front, and unuttered threats on the outskirts in the rear, as in the approach of a storm can be seen the black bank of still clouds along the edge of which plays the lightning, while the low rumbling thunder is scarcely audible.

If I remember rightly, Judge Stallo appeared with Wendell Phillips upon the stage. I cannot say positively that it was Judge Stallo, but I well remember that the introductory address was extremely brief. The introducer evidently did not seek to improve the occasion, but after putting Wendell to the front, prudently but gracefully withdrew. His address was followed by a slight rustle of applause that seemed to awaken a thousand snakes, for the hisses started up and swept over the audience in a way to tell instantly the feeling of the crowd.

I can see now that tall, slender, intellectual looking man as he stood firm, yet gracefully, gazing undismayed at the enemy. He paused for an instant, as if measuring the crowd, with a face calm as a child's, and yet with a subtle expression of amused contempt.

Audience and orator seemed spell-bound. The very reporters occupying the place of the orchestra—those Cossacks of the pen, who shortly after rode, under fire, to the front for reports of victories or defeats—men made by nature to snatch items from the very cannon's mouth, held their pencils suspended, as if for once impressed as ordinary spectators.

The spell was broken by Wendell Phillips' first uttered word. The frightful noise that followed and went up was not a roar. It sounded to me as if lightning had struck a thousand store boxes. It was blasphemy broken into a million of fragments, jarring and defacing each other. It was utterly wild, loud and senseless.

For a second the orator stood calmly as before, looking at the wild tumult before him, and then he leaned forward as if addressing the reporters. Of course he could not be heard, but the knights of the quill, quite as cool as Wendell, rose and leaned forward. At that instant a shower of eggs came from the rear and fell upon the stage. One of these savory savings of the hennery struck Wendell Phillips on the breast and he quietly wiped the contents from his person with his handkerchief. The reporters, however, either through accident or design, received the larger part of these projectiles from the barnyard, and their rage was ludicrous.

The shrinking attempt of a few women in the center of the house to escape seemed to stir all into stormy life. The entire mass now rose, gesticulated and struggled, all the while vociferating to the extent of their lungs.

Soon appeared to the observant eye a number of men, probably fifty or one hundred, making their way from the rear of the crowd to the front. They pushed through and tumbled over the mass, as if under command, or moved by one impulse. Price, the proprietor of the opera house, a cool, quiet man, who had been speculating as to the probability of damage to his building, now put his mouth to Judge Stallo's ear and shouted:

"If you want to prevent bloodshed get that man away. These fellows are armed."

Stallo started forward, accompanied by six or seven gentlemen. They surrounded Wendell Phillips, and moving back, much against the orator's will, disappeared behind the scenes. From there Phillips was taken in a carriage, got in a back yard and was driven to Judge Stallo's charming residence, where he remained all night.

For hours after and an ugly crowd of roughs held the street in front of the opera house, the police unwilling or not daring to interfere.

The pluck of Wendell Phillips was his great characteristic. This was illustrated in the way he carried his back upon his class in New England and took, without hesitation, upon himself the odious name of abolitionist.

I have no wish to underrate our Yankee brothers. They have given us about all we can claim of literature and science; and the indomitable energy and enterprise that made our material progress a wonder to the world are of New England birth. But there is no denying that the law of caste is more firmly imbedded in that hard, rocky soil than in any other part of the earth. To be a poor man in New England is to be a poor devil, and all that is done there as charity is done from a sense of duty, and not from the generous impulse that opens the road to heaven.

Wendell Phillips was born, through three or four generations, in the Mayflower. He was wealthy and well born, according to New England ideas of such poor stuff. To turn from his class and avow himself an abolitionist, therefore, on side of respectability, called for more courage than to face a crowd armed with revolvers and made odorous by dead cats and decayed eggs.

He did this, and he did something more. Although the friend of the negro and the enemy to his class, he remained an aristocrat. Ordinarily when a man gets to be revolutionary in principle he becomes a *sans culotte* in practice. As style is thought writing, so clothes and conduct are character in life. But our orator was as cultured and reserved among roughs and long-haired, wild-eyed, fanatics as he would have been had he remained a Mayflower.

Writing of Phillips as an orator, I labor under the disadvantage of ignorance in not having heard him speak. I am told that on the stump he was cool, quiet and conversational; that he owed much to personal magnetism, and won his way through a concise, terse, incisive process of spoken thought, enlivened throughout by, not flashes, but a glow of grim humor, that had as much laugh in it as the crater of a volcano. To hold a crowd in this way demands a high order of genius, and probably had I heard him I should have ranked the orator as the foremost of our land.

As it is, my memory reverts to a man whose magic sway of the multitude, as an orator, gives him a place above all others, not excepting Daniel Webster and the mythical Patrick Henry. I refer to Thomas Corwin, of Ohio. He was the king, in right of prowess, of the stump. Without a day's schooling he was the best educated man I ever encountered, through the training he had given himself. The associate, through all his early life, of roughs—men he had to thrash into respect for himself with his fists—he was a gentleman in thought, heart and manner. I have seen him sway a crowd, passing them from laughter to tears, from stupid apathy to the wildest enthusiasm, with an ease that seemed miraculous.

The man, however, who was at home before a mixed crowd of ignorant people was a power in the senate, and he could pass from the bar of a country tavern to the table of a diplomat and be the ruling spirit of both places. A public man at a time when Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Benton were leaders, he lost nothing in the association. On the contrary, while with them in the senate he was a marked feature of that body in the pinnacle of its power, when senators made the senate, and not as now, when the senate makes millionaires unpleasantly conspicuous.

Corwin's best work was impromptu, and done before shorthand put to record the impulsive utterances of the orator. Under the circumstances what I write sounds like exaggeration. Unlike Webster, with Corwin the pen seemed to clog or paralyze expression. His fame, therefore, would have died with him but for two efforts. One of these, his reply to McCrary in a defense of Harrison, lives as a specimen of his wit; the other, an attack on the brutal injustice and selfish greed of the invasion of Mexico, will remain through all time an honor to our nation, as it is an imperishable record of a good name.

To appreciate this last mentioned effort of Corwin, one must realize the condition of the popular mind under a popular form of government while a war was in progress. That the war was an infamy, so far as we were concerned, is now recognized, but no man dared say as much then. Henry Clay was a brave man. Daniel Webster had a stout heart in him, but both, if they did not openly shrink from denunciation, kept an ominous silence while voting supplies to carry on the war.

It remained for Corwin to come to the front and face the people in their cowardly wickedness. No patriot now can read that speech without quickened heart beats and a glow of pride over its eloquent utterances.

He sleeps in death without a monument of bronze or marble and his mouldering dust seems to realize what he once said to me:

"If you would succeed in life, my boy, you must be solemn—solemn as an ass. All the great monuments of earth were built to perpetuate the memory of solemn asses."

DONN PIATT.

Peculiarities of Tennyson.

[Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

Tennyson passes most of his days at Farringford, surrounded by the lovely and romantic scenery for which the Isle of Wight is noted. He spends on an average six to eight hours a day in his library engaged in literary work. Orders are always given that he shall not be interrupted except for most momentous reasons, and he never is; for the members of his family and his servants think his making of a line of quite as much importance as the creation of a new world—an opinion which, it is needless to say, he fully shares. Perhaps if his wife—she was Emily Sellwood—were dying she might venture to have him informed of the fact during his hours of work. She would not be willing that his sanctuary should be profaned for any less cause, because she religiously believes that William Shakespeare is scarcely the equal of Alfred Tennyson. If she were capable of forming or cherishing any other opinion, it is doubtful if he would live with her. She probably preserves her connubial place by the most rapturous worship and the most absolute self-effacement.

There have been awful instances of the invasion of Tennyson's library while he was in the throes of composition, owing to the re axed vigilance of his domestic dragons. The scenes that followed can hardly be described. The poet, in his wrath, raged like mad, threatening to destroy the intruder, and literally tearing the little hair he has left. The very idea of interrupting Alfred Tennyson in his hours of divine inspiration seemed to him monstrous beyond belief, a hideous crime eternally unpardonable. He has never, I believe made any physical assault upon an unfortunate intruder, though it would have been supposed, from his furious demonstration, that he could be appeased with nothing short of homicide.

Bulwer's Gypsy Love.

The recently published autobiography of Bulwer-Lytton furnishes some interesting facts about that peculiar character. Before leaving Cambridge he had enriched his experience with some vacation adventures, including an encounter with a highwayman, a night in a lonely cottage where an attempt was made to murder him, and an amour with a pretty young gypsy, in whose camp he spent five or six days of romantic dalliance.

"One morning she was unusually silent and reserved. I asked her, reproachfully, why she was so cold.

"'Tell me,' she said abruptly, 'tell me truly, do you love me?'

"'I do, indeed.' And so I thought.

"'Will you marry me, then?'

"'Marry you?' I cried aghast. 'Marry? Alas! I would not deceive you—that is impossible.'

"'I don't mean,' she cried impetuously, but not seemingly hurt at my refusal—'I don't mean as you mean—marriage according to your fashion; I never thought of that; but marry me as we marry.'

"'How is that?'

"'You will break a piece of burnt earth with me—a tile, for instance, into two halves.'

"'Well?'

"'In grandmother's presence. That will be marriage. It lasts only five years. It is not long,' she said pleadingly. 'And, if you want to leave me before, how could I stay you?'

"Poor, dear child—for child, after all, she was in years and in mind—how charming she looked then. Alas! I went farther for a wife and fared worse."

Wait a Moment.

[Wall Street News.]

My son, you have got a few thousand dollars to invest. You are crazy to buy stocks, or to speculate in wheat or cotton, and your days and nights are full of pleasant thoughts of enormous profits. If Gould didn't have your capital to start with, and now he thinks he owns eleven states. Vanderbilt only had hundreds where you have thousands, and yet he owns eleven of the other states and a brick house which is positively rat-proof. At your age Villard was a poverty-stricken clerk, and Russell Sage was inventing the three-legged milk-stool.

But, go slow, my boy. Any idiot can buy stock and futures, but it takes a long head to buy what is certain to return big profits. Fight shy of railroad stocks. Don't think of investing in silver mines. Keep clear of wheat and corn and cotton. Don't fool with canal shares, county bonds, navigation stocks, nor flying-machines. Be reasonable. Don't expect to make money too fast. Go into business with an undertaker for a year and let the market settle. Start a corner-grocery and get some idea of how codfish fluctuates. Establish a bucket-shop and learn how to manipulate the market. Open a liver-pad foundry and learn patience, humility and how to skin your fellowmen.

Drinking Liquid Fire.

["Durandal" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The young men behind the bar have to work like beavers to wait on the men who rush in on their way home. Many of them are very expert and quite showy. This is particularly the case at this season of the year while making hot apple toddy. The bar-tenders vie with each other in picturesque manners of mixing this drink. They pour part of the liquor in each glass and then light it.

As the spirits flame up they toss them from one glass to another until there is a semi-circle of fire above their heads. Then they slam it down on the bar, blow it out, and the customer gulps it down under the impression that he is enjoying it. It nearly scalds him to death, and he is quite convinced that he is swallowing liquid fire. The tears start from his eyes and he clutches the glass convulsively, but he is bound to down the liquor like a man, but more properly like an idiot. It's a cruel drink.

Rabbi Wise's Lecture: It is no mistake to maintain that the citizens of any country are as patriotic and law abiding as the members of its families are affectionate and dutiful among themselves.

THE COMIC ARTISTS

Cartoons and Their Designers and Builders.

The Talent for Caricature and Where It Is Found—The Obscure People of the Pencil Who Furnish Ideas for Famous Artists.

The methods of the art of caricature are but little understood by the public. Everybody laughs at the funny cartoons without giving a thought to the toil and study which produced them. Who can associate toil with humor? Fun always seems to have been spontaneous, uncompelled, irrepressible. Nobody can think of it as having been "wrung from a vein," and the serious thought of art and letters. But it is. The cartoon which is so screamingly funny that even the lawless people try to laugh when they look at it is not always "dashed off" by the artist with enviable ease. Unhallowed inspiration though it be, it comes into life through pain.

Neither does the renowned creature whose name adorns one of its corners always originate it. Sometimes the grocer's clerk, the carpenter who comes to fix the refractory doors, the printer who gets home from work jaded and worn in the early morning hours are the authors of the pictured burlesques at which everybody laughs. Themselves grave to grimness, they have a faculty for seeing the humorous phases of life and depicting them. They *never* look like funny people. What humorist ever did? Sometimes the thin old man who sings ancient hymns in a cracked falsetto while he does odd jobs spends his evenings in working out ideas for funny pictures; or, perhaps the illegal student has a sneaking appetite for burlesque art, and with the assistance of midnight oil he evades the commendations and the prophets while he indulges it.

Anyway, the funny cartoon, or the main idea of it, is usually born in some other brain than that of the man who puts his name upon it. The regular cartoonist, or special artist of an illustrated paper, daily receives from ten to fifteen roughly drawn designs to choose from. They are sent in from various sources, from near and far, and embrace every variety of idea known in the realm of the grotesque. He selects one and works it out carefully. If it is a full page picture that he needs he enlarges it and goes into detail. If is published in his name, and the "constant reader" thinks he is a most versatile and tireless genius, and pays homage to the brain that can invent such fresh and flawless fun day after day. The truth is no man could depend upon himself for this kind of stuff more than a week or so without fetching up at the madhouse.

At The Graphic office the crude designs are stacked up in formidable array. Few are chosen and many are left. Some are of such subject matter as will "keep" without losing their point. If they are considered worthy they are held for "stock," to be used sometimes when there are no good fresh "nits" at hand. Others, being times of a day, are worthless if not used while their points are timely. The designer is, of course, the loser. He is only paid for what are accepted, and even then the figure of his remuneration is not stimulating. Three or four years ago a design for a full-page cartoon, if accepted, brought its author five dollars. Now, The Graphic gets all it wants and about five times more than it can use, at two dollars and a half apiece, and this scale of prices is general.

A young man named Connelly, who clerks in a lamp-store opposite, furnishes The Graphic with more ideas for cartoons than any other contributor. He averages about four a day, and attends to his regular business faithfully at the same time. Another architect of caricatures lives in Plainfield, N. J. He is devoting himself entirely to his art, and sometimes prepares his drawings for the lithographer. It is expected that he will rise to what the reporters call "eminence," in his profession. Usually, they say, the most prolific designers do not climb up in their art. They go on furnishing ideas at two dollars and a half apiece until their stock of humor is exhausted and the world becomes as dolorous to them as a cypress swamp. Making fun for the public is no funny business at all. Often it is exceedingly dismal pastime.

Even the celebrated Nast was not often the inventor of the astonishing cartoons which made him famous, they say. The story that is now afloat about him is rather curious. It is said that in the first flush of his fame the Harpers' made a contract with him for life at $10,000 a year: He was to work exclusively for them. Recently Mr. Curtis has seen fit to bury the fruits of Mr. Nast's genius in the oblivion of a pigeon hole week in and week out. The artist fulfills his part of the contract by sending a weekly cartoon to the office, and the Harpers' fulfill theirs by sending the artist his salary. But Mr. Nast's light is effectually hidden under Mr. Curtis's disapproving bushel—hidden without hope. He is dead to the world, as far as the work of his pencil is concerned, a most disheartening situation for an ambitious man. A few other famous cartoonists who have sold the exclusive use of their *names*, but not their pencils, to one paper, work for other journals whenever they please, but sign their pictures with fictitious names or initials.

The designers have need of more than mortal patience sometimes. They suffer from that debilitating malady called hope deferred, which so frequently and cruelly afflicts young writers. They send in their drawings and do not know whether they are accepted or not until they see them in print, and very often the interval is discouragingly long. When that exhilarating hour comes they call at the office and receive their pay. They do not garner a grain of glory in the work. The originator of the idea must be content with his $2.50, and seeing that his work has been deemed fit to bear the name of a successful artist. Under these circumstances it is not remarkable that they do not soar into great heights. The little matter of daily bread keeps them close to earth and busy in another order of industry.

The people of the pencil tell of a young German who sent a sketch to Puck when that sparkling journal was new. After he had lost hope in regard to its fate, it appeared as a full page cartoon, and was a great hit. The aspiring young artist was delighted with the praise he heard bestowed upon his unknown work, and fondly fancied that his remuneration would correspond to the popularity of his design; but when he called for it pay he only received $5. That reduced his artistic aspirations to a cooler temperature which he has never outgrown.

A young Blenkinsmith named Hamilton left his anvil in an Ohio village and came to New York to scratch out his destiny with a pencil. He had never taken a lesson in drawing in his life, yet he now holds a good situation in the art department of The Graphic.

One of the best designers of political cartoons which The Graphic ever had was Thomas Grand, who died last summer. He had charge of the editorial page, and knew nothing about drawing, though he knew a great deal about almost everything else. He had a fine sense of humor, and when he saw a political situation which could be effectively burlesqued in a cartoon, he made a few unsightly scrawls here and there on a piece of paper, labeled them "the eagle," "Ben Butler," "Uncle Sam," or whatever the case demanded, wrote out a brief description of the picture, as he had it in his mind, and handed it to the special artist, then Mr. A. B. Frost, now of the Harpers. Then began what the other Graphic people facetiously termed "Frost's Agony." The Grand idea would not always shape up satisfactorily in the Frost brain. During the first stage of study the artist sat bolt upright and held the paper containing the scrawls and labels at arms' length in front of him. That attitude became generally understood as "acute pain"; but when the paper was laid flat on the table and the artist, tossing his head between his hands, leaned over it while the veins in his forehead stood out like whip-cords, it was known that the agonizing stage of brain-race had been reached. And this is the way pictured fun is constructed—fun which he unsophisticated fancy bubbles into existence without either thought or pressure.

Caricature is an art that, so far as I can learn, women do not often take to. Occasionally they produce something wildly and deliriously funny in drawing; but they do not adopt it as a profession. Perhaps it is because they are not often endowed with a very strong appreciation of humor. Painting and drawing are indispatably within the most prescribed "sphere" of womankind. But caricature does not attract them. They will patiently paint azaleas and golden-rod on milk pitchers and Chinese jugs a lifetime and call it art; but anything in the line of humor they don't consider elevating. However, one woman wrote over the signature of Miss Lillie and furnished a series of interesting humorous pictures to The Graphic called "Scenes in a Western court."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

THE CANE CARRIER.

The Destruction which Attends him on Stairways.

One of the most dangerous foes to society outside of the criminal classes is the man with a cane. His intentions are not bloody but his path is. As an implement of destruction and dismay, the cane is far ahead of dynamite. It is an inanimate wolf in sheep's clothing. It is sly, treacherous, insidious. It looks as harmless as a China dog and is as dangerous as a liar. Its work of assassination is not carried on openly in the glare of the day on the public streets. It secrets itself always, gloomy halls, crowded platforms and steamboat gangways for its darkest deeds.

No cane ever goes up or down stairs in a perpendicular position. The law of its being decrees that it must be held horizontally under its owner's arm. This attitude is dangerous for the people behind it, but the man who carries it is unconcerned by their woes. He never so much as turns around to beg pardon when an eye falls at his feet, or the cane goes through the heart of a baby. Old men and young men are perforated like camp sieves with the canes of careless skin-dickets and fall groaning at his side. Women suffer great demoralization of toilet and much bodily peril from the cane's fatal thrusts and lunges, but he goes airily on his bright sunny way.

And he is never called to account for his work of slaughter. A cane seems to have rights which even the law respects.

And how inoffensive seems this toy of the trifler with the people's privileges! It has the appearance of innocence. It is even supposed to be aesthetic. Its mission is to sustain the brain, not the body of its owner. It is not strong and aggressive in appearance; it is slender and delicate though deadly. It goes with faultless attire and a pale intellect.

The cane carrier has no murderous intentions. Often his face is as mild as a flower. His path is strewn with the wounded and dying, merely because the cane likes to travel horizontally, and he is obliged to humor it. Nobody ever heard of a cane forgoing any of its inalienable rights to facilitate the comfort of human beings.

It is as dangerous on stairways as an infuriated bull-dog; but no action is taken against it. The "ready revolver" and "peruant pistol" are legislated against and frowned upon by everybody; but the cane, though an agent of pain and death, escapes both judicial and social reprimand. It even figures in fights occasionally without losing its respectability.

The man who perennially wears a cane does as much damage as a drove of Texas steers and never answers for any of it. With the law on his side he goes on gay, hopeful and happy while the people are sacrificed.

EBBON OLIVER.

Science is beginning to take some notice of human feet. Heretofore fashion has had them exclusively in its distorting care, and they only progressed in the direction of deformity. The present movement looks toward the annihilation of the shoemaker. A revival of Lord Palmerston's remedy is suggested. He said to Dowie that "shoemakers should all be treated like pirates,—put to death without trial or mercy"—as they had inflicted more suffering on humanity than any class he knew.

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WASHINGTON.

Ex-Senator Spencer Testifies in the Star-Route Investigation—Why He Opposed the Ring.

Bringing the Sioux Reservation Into Market for Forfeiture of the A. & P. Unearned Grant.

Newspaper Copyright—The Muddle in New Mexico—A New Territory—Congressional Proceedings.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8.—Ex-Senator Spencer, of Alabama, now a resident of Nevada, was examined by the Springer Committee concerning the Star-route investigation. "Early in January," he said, "I went from Nevada to New York on business. One day while walking on Broadway I met James, then Postmaster at New York, and he asked me to accompany him to his office. I did so, and when at the office he told me he wanted to go into Garfield's Cabinet as Postmaster-General, and asked me to aid him. I said I would be glad to assist him, and afterwards did render all the aid I could. When he had been appointed Postmaster-General I said to him that he had an opportunity few men had in a lifetime to make a great reputation. He asked how, and I replied he could make the Postoffice Department self-sustaining the first and the next year could reduce postage to two cents. 'How?' he again asked. 'By breaking up the Star-route ring,' I replied. I took a pledge from him that what I said should be confidential. Witness afterward made up his mind that beyond saving the Government two or three million dollars a year the investigation would be a failure. He received no pay for what I was doing, and paid little attention to the subject, and in the latter part of March, 1882, went to Nevada and remained until June. Spencer then gave an account of his return to New York, his being subpoenaed to appear in Washington, his coming here and remaining two weeks, of his efforts alone and with Secretary Chandler to secure an interview with George Bliss. While sitting in one of the hotels with Secretary Chandler, Bliss came to the latter one day. They went out and talked two or three hours. "I interrupted them several times, but Bliss said he did not want to see me. He told Secretary Chandler he desired not to see me until I went on the stand, and if I didn't swear to what he expected he would cross-examine me. I remained here till court adjourned, went to New York and showed Senator Conkling the subpœna. He said it was not in legal form, and advised me to go and attend to my business. I asked if my staying in Washington had not waived my rights to leave. He said no, and I followed his advice." Witness referred to the testimony of ex-Postmaster-General James, in which he said Spencer told him Dorsey had gone to Senator Spencer's room and said: "See how I do business," whereupon he placed $5,000 or $6,000 in an envelope, put it on the table, and Brady came in, took the envelope and money, and left. "I did not say that I had seen Brady and Dorsey in a room together. I never saw Dorsey pay Brady anything. James was mistaken. We have talked so much on the Star-route investigation he may have got things mixed. If I made such a statement I must have been drunk. I am not in the habit of getting drunk." "Then you understand," asked Stewart, a member of the committee, "that the statement of James concerning the payment of money by Dorsey to Brady was made out of the whole cloth?" "I certainly never heard of the payment of the money. Dorsey at one time was very bitter on Brady and was anxious for his removal as the Second Assistant Postmaster General. Witness then testified concerning the Star-route prosecutions. "I always felt," he said, "that the Government took the most complicated case. I felt as if it was masquerading before the public, and couldn't see why so complicated a case should be taken when there were some that were not so complicated. I don't think anybody was even prosecuted except the Dorsey combination, and that held about fifteen per cent. of the expedited Routers, in my recollection the smallest per cent. Spencer said he was anxious to break up the Star-route ring to vindicate Hind, formerly contractor, now a resident of Decatur, Ala. He would be persecuted while contractor, witness asserted, and the latter was anxious to see persecutors come to grief.

THE SIOUX RESERVATION.

Senator Dawes reported to the Senate from the select committee appointed to examine into the condition of the Sioux Indians in Dakota, the original bill to provide for the division of a portion of the reservation of the Indians of that Territory into separate reservations, and to secure relinquishment by the Indians of the title to the remainder. In consideration of this relinquishment, the seventh article of treaty Sixty-eight, securing to them the benefits of education, shall continue in force twenty years from date of the passage of the act; the Secretary of the Interior shall purchase and supply them with milch cows, not exceeding twenty-five thousand, and bulls not exceeding one thousand, and one hundred thousand dollars shall be set apart as a permanent fund for their benefit, to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, one-half of such interest to be applied to the promotion of industrial and other suitable education f - Indians, and the other half in such a manner and for such purpo as the Secretary of the Interior shall from time to time deem most likely to contribute to their advancement in civilization, and toward self support.

LAND FORFEITURES.

The House Committee on Public Lands decided unanimously to recommend the forfeiture of land granted the Atlantic & Pacific Railway lying east of the junction of that road with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and lying west of Mojave, Cal., and which has not been patented to the road. Mr. Anderson moved that the entire grant to the road be forfeited, but the proposition was received by but two votes, those of himself and Mr. Shaw. The lands amount to about 40,000,000 acres. The road has earned about 10,000,000 acres.

THE NEW MEXICAN MUDDLE.

The Senate Committee on Territories considered the resolution providing for an inquiry into certain alleged irregularities in the organization of the Legislature of New Mexico. The advisability of sending a subcommittee to the territory to make an investigation was decided against for the present, the committee directing the chairman to first call upon the executive departments and the Governor of the territory for the information in their possession. Senator Harrison received a dipatch from Governor Sheldon, of New Mexico, stating that the organization of the Legislature was strictly regular and according to law.

NEWSPAPER COPYRIGHT.

[illegible] Committee of the two houses on [illegible] morning took up and discussed [illegible] Newspaper Copyright bill. [illegible] general impression with [illegible] ittee that as the matter opened up a new and important question the fullest information obtainable should be had, and with this object in view, leading journalists and newspaper proprietors be called upon to give their views to the committee at an early day.

ACQUITTED.

The sailors attached to the United States Steamer Speedwell, charged with having robbed the dead bodies received from the wreck of the steamer City of Columbus, have been honorably acquitted.

The Senate Committee on Territories has agreed to give the name Lincoln to a new Territory which it is proposed to make out of the Northern portion of Dakota.

Congressional.

SENATE.

Mr. Williams moved to discharge the Committee on Military Affairs from further consideration of the bill to regulate the retiring of army officers. Agreed to. A bill passed appropriating $250,000 for the erection of a fire proof building for a hall of records. The Senate passed the bill reported by Mr. Garland, from the Committee on the Judiciary, constituting a majority of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States to be a quorum of the court instead of six judges as heretofore. The bill also prohibits the judge who heard a case at a circuit court from sitting on the Supreme bench when the case comes up for appeal. The Senate took up for consideration the bill for the relief of the heirs of Maurice Grivot. The bill provided for repayment to the heirs of Grivot about $700, constituting a bank deposit seized by order of General Banks in New Orleans on his taking possession of the city. Mr. Conger strenuously opposed the bill upon the ground that it was the entering wedge for a large number of claims of a similar character. If Congress commenced to pay such claims it would be called upon in a voice it could not misunderstand to stop it. A protracted debate ensued, a motion by Mr. Ingalis to indefinitely postpone was voted down and the bill passed; 40 yeas, 9 nays. Mr. Plumb, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported favorably the House bill declaring forfeited the lands granted the Texas Pacific Railroad Company, and stated that the minority of the committee desired the privilege of submitting at their convenience their views in dissent, and the majority reserved the right to present hereafter their reasons in support of the bill. Adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE.

A bill was reported granting a pension to the widow of General Francis P. Blair. The Speaker announced unfinished business to the further consideration of the bill authorizing the retirement of Alfred Pleasanton with the rank of Colonel. Mr. Steele moved to recommit the bill without instructions. Carried; yeas 123, nays 115.

THE KANSAS CATTLE PLAGUE.

Return of Governor Glick from the Infected District of Woodson County.

TOPEKA, March 8.—Governor Glick has returned from Woodson County, where he had been investigating the new mouth and foot disease among the cattle, and says that he found the situation bad enough, indeed. In answer to a reporter's inquiry, the Governor said that an immense meeting of citizens was held at Neosha Falls. At that meeting a committee of six was appointed, with Lieutenant-Governor Finney as its chairman. They were instructed to adopt quarantine regulations, at once establish a dead line and see what can be done towards raising money enough to buy up all the diseased cattle and kill them off. The Governor further stated that he made a proposition at the meeting that if Lieutenant-Governor Finney, their State Senators, Legislators and prominent stockmen would give their names as security, he would execute a State note to them for the amount of money required with the understanding that he would recommend at the next session of the Legislature the amount to be appropriated by the State. He also advised that the Commissioners of Woodson County make a similar vote and appropriate it out of the amount of money in the county treasury. The committee was to have a meeting, and His Excellency felt confident that they would act upon his suggestion. As yet the disease is confined to one neighborhood, a locality about five miles square and one hundred head of cattle are afflicted, but it is spreading very rapidly and unless checked soon is likely to become a serious epidemic.

An Incredible Story.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 8—A terrible murder was reported to the Coroner. A Jewish family named Hirsch, consisting of mother and four children, who had professed the Christian religion and been ostracised by their own race, lived on a farm near Baker's Station, nine miles from the city. Rosa Hirsch, a daughter, about twenty-four years old, has been insane for several years. She was loose in morals and, though not married, had a son. Her conduct was a source of great annoyance to the family, especially her brother, who is seventeen years old. Brother and sister have had frequent quarrels recently, and they concluded to fight it out to the death. The girl armed herself with a large pocket knife and her brother took a sharpened case knife. They locked themselves in a room of the house and fought till the girl fell dead, almost literaly hacked to pieces. The brother took the body of the murdered sister and then left on the first train, saying he was going to Texas.

The Turn of the Flood.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 8.—A special from Helena, Ark., says: At last the river here has commenced falling, the decline during the past twenty-four hours being one inch. Another break occurred in the levee at Old Town Ridge, which carried in its force the store owned by Hildreth & Fisher, on the N. V. Johnson place, destroying the stock of goods valued at $3,000, besides damaging plantations in the immediate vicinity.

A Determined Incendiary.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 8.—In the Harmony Church section of Laurens County the school-house was burned by an incendiary. Soon after another was erected, and it was laid in ashes. A vacant store was then converted into a school-house, and a watch put upon it, but the incendiary for the third time successfully plied the torch and eluded capture. The Governor has offered a reward for the fire fiend, and the residents of Harmony Church are building a fourth school-house.

Stealing by the Car Load.

ST. LOUIS, March 8.—W. A. Graham, coal agent, and Robert Benzel, foreman of the passenger car yards on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, were arrested for selling the company's coal and pocketing the proceeds. They operated in car load lots, and as they are believed to have been engaged in the swindle for some time, they probably have made a handsome thing out of it. Graham is well known all along the line and has borne a high character.

Michigan Sheep Breeders.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., March 8.—The Sheep-Breeders' Association of Southwestern Michigan held its annual meeting here. The officers elected were: President, S. B. Hammond, Kalamazoo; Vice-President. W. G. Kirby Galesburg; Secretary, George S. Piers

A SUMMARY INQUEST.

A Coroner and Constable Stop A Funeral Procession—Agitation of the Mourners.

The Body Stripped Shows Nine Ghastly Wounds—A Jury Impanneled On the Spot.

A Wounded Man Nursed in the House of His Enemy—Repeatedly Stabbed And His Cries Smothered.

SAVANNAH, GA., March 8.—Coroner Sheftall put in his appearance at a colored funeral which was in progress five miles beyond the city limits. He was accompanied by the Constable. Without offering an explanation, the Coroner stepped up to the coffin, pulled off the shroud, and stripping the corpse to the waist, displayed nine ghastly wounds, around which the dead man's blood had formed hideous clots. The mourners prepared to stampede, but no one was allowed to depart. Impaneling a jury from the crowd, and calling witnesses whose names were in his possession, the Coroner began an investigation, which ended in a verdict of murder. It was developed that the victim was William Dunn, and the occupants of the house in which the funeral was progressing were Jerry Hagins and his daughter. An illicit intimacy between Dunn and Hagins' daughter was the cause of a fight which occurred at Hagins' house a week ago Saturday night. Dunn was worsted and started for home. Thirty feet from Hagins' threshold he fell against a tree for support and shouted for help. Colored people who rushed to his side found him bleeding and fainting. Carrying him into Hagins' house, an examination was made and one gash, inflicted by a knife, was found in his breast Dunn rallied, and said the wound did not amount to much, and was left in the care of Hagins and his daughter. A day or two later they reported that the wound had healed, but that Dunn was ill with pneumonia. Afterward they announced that his death had resulted from the disease. Ugly rumors reached the Coroner, and led to the investigation and disclosure that Hagins had slowly killed Dunn, inflicting the wounds during the time he was lying helpless in bed, and stifling his cries for aid by smothering him with pillows. Hagins is in jail, and will probably hang.

LUCKY JOE WILSON.

A Desperado Feigns Death and Escapes From Prison.

LENOIR, N. C., March 8.—One of the most adroit escapes known in criminal history was effected by Lucky Joe Wilson, a famous chief of a gang of desperadoes infesting this State. Wilson was after many fights, caught, tried and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. Recently his counsel obtained an appeal to the Supreme Court. The following morning the Warden of the jail entered his cell and found Lucky Joe lying on his mattress, which was suffused with blood, as were the prisoner's shirt and mouth. His eyes were open and staring, his jaws fallen, and his limbs cold. Help was summoned and the body was carried from the cell into an outhouse and laid out for burial and placed in a plain coffin. The mother and sister of the deceased staid by the coffin and kept watch over the remains. At dusk, when every one had left the apartment save his sister, she was horrified to see the "corpse" rise from the coffin, put his hands ominously to his lips, and bolt from the room into the night. She screamed and fainted. The ruse was not discovered until an hour after, and Lucky Joe had succeeded in eluding all pursuit. A visit to his cell showed how artfully the escape had been planned. Wilson had killed a chicken and smeared himself with the blood, and, ripping open the mattress, concealed the chicken in it. He had scraped in a lot of snow and ice from the cell window and kept his hands and feet well frozen in it up to the time when he heard footsteps in the corridor, when he had thrown it in a bucket; therefore, when the jailer entered, he found the man's feet and hands so cold as to leave no doubt of the prisoner's death.

Railroad Accident.

KANSAS CITY, March 8.—Early this morning two freight trains on the Wabash road collided near Arnold, a small station, four or five miles east of the city, causing several hours delay to the incoming Hannibal & Rock Island passenger trains. From all that can be learned the accident was purely the result of stupidity on the part of one of the engineers, who failed to observe the signal flags on the first train that passed him. Just before daylight the first section of freight train No. 97, west bound, arrived in the yards, displaying signals that showed the second division was following close behind. The engineer on the extra failing to observe the signals pulled out for the east. Near Arnold the train came in sight, but owing to the fact that the Hannibal tracks run beside the Wabash, neither engineer thought of danger until it was too late to avert an accident. Both trains were heavily loaded and were making good time, and when they came together the crash could have been heard for a mile around. There was a sudden mingling of lights, a loud crash, and then a huge mass of wrecked cars shot into the air and fell again in a heap of ruins. The engineer and fireman stuck to their posts and escaped without any serious injury. One of the firemen was pinned under the debris, but was rescued by the engineer.

Held For Trial.

PHILADELPHIA, March 8.—William G. Jones, Assistant Superintendent of the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company, Thomas J. Fahy, a telegraph operator, and Charles L. Howell, a stock broker, are held for trial upon the charge of forcible entry into the office claimed by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The Merchants Protest.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 8.—At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce resolutions were adopted protesting against the intention of the Government to confiscate all duty-paid merchandise over three years in bonded warehouse. A memorial has been telegraphed to the Secretary of the Treasury requesting a delay of ninety days.

What is It?

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 8.—A monster has been captured in Chester County which has the head of a lion and the body of a goat. It was captured by a party of coon-hunters, but not until it had killed five dogs.

A Curious Mistake.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8.—John H. Stone nominated by the Republicans for Attorney General, declines. He says he is a Democrat and will support the Democratic nominee

GROSSLY WRONGED.

A Young Girl from Finland is Victimized Because of Her Ignorance of the English Language.

CHICAGO, March 8.—Lizzie Rieny is a young girl, a native of Finland, and has lived in America but a short time, speaking little or no English. She tells a somewhat hard story of the treatment she has received here, in a bill filed in court. In November last, she alleges, she engaged as a chambermaid to Ferdinand Wistawill, proprietor of the Denver Hotel, at No. 5 North Wells street. She remained there but a short time, but during her stay exhibited a large amount of money, several hundred dollars, to the servants and others in the house. After working a few days, she concluded to visit some friends, and went away, remaining a week or more. She had been expecting a letter from her "young man," who lived somewhere in Ohio, and returned to the hotel for it. The letter had come there, but Wistawill told her he had not kept it, and it has never been found. Though she seemed much distressed about the loss of the letter, she started to go away again, but the landlord detained her, charging that she had stolen various articles from his boarders. She was arrested and locked up at the Chicago avenue station. Justice Kersten was unable to hear her case for several days, owing to the inability to get an interpreter who understood the Finnish language, and Lizzie was kept in durance vile during that period. Her ignorance of the English language prevented her making any strong defense, and she was held in bail to the Criminal Court. Her case came up before Judge Gardner on the the 26th of last month. S. R. Keogh, the girl's counsel, secured a trial without a jury, and Judge Gardner discharged her, expressing the opinion that she had been grossly wronged. During her imprisonment her money, which she had left in her trunk, was taken out, but some napkins and other articles belonging to the hotel were found in her trunk. The court expressed a belief that the things had been placed there by enemies, with the intention of injuring the girl. Miss Rieney has began an action against Wistawill for false arrest and imprisonment, claiming $5,000 damages.

A RUFFIAN'S RETREAT.

Two Officers Have a Desperate Struggle With a Villain in a Cave.

READING, PA., March 8.—Two officers had a fearful encounter in a cave at Tuckerton, six miles from here, with Gallagher, a well-know character. Gallagher is the man who was accused of committing an indecent assault upon a little girl named Mary Blumm, from the effects of which she has been hovering between life and death ever since. Gallagher was liberated several weeks ago, since which time the girl's mother had been receiving scurrilous and threatening postal cards with Gallagher's name attached. The officers went on his track, armed with a warrant charging him with criminal libel. They espied their man at Tuckerton and made for him. Gallagher took to his heels and disappeared into a cave just discovered near the village. This contains many chambers, and has already been explored many hundred feet. Gallagher knew the ground better than his pursuers. They met in a large inner chamber, dark as pitch. Gallagher was armed and drew a bead on the officers. He fired, the bullet grazing the head of one of the officers, and then dropped to the ground, laying perfectly still. They could only locate him by the glittering of his pistol. One of the officers then fired in rapid succession while the other crept up in the rear and attacked him. The three then had a desperate hand-to-hand encounter, but Gallagher, who is a powerful young fellow, was finally overpowered, handcuffed, and brought to this city and jailed.

Threats of Lynching.

OURAY, COL., March 8.—Father Servant, pastor of the Catholic Church at this place, was sent a written notice that it would be well for him to leave the country. The communication is supposed to have come from the vigilantes who hung Mike Cuddingan and wife. At the time of the lynching, Father Servant was very emphatic in denouncing the lynchers, both from the pulpit and otherwise. The reverend gentleman was the one who took the murdered child from the Orphans' Home in Denver and placed her in the keeping of the Cuddigans. Threats were freely made of lynching Father Servant at the time, and he left the country He returned here two days ago, and the threats against his life being repeated, he placed himself under the Sheriff's protection. He stopped at the Delmonico Hotel the first night, but last night the Sheriff kept him company in some unknown place, the officers fearing an attack. There is great excitement, and if any harm should befall Father Servant, there is no telling where the matter would end, as the Father has of course the larger element of the population at his back.

Indiana Prisons and Asylums.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 8.—The State Board of Health is collecting statistics from various counties upon the condition of the prisons and asylums for the poor. Some of reports describe a frightful state of affairs. In a wealthy northern county the poor asylum is in a building inadequate to the demands, which is badly ventilated, and not as good as a cattle shed. The Superintendent is doing all in his power, but the county is not properly providing for the asylum. The physicians in charge write that the condition of the indigent poor is lamentable; that he is disgusted with the state of affairs which he cannot remedy. In one of the western counties seventeen insane poor are confined to their cells in straight-jackets. Another county reports among other things that the house beds are neither clean nor free from vermin. The heath board will endeavor to have improved the sanitary condition of these institutions.

Failures.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The business failures throughout the country the last seven days, reported by R. G. Dunn & Co., are 272, of which 216 are in the United States, and fifty-six in Canada. The increase for the United States is twenty-three and for Canada fourteen, as compared with last week. Failures are on the increase in the Middle and Pacific States especially, and in Canada, where the figures are higher than have been reported for years.

Moonshiners' Revenge.

RICHMOND, VA., March 8.—It is reported that the moonshiners hanged an Internal Revenue informer in Floyd County. As Floyd is far from the railroad or telegraph it is impossible to verify the story.

Hanged.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA., March 8.—Noah Jackson, a negro, was hanged for the murder of his fifteen-year-old wife last July. The execution was witnessed by two thousand people. Jealousy was the cause of the crime.

Dean Murray.

PRINCETON, N. J., March 8.—Dean Murray, at the close of a lecture to the Seniors of Princeton College, stigmatized the charge against him as utterly baseless. The feeling is still strong.

If the politicians again attempt to spring the tariff question, they should be referred to the Second Kansas district.

BETHANY COLLEGE, Topeka, will be soon considerably enlarged. Kansas schools are flourishing, like everything else.

MARY CLEMMER, the gifted Washington correspondent of the Independent, says that the American House of Representatives is a finer body of men than the English House of Commons. Mr. Finston will not dishonor the body, notwithstanding the little sneers of Tom Fenton and Joe Waters.

THE Protestant nations are the ones that now exhibit the greatest vitality. The Mohammedan nations have long been in the decline. The Roman Catholic nations are following them. Russia, the representative of the Greek Churches, next to the Protestant nations in power and influence, and with age, and a growth of liberal ideas, may yet rival England in its advance upon the heathenism of the East.

COMING TO KANSAS.

A correspondent writing from Grayson county, Kentucky, says:

"I think it probable I can send you some yearly subscribers before long. There is great excitement in this county, and there are several of my friends and acquaintances preparing to remove to Kansas this spring, and some are ready to start now and others will leave in April."

We are receiving many such letters as the above, many more we venture to say than any other publisher in this city. We call the attention of our real estate men to this fact, and any of them who are using our columns for advertising purposes can have many names of writers of similar letters by calling at our office.

FREE TRADE'S BLACK EYE.

The result of Saturday's election ought to be a squelcher to the free trade nonsense. It was a very weak policy to spring the question at all. It was not a vital question. It was not one in which principle entered, nor was it one of national policy. It was one that by common consent, with here and there an exception, is held in abeyance.

But Mr. Riggs, and his friends saw fit to make it a local issue. In doing this they followed the parting advice of Horace Greeley. The result is of national importance. Mr. Haskell became very prominent as a leader on the side of protection. He won his last election, in a contest with N. F. Acers on that issue The question had been discussed thoroughly and ably. The people of the district understood it as well as in any district in the United States. They are intelligent and thoughtful. It is purely an agricultural district. One, more favorable to the free trade side could not be found in all the land.

Now, in the face of all this, there has never been such a victory in the state as this one. It now looks as if the people had made up their minds, once for all, to speak on this question so there could be no misunderstanding the popular will. That voice will go thundering over the nation, and its influence be felt in every corner of the country. If free trade is so beaten in the Second Kansas District, as not to present a recognizable form, where can it expect to be endorsed? It is not likely to put up its head again in Kansas.

Messrs. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.—Enclosed please find money for four bottles of Cream Balm. I tried it on a man who could not smell at all. After using your balm for six days could smell everything.—J. C. MATHEWS, Salem, N. C. (Price 50 cents.)

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

A great deal of gilt thread is found in spring laces, embroideries and braids.

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PLAIN TRUTHS

The Blood is the foundation of Life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only* sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache, or constipation, and is pure [illegible]

[illegible]more, Md.
[illegible]s. 12, 1880.
[illegible]recommende[illegible] Brown's [illegible]ine and re[illegible]ghter, whom [illegible]convinced was [illegible] Consumption. [illegible]daughters by the [illegible]ver the care o[illegible] I was loth to [illegible]thing could arres[illegible] of the disease, but, a[illegible]rprise, before my daugh[illegible] a one bottle of BROWN'S [illegible] BITTERS, she began to mend [illegible] quite restored to former [illegible] A fifth daughter began t[illegible] same signs of Consumption, an[illegible] physician was consulted, [illegible] said "Tonics were re[illegible]," and when informed that [illegible]ther sister was taking BROWN'S [illegible] BITTERS, responded "that is [illegible] what I will take it."
ABORAM PHELPS.

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