NO. 10

THE SPIRIT OF KARSAS.

Kansas News Co. Subscription: One Dollara Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.

The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies.

Advertising for the whole list received at lower rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards. of four lines, or less, [25 words] with Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than three months.

Last Friday's rain put the crops in good condition.

The northern part of the city of So-fia was wrecked by a hurricane.

Special sale of trimmed hats and flowers this week at Trade Palace, 631 Kan. Aye. Topeka. Mme Marmont.

The May festival in St Paul was closed Saturday by the sheriff. The attendance was so poor that the expenses could not be met,

While playing pool at Severance Saturday night, Neal Heeney, a prom-inent citizen, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

Winchester is said to have the smallest woman in Kansas,—Miss Lena Wilhelm, age 35, weight 52 pounds, heiget 47 inches.

"A man" and his wife or best girl can go to St. Louis via the Rock Is-land for a five dollar bill, a half eagle or five silver dollars.

An Atchison paper states that Miss Nellie Legate, of the secretary of state's office, is likely to be deputy postmaster of Leavenworth.

The Lawrence canning factory expect to put up a million quarts of strawberries this season. B F Smith one of the largest growers, picked 5000 quarts one day this week.

Without attempting any further criticism we can say there was certainly music in the air after Barabini took his Topeka opera company to Lawrence.

Prof L I Blake, professor of astronomy and physics of the state university, has been offered the same chair at Amherst, at nearly double the salary he is now receiving.

Frank Ames, a young school tescher living near Wichitz, left home last Monday and has not been seen since. He is thought to have been murdered. He had been married only three

While attending the Decoration day ceremonies at the national cemetery at Ft. Leavenworth, Geo. Peeb, an engineer at the Home coal mine, was bitten by a rattlesnake and it is thought he will die.

Thomas H Tracy, who last January stole a team of horses from the state deaf and dumb institution at Olathe, was captured at Marshall, Mo. The team was recovered. Tracy is a noted horsethief.

At Coldwater, Saturday, the pre-liminary examination of S W Miles for the murder of Dr G W Prichard showed that Prichard was the aggressor. Miles was bound over to the district court, but it is now thought he will be acquitted.

It is stated on reliable authority that the survey of the Topeka, West-moreland & Marysville railroad baving been completed, active construc-tion work will be commenced June 25, and that the line will be ready for operation within sixty days. This is the limit within which it is necessary to have trains running in order to secure the bonds voted in aid of the road. One of the latest improved track laying machines is now in the North Topeka railroad yards, probably for use on the new line.

The wife of John Moore, a prominent Marion county farmer, was bru-tally beaten and left insensible in the hog pen by the hired man wbil. ber husband was absent. She is still alive but in a critical condition. The man made his escape.

The conductors on the Chicago division of the Santa Fe railway now make the longest continuous run of any conductors running out of Kansas City, going between the two cities on one regular run. Before the change in time on the Santa Fe, conductors were relieved at Fort Madison and other division headquarters.

At the late state Sunday School districts. Leavenworth, Atchison, Wyandotte and Jefferson countries form one of these districts. Isaac Maris of Nortonville, is vice-president and will give required information when asked. J M Vanatta, also of Nortonville, was appointed a delegate to the International Convention to be held in Pittsburg June 24-26.

PERRY.

John B Robinson's pension has peen increased.

A B Brown has a fine field of wheat north east of town.

A B Brown built side walks along his premises this week.

Strawberries were sold last Saturday for a dollar per crate of two dozen boxes.

Hon Val Brown and W I Walters of Thompsonville, were in Perry Monday.

Miss Blanche Sargent of Joplin,

Mo. 18 visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Flagg

Miss Ella Zimmerman returned from Topeka last Wednesday moruing.-Nortonville News.

Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Miss Capitola Pendroy of Perryville is in the city making preparations to teach music —Topeka Capital.

The ME church ladies give a strawberry and ice cream social at the church Saturday evening. All are cordially invited.

Walter Kunkle's little boy was miss ing Saturday evening. A number of persons joined in the search and finally found him asleep in the wagon,

F M Schell and wife are visiting friends in Pennsylvania, having taken advantage of the cheap rates. In the meantime Matt Young runs the elevator and buy chickens, eggs, etc.

Mesdames W A Whitley and HO McGill are visiting friends at Colorado Springs, Colo. Billy Whitley is baching and longing for their return, while McGill is traveling, happy s a clam.

Bitter Brown has been keeping bachelor's hall for a week, because his wife is away on a visit. He say he can worry through by eating one meal a day at the hotel. He washes his dishes once a day.

Wm Goepfert's friends have been a little anxious about him for some time because of his loss of appetite but his capacity for ice cream as illustrated last Saturday evening, has sat isfied them that he is all right again.

Some members of Perry R D Lodge No 100 1 O O F are making arrange-ments to visit Lawrence No. 4 on Friday evening, June 13. The Lawrence lodge will confer the degree on a number of ladies from Leavenworth on that evening.

Hope Lodge No. 45, IOOF, elected the following officers Saturday evening: I S Elswick, N G; J W Rouse, V G; H W Spangler, secretary; James Durbin, treasurer; Wm Goepfert, representative to Grand Lodge; L E Merritt, alternative; and H W Spangler, D D G M.

"Boom, Kansas, Boom."

Never in the history of our state has organized effort to induce immigration had a brighter prospect of success than this year. The Nation-al Encampment of the Grand Army always attracts thousands of visitors, and the one to be held at Boston, Mass, August 12 to 16 will be more largely attended by eastern people than any held for years.

It is industrious e istern people and idle eastern money that we want.

The committee appointed to secur the Encampment in Kausas for 1892 has widened its scope and embraces the opportunity of making a gigantic display of Kansas products. In cornection with the display, the commit-Convention the state was divided into tee will distribute millions of circulars for business men of the state.

We believe every business man should lay aside local jealousies, take a double dose of local pride, and de-vote an hour or two of his time, a dollar or two of his money, and four or five thousand circulars to this great

undertaking.
Major William Sims, State Treasurer and former Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and Hon. Marcin Mobler, present Secretary, are actively engaged in making a collection of field and orchard products, and other men have been engaged on specialties.

An immense hall has been secured in Boston for the display, and Prof. Worrall, the renowned display artist, has been engaged to arrange the ex hibit

Fellow-citizens, pitch in and raise omething; raise anything that will add dignity, grace, beauty or interest to the exhibit and create an interest u our locality.

This exhibit, together with the great Kansas camp fire, at Music Hall, in Boston, August 12, will be the principal attraction, and such another opportunity to advertise Kansas at so A Sunday school address will be little expense will not occur again for delivered at the Baptist church next years. Don't wait for a rersonal invitation, but tender your services or your ducats at once to the committee, of which T. J. Anderson is chairman, S. M. Lanham secretary, and Governor L. U. Humphrey treasurer. Send your products to Maj. Wm. Sims, Topeka.

Warked Interest

is now shown by eastern people in the settlement of Oregon and Washington, particularly that region adjacent to Puget Sound. The reason for this is the almost unlimited resources that have lately been opened up, and the surprising growth of Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and other cities and towns along Puget Sound.

The Union Pacific on account of its Fast Time, Short Line, Through Pullman Fast Time, Short Line, Through-Pullman Palace Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Elegant Dining Cars, and Free Pullman Colonist Sleepers, from the Missouri river, is the favorite route to this region, and tickets via this line should always be asked for.

For complete information relative to this remarkable section, time of trains, rates, pamphlets, etc. call on your near est ticket agent or address the undersigned,

signed, R. E. HAYNES,

H. B. HARRINGTON, Topeka, Kansus. Or E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. Agt.,

Ottawa Chautauqua.

The twelfth annual session of Ottawa The twelfth annual session of Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly will be held at Forest Park, Ottawa, Kansas, June 17 to 27 inclusive. The Santa Fe route makes an open rate from this town on that occasion of ONE FARE for round trip, Tickets on sale June 16 to 27, good to return June 28. Grand Army day, June 27, is the great day, et the Assembly. Ex turn June 28. Grand Army day, June 27, is the great day of the Assembly. Ex President Hayes, Gen. Alger, Hon. Wu. Warner, Gov. Humphrey, Hon. Ira F. Collins and Hon. Geo T. Anthony have promised to deliver addresses.

Lectures will be given on other days by Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D. and Rev. Geo, C. Lorimer, of Chicago, Col. Geo. W. Bain of Kentucky, Prof. W. D. McClintock and Dr. Price.

AND OF FLOWERS! **DOUSSAN'S**

In 1 os. Sprinkler-Top Bo EACH 65 CENTS.

ALSO OUR EXTRA FINE SPECIAL/TIES SPRING MIST I B DES INCAS I **MEVADA 1** LUNEAS ! IMPERIAL PINK! ROUSSEL ROSE EDEN BOUQUET! LILY OF THE VALLEY!

All 50 cents per bottle. PICCIOLA The most delicate and most lasting odors made. Our trade-mark patented on every label. "Delicate as a cobweb, Lasting as the hills."

EF If your druggist don't keep them send mount to us and we will forward prepaid. BOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO. 66 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

Kansas Chautauqua Assembly.

The above Assembly meets at Topeka

Kansas, June 24th and continues until July 5th, 1890. For this meeting a rate of one fare for the round trip has been made by the Union Pacific System from points on its lines within 150 miles of Topeka. Tickets will be on sale from June 24th to June 150 miles of Topeka. by 4th inclusive, return limit July 6th, they will also be on sale from all points in Kansas, at the rate of one fare for the round trip on June 24th, 25th and July 2nd, return limit July 6th.

LECOMPTON.

Mrs Maggie Walker of Lawrence ame up to visit at. Mr Stauffer's on

Sunday. Berre Barber of Lawrence, is visit ing J C Vincent, a few miles south of

W R Munger spent a part of the week with his parents at Carbondale, returning Tuesday.

Tom Whittaker, of the firm of Whittaker Bros. Topeka, was in town on business last week

The band boys met with complete success at their recent strawberry and ice cream festival.

Jerry Dummer of Kansas City, was in town last Sunday, visiting his brother a few miles west of town. Lecompton has the largest class at

the Festival Chorus at Topeka of any of the visiting classes. Mr Bainter and wife of Topeka, pent a part of the week with friends.

They returned home Tuesday. The Santa Fe issued a new time eard last Sunday. It is so arranged

that our citizens can spend nearly all day in Tcpeka. Jas Stone has purchased the Piper property recently occupied by Mr Ponden, who will take up his abode in

the small echool bonse. Prof. R A Hampshire of La Crgne. is visiting at Wm Loamer's He axnects to remain till after the close of the all aue term.

Prof A F Paya showed as some vary fine crayon work that he has just completed for a man in Topeka. professor is fast coming to the front as a portrait painter. His work ad-vertises itself wherever seen.

Marshal Himes arrested a peddler who was charged with violating the ordinance in regard to selling without license The man was brought before Judge Ferris, but upon bearing the charges and the man's story, he was released.

Lectures will be given on other days by Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D. and Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, of Chicago, Col. Geo. W. Bain of Kentucky, Prof. W. D. McClintock and Dr. Price.

Inquire of local agent Santa-Fe route, for further particulars regarding train service, etc.

A play entitled "Above the Clouds" was given by the Calliopean and Athenian interary societies on Thursday, May 29 Those participating were Messrs Jacoby, Louderback, Ingham, Critos, Banks, Franklin and Iliff, and Misses Carpenter, Edmonds, Fiddock and Abbott. A play entitled "Above the Clouds"



TANK HEALES TO ALL CATTLE FEEDERS.

Stockmen who have used this Heater say they would not do without them at any price. Sectional view below shows how the flame and smoke is carried around under the bottom, giving great heating surface. No sparks leave the heater. One firing will last from 5 to 7 days. Any boy can operate. No progressive farmer can afford to be without one. Investigate and you will surely buy one.



COSTS FROM 20 TO 50 PER DAY. 4 SIZES. O. P. BENJAMIN & BRO.; LAFAVETTE, IND.

-YCUR-

NICELY FRAMED IN BRONZE OR GILT. Plush Border. Size, 24 x 28 inches.

For \$3.00 As fine as any Artist will sell for \$10.00.

(ALMOST ANY DEALER CAN SHOW YOU ONE.) BY SAVING 25 COUPONS OF

JNLY COSTS 55. PER PACKAGE. One Coupon in Every Package, Unewcelled in Quality and Quantity.

Ask Your GROCER FOR IL.

If he does not have it write to us and we will see that you get it. WARREN PROVOST & CO., 26-30 Humboldt St., - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Auchtung Turn-Vereins, For the meeting of the Turn Verein

THE school book trust is another of those infamous raids on the people against which there is a growing revolt all over this country.

It is a well known fact in science that the eyes are more the epitome of the man than all other features that may help to suggest character.

Two of the dangers which threaten our government to-day is centralization and paternalism, either of which if given absolute control will destroy the American Republic.

A CHICAGO student of society says "men dress to please women, and the latter, dear creatures, array themselves gorgeously that other women may be a prey to envy."

THE government has not a dollar except what it collects by some kind of a tax. The various modes of collection are given different names, but the fact remains nevertheless.

BERLIN has got far enough along in civilization to discriminate in regard to its criminal classes. It provides in its prisons for seven different orders of criminals. There is an order in

THE striving to be eloquent, to say something that sounds well, has often led public speakers to say ridiculous things. The cool analytical listener is never deceived into taking sound for sense.

A CALIFORNIAN who has been twice divorced from his wife has again remarried her. There's where the beauty and adaptability of our divorce laws come in. They allow a couple whose association becomes wearisome, but who, after all, really love each other, to take an occasional vacation.

WEALTH may not be worth the cost of getting, but the fickle goddess cannot be wooed by the individual who is here to-day and elsewhere to-morrow, whose mind is without balance, whose body represents unrest. A fixed purpose, a concentrated effort, a determination to win, are important factors in the pursuit of gain.

KATE FIELD's Washington says that the phrase old maid is absolute, and that the person formerly described by it has become as rare as the American bison. Kate is no bison, but she must look with a degree of sympathy across the rapidly civilizing prairies to where the exterminated animal which she chooses as a figure at one time roamed in vast herds.

Y-FIVE per cent. of the suc cesses in business, manufacturing or mechanical pursuits, is the result of concentrated effort. A cannon ball will destroy more masonry than scattering musket shot. A flood will undermine mere river banks than the drops of a summer shower. Concentration of brain or muscle will produce more important results than occasional bursts of thought or action.

As REGARDS the amount of sleep, every man must be a law unto himself. If one can preserve good health and full intellectual or physical activity by six hours of sleep there is no good reason for trying to sleep a longer time. Every one should take care that short sleep has not resulted from a long-continued bad habit; the system should have every opportunity to get the amount of sleep that seems to be necessary for it.

BRAKEMEN are, by official orders, generally stationed at the steps of trains to ask passengers where they are going. It is a good scheme, and the company should be praised for such an arrangement, but there are travelers who seem determined to resent any imputation that they do not know all about where they are going and all about the trains to take them there, and will answer such questions as the brakemen put with overbearing insolence.

THERE is a species of acacia which is commonly called the angry tree. When the sun sets the leaves fold up and the twigs coil tightly. If the shoots are handled the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this queer plant is removed from one pot to another it seems angry, and the leaves stand out in all directions like quills on a porcupine. A pungent and sickening odor, said to resemble that given off by rattlesnakes when annoyed, fills the air, and it is only after an hour or so that the leaves fold in the natural way. Virginia, Nev., has one of these trees, brought from Aus-

SQUEEMS GOT KICKED.

TROUBLES OF A CONSCIENTIOUS PHRENOLOGIST.

Because He Correctly Diagnosed Bumps On a Customer's Head He Was Walked On and Kicked Out.

What it was that induced Hiram Squeems to take up with phrenology as a profession nobody ever knew with that degree of positiveness which amounts to a certainty. Perhaps his failure in everything else had as much to do with it as anything. Really, there was little left for him to go into.

The great trouble with Professor Squeems-everybody called him professor, no matter what business he was in -was his conscience. He has constant rushes of conscience to the head. If he could have strangled that inelastic, abnormally large conscience of his he would undoubtedly have been a successful man, as the world goes. And it was this heavy-weight, hair-spring conscience was always getting him into some mess that left him even poorer than before.

At last he studied phrenology to a finish and hung out his shingle as a phren-

ologist. "The trouble with most phrenologists is," remarked Professor Squeems confidingly to a friend, "that they are unscrupulous charlatans. They wrong their patrons by giving them the most flattering diagnoses of their bumped heads. Such deception, while temporarily flattering, is harmful in the end. Now, suppose I tell a young man, just to please him, that he has concealed somewhere about his person a voice like Nicolini's at its prime. What is the result? The young man goes to Europe, trains his voice and comes back with a musical education and a voice-

voice that wouldn't earn a dollar a week yelling 'fish' up a dark alley.

"I shall differ from other phrenologists inasmuch I shall tell the truth and shame the devil—if he favors me with a

At last Professor Squeems has a customer. The phrenologist greets him with the gentle effusiveness that is innate with him. The customer is a benevolent looking gentleman, well dressed and smooth mannered. And what a



"HOW MUCH IS YOUR FEE?"

head for a phrenologist! A head with

such bumps that it seem to have gone to seed like an old potato.

The professor was charmed with his subject. "Sit right down in my examination chair, my bald-headed friend, and I will tell you all about yourself," he said to his celler.

and I will tell you all about yourself,"
he said to his caller.
"How much is your fee?" inquired
the stranger, cautiously.
"Two dollars for a verbal diagnosis
with a printed blank filled in with the
main points, but you don't need to pay
until after the examination, and then only if you are satisfied."

The terms were not to be found fault with, and the customer filled the chair. The professor passed his fingers over the customer's head like a barbe the motions preliminary to a dry sham

'Ahem!" remarked the professor, in quiringly. "Did I get your name?"
"Awks is my name—John S. Awks."
"Well, Mr. Awks, I will now proceed



"THIS IS YOUR BUMP OF IMITATION." to make a careful examination of your cranium and truthfully tell you the re-

"Go ahead, that's what I'm here for."
"This is your bump of conjugal leve, or, rather, where the bump should be," said the professor, tenderly caressiag sedepression back of Mr. Awks' ear. "Its utter absence shows that you should never marry. If you do you will surely end your days on the gallows for wife murder. The bump over your ear, that

homicidally inclined. Self-esteem is so strongly developed that I should advise you to see a surgeon and have the bump amputated. Benevolence is conspicuamputated. Benevolence is conspicu-ous only by its absence. Your bump of locality is represented only by a cavity, and I should advise you to engage a guide even when wandering about your own house. The bump of continuity in your case betokens only a capacity for



MR. AWKS' VIGOROUS DISAPPROVAL getting on what is technically known as a continuous jag. As for tune, why you couldn't play a hand organ after a years's instruction. You are so deficient in judging form that it would be impossible, after the draw, for you to distinguish the difference between a Dutch flush and an ace full on deuces.

"Your bump of acquisition looks like

"Your bump of acquisition fooks fixe the half of an orange. Combativeness is finely developed and if you only had a little courage you would make an excellent third-rate prize fighter. That is the only pursuit for which you seem fitted unless—" * * *

fitted unless——" * * *

As Mr. Awks gave the poor professor of phrenology a final kick, which sent him spinning under a table, the angry customer observed quietly: "I didn't mind being insulted by that quack, but I object to that massage treatment about my lack of courage."—Charles Lederer, in Chicago Herald.

OLD-TIME REPORTERS. The Getter Up of News of Nearly 300 Years
Ago.

Liberty is much indebted to the press So, we regret to say, is license. From the time that newspapers first shed their pleasant light upon a theretofore newsless world, the manufacturers of those luminaries appear to have been somewhat given to—suppose we say distention of the truth. As a member of the guild we put it mildly.

Glancing over the pages of "rare

Ben Jonson" the other day, we noted in his "Staple of News," which was first put upon the stage in 1625, the following hard hit at the "able editors" of Pennyboy, junior-Why, methinks, sir, if the

honest, common people
Will be abused, why should they not have
that placeure that pleasure.
In the belief that lies are made for them,
As you in office, making them yourselves.
Fitton—Oh, sir! it is the printing we oppose.
Oymbal—We not forbid that any news be

made, But that it be printed; for, when news is It leaves, sir, to be news; while 'tis but writ-

Fitton—Though it be ne'er so false it runs news still. The "Pennyboys" (newsboys) of this

paper press" in his day. Two hundred and sixty-four years ago, he particularized the labors of a gentleman in that line of life as follows: "Factor for news for all the shires of

England, I do write my thousand letters a week ordinary [rather extraordinary, we should say], sometimes one thousand two hundred [whew!) and maintain the business at some charge, both to hold up my reputation with mine own ministers in town and my friends of correspondence in the country. I have friends of all ranks and of all religions, for which I keep an answering catalogue of dispatch, wherein I have my Puritan news, my Protestant news, and my Pontificial news."

It is astonishing how (newspaper) history repeats itself. Much of what the old dramatist has said in his plays about the "News Letters" of the early part of the seventeenth century would fit a great many of the dailies and weeklies of the nineteenth.

The newspaper interest appears—to It had no inbeen "born a veteran." It had no in-fancy, but sprang into being perfect, like Pallas from the brain of Jove. So far as principle is considered, in what does it differ to-day from its picture as we find it drawn by the masterhand of Shakspeare's contemporary? No "news writer" of Queen Elizabeth's time could have outfibbed the lightning telegraph; no puffer of the Globe Theater could have flattered Burbage and his compeers more unctuously than our "dramatic critics" sometimes flatter the stars, nay even the rush-light, of the modern stage.—N. Y.

Tardy Wit.

A bright little man sat bemoaning his fate Of the wit that is tardy and sparkles too late; Of the keen repartee that is strictly one's own But comes into view when occasion has flown On, the ideas, opposite, bright and sublime, That travel like stage-coaches never on time—So sluggish in movement, so slow in the race That a new topic renders them quite out of place.

place.
So the bright little man, with a serious look,
Remarked to himself as he opened the book;
"Of regrets that annoy a humorist's head
Tho saddest is this: It might have been said!"

—J. A. Macon in the Century.

A Social Distinction.

"Cross his name off the list. His father was a tailor." "You are mistaken. His father was the clothier." "O. well, that's different. We'll ask

AN OLD MARTINET.

A Description of the Crow's Military Drill
Preparatory to Migration.

Night after night I watched the crows, until at last it became certain that the old crow, with the stentorian lungs, was in absolute command and had his fores wall under control had his forces well under control. After about a week more of training, they began to show undoubted signs of excellent discipline. At the command of the leader, a flock of a dozen or more took wing and described a much larger circle than ever before. Until they were about two hundred feet from the rest, comparative silence reigned among the remaining host; but then, suddenly, came several loud, sharp tones from the leader, and about as many more left the trees. This time the new division separated into two equal bodies, and flew off at right angles for a short distance. Then, in response to another caw, they turned in the same direction as the advanceguard, who were now some distance away. After a few moments had elapsed, the word of command was again given, and all the crows arose in a body and followed the lead of the advance-guard, the old chieftain being well to the front; but I noticed that he did not fly as fast as the main body, and they gradually passed him. "Now," I thought, "he may be the crow with the most acute brain, but he certainly lacks the strength of wing to keep to the front,"—for by this time he was among the stragglers bringing up the rear. But before long the air again resounded with the hoarse "Caw! resounded with the hoarse "Caw! Caw!" and immediately the apparently abandoned trees sent forth a very creditable rear-guard. These last crows rose and scattered themselves into open skirmishing order.

Then the General at once proved to me I had been very foelish in drawing hasty conclusions concerning his wing power, for he at once forged ahead, power, for he at once forged ahead, plowing his way rapidly, until he reached the main body and took a leading position. By this time the advance-guard had completed their circles preparatory to alighting upon their old perches; but the vigilant eye of their leader detected this attempt, of their leader detected this attempt, and a caw of command sent them forth to duty again. The old fellow was a perfect old martinet, so far as drill was concerned. Up to this time he had taken things somewhat easily, as it had been only company drill; but now it was the all-important battalion drill and therefore there was no shirkdrill, and therefore there was no shirk-

ing allowed.

The word to halt was soon given. however, and each detachment, perched upon its camping trees, awaited or-ders. As it was perfectly understood that after drill they were to "roost at ease," a terrible cawing commenced. It seemed that each crow meant to let them all understand that he was the best-drilled bird in the brigade.

The following evening, when the reiment received the order to march, there was no sign of their halting in their flight, but, after scurrying around the circle once or twice, at a sign from the leader some of them left the main body and flew ahead till they reached the advance-guard and the right and our day and generation could scarcely talk more to that point than Jonson's youthful newsvender. Jonson has favored us with a pretty full description of the duties of "a writer for the newspaper prace" in his day. Two handred that the General not only intended to that the General not only intended to guard his army, but also had arranged to relieve those who were sent out upon this special duty. In fact, no hu-man general could have thought out all probable contingencies and prepared for them better than did this 'old black crow."

Next morning, after waiting for some time, the voice of the General sounded forth the order to march. The advance-guard at once arose with their usual "Gaw!" and then in silence started due south, flying on a horizontal plane only a few feet higher than the trees they had left. At the word, the other guards flew out as right and left wings, but maintaining the same height in the air as the pion eers;—in fact, all appeared as if mov-ing along an invisible railroad track. As soon as the advance parties had taken their posts, the General gave the signal starting the main army in mo-

Before long they became a gray cloud in the distance, and then melted out of sight in the glowing southern sky.—Agnes Frazer Sandham, in St. Nicholas.

A Buddhist Marriage.

A missionary describes a marriage ceremony which he witnessed in the palace of the governor of Cambodia, as

"I was ushered, amid a tremendous din of gongs, into a large room beyond the reception hall, where were seated the governor and about a hundred no-blemen and invited guests. The bridegroom, a young man about twenty years of age, elegantly attired in silk garments, was also there.

garments, was also there.

"By the time we foreigners were seated, a procession—headed by the bride, supported on either side by demure-looking matrons, composed principally of aged or married women, all elegantly attired—entered and slowly marched toward the governor.

The bride was not particularly interesting as regards personal charms; she was young, however, and dressed richly and in good taste. Beside her silk dress she wore a gold-embroidered scarf upon her shoulders; also gold rings upon her fingers, bracelets upon her wrists and armlets above the elbows.

floor, but not looking toward each other; in fact, throughout the entire cere-mony they both were perfectly impassive and nonchalant.

The marriage ceremony proper now began. A number of wax candles were brought in a salver, and then lighted by one of the nobles. The silver waiter was then passed round before the company eight times, each one in turn saluting the couple and wishing them good fortune by waving or blowing the smoke toward them, thus expressing something like the old English custom of throwing the slipper after a newly married couple—the band of string in-Two large velvet cushions having been previously placed before the the bride and bridegroom, and upon them a large sword, the leader of the theatricals now came forward and went through, for a few moments, a most fantastical sword exercise. Dishes had been placed before the couple upon the floor, with covers upon them. Noth-

ing, however, was eaten.

Next the hands of the expectant couple were bound together, and to each other, with silken threads, by the women attendants, probably some near relatives. Thus were they truly joined in buddhist wedlock. And this completed the simple, yet effective, ceremony.

Stanley's Eyes.

The marvelous influence which Stanley exercised, not only over his Zanzi-bari followers, but also over all the nabari followers, but also over at the hattives with whom he was brought into contact during his transafrican expedition, is attributed by his European companions to the peculiar expression of his eyes, says the N. Y. Tribune.

One of the latter describes them as follower. lows: "He first looks at the natives as if he were going to eat them, and then, when they give in and do what he wants, he looks as if he had done so and was grateful to them for the meal. His eyes are stated to frequently dis-play that strange, far-away light which constituted the most striking characteristic of the late Gen. Gordon's personal appearance. Gordon, like Stanley, seemed to possess a kind of supernatural influence over the natives of Africa, who regarded the puny and delicate-looking little general with the same awe as they manifest toward

Stanley's present visit to Cairo recalls the fact that the first time he passed through the Egyptian metropolis was in 1868, when on his way to join the British expedition to Abyssinia. On that occasion England spent a sum of £8,000,000 to effect the rescue of eight persons from the cruel hands of King Theodore. Stanley now returns after a lapse of twenty-two eventful years to the banks of the Nile with the proud consciousness of having rescued 300 persons at a cost to England of £30,000. Stanley's reception on his arrival at Cairo was more magnificent and enthusiastic than any that have ever been accorded to the crowned heads, special ambassadors, or victorthe khedive's capital during the last thirty years. The most characteristic feature of the scene, however, seems to have been the fact that, apparently unconcerned by the ovation with which he was greeted, Stanley's sole preoccupation was about the safety of his bag-

What A Lady Does Not Do.

There are several things always absent in a true lady, which girls will do well to notice and remember. A lady, for example, will never ignore

little kindnesses.

Conclude in a crowd that she has right to push her way through.

Consume the time of people who can

Wear on the street a dress only fitted to the house or carriage.

Talk loudly in public places.

Wear a torn glove, when a needle and thread and a few stitches would make it all right. Fail in answering letters or returning

visits, unless she is ill or in trouble.

Fret about the heat or the cold, the sun or the rain, the air, or the lack of it. Make an engagement and then not

be on time.

Complain of her family, or discuss personal affairs with strangers. Always believe the worst rather than the best side of a story.

A lady does not do any other than make the best of everything—the world, the weather and herself. She believes in the golden rule and endeavors as far as possible to live up to it; and that's what you and I ought te promise every morning that we will try and do during the day.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Proper Compensation.

Two Harvard youths, making a pe-destrian tour in the Scottish Highlands, destrian tour in the Scottish Highlands, were in the habit of stopping at small farm-houses and asking for milk, the charge for which was invariably a penny a glass. Calling one Sunday at a romantic-looking cottage in beautiful Glen Nevis, they were sourly received by the cotter's wife; and though the milk was supplied, the proffered two-pence was refused, with a solemn admonition as to the impropriety of such doings on such a day. The collegians were turning away with a courteous word of thanks, when the woman made her meaning clear. "Na, na!" she cried; "I'll no' tak' less than saxpence for br'akin' the Sawbath!"—Harper's Magazine.

A Scranton landlord has ordered all

A Scranton landlord has ordered all the girl waiters at the hotel to wear slippers, so they will make less noise while moving about.

THE SHAPELY SKIRT.

Mme. Goldschmidt is Trying to Get the Ladies to Wear It.

There is a subject under discussion in London that is of deep interest to women everywhere. It is the "no-mud" skirt, or the "sensible" skirt, as you prefer to call it. It has its advantages and its disadvantages. It keeps the skirt out of the mud, but it also makes a woman look shorter than she really is.

"It stands four inches off the ground," said Mme. Goldschmidt, of London, the founder of the Patent Shapely Skirt As-



sociation of London. "As the matter now is a woman has to carry four pounds of mud on her skirts or six pounds of dress in her hand. This does away with both. It is designed espe-icially for wet weath-The Pall Mall

Budget reporter who interviewed Mme. Goldschmidt in London failed to ask her whether any arrangements had been perfected for a quick change of skirts in

TURE. case a sudden rain came up, but perhaps booths might be arranged for this on the street corners. If not, it will be necessary for the ladies to consult the weather reports.
"Marie," one of them will ask, "what
does the Signal Service say of the weath

er to-day?'
''It says," the maid will reply, after consulting the paper, "'Clear and

"Bring out my short skirts and my seal-skin sacque," the mistress will re-ply. "I am going down-town." ply. "I am going down-town.

If they are only to be worn rainy days

ladies are in a serious predicament.
But, seriously speaking, will the innovation be popular? This question was

vation be popular? This question was put to a young society woman.

"Personally," she said, "I approve of it, but there is another way of finding out how others feel."

"What?"

"Ask them whether they have shapely ankles or not." The scheme, how-

ever, does present many advantages, and bids fair to be popular. Of course we have equinoctials and other similar and other similar things when a skirt

things when a skirt weighing several pounds is a good deal of trouble to carry around. Then, again, the street cleaning contract is let to men and not to women, and women object to doing the work of men, especially when not paid

It is somewhat of a question as to It is somewhat of a question as to whether this isn't a woman's rights movement to force recognition for the work women do. It may be that they have agreed to refrain from cleaning the crossings unless the contract has been awarded to them.

"But," is the question, "cannot a dress be arranged so that it can be pulled up in case of a sudden rain?"

Mme. Goldschmidt says it can. She says she has been putting tape into some

says she has been putting tape into some dresses so that the backs can be pulled up. But she admits herself that it has up. But she admits nersell that the disadvantage of being unable to be let down again until the woman gets into some secluded nook. Then, of yanking into some seculded now. Then, occurse, there is the danger of yanking the cord too hard. A system of blocks and pulleys might be arranged over the shoulders, where there is lots of room at present occupied by high shoulom at pro der-pieces. Here is a chance for an in-

Social Hypocrisy from a Texan Standpoint.



He-My dear madam, allow me to express my gratitude for your kind invita-[Aside: What an infernal bore this is.

She-I am delighted to see you once more, my dear doctor. I was afraid you might be prevented from coming by business. [Aside: The old fool he never declines an invitation. I was hoping he

would stay away.]

He—I am afraid, my dear madam,
that I trespass on your hospitality.
[Aside: If her husband wasn't rich and ickly six policemen couldn't shove me

She—But, doctor, you know you are heartily welcome. I hope you are well. [Aside: I wonder how long he is going to keep this up? He looks weak on his nine! into this house.]

-I am well. There is no necessity from a m well. There is no necessity for asking after your health. You are getting younger and more rosy every year. [Aside: It is really surprising how an old hag can rejuvenate herself with red paint and cotton batting]

with red paint and cotton batting]
She—O you flatterer! [Aside: I'll say that much for him; he knows a pret-

ty woman when he sees her.]

He—I never flatter. You know that.
[Aside: In my business a man must lie

some.]
She—I'll see you again at the supper table. [Aside: Perhaps he will take the hint and go.]
He—I shall be only too happy.
[Aside: I'd give \$10 if I could sneak away and go to the club.]—Texas Sift-

A SAILOR'S ROMANCE.

The city of Valparaiso is one of the most important upon the Pacific coast. Take them altogether the people of Chili show the most enterprise and seem the best adapted for Republican government of any in South America, yet the common people are of a dark revengeful nature, and few foreigners find favor in their eyes. But with the dark-eyed maidens of Chili it is different, and the Yankee sailors always like to run into "Valperaiser" for a cruise on shore, and a happy time they have

shore, and a nappy time saty more generally.

Ned Wilton landed from the brig Vesper, which had sprung a topmast and stove in her quarter in a storm on the South Pacific. It was a two weeks' job to refit, and, as Ned was a man to be trusted, the "old man" gave him is a storm on above. Ned wasn't much free run on shore. Ned wasn't much of a man to drink, and most of his time was spent in rambling about on the beautiful mountain slopes, getting acquainted with the dark eyed beauties of the city and country and enjoying himself generally. One day while exploring the country ten miles to the north and east of the city he was attracted by the sound of voices loud in dispute, and then came a woman's cry for help. Dashing through the bushes Ned came out in a little open space, where he saw a beautiful girl whom he struggling in the grasp of a dark look-ing Chilian, who, if he was not a villain, ought to have had a quarrel with his

face. "See here, my man," said Ned,

"you'd better drop, or you may chance to get yourself into trouble."
"That advice might be as well ap-plied to yourself, senor," replied the man, with a dark, savage frown. "If you will take my advice, given in the most friendly spirit, you will take yourself off and attend to any business your own which you may chance to have on hand. No man ever inter⁽⁷⁾ fered with Manuel Godena who did not

"I'll have to leave it to the young ly," said Ned, quietly. "If she says lady," said Ned, quietly. "If she says that I'm in the way, I'll walk off, as you say, but not before."

"No, no!" cried the girl. "Do not leave me alone with this man."
"That's all right," said Ned. "You

see that the senora claims my help, Manuel Godena, and I'll have to trouble you to get up and travel."

The man drew a knife and made

The man drew a knife and made a dash at him. Ned knocked it out of his hand and then gave him such a thrashing as he had never received in his life. Then, stripping him of his weapon, he kicked him industriously down the slope, for it riled him to have a man draw a knife.

The Chiling at lest took to his heals.

The Chilian at last took to his heels, and when once out of reach of Ned's No. 8 boot, turned and shook his hand

at him in a menacing manner.

'Hear me, Americano," he hissed.
'I vow to the saints not to take rest or sleep until I have revenge on you!"

Ned answered by a contemptuous

laugh, and whirling on his heel went back to the lady, who was trembling

"Let me escort you safely from this place," he said. "You are hardly safe here."

"Thanks, senor. That man is my cousin, and this morning he undertook to escort me to the house of my uncle, who has a cattle ranch over yonder. But when we reached this place he seized me and swore that he would carry me to the haunt of the bandit Rosas, and there keep me until I promised to marry him."

"He is a land pirate," said Ned, "and

leserves keel-hauling if ever

did." "I do not understand that, senor," said the girl, with a merry smile. "But I shall be your debtor forever if you will

go with me to my uncle's house."
"I am quite at your service," said
Ned, gallantly; "but I don't know the
way you wish to go."
"This way, senor."
She struck into the forest path, after
a glance at the manly face of the Yankee sailor. That glance was enough,
for it showed her that she was absofor it showed her that she was absolutely safe with him, no matter where she might choose to go. An hour's on the slope of the tablado before them they saw a fine ranch surrounded by

buildings sad corrals and cattle.

"This is the place, Senor Americano," she said. "Will you not come to the house and let my uncle thank

"I don't want any thanks for an act which no man could have refused to perform, but I will go in. Will you give me your name? Mine is Edward Wilton and I am second mate on the brig Vesper."
"And mine is Isola Mendez. I re-

member you, senor; I danced with you at the fandango at Valparaiso last week."

They entered the honse and were met by Senor Mendez, the uncle of Isola. He heard her story and thanked the young American warmly for the part he had performed. But Ned stopped him.

ped him.

"It annoys me to be thanked for so slight a service," said Ned. "Please do not say anything more about it."

"I will try and thank you in some other way, senor," said the ranchman, warmly. "Now, you must make a stay with me, if your business will allow it, and I will try and make it pleasant for you."

"I will have a week of liberty on shore. I accept your invitation with

shore. I accept your invitation with

pleasure, senor."

Three or four days passed pleasantly, the ranchero doing his best to invent new pleasures for the young American. Isola was a pleasant com-

panion, and Ned was very sorry when the time drew near for him to leave. The last day of his stay the two rode The last day of his stay the two rode out among the foothills, and it was plain to see that they were deeply in love. As they halted for a moment in a breezy canyon a dozen horsemen suddenly surrounded them. Ned made a desperate fight and shot one of his assailants and mortally wounded another before he was overpowered. It also adder of these mountain handits In the leader of these mountain bandits he recognized Manuel Godena. "I told you that I would not rest un-

til I had revenge, accursed Americano," he hissed. "Now, Isola."

But the girl, giving her horse the rein, broke suddenly through the ranks of the men who surrounded her, for they had not taken the trouble to secure her, and set off at a mad gallop, closely pursued by four or five of the But there was not a man in Chili who could ride with Isola Mendez, and as they passed out of sight all could see that she was likely to escape. A cry of rage burst from the lips of

Godena.
Now, ten thousand curses on the girl" he cried. "I meant that she should witness my punishment of her Yankee lover, but at least we have him secure. Place him against the rock there, with his hands and feet bound. Make him fast so that he can not fall

The men obeyed and Godena dismounted, with pistol in hand. Ned, held in his place by his bonds, looked him boldly in the face. Advancing a pace the miscreant aimed at him, changing his aim from time to time to distress the prisoner. But Ned did not give the slightest sign of fear. At last the pistol exploded and the ball tore through the fleshy part of his shoulder. The men obeyed and Godena dis-

shoulder. "One!" said Godena, producing an other pistol. "I am going to hit you on the other side."

Again he fired, and the other shoulder was torn by the ball. "You black hearted hound!" cried ery from me you are mistaken. Go on, savage, complete your bloody work."

Godena, with the grin of a fiend took two other pistols, from the hand of one of the men. Again he fired, intending to pierce the arm of the young sailor, but this time he missed.

"Poor practice," said Ned. "Try again, my dear fellow."

The fourth pistol creaked, and Ned.

The fourth pistol cracked, and Ned gave a start and shiver, for his left arm had been pierced. Godena was gave a start and shiver, for his left arm had been pierced. Godena was very angry, for in spite of the torture he had not been able to wring a groan from the gallant young man. Reloading his pistols carefully he stepped close to his prisoner, and again touched him with the muzzle of the cocked pistol

with the muzzle of the cocked pistol over the heart, upon the forehead, and every vital part, but he did not flinch.

"Why don't you end it, you cowardly dog?" cried Ned.

"I will end it," replied Godena, stepping back a single step: "Thus Manuel Godena avenges himself."

He raised the pistol in his right hand

He raised the pistol in his right hand to a level with the heart of the prisoner, and was about to pull the trigger when a rifle cracked on the mountain side above them and Manuel Godena, shot through the heart fell upon his face, dead. At the same time a score of stockmen and rawcheros chased down he canyon, and the bandits turned in flight, pursued by the herd riders led by Senor Mendez. Then Ned fainted from loss of blood, and when he came back to life his bonds had been removed and he lay upon the green sod, his head pillowed upon the knee of

Isola Mendez. "Do not move," she said softly. "Yo te ame! I love you).

Ned Wilton recovered from his wounds, but not soon enough to sail in the Vesper. Indeed, he never left Chili, and is now a rich ranchero, and the name of his wife was acceptable. the name of his wife was once Isola Mendez.

An Ancient Chess King,

Haply some Rajah first in ages gone
Amid his languid ladies fingered thee,
While a black nightingale, sun-swart as he
Sang his own wife, love's passionate orison;
Haply thou mayst have pleased old Prester
A John

John Among his pastures, when full royalty He sat in a tent—grave shepherds at his While lamps of balsam winked and glimmered

What dost thou here? Thy masters are all

dead.
My heart is full of ruth and yearning paid
At sight of thee, O King that hast a crown
Outlasting theirs, and tells of greatness fied
Through cloud hung nights of unabated rain
And murmur of the dark majestic town.
Jean Ingelow

14. Legends About the Robin.

A good many superstitious ideas are prevalent in different localities with reference to the robin, says the Scottish-American. In some parts of Scotland the song of this interesting little bird is held to augur no good for the sick person who hears it, and to those superstitiously inclined much anxiety is sometimes caused when its notes are heard near a house where any one happens to be ill. There is a legend conpens to be ill. There is a legend con-nected with the robin which I have somewhere seem It is said that far away there is a land of woe, darkness,

away there is a land of woe, darkness, spirits of evil and fire.

Day by day does this little bird bear in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame. So near the burning stream does he fly that his feathers are scorched, and hence he is named bronphuddu (burnt breast). There is also a legend which attributes this red breast to his beging tried to nluck a spike from the having tried to pluck a spike from the crown of thorns with which our Lord's head was encircled.

The census bill about to be intro-duced by the English government will provide that hereafter the census be taken every five years.

THE BOWSERS

Mr. Bowser's Delinquencies Related for the Hundredth Time—His Forget-fulness.

The other night I was taken with sort of pleurisy pain and I nudged Mr. Bowser and asked him to get up and mix me a mustard plaster. He lay on bowser and asked him to get up and mix me a mustard plaster. He lay on the broad of his back, hands locked under his neck, and was snoring as if hired to give a midnight performance on a fog-horn.

"Eh! Yes!" he growled as I nudged him.

him.

"Mr. Bowser, get up!" "Yum! Lemme 'lone!" "Mr. Bowser, I am in great pain?"
"Yes, I know."

Will you get up?"
"Whaz mazzer now?" he demanded as he tried to sit up in bed.
"I am threatened with pleurisy."
"Hey! Who is it?"
"I am threatened with pleurisy, and I

do wish you would get up and mix a mustard plaster for me."
"Bosh!" he growled, now fully awake.

You just lie quiet and the pain will go

He dropped back and began to snore again, but after ten minutes' hard work I got him out of bed. He sat on the edge staring blankly into vacancy, and ready to fall back any moment, and even while I was telling him that I might not live till morning he fell over, kicked himself under the clothes and went to sleep while I was pulling his

A night or two later, just after the bells struck 12, I dreamed that I was being chased by a locomotive. It gave an extra toot and awoke me, and I discovered that toot to be Mr. Bowser's

voice groaning:
"For the land's sake get up or I shall be a dead man!"
"What is it?"

"Terrible cramps in my stomach, I'm just tied in a knot."

just tied in a knot."

'Oh, it's only a passing pain," I replied, as I sought the pillow again.

'Lie still and it will soon go off."

'Lie still, thunder!" he yelled, as he got one leg out of bed. 'I tell you I shall be a corpse within an hour if I

don't get relief!"
"Well, you'll find the Jamaica ginger
on the sideboard. Take a big dose of it in wine."
"I'll never find it. Oh, heavens!

what a pain!" I wanted to get up, of course, but I was determined to pay him back in his own coin; I therefore apparently fell asleep, and, after banging around the room a few minutes, he went out. He was back again in three minutes, how-

ever, to exclaim: "Are you going to lie there and let me die like a sick horse?"

"But you didn't get up for me."
"I know it, but that was because I—

"I know it, but that was because I—
I—whoop! Blue blazes, but I know
I'm dying!"

I had to get up of course, and, of
course I had him relieved in a quarter
of an hour. Man-like he was frightened
to death at a pain which he would have
expected me to keep perfectly still

Mr. Bowser is also like all other husband's in another matter. We got started for the theater the other night, and I discovered that I had forgotten

my opera-glasses. He offered to run back for them, and I said:

"They are hanging in the bag on the gas-jet on the left-hand side of our dresser. You can't fail to find them."

Five minutes slipped away—then ten then I hurried back myself. He was seated is a chair in the hall, hat and overcoat off, and as I opened the door

he growled:
"Might as well take off your things?"

"But why?"
"We are not going to any theater this night."

this infernal house from top to bottom for those glasses and they are not to be found. We'll put in our evening trying to discover whether they are up in the garret or down in the vegetable-cellar."

"Mr. Bowser, I told you where those glasses were."

"They are not within forty rods of it."

"Come up-stairs."
"No use. If they are even in your room I'll buy you five million silk

"Come on." He followed after, and there hung the bag just where I had told him he would find it. I looked from one to the other, find it. I looked from one to the other, and Mr. Bowser finally said:

"I see how it is. You'll probably say you told me to look here instead of the spare bedroom dresser! Take off your things, Mrs. Bowser; we don't stir a foot outside to-night!"

One night when baby was sick I got Mr. Bowser out of bed to get the paragoric. After a great deal of yawning and growling he marched of downstairs, and for the fifth time I told him: "I remember to have placed it on

"I remember to have placed it on that bracket over the lounge."

I heard him thrashing around and knocking about in the sitting-room, rummaging in the pantry, and upsetting chairs in the kitchen, and after about ten minutes he appeared at the foot of the stairs and shouted:

"I've looked the consarned house all over and can't find it."

"I told you it was on the bracket."

"I know you did, but it isn't there."

"I told you it was on the bracket."
"I know you did, but it isn't there."
"Sure you have looked?"
"Do you take me for an idiot?"
"Well, I'll come down."
I went down, walked with him to the bracket, and there sat the bottle before

his eyes.
"But it wasn't there a minute ago,"
he protested. "I looked the bracket

over at least five times, and I know I'm not blind. Mrs. Bowser, there are some queer happenings about this house. I think it best that we sit down

and have some straight talk."

One day at noon he wanted me to tighten a button on his overcoat, and I sent him up to my room to get the box of thread and needles.

"You'll find it on the sill of the bay window, where I left it half an hour ago," I cautioned him as he went upstairs.

I heard him prancing around and slamming things about, and after seven or eight minutes I went up to ascertain the cause of delay.

He had pulled every bureau drawer

out, taken down most of the garments in the clothes press, and was then overhauling my jewelry case.
"I'd like to know if there was an

other woman like you in Detroit?" he exclaimed as I appeared. "You came up here for the thread box, didn't you?"

"Of course I did!"
"And I told you it was on the sill of the bay window."
"But it "" 'But it—''
I pointed it out for him, and after changing countenance and swallowing a lump he braced up and said:
'Mrs.Bowser, it is time to quit this

tom-foolery! You are too old for such girlish tricks. Next time you try to make a fool of me I'll ask you to select such furniture as you want and settle on the amount of alimony!"—Detroit Free Press.

One On Tennyson.

A few years ago some enthusiastic admirers of Tennyson gave a large dinner party in his honor, and invited all their choicest friends in the world Tennyson, who rarely accepts an invitation, did, for a wonder, put in an appearance on this occasion, but durant ing the first half of the dinner caused the greatest disappointment by remaining absolutely silent, and as if lost in the most profound reverie. The guests who expected to hang on words falling like pearls of thought from his lips, gazed somewhat wistfully upon him, when, rousing suddenly he ex-claimed in a loud, stentorian voices "I like my mutton cut in chunks!" It is likely that there was something of malice prepense in this burst of confidence, and that the poor man felt a not unnatural irritation at being gaped at and a corresponding desire to punish the offenders.

An anecdote told not long ago by his daughter-in-law is amusing, in that it shows how the greatest are not incapable of stooping to the little weaknesses. Some very dear friends of Tennyson, who had been spending some years in Persia, returned to London, and, anxious to renew old ties, wrote inviting him to their house. But Tennyson mistook the day, and arriving at the domicile, found the birds flown. Sitting down to write a note of ex-An anecdote told not long ago by his Sitting down to write a note of explanation, he had the misfortune to throw the contents of a well-filled inkbottle all over the beautiful new white Persian carpet. The maid-servant, in answer to his summons, appeared with

answer to his summons, appeared with a large jug of new milk which she poured over the offending ink-stain.

"I'll give you five shillings, my good girl, my very good girl," continued Tennyson, in much agitation, "if you will only get rid of that abominable ink-fewsor wester and mistress come before your master and mistress come

And together, on their hands and knees, poet and servant rubbed at the wretched carpet until not a spot remained. The girl carned her five shillings, and when a few weeks afterward, Tennyson went to dine with his winds, he had every reason to believe had ever that she told no tales. At any rate, his hestess displayed their gorgeous carpet without signs of consciousness. -San Francisco Wasp.

Kansas Philosophy.

Nothing grumbles so loud as a forced charity.
Tell a fib, if you must, but never write one.

Hanging hurts a guilty man as much as an innocent one. A fool can start a fire that the wisest man in the world cannot put out.

Familiarity should not breed contempt between man and wife.

There are two kinds of headache;

natural and acquired.

When some people get business they don't know what to do with it.

Some actors are so poor that they are

compelled to become stars. The genius of so many people is hidden under so much debris.

The trouble with men who go to the

devil is that they continue to stay with Man learns from every experience except an experience with a woman in

It is a sign you are getting old when you are invited to eat at the first table.

A man makes a grist of enemies by aspiring to things other men want. Most of us are compelled to wait for

our jewelry until we go to heaven.

The good die young, but it is the old, who live to be wicked, who improve the world.

Tell a bad story without names, and every one has an enemy to attribute it to.—Atchison Globe. A man in Sierra county, California, who killed a neighbor's steer to save his own family from starving, declined counsel, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to one year in the state prison.

Sophia Bennington, of Xenia, Ohio, has given birth to her twenty-fifth child. Her husband claims this beats

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SATURDAY, JUNE'7.

When any man announces himself for office, it ought to be enough to turn the people against him.

Those interested in the Kansas Chautauqua Assembly would do well to write to L. A. Rudisill, Topeka

The education season ends with this week in most of our schools and colleges, and the vacation season begins. The farmers are turning up the po-litical field very thoroughly and they ought to harvest a big crop in the

The senate is wrestling over the tariff bill and does not expect to get it off their hands before the middle

of August. The chief executive of this government should always be a man capable of being the president of the nation,

and not the leader of a party. Of course tariff is a tax, and there is no use trying to make anything else out of it. A tariff for revenue was the original republican idea on this

A London crank has been arrested for wanting to marry Queen Victoria. and writing that if she would accept he would be her most careful pro-

A tariff for protection was unknown in the original republican party and until within the last few years protective tariff was a fad of the old Whig party.

The farmers of Osage county have resolved to put a full farmers' ticket into the field. Some of the politicians are getting a little uneasy at the monotony of this sort of thing.

We are heartily glad to see that Gen. Robert E. Lee, though he made a mistake and fought on the wrong side, is coming to be recognized as one of the great and good men of this

A movement is on foot in England to buy the Congo Free State in Africa, a district containing 1,200,000 sq miles, and 30,000,000 population. The king of Belgium may make a big speculation by the sale.

In all decency Harrison Kelley should be renominated for Congress by the republicans. It does not follow that he will be re-elected in these times when everything political seems to to be stirred up with a long pole.

Sunday school associations have been organized in all the townships of Shawnee county. In fact this work of organizing is going on thor-oughly in about every county in the state, as advised by the late state con-

The original package experiment has been a good thing for prohibition. It has increased drunkenness, and shown up evil that has scarcely been known in Kansas for six or eight years. A reaction has resulted in favor of prohibition where it was before opposed.

The Topeka city council, or rather the mayor, who vetoed the ordinance declines to grant to the Missouri Pacific any more rights within the cap-ital city until it gives better service. So far, the mayor says, it has taken \$75,000, done no little damage to the streets and has been of no advantage

Judge F. G. Adams of the State Historical Society, had the misfor-tune to lose his house by fire last Friday night. Some members of the family were barely able to escape with their lives. The loss was about \$5000 with \$3000 insurance. Judge Adams has the sympathy of many friends in all parts of the state.

Willie Sells, son of W. A. Sells of the Chesterfield Hotel, and one of the well known Sells Bros., is organizing a railroad show of his own with the assistance of his father. Willie is a Topeka boy, and one of the most ac-complished riders in the country. The new show will have experience, money and tact at the back of it, and

With the new typesetting machines, faster presses, newspaper syndicates and a new race of journalistic aspirants, our daily papers are getting to be stupendous affairs,—a mixture of books, magazines, reviews, gazettes and coffee house gossip. The Sun-day morning daily now contains a mass of literary product vast in amount, infinite in variety and of ev-ery degree of merit. What the future of the American newspaper is to be it of Harper's Bazar published June 6th. is not easy to imagine. At this time it gusheth marvelously.

After leaving the Topeka liquor sellers in jail as long as the law would lent reading. An interesting description of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, by a soldier Foster Saturday afternoon, who reduced their bail from \$3,000 to \$500 each,

be narrowed one-half and the stream made to course through a respectable channel. with land at \$10,000 an acre, as it is held in Topeka, enough real estate could be added to the city to pay the cost, and leave a margin for speculation. Then the length of the bridge would be reduced, and another hundred thousand be saved when it comes to build a new one, besides saving a round sum every year in repairs. Above all, a street car, limited to a common walk, would get over during the forenoon.

Silver Anniversary of the Kansas State Sunday School Association.

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS, MAY 22-24, 1890

The first meeting at 3:30 was a thanksgiving service. At 4 p m a children's mass meeting was held, Rev. John A. Bright conducting the service, and he made the meeting one of unusual interest.

At 7:30 the convention proper met and devoted thirty minutes to a song which are of a remarkable and steadily-increasing excellence. The color studies throws his whole soul into his music as well as his heart into the cause of the color of the month are: "Convolvuli," exquisitely delicate in treatment, and an extra "Panel Study" of blackbirds—the second

as well as his heart into the cause.

The president introduced the mayor of the city, who welcomed the peo
Transi Study of blackbirds—the second of a set of three of the same kind. Subscription \$4. a year; single copies, 35 cts or of the city, who welcomed the people and delegates to the city. He said the first public building in the city was a church. The president of the convention, Rev. J. A Wells, re-sponded. Mrs. Mattie M Bailey of Iowa, Colonel Cowder and others, gave short addresses.

The second day's session was opened with devotional exercises. Rev. Bright gave an interesting talk on the enjoyment of a higher life. The house was crowded in the evening.

Saturday morning session opened at six o'clock with 160 people present. The nine o'clock service was largely taken up by reports of committees and discussions. Papers on better plans and better work and Sunday school music were read and highly commend-ed. There were over 300 delegates present. The following officers were

elected: President-Mrs Alvira Parker, Hav iland, Kiowa county.

Recording Secretary—Theo. Forby. Wichita. Treasurer—T E Dewy, Abilene.

Gen'l Secretary-Rev. J A Bright, Abilene.

The state is divided into twenty-five districts by counties, with a vice-president to preside over each.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incruable. For a great many years doctors pronounced will be bed at great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Foledo, Ohio, is the only ensew will lose the following citizens: George J. Barker, Albert Hadlev, L. H. Perkins, B. A. Ambler, R. A. French, R. C. Manley. Wm. Ellison, Fred Hadley, Joel White and others. There is more Catarrh in this section

Books and Magazines.

"The Last Lesson: the Story of a Little Alsatian," by Alphonse Daudet, appears in the number of Harper's Young People published June 3d.

A paper entitled "In Tennyson's Land." elaborately illustrated, was contributed by Helen Marshall North to the number

Frank Leslie's Newspaper for June 7th is one of the most striging under, Prof. Mershon of Lane university, with his regular chorus of eighty voices, will assist at the great Festival Chorus to be given at Oakland Park Saturday of this week. His will be the largest chorus outside of Topeka. Others will be present from Emporia, Osage City, Holton, Wamego and other points, Prof. Mershon will also give his historical drum solo. He was the drummer boy of Shiloh. This great Festival Chorus will continue the three last days of the week, Saturday being the big day.

7th is one of the most striking under, the present management. It contains fourteen pages of handsome illustrations, not to include those in reference to fashion and other subjects. Some depict summer pleasure haunts in southern Michigan, and a double-page illustrates the new town at the foot of the Cumberland Mountains in ea.t Tennessee. Sketches of the Lead industry in southwestern Missourn are also presented, and one of the most interesting pages is that which gives types of the Orthodox and Hicksite Quakers of Philadelphia.

lent reading. An interesting description in the ranks, opens the number. Olive ed their ball from \$3,000 to \$500 each, in which sum they were bound to appear in Leavenworth on Friday of this week. The fellows thought it very hard to be confined in jall with without seeming to think that they command less respect in public esteem, than some of their victims, who are in jail for other crimes.

In the ranks, opens the number. Olive Schreiner, who wrote that remarkable book "Life on an African Farm," contributes a deam of hell. A clever paper on "Poets and Puritans" is followed by a study of the Berlin Labor Conference. Africa is made the occasion of three striking articles. All are sufficiently good to attract attention. Herbert Spenceer discusses Justice with his usual ability, and Professor Huxly has some important words on Government. A Girl's Reare in jail for other crimes.

A mile west of Kansas City the Kaw river is not half as wide as it is at Topeka, seventy miles farther up its course. The river at Topeka is a broad, shallow stream, with ugly, sprawling sand-bars covering two thirds of its bed usually in sight. If there was a decent spirit of enterprise in the capital city the river bed would be narrowed one-half, and the stream it, and the stream it words on Government. A Girl's Re-ligion is a curious and suggestive paper. The days of Byron and Shelley are brought back to us by one who knew both intimately. Mr. Gladstone discusses The Creation Story with the reverence of a scholarly believer and with his wonted skill as a dialectician. Professor Gold-with the reverence of a scholarly believer and with his wonted skill as a dialectician. Professor Huxly has some important words on Government. A Girl's Re-ligion is a curious and suggestive paper. The days of Byron and Shelley are brought back to us by one who knew both intimately. Mr. Gladstone discusses The Creation Story with the reverence of a scholarly believer and with his wonted skill as a dialectician. Professor Gold-with the reverence of a scholarly believer and with his wonted skill as a dialectician. Professor Gold-with the

per year; single numbers, 45c; trial subscription 3 months, \$1. Eclectic and any \$4 magazine, \$8. The Art Amateur continues to main-The Art Amateur continues to maintain its high reputation as a practical art magazine and to take the lead, as heretofore, in the special field it has created for itself. The June number in particular, is full of valuable and interesting matter from the title-page, with its attractive from the title-page, with its attractive frontispiece, "A Yorkshire Terrier"—companion to the "Scotch Terrier" of last month—to the correspondence columns on its final pages, in which more information is compressed, and of a more practical character, than is to be found in any band books of interest. found in any hand books of instruction on the subjects dealt with. The articles in the body of the magazine on the various arts of book and magazine-illustrating, oil, water and china painting, wooding, oil, water and china painting, wood-carving, brass-hammering and art-needle work are here supplemented by such information on the special points of difficulty that may present themselves to the student, as will enable him to attain a satisfactory degree of proficiency in those arts, even without the aid of a teacher. A feature of the magazine worthy of mention is its colored plates, which are of a remarkable and steadily.

The Prize-Numbers

On May 28, 1890, the drawing of the prizes offered by J. R. Tuttle took place, and the following are the lucky numbers:

1st prize, gentleman's gold watch. Elgin movement, was drawn by ticket no. 1497.

2nd prize, lady's gold watch, Elgin movement, 10083. 3rd prize, antique oak sideboard, 1269

4th prize, domestic sewing machine, 5th prize, one set flax-fiber ware,

four pieces, 8896. 6th prize, one sack best flour, 366. 7th prize, a Yankee sweeper, 10151 The six small prizes were as follows:

8th prize, lucky number 6838. 9th prize. " " 7481 9th prize, 7481 10th prize, " 66 8732. 11th prize, "
12th prize, " 2101 13th prize, " 2320.

A M Evans, 710 Chestnut st., Park

dale, Topeka, drew the gentleman's handsome gold watch. Persons holding tickets should compare the numbers and the winners

hasten to get the prizes.

CENTRAL MILL.

J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor.

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J. F. GWIN, Depot Agent. R. E. HAYNES, Perry, Kansas.

Kansas Chautauqua Assembly.

Kansas Chautauqua Assembly.

The above Assembly meets at Topeka, Kansas, June 24th and continues until July 5th, 1890.

For this meeting a rate of one fare for the round trip has been made by the Union Pacific System from points on its lines within 150 miles of Topeka. Tickets will be on sale from June 24th to July 4th inclusive, return limit July 6th, they will also be on sale from all points in Kansas, at the rate of one fare for the round trip on June 24th, 25th and July 2nd, return limit July 6th.

R. E. HAYNES.

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R. E. HAYNES,
Perryville, Kan.
H. B. HARRINGTON, Topeka, Kansas
Or E. L. LOMAX,
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Omaha, Neb

Harry Leaf, a young section hand of Valley Falls, slipped in front of an engine and was instantly killed.

The Hale hotel, the first public house at Hunnewell, was destroyed by fire Thursday. Loss, \$2,000; not insured

The \$12,000 6 per cent. bonds voted by the city of Holton were last week sold for \$12,400. The Holton city bank bought them.

During a thunder storm Henry Corn's house at Humbolt was struck by lightning and destroyed. Mrs Corn was somewhat injured.

Mrs. Peters, wife of Roadmaster Peters, who was killed in the Dirby wreck on the Santa Fe, has been presented with a purse of \$700, made up by the railroad employes.

For a list of men who build up your town, look for advertisers in your lo cal paper.

How I Got to Colorado.

How I Got to Colorado.

Having read in several papers that they were giving away lots at Montrose, Colorado, I wrote and received the deed so promptly, that a large number of my friends at once sent, and after getting their deeds, they appointed me a delegate to visit Montrose; through the courtesy of the Colorado Homestead and Improvement Co. I got a free ticket there and back. I had a lovely trip, and while there sold my lot for \$127.50. Any person can get one lot absolutely free, by addressing the Colorado Homestead and Improvement Co.; Mcutrose, Colorado. By giving svery third lot, they will bring thousands of people there. Montrose, the county seat, is railroad junction, and a beautiful city of 3,000, and will have ten thousand within a year. Their motto is "Get There, Boys," and certainly free lots and free tickets are sure winners. When property can be obtained free, why should not everyone own real estate.

S. S. N.—Elizabeth, N. J.

Type Writter.

\$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITTER to DELL, warranted to do better work than any domained to do better work than any machine made.

It combines simplicity with DURABILITY, speaks of organistina and the made and ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is kear suggestions to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a good operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the DOUBLE CASE ODELL.

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THE ODELL

Alligator Shooting.

We were moving further and further all the time into the alligator country. and they were growing thicker and tbicker. From the way they were dropping from the banks into the water on both sides of us, that part of the Manatee river ,would be a particularly unwholesome place for a swim, if they do attack persons in the water. In some places where the banks were six or eight feet higher than the water the startled alligators had no hesitation about diving off, of course making a great splash. They had in every instance, as Mr. Warner had told us, the head toward the water, ready for a spring.

"Now, when we reach a good place to land, I'll try to kill one of these tellows," Mr. Warner said, "and then we can go ashore and examine him in our leisure."

We had to watch some little time for such an opportunity, for all places were not good landing places, and all the alligators were not in favorable positions for being shot. The eye and just back of the foreleg are the only vulnerable places, even for a rifle ball. When a bullet struck one on the back or side the sound was like shooting against a rock. I had been peppering them all the afternoon with a revolver, and with every shot I brought down an alligator. This was not, however, on account of fine marksmanship, but because whereever it hit him, or probably if it did not hit him at all, the shot alarmed him, and he sprang into the water. The small eye of the alligator is not a very good target at fifteen or twenty paces. and Mr. Warner made several efforts before he bagged any game. At length. however, he struck one square in the eye, and the alligator was dead before he had a chance to flop himself into the water. Not dead so quick, either, but so discouraged that in his few moments of tail lashing and terrible struggling he worked himself still further away from the water.

As soon as he lay quiet we landed, and went as close to him as proper respect for his size warranted. The brute might be playing possum, and one sweep of that powerful tail would break a man's legs. He lay on his back, and we soon became familiar enough with him to poke him with sticks, and then there was no doubt that he was as dead as he would ever be. He was an inch or so over seven feet long, and I think any one who saw that slimsy, repulsive creature lying there would not care in the future to put his feet into a pair of alligator boots. His jaws were large. and no doubt powerful enough, to snap a man's leg off, and he would have been an ugly fellow to encounter in a fight.

Absinthe for the Mustache.

A couple of gentlemen went to the Arlington buffet in Washington the other evening and took whiskey. As they turned away one spoke to the bar-keeper:

"Pour a few drops of absinthe on my

fingers," said he. The bar-keeper did so and the gentlenan rubbed it vigorously into his mustache.

"I am going to call on some ladies," he explained, "and want to take the whis...ey odor away."

It was novel. The bar-keeper himself had never seen it done before, but the principle is simple. Absinthe is extremely volatile and serves as a carries for the heavier odor of whiskey. Now, boys, what will you do when the girls have learned of the absinthe dodge?

Some Reasons for 2 of

The Pennsylvania labor report for 1889 in its divorce chapter treats of the peculiar kinds of cruelty practiced by 45,731 husbands against their wives and 6,122 wives against their husbands. One woman was granted a divorce because her husband persisted in coming home at 10 p'clock at night and keeping her awake talking. This she called mental cruelty, and the court agreed with her. Another woman secured a divorce because her husband cut off her bangs by force, and still another because her spouse refused to cut his toe nails. One wife's feelings were lacerated to the point of legal separation because her husband would not wash himself, thus causing her great mental anguish. Some of the cases of cruelty practiced by wives upon their husbands were equally heartrending. One wife refused to sew on her husband's buttons. a witness testifying to have seen him with but one button to his vest. To add to his anguish and the sympathy of the Court this cruel wife restrained her loving husband from going to fires at night. Another wife charged her husband with being no man at all, which so wrung his heartstrings that nothing short of a divorce would allay his anguish. (A wife who pulled her husband out of bed by his whiskers was adjudged by the court fit only to travel in single harness unless she could find another man who didn't mind having his whiskers pulled. A wife who weighed 190 pounds broke her husband's ribs with a stove lid, and another lost her husband because she cruelly and maliciously beat him with her bustlo.

A state prohibition convention will be held at McPherson July 3-4.

Chinese Metal Working

The metal smith's trade is very powerful and influential in China, wrought metal being a favorite decoration for houses, alters in churches, town halls, assembly rooms and business places of the more wealthy business firms. The metals used are brass, white bronze, which closely resembles Britannia metal, gold bronze, ordinary bronze and silver. The work of the Chinese metal smiths is greatly superior to that of our own in variety, originality of design, and in artistic finish. The smiths turn out bowls, vases, urns, pitchers, ewers, basins, cup standards, pipes, and other smoking utensils, salvers, lamps, candelabra, lanterns, bedsteads, tables, chairs, church furniture and numerous other articles, all of substantial workmanship and standard material.

The medal smith makes good wages and has a good social position in China, but the industry isn't a healthful one, the Chinese not understanding the physiological action of the metalic oxides on the system, and not knowing how to prevent or remedy the injuries they suffer. The Chinese system of casting is very similar to ours, but in cleaning and polishing they use no chemical agents, relying almost entirely on manual labor and the use of lathes fitted up with polishing brushes. They understand oxidation, and produce malachite and azure effects and the like very effectively. They secure these, not by the direct action of acids and acid vapor baths, but by burying the objects to be treated in various kinds of decomposing organic matter. This is, of course, a slow and expensive process. In one respect the work of the Chinese smith is peculiar. The soldiers in many parts of the Chinese Empire still wear fine mail armor, helemts, breastplates and shields. and the same articles are worn by the participants in civic processions and official pageants. As a consequence such armor is still made, and the armorer occupies in China about the same position that he did in Europe in medimyal times. A suit of brass armor worn by one of the Black Flag leaders in the Tonquin war is said to have resisted bullets and to have broken a bayonet thrust delivered by a powerful French

A Count's Queer Title.

Count Punonrostro, a prominent Spanish nobleman, has just died in Madrid. The story of his title is thus told :-

Charles V. was a great hunter. One day, while partridge shooting he was accompanied by a game keeper, who joined in the sport. The servants of his majesty were loaded with game, when a partridge rose under the feet of the two sportsmen. Two shots went off simultaneously. The partridge dropped.

"Who killed that bird?" said the king to the gamekeeper.

"I did." was the reply

"You lie, you scoundrel," said the Thereupon the guard unceremoniously

sty. The first movement of Charles was to try to kill him, but fortunately his gun was unloaded. Then his second and more successful effort was to save the man from the fury of his attendants and send him off to prison with the recommendation to prepare for death, remarking also that his offence was all the more atrocious because he didn't prove that he really did not lie, inasmuch as it was

doubtful who shot the bird. "I have no doubt about it sire," replied the prisoner. "Permit me to examine the bird."

The king ordered the partridge to be brought to him, and, after having examined it, the guard affirmed that it was he who shot it, because it was hit by a bullet and he had used bullets all day long, while the king had used shot.

A further examination of the dead partridge by the king and his attendants

proved that the gamekeeper was correct. The king was sorry, but he nevertheless sent the prisoner to Madrid, where he was placed in the cell of offenders condemned to death. At the last moment the king promised to pardon him if he would repent, but the guard refused. Charles ordered the gamekeeper to be brought into his presence, and again asked if he repented.

"Sire," replied the guard, "if I had a thousand lives, and your majesty should tell me a thousand times, without reason, that I lied, a thousand times I would punch your majesty in the nose, and a thousand times I would go quietly to my execution!"

"And you would thus be a loss to my reign!" exclaimed the king. "Would that I were surrounded by men like you! I not only pardon you, but I attach you to my person, and make you Count of Punonrostro (Fist in-the-face)."

In 1528 the title was formally bestowed upon the new count, and until his death his death he was one of Charles V.

"A Seaport without Ships" (Sandwich in Kent, ungland) is the subject of an article which Julian Ralph has written and Charles Graham and Bert Wilder have illustrated, for the four-page Supplement to the number of Harper's Week-

Strange Superstition. "

At a recent meeting of the Scottish Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh Rev. Dr. Si wart of Nether Lochaber read a paper on fire superstitions, in which he entioned that a correspondent, while in a remote glen in Wigtownshire a few months ago, saw a slight smoke rising from a hollow. Un proceeding to a bank above he saw five women passing a sick child through a fire. Two of the women standing opposite each other held a blazing hoop vertically between them, and two others standing on either side of the hoop were engaged in passing the child backward and forward through the opening of the hoop. The fifth woman, who was the mother of the child, stood at a little distance earnestly looking on. After the child had been eighteen times passed and repassed through the flery circle it was returned to its mother and the builing hoop was thrown into a pool of water close by. The child, which was about eighteen months old, was a weakling, and was supposed to have come under the baleful influence of an evil eye. The hoop had been twisted round with a straw rope, in which a few drops of oil were scattered to make it burn all round at the same time. The child was passed through the hoop cace for each month of itt age. When the child was taken home a bunch of bog myrtle was suspended over its bed.

How One Man Proposed.

I was very much amused at the article published a few days ago on "How Girls are Proposed To." I think the way I proposed was just as unique, and the time and method a little more novel than the methods the fellows in that article adopted.

It was a case of love at first sight, the girl didn't know how I felt; no...or was I sure that she cared a continental for me. She was a modest, retiring, bashful little thing, and while I wanted to tell her how much I thought of her I was afraid to. One Sunday night, the fourth time I had called, I made up my mind fully that I wanted her. But she was so shy I thought it would frighten her away if I spoke. About 10 o'clock I proposed a game of cards, and in a joke suggested that we play for a wager, and that she put up herself against me. She modestly con-

I thought I was going to lose, and I knew if I did it was a last chance, even if it was a joke. Well, I won, and told her with a laugh that she belonged to me. After sitting and looking at each other a few moments I took her hand and said she must always pay her losses, and the hand that I held was mine. She looked at me with a smile, and said quietly:

"Well, if you want it you can have it." I won that girl by a game of cards on Sunday, but we neither have regretted the violating of the fourth commandment. Perhaps my method may help some other bashful couple.

\$1,000 for Nothing.

Doctors, no matter how prominent they are, can't begin to demand the fees that physicians of comparative standing can in New York city. I happen to have personal knowledge of a case in point.

Now York's most successful heart and lung specialist has a practice that is estimated at \$80,000 a year. This is not a targe estimate. He was one day summoned to the bedside of a very wealthy banker, who lived up in Connecticut, over one hundred miles from New York city. The eminent physician was ushered into the sick man's room as soon as he arrived. It took him just five minutes to form his opinion, without resorting to scarcely any examination.

When the physician came out of the room the banker's brother said: "Well, Dr.-, what do you think?"

"Your brother will not live twentyfour hours," was the laconic reply.

"That's what our physician here has told us, but we didn't know but what there might be a chance for him."

"None whatever." "What is your bill, doctor?"

"It will be \$1,000."

"Wha-at!" exclaimed the other. "Why, that is outrageous. You haven't done a thing for us."

"I have abandoned my practice in New York for a whole day to come up here in response to your imperative summons. You wanted to know just what your brother's chances of life are. You have found out. My bill is \$1,000, no more and no less. I sha'n't abate one cent of it, unless I make it nothing. You can take your choice between these two courses, for I wouldn't sue you if you refused.

A check for \$1,000 was made out to the physician's order. The banker died three hours later. Tibbee Miss., Oct. 16, 1886.

Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co.

Rochester, Pa. Gents.—The lettle of Shallenberger's Fills sent me in.
Felmuary last I gave to W. G. Anderson,
of this place; a long standing case of
chilisand fever. He had tried everything
known without any pern a tent good. In
less than ten days after taking your Antidote he was so nd and well, and has
gone through the entire season without
any return. It seems to have effect ally

Joan of Arc.

The latest victim of remorseless research is the historic Joan of Arc. A French author has published a learned work in which the whole subject is dispassionately reviewed with the aid of all available documents, many of which have been hitherto unknown. In this fatal light of greater knowledge, the heroic and martyred maiden appears as an excellent married woman, living happily to old age, and of very unimportant military service. Republicans and ciercals, who have been long quarrelling for the possession of the prestige for their own side respectively of the senown of the mireculous said, all unite in deploring the attempt to destroy the popular faith in so lovely a figure and so inspiring a tradition. This is a charming plea for the validity of Table as against truth. It should be urged with ferver for faith in the works of the Rev. Mason Weems, to whom we owe the inestimable legend of Washington and his hatchet.

A Baby as a Sacrifice.

A few days ago two Greeks presented themselves at the palace of the grand rabbi of Smyrna, and asked to see him on very important business. The venerable Abraham Palacci being unwell, they were asked to come another day. Next day they called again. The rabbi not having yet recovered, his son, a man of 45, learning that their business was urgent, asked if they could not explain it to him. After some desultory conversation they consented, at the same time requesting to be conducted to some remote apartment where there was no danger of being overheard. This being done, one of them said to him: "Every one has his particular religion. We are aware that part of yours is to offer at Easter a Christian child in sacrifice. Now we are ready for the sum of £400 to furnish you with a fine plump and healthy Christian child, a little Greek girl four years old, for your sacrifice, and the child shall be obtained in such a manner as to insure the most profound secrecy."

TO CONSUMPTIVES

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

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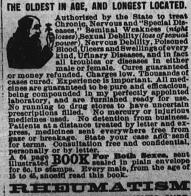
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Baby's Name.

What shall we call her, our sweet maiden fair, with her soft, dreamy eyes and her bonny With her soft, dreamy eyes

brown hair

She came with the beautiful roses of June,
Ehe is sunny and bright as the Summer noon,
And her laughing song, as she dances in glee,
Is soft as the rippling waves of the sea.

Oh call her not Rose, though she's queen of the flowers
That revel in beauty 'mid garden bowers,
For the bloom of her freshness is gone as the breath, Or the mist of the morning that sweeps o'er the heath
When her leaves strew the pathway, her sharp
thorns abound.
When buds and sweet roses once clustered

What think you of Heart's-Ease, so dear to us That is sweetest and freshest when evening dews fall; It loves the bright sunshine, yet blooms in the shade, And springs in fresh beauty in wildwood or when Autumn's pale sunshine on roses unfold.
The bloom of the Heart's-Ease is purple and gold.

O then, dearest maiden, thy flower name shall An emblem of life in its sweetness for thee; If the skies smile above thee, reflect in thy smile
The sunshine of Patience, earth's cares to begule;
If clouds gather o'er thee, behind their dark fold See the lining of silver with fringes of gold.

The weary and way-worn, the sad hearts to cheer,
Be thy mission of love when the pathway is
drear;
When evening shades gather around thy dear Let the calm of Contentment dispel all the and at last, as the stars crown the glory of night.

Bo thy peace be reflected in Heaven's own light.

-Good Housekeeping. THROUGH A KEYHOLE.

When the evening boat, quite crowded with passengers, swept gracefully up to the pier at Highbeach, one of the first to cross the gangway was Mr. Willis Tracey, youngest partner of the well-known banking firm of Tracey, Stokes & Tracey.

He was a substantial-looking man of 35, with a fresh, healthy complexion, clear, blue-gray eyes, and light auburn mustaclie. His whole appearance was suggestive of good nature, prosperity, and content; but at the present moment he betrayed a little nervousness, as his eyes ran rapidly along the long piazzas of the hotel, where people were promenading and enjoying the seabreeze and the sight of the bathers on the head

Evidently his search was unsuccessful until his attention was attracted by a voice, which called out in shrill and juvenile tones: 'Lor', ma, if there ain't old Tracey!

What's he doin' here, I wonder?"

Looking up, the gentleman thus prominently presented to public notice lifted his hat to two ladies, who were smiling down upon him from the piaz-za, while a small boy, in a Lord Fauntleroy cap and jacket, grinned a patron-

izing recognition.

As he passed on, a faint and conscious blush suffused his face. That lovely creature with the golden locks and rose-and-lily complexion, who had so radiantly greeted him, was Miss Juliette Bessamy, to whom he disigned that very evening to offer his hand and

heart.

The blush had not quite faded from Mr. Tracey's face, when he found him-self accosted by two ladies, who were just descending the hotel steps to the beach. He stopped and shook hands with them in a cordial, unembarrassed

In fact, the elder of the ladies was the widow of his deceased uncle, and had, since his mother's death, been living with him and taking care of his

He had sent her to Highbeach about a week previous, partly to meet Alice, her daughter by a first marriage, who was there as companion to an invalid lady; for Mrs. Tracey's husband had died insolvent and left her poor.

It was Alice who now stood by her

mother's side, quiet and smiling, as she gave him her hand.

"Why, Willis, this is a surprise!" Mrs. Tracey said. "I received your note to-day, and did not expect you until to-morrow."

Yes, I know that I said something about being detained by business, but I managed to get through in time for the evening boat. I am glad to see you looking so well. How are you enjoying yourselves here?" he inquired, as he held a hand of each.

"It is delightful, now that mamma has come," Alice answered. "And it was so good of you to send her—in-deed, the very kindest thing you could have done for either of us."

Though she spoke smilingly, her soft.

dark eyes were suffused with tears, and Mr. Tracey's heart was touched. He felt that he had not done half enough to deserve this grateful feel-

He looked into the moistened eyes, and wondered why they seemed to sink before him, and why she drew away

her hand so shyly.

Even when he had passed on, promising to join them presently on the beach, he found himself speculating on this new expression on Alice's face.

It was a sweet, fair face, which he had liked and admired ever since he

had first known her as a little school-

He had been accustomed to treat her almost as a cousin, lavishing upon her books and flowers and birthday and Christmas presents; but to-day, after a long absence, he had discovered after a long absence, he had discovered something new and strange about her, and now it dawned upon him that she was no longer a mere school-girl, but a woman grown—almost 20 years of age, in fact. It was something of a surprise to Mr. Tracey.

"She is not looking well," he thought,

"not as bright and rosy as she used to be. I fear she is too much overtasked. I wish I could persuade her to make her home with her mother in my house, but she prefers to be independent, as she calls it. I suppose she will marry soon. If I had ever thought of her as a woman and had not met Ju-

And his thoughts went back to his

golden-haired love. He was the last of the newly arrived to enter the clerk's office, and here was met with the information that there was not a vacant room to be had in the hotel, or indeed in the whole place.

It was an unpleasant situation, and at first seemed hopeless, but at length one of the female employes came to the rescue.

In the east wing, which was ex-clusively devoted to the accommodation of 'ladies unaccompanied by gen-tleman," was a short passage-way opening upon a rear piazza. This pas-sage, being of little use, had been shut in by a door and converted into a linen

If the gentleman would be satisfied for one night with a cot in this limited apartment he should be properly attended to on the morrow,

of the guests would be leaving.

Mr. Tracey was only too glad to secure a sleeping-place of any kind, so the arrangement was made, and with a mind relieved, he repaired to the beach and the society of the ladies.

That was a blissful evening to Mr.
Willis Tracey. When he had paid
some proper attention to Mrs. Tracey
and her daughter, and attended them to the supper table, he was at liberty to seek the society of his charmer, the fair Juliette.

With her plumb, white arm resting on his and her blue, languishing eyes ever and anon glancing up into his ever and anon glancing up into his own, while her soft, low voice mingled with the murmur of the ripples at their feet, they wandered away up the moon-lit beach, where other couples were also strolling, and intent upon the

same old story.

Mr. Tracey, shy and inexperienced in the lover's role, had carefully thought over and fixed in his mind all that he had to say. He had got as far as "No man's life is satisfied without the blessing of some pure woman's love," when he was interrupted by the unexpected presence of Master Bessamy, who came flying after them along

the beach. "Why, Rudolph! Where is mamma? Why have you left her?" his sister in-

"Oh, I guess she's lookin' for me! She wanted me to go to bed, jus' like a baby, and I wouldn't. I'm going to

baby, and I would to I'm going to stay with you all.
"But, Dolphy, darling," said Juliette sweetly and persuasively, "you should not have run away from mamma. She will be very uneasy, and perhaps think you are drowned. I don't care!"

"But they will have the trouble of getting the boats out to look for you," said Mr. Tracey, gravely.
"Oh, my! what fun!"

"Won't you go back, my precious, like a dear, good little boy, and let mamma know that you are safe?"
"No, I won't. I'll stay here."

Mr. Tracey, though by no means a cruelly disposed man, could have seized the little wretch, and flung him into the sea. As it was, there was no help for it. He must wait for another opportunity for concluding his love story. And he wondered at Juliette's patience and sweetness, and felt more than ever anxious to secure for a life companion one whose amiable disposition seemed a pledge of future happi-

After bidding his fair companion good-night, he sauntered about a little until the obliging linen mistress could show him to his closet—which she did with many warnings to keep quiet and not let his presence in this part of the

house become known. The place was more convenient than he had expected, but he had scarcely disposed himself for a night's rest when he became conscious of voices on the other side of the door against which

his cot was placed. He tried not to hear, but the speakers were close to the door, and the mention of his own name attracted his attention.

"It was too provoking for anything! Mr. Tracey was on the very point of proposing—the words were actually almost upon his lips—when that aggravating boy rushed in and spoiled it all. Really, mamma, I could have boxed his ears soundly."

his ears soundly."

Mr. Tracey started. Could that be his Juliette's voice, speaking in those high and angry tones?

"I will send him away to-morrow with his Aunt Louise," said Mrs. Bessamy, in tones of vexation. "It is too bad that, after all the trouble we have had in bringing that man, to the point." had in bringing that man to the point, this unfortunate contretemps should have occurred."

"I won't go home!" said Rudolph, defiantly. "You daren't send me, any-

"Why not you bad boy?" said his

sister. "Cause I'll tell on you. I'll tell old Tracey that you dye your hair, and put that red stuff on your cheeks and lips. You guv me a dollar once not to tell anybody, but I will, now. And I'll hide your front teeth, like I did that had your front teeth, like I did that he had and the help and time you was going to the ball, and

"Hush, sir,-hush this instant!" said his mother, apparently with an admonitory shake, for the amiable youth set up a howl, which was presently hushed by the promise of a popgun and a velocipede.

When peace was restored the veice of Juliette again became audible.
"Mamma, I made a discovery this

evening. Affice Lee is in lave with Mr. Tracey, and he is actually too stupid to perceive it?"

"Fortunately for you, Juliette. I have feared all along that he might fancy that girl, and if you don't hurry up matters she may yet steal a march on you. By the by, that Tracey house

"Indeed, mamma, I've no idea of kiving in the Tracey house. I shall in-sist, after we are married, upon mov-ing into the new west end. I know it's

cey's money—"
"Hush, Juliette! Positively you must not talk in this way. Suppose Mr. Tracey could hear you? What would

he think?" "He would be rather surprised, I suppose," she answered, laughing. "But don't be alarmed, mamma. I am not silly enough ever to let him suspect that I married him for his money."

"But how late it is! and I must really try to get a good sleep, for you

ly try to get a good sleep, for you know I must look as charming as possible to-morrow."

Mr. Tracey indeed was surprised. So surprised that long after all was still he lay in a half-dazed condition, which gradually gave place to an emotion of intense thankfulness at having escaped the snare laid for him. He could have taken Rudolph to his breast and hugged him in real affection. But his pure and beautiful ideal of

womanhood—was that destroyed for-ever? Juliette—the Juliette of his fancy had proved a myth; but—there was Alice. He knew Alice to be good and true. And could it really be, as Juliette had said, that Alice loved him? Long before sunrise Mr. Tracey was

up and miles away on the beach nerving himself to meet this new condition of things.

The Highbeach gossips who had taken an interest in his affairs were sur-

prised to observe that on this evening not Miss Bessamy, but Miss Lee, was the companion of his moonlight stroll. Some set him down as a flirt, while others asserted "on the best authority" that he had been discarded.

But what else could the Bessamys do, after being informed by Master Rudolph—who had peeped through the keyhole of the linen-closet—that Mr. Tracov had proceed the control of the linen-closet. Mr. Tracey had passed the night in that apartment?

Mr. Tracey is very friendly toward Rudolph to whom he considers himself indebted for his sweet young wife—Alice.—Saturday Night.

Tragic Story of a Diamond.

"There's the most beautiful diamond I have ever seen during an experience of thirty years with the sparkling gems," said a veteran diamond merchant, as he held up a stone that seemed to live in fire. From every facet radiated brilliant colors, and the have of the stone was that steely blue hue of the stone was that steely blue which delights every connoisseur of the precious gems. The diamond did not weigh over six carats, but it was easily worth \$5,000.

"That stone has a tragic history continued the man of jewels as he laid the diamond to rest amid a nest of snowy cotton. "It comes from the De Beers mines, in South Africa, and was discovered by a coolie employed by the Company. His practical eye saw that the gem beauty of color, and a desire to steal it overcame him. Well, he did steal it, and to conceal the diamond about his person—for the coolies work almost naked in the diamond mines—cut a hole in his flesh under the arm. But the wound did not heal, and the observant eye of the foreman saw what was the matter. A few days after he charged the coolie with having stolen a diamond, but the negro denied it.
"When Jack, the foreman, reached for his sore arm the thief made a dash and ran toward the outskirts of the camp like a deer. The foreman followed him, but the fleet-flooted negro outstripped him. He knew that a severe punishment awaited him if captured, and centered all his efforts on getting away with the stone, whose value would have made him rich for life. But Jack was equal to the emergency, and drawing his pistol shot the coolie through the back just as he was taking to the hills. His dead body was dragged back into camp, his arm cut open and this beautiful gem in the rough was taken from the insertion. It's a tragic story, but true as gospel, and only a sample of what has happened more than a hundred times in the diamond mines of South Africa."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Reserved Seats in Mexico.

You don't have to bother securing reserved seats in some of the Mexican theatres, for there are no seats at all. You just send your servant ahead with one of your own chairs, and he does all the hustling necessary to secure a good position. If you don't have a servant or a chair available, you can hire a chair at the door for 6 cents from an old woman who as you want in the contract of the cents from an old woman who as you want to see the servant of the cents from an old woman who as you want to see the cents from an old woman who as you want to see the cents from an old woman who are the cents from the cents chair at the door for 6 cents from an old woman who, as you pay her, will murmur, "Give me a cigarette, senor, for God's sake," in liquid Castilian. She doesn't mean to be irreverent; she is only using a common idiom .- N. Y.

The Supreme Court of California has decided that colored children cannot be excluded from the public schools of that state on account of their color.

EDISON AS A NEWSBOY.

Beginning of His Career and His Dar-ing Enterprise When a Newsboy.

"Fortunately for you, Juliette. I have feared all along that he might fancy that girl, and if you don't hurry up matters she may yet steal a march on you. By the by, that Tracey house will have to be remodeled and refurnished, I suppose. It is all very handsomely fitted up, but not in the latest type."

The following is one of the "Talks with Edison" which George Parsons Lathrop reports in Harper's Magazine: "At the beginning of the civil war," said Mr. Edison, "I was slaving late and early at selling papers; but, to tell the truth I was not making a fortune. I worked on so small a margin that I I worked on so small a margin that I had to be mighty careful not to oversist, after we are married, upon moving into the new west end. I know it's afford to carry so few that I should expensive, but he can afford it, I'm expensive, but he can afford it, I'm find myself sold out long before the end sure. And I must have a more stylish carriage than that with which the Tracey girls were satisfied. Oh, trust me to have all I want and to enjoy myself now that I am going to marry a rich man! I owe it to myself for giving up poor Fred. If only Fred had Mr. Tracey's money——" to gauge the value of the day's news and its capacity, so that I could form and its capacity, so that I could form a tolerably correct estimate of the number of papers I should need. As a rule, I could dispose of about 200; but if there was any special news from the seat of war, the sale ran up to 300 or over. Well, one day my compositor brought me a proof slip of which nearly the whole was taken up with a gigantic display head. It was the first report of the battle of Pittsburg Landing—afterward called Shiloh, you know

ing-afterward called Shiloh, you know —and it gave the number of killed and wounded as 60,000 men! "I grasped the situation at once Here was a chance for enormous sales if only the people along the line could know what had happened; if only they could see the proof slip I was then reading! Suddenly an idea occurred to me, I rushed off to the telegraph to me, I rushed on to the telegraph operator and gravely made a propo-sition to him, which he received just as gravely. He, on his part, was to wire to each of the principal stations on our route, asking the station-master to chalk up on the black bulletin-board—

used for announcing the times of arrival and departure of trains—the news of the great battle, with its accompanying slaughter. This he was to do at once; while I agreed, in return to supply him there great for to do at once; while I agreed, in return, to supply him 'free, gratis, for nothing.' a Harper's Weekly, a Harper's Monthly, and a daily evening paper during the next six months from that date. 'This bargain struck, I began to bethink me how I was to get enough papers to make the grand coup I intended. I had very little cash; and, I

feared, still less credit. I went to the superintendent of the delivery department and proffered a modest request for one thousand copies of the Free Press on trust. But I was not much surprised when my request was curtly and gruffly refused. In those days, though, I was a pretty cheeky boy, and I felt desperate, for I saw a small fortune in prospect if my telegraph operator had kept his word—a point on which I was still a trifle doubtful. Nerving myself for a great stroke, I marched upstairs into the office of Wilbur F. Storey himself, and asked to see him. A few minutes later I was shown in to him. I told him who I was, and that I wanted fifteen hundred copies of the paper on credit. The tall, thin, dark-eyed, ascetic-looking man stared at me for a moment, and then scratched a few words on a slip. of paper. Take that down-stairs,' said he, 'and you will get what you want,' And so I did. Then I felt happier than

I have ever felt since.
"I took my fifteen hundred papers, got three boys to help me fold them, and mounted the train, all agog to find kept his word. At the town where our first stop was made I usually sold two papers. As the train swung into that station I looked abade and the train swung into that station I looked ahead and thought there must be a riot going on. A big crowd filled the platform, and as the train drew up I began to realize that they wanted my papers. Before we left I had sold a hundred or two at five cents apiece. At the next station the cents apiece. At the next station the place was fairly black with people: I raised the ante, and sold three hundred papers at ten cents each. So went on until Port Huron was reached. Then I transferred my remaining stock to the wagon which always waited for me there, hired a small boy to sit on the pile of papers in the back of the wagon, so as to discount any pilfering, and sold out every paper I had at a quarter of a dollar or more per copy. I remember I passed a church full of worshippers, and stopped to yell out my news. In ten seconds there was not a soul left in the meeting. All of them, including the parson were clustered around me, bidding against each other for copies of the precious

paper. "You can understand why it struck me then that the telegraph must be about the best thing going, for it was the telegraphic notices on the bulletin-boards that had done the trick. I determined at once to become a tele-graph operator. But if it hadn't been for Wilbur F. Storey I should never have fully appreciated the wonders of electrical science."

Wanted No Bills Out.

Dr. Small, a skillful physician, lived on Jay hill many years ago. The doctor was ferried over the river one day tor was ferried over the river one day by a man who declined to take any compensation for his services. The doctor tendered payment and urged its acceptance, but the man would not receive it. "Let it go, doctor," said he, "I shall want you to do as much for me some time; perhaps I shall have a tooth pulled." "Sit right down and have it out new," said the precise did doctor. "I don't want any such bills hanging."—Lewiston Journal.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A ring on the finger is worth two in

pawnshop.—Boston Herald. A Still Alarm—"Fly, the revenue of-ficers are coming!"—Boston Herald.

Cold as it may be no man cares for a coat on his tongue.—Kearney Enterrise.

It's a wise fly that knows a bald head in spite of a wig.—Binghamton Republican.

The farmer who is not acquainted with sunrise doesn't need big barns.— Denver Road.

The wind often turns an umbrella, but a borrower rarely returns it.-

Texas Siftings. Love may be blind, but he knows when the parlor lamp is too high.—
Binghamton Leader.

The man who has no charity in his heart gives no quarter to the hotel waiter.—Boston Post.

Many a youth who seeks for the tree of knowledge gets only a branch.— Binghamton Republican. A saloon is like a harbor-most of

the wrecks are to be found outside the bar.—Terre Haute Express.

Marriage is an affair in which many a man has lived to wish he had never taken a hand—Detroit Free Press.

It is better to lose a jest than a friend, to miss an opportunity of saying a "good thing" than to make an enemy. N. Y. Ledger.

Sunday-School Teacher — "What caused the death of Lot's wife?" Tommy Jones—"Salt rheum, I guess."— Lawrence American.

The man who lies and sticks to it sometimes handicaps the man who tells the truth, but he never holds his head so high.—Rome Sentinel. Razzle-"There's nothing like meet-

ing trouble bravely." Dazzle — "I never meet trouble; it always seems to be going my way."—Detroit Journal. More than thirty British noblemen

are at present living on charity. In England, of course. In America they would be visiting.—Philadelphia Times. In America every man has a right to his opinion, but nobody who has an

opinion seems to recognize that right except as to himself.—Merchant Traveler. Miss Churchgoer—"Did you attend divine service to-day?" Mr. Stayathome—"Yes, I performed one. Wrote to my best girl."—Binghamton Repub-

lican. Mrs. Reeder-"I see by the papers that there has been a rebellion in the deaf and dumb asylum." Mr. Reeder -"Not rebellion, my dear; a mutiny."

-Puck. Lady Doctor (young and fair)—
"Please turn your head a little."
Masculine Patient—"Ah! dear, you have already turned it."— Lawrence American.

"Parish is very much in love with that girl." "Why doesn't he marry her?" "He has his misgivings as to whether she is able to support him." that girl." N. Y. Sun. It has been discovered that kisses-

love kisses, we mean—are full of electricity. Now we know why old maids have always called kissing shocking!— Boston Courier. "I am something of a wit myself at

times," said a stupid man to a wag.
"Just as a bright man has an occasional dull period," was the reply.— Texas Siftings. Cumso—"I see that a Denver detective has mysteriously disappeared."

Mr. Figg—'If you were out in a boat with your wife and sister and the boat should upset, which one would you save?" Mr. Hogg—'Myself."— Terre Haute Express.

He-"Perhaps you won't believe me, but I never laugh at an inferior." She
—"Of course I believe you. It would
be impossible for you to do such a
thing."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Merritt—"I hear your husband fell on the ice and broke his leg. That was dreadfully unlucky." Mrs. Giles—"I should say it was. He fell on our own sidewalk."—The Epoch. Teacher-"Can you mention a species

of cold-blooded animal which multi-plies with astonishing rapidity?" Son of a Journalist—"Yes, the creditor. That's what pa says."—Texas Siftings. Yes, Augustus, we believe it is better

to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. It is better for the jeweler, and the florist, and the messenger boy—and sometimes for the lawyers.—Munsey's Weekly.

Mabel—'Did you hear that Bessie Willis was married yesterday to Tom Guzzler?" Maud—'Really I thought she would be the last person to marry him." Mabel—"Well, she was, wasn't she?"—Harvard Lampoon.

Smith—"You do wrong wasting your Sabbaths as you do. Your wife tells me you are napping it almost all day. Why don't you go to church as I do?" Jones—"Well, what's the difference, I should like to know?"—Boston Transcript script.

Congressman (at home, among his constituents)—"Gentlemen and fellow-citizens: I want you to tell me what, in your opinion, this country most needs." The Crowd (with astonishing unanimity)—"Shorter sessions of Congress?"—N. Y. Weekly.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Things of Interest and Profit to the Thoughtful Agriculturist.

How to Select a Good Family Horse-Profit in Raising Oats-Growing Sugar Beets-Covering Dew with Soil-Farm and House

The Quest for the Family Horse. A good many of us, at least once in our lives, have occasion to purchase a family horse, and it is also true that many feel considerable diffidence in approaching the matter, says an Albany Cultivator writer. There is a prevalent impression that a horse can conceal within his person more tricks, hereditary weaknesses and other short comings than any other animal. The most desirable course to pursue when the purchaser is not an expert in equine matters, is to take the horse on trial, after having made as good a selection as possible from external appearances. A week's driving will bring out the good and bad qualities of a horse pretty effectually. It can be

seen then whether the animal shies or not. If he does, don't finish out the week of trial; that fault should condemn him if he has no other. With a shying horse one is always nervously on the watch, and very likely also on the edge of an embankment, and lucky

A week's driving will also show whether the horse is afraid of the cars, the noise of machinery and numerous other sights and sounds that are met constantly. A horse may have the finest disposition in the world, and yet, if easily frightened or addicted to shying, he is entirely unfitted to be a family horse that women and children may drive; and a family horse that a man's wife cannot be trusted to drive is exceedingly poor property. If the owner will not let the horse go out on trial—and many dealers are not willing to do this—at least the buyer should insist on taking a drive with the animal alone, and should demand a guarantee that the horse may be returned if not found as represented. Some of the desirable traits in a family horse are kindness of disposition, good size and strength, and the ability to walk fast. It is of special importance that he should travel smoothly, and draw the carriage evenly, some horses having the disagreeable habit of starting suddenly, and thus jerking the vehicle whenever they are urged forward with the voice, or a touch of the whip.

A horse with a very heavy coat of

A horse with a very heavy coat of hair is to be avoided, since this makes grooming a much more difficult mat-ter. The thick coat induces such abundant perspiration as to make the horse look unkempt whenever he has been driven. Unless this perspiration is thoroughly cleaned out, the hair will soon get into a very filthy condition. Another point to notice is the position of the mane. A few horses are to be found with this falling over went the life side of the near cash cashing upon the lift side of the neck, causing a good deal of vexation in harnessing, since it is almost sure to get into the buckle when buckling the throat-lash of the bridle or halter. As this is the side on which a horse is usually hitched in the stall, it gives him a chance to rub his mane if he is so disposed and he frequently is. Width of face between the eyes, breadth of back just forward of the hips, a broad deep chest, and good upstanding feet (not flat) are points that should be well

Covering Dew With Soil.

The advantage of working around some kinds of plants while they are wet with dew, which is thus shaken off and covered by soil, is very marked. There is no time so good for hoeing cabbages as before breakfast, while the dew is on them. We know good farmers who, during hot days in summer, get the cultivator at work very early in the morning, and then rest both men and horses during the midday heat. The advantage of this is not merely the cooler weather for working, but the fact that dew condensing from the atmosphere in the cool nights contain a nuch larger proportion of ammonia than ordinary rainwater. In contact with soil this is ab-sorbed, and is thus saved from wast-ing when the dew evaporates. But beans cannot be cultivated with advantage when wet, as it injures the leaves, and we are inclined to place potatoes in the same category.

Growing Sugar Beets.

Except in those few localities where preparations are being made to make sugar from beets, they should not be planted for this purpose. It requires more extensive co-operation among farmers than generally prevails to make beet sugar a profitable industry. But the sugar best for other purposes ought to be grown in a small way by every farmer. It is, considering ease of cultivation, the best root to increase milk flow. Carrots or parsnips may be richer, but they are more difficult to care for, and cost more per bushel. It is cheaper for feed to raise the sugar is cheaper for feed to raise the sugar beet, and add enough grain or oil meal with them to increase the nutritive ration. The beet may be sown any time through May or June, but gives a larger crop if sown early on rich soil, as it forms more rings during the grow-ing season, if that is prolonged.

Notwithstanding that the American farmers do not place oats as high as does the English farmer, or as high as they place some other crops, where

Oats.

the soil is adapted to oats it is a profit- OUR AMERICAN COUSIN. the soil is adapted to oats it is a pront-able crop. Wherever oats will grow and yield well on well prepared, fer-tile ground, it is a good crop to grow. No matter what be the market price, good young farm animals will pay a good price for the grain. The grain is rich in the muscle and bone formers, hence is a most excellent feed for young things—much superior to corn. Oats straw has, when fed in connection with such other feeds as will produce a well balanced ration, a feeding value compared by weight with average meadow as two to three; that is, three pounds of the straw are equal to two pounds of the straw are equal to two pounds of average meadow hay. Two many of us do not cut the oats until the straw has passed the point of highest feeding values; we do not keep it nicely, we feed it slovenly and in unbalanced rations, and as we thus waste nearly half the crop we do not find it very profitable.

Boston Baked Beans.

Select the small, white, dry beans. Take one pint of them and soak over night. In the morning drain them off, add fresh water, and let it come to a boil. Then drain them out and put into the pot for baking. This, too, should be deep in shape. Mix in a cup a teaspoonful of yellow mustard, half as much baking soda, and two or three as much baking south, and wood the tablespoonsful of molasses. Stir this well into the beans. Have one third pound nice salt pork—the sort with a streak of lean and a streak of fat" score the rind across both ways with a sharp knife and press this down on top of the rest. Add water to cover and bake four hours. From time to and bake four hours. From this continue add sufficient water to keep moist and soft. The beans should not break up and should be of an enticing brown color.—Housekeepers' Weekly.

Farm Notes.

Orchard grass is considered superior to timothy, but it does not yield as

About one pound of London purple to 200 gallons of water is a sufficiently trong solution for an insecticide.

All fallen fruit, whether very young or nearly matured, should be destroyed in order to prevent the propagation of insects as much as possible.

During the warm days of summer the manure will "fire-fang" unless plenty of absorbent material be used, r the mauure turned over occasionally.

The hoe will compensate for lack of manure in the garden sometimes. Nothing improves vegetables like a good hoeing of the soil and cutting out the weeds.

Cows will not refuse stagnant water when thirsty, and as such water con-taminates the milk the matter of a plentiful supply of fresh water is an mportant one.

Should fowls that have been afflicted with roup show the effects of the disease during the summer, the difficulty of effecting a cure is too great, and the flock should be destroyed.

Sow grass seed on all the bare places on the lawn. A mixture of blue grass and white cle er will make an excellent lawn. All lawn plots should be seeded as early as possible.

Stock need salt when green food is plentiful more than at any other time. The lack of salt sometimes causes injurious effects from green food that might be avoided by its use for stock, If it pays some farmers to raise the

dairy cows that are purchased by dairymen, who sell their calves, it dairy cows that are purchased by dairymen, who sell their calves, it should pay the dairyman to raise his own cows, especially if he does so with the aim of improving his herd. On all fields where the mowers are

on all fields where the mowers are to be used, the advantage of the land having been previously rolled will be noticeable. Fields that have been rolled can be mowed easier, and the work done more completely than where the land is rough.

Gilt-edged butter depends for its quality not only upon the breed and feed to a certain extent, but more so need to a certain extent, but more so on the skill of the dairyman. The first requisite is cleanliness, which begins at the stable and ends with the packing of the butter for market.

The Household. A pinch of cooking soda in the water

where peas are to be cooked makes them very tender, and gives them a brilliant green color,

Common gasoline is superior to lucene or benzene for cleaning silk, woollen and kid, besides being cheaper, and the odor leaves the garment in one-third the time.

Delicate colors in embroidered hankercheifs can be set by soaking for ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which a dessertspoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

Whenever eggs are used in baking. whenever eggs are used in baking, it is better to beat them thoroughly before any other ingredients are added. This is especially true when baking powder is used, as too much beating after the powder is added seems to kill its essential qual ities.

In cleansing black stockings it is not necessary to wash the entire stocking every time they are done up. By a little care the feet only may be washed, and thus the color may be retained much longer. Stockings should never be put into the suds until they are turned wrong side out

until they are turned wrong side out.

Do you find that your glassware, dishes, tumblers and the like, are too prone to break? Here is a well tested preventive. Put your glass into a kettle, cover it entirely with cold water, and place the kettle on a part of the stove where it will soon come to a boil. Allow it to boil briskly a few seconds, then cover closely, set aside and allow it to cool gradually. When the water has become quite cold take out the glass.

THE PLAY WITNESSED BY LINCOLN THE NIGHT HE WAS SHOT.

Joseph Jefferson Tells How It Was First Produced Under the Management of

During the season of 1858-59 Miss Keene produced Tom Taylor's play of 'Our American Cousin," and, as its success was remarkable and some noteworthy occurrences took place in con-nection with it, a record of its career will perhaps be interesting. The play had been submitted by Mr. Taylor's agent to another theater, but the management failing to see anything striking in it an adverse judgment was passed and the comedy rejected. It was next offered to Laura Keene, who also thought but little of the play, which remained



JEFFERSON AS "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN." neglected upon her desk for some time; but it so chanced that the business manager of the theater, Mr. John Lutz, in turning over the leaves fancied that he detected something in the play of a novel character. Here was a rough man, having no dramatic experience, but gifted with keen, practical sense, who discovered at a glance an effective play, the merits of which had escaped the vigilance of older and, one would have supposed, better judges. He gave me the play to read. While it possessed but little literary merit, there was a fresh, breezy atmosphere about the characters and the story that attracted me very much. I saw, too, the chance of making a strong character of the leading part, and so I was quite selfish enough to recommend the play for productive to the same part of t

The reading took place in the green-room, at which the ladies and gentlemen of the company were assembled, and many furtive glances were cast at Mr. Couldock and myself as the strength of Abel Murcott and Asa Trenchard were revealed. Poor Sothern sat in the cor ner, looking quite disconsolate, fearing that there was nothing in the play that would suit him; and as the dismal lines of Dundreary were read he glanced over at me with a forlorn expression, as much as to say, "I am cast for that dreadful part," little dreaming that the character of the imbecile Lord would turn out to be the stepping-stone of his fortune. The success of the play proved the turning-point in the career of three per-sons—Laura Keene, Sothern, and myself.

As the treasury began to fill Miss Keene began to twinkle with little brilliants; gradually her splendor increased, until at the end of three months she was ablaze with diamonds. Whether these were new additions to her impoverished stock of jewelry, or the return of old friends that had been parted with in adversity—old friends generally leave us under these circumstances—I cannot say, but possibly the latter.

The dramatic situation that struck me as the most important one in this play was the love scene in the opening of the last act. It was altogether fresh, origi-nal, and perfectly natural, and I notice that in this important phase of dramatic composition authors are conspicuously

Weak.

The love scenes in most all of our modern plays are badly constructed. In the English dramas they are sentimental and inaipid, being filled with either flowery nonsense or an extravagance



LAURA KEENE

LAURA KEENE
bordering upon burlesque, while the
love scenes in the French plays are
coarse and disgusting. Sardou has written but few female characters for whom
one can feel the slightest respect. For
instance, which one would a man select
to be his mother were he compelled to
make a choice? I think it would puzzle
him. The love scenes between Alfred
Evelyn and Clara Douglas, in Bulwer's
play of "Money," are stilted, unnatural,

play affection in the "Lady of Lyons" are still further from "imitating humanity," and the speech of Claude to Pauline, beginning with.

A deep vale shut out by alpine hills.

is so glaringly absurd that the audience invariably smile at the delivery of this soft extravagance. The greatest love scene that ever was or ever will be written is known as the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." This is a perfect model, being full of the most exquisite

Natural love off the stage is almost invariably humorous, even comic—not to the lovers' minds; O, no! The serious business to them, and that is just what makes it so delightful to look at. The third party, when there is one, enjoys it highly. The principals do the most foolish things, the gentleman cannot make up his mind what to do with his hat or with his hands, the lady is awkward and shy, and the more they love each other the more comical they are. They say stupid things and agree with each other before they are half done ex-pressing an opinion.

pressing an opinion.

It was the opportunity of developing this attitude of early love, particularly love at first sight, that attracted me to the "Cousin." Simple and trifling as it looks, Mr. Tom Taylor never drew, a finer dramatic picture. The relation between the two characters was perfectly original. A shrewd, keen Yankee boy of 25 falls in love at first sight with a simple, loving English dairymaid of 18. She innocently sits on the bench, close beside him; he is fascinated and draws closer to her; she raises her eyes in innocloser to her; she raises her eyes in inno-cent wonder at this, and he glides gently to the farthest end of the bench. He never tells her of his love nor does she in the faintest manner suggest her affec-tion for him; and though they persistent. tion for him; and though they persistently talk of other things you see plainly how deeply they are in love. He relates the story of his uncle's death in America, and during this recital asks her permission to smoke a cigar. With apparent carelessness he takes out a paper, a will made in his favor by the old man, which document disinherits the girl; with this he lights his cigar, thereby destroying his rights and resigning them stroying his rights and resigning them to her. The situation is strained, certainly, but it is very effective, and an audience will always pardon a slight extravagance if it charms while it surprises them. The cert was an exceedingly The cast was an exceedingly strong one—Laura Keene as the refined rural belle, and Sara Stevens as the modest, loving, English dairymaid. Both looked and acted the parts perfectly. The Abel Murcott of Mr. Couldock was a gem, and the extravagant force and humor of Mr. Sothern's Dundreary, the



SOTHERN AS "DUNDREARY." fame of which afterwards resounded all over the English-speaking world, is too well known to need any comment, except perhaps to mention one or two matters connected with it of a curious

As I have before said, Sothern was much dejected at being compelled to play the part. He said he could do nothing with it, and certainly for the first two weeks it was a dull effort, and first two weeks it was a dull effort, and produced but little effect. So in despair he began to introduce extravagant business into his character, skipping about the stage, stammering and sneezing, and, in short, doing all he could to attract and distract the attention of the audience. To the surprise of every one, himself included, these antics, intended by him the intended at the statement when he was reby him to injure the character, were re-ceived by the audience with delight. He was a shrewd man as well as an effect tive actor, and he saw at a glance that accident had revealed to him a golden accident had revealed to him a golden opportunity. He took advantage of it, and with cautious steps increased his speed, feeling the ground well under him as he proceeded. Before the first month was over he stood side by side with any other character in the play; and at the end of the run he was, in my opinion, considerably in advance of us all. And his success in London, in the same character, fully attests, whatever may be said to the contrary, that as an extravagant, eccentric comedian in the modern range of comedy he was quite extravagant, eccentric comedian in the modern range of comedy he was quite without a rival. His performance of Sam which I saw at the Haymarket Theatre in London was a still finer piece of acting than his Dundreary. It was equally strong, and had the advantage of the other in not being overdrawn or extravagant.—Joseph Jefferson, in the Conturn.

A Boy's Composition.

The following is an extract from a real composition written by a small boy in New Jersey. The subject given by the teacher was the extensive one of "Man." Here is what the small boy wrote: "Man is a wonderful wind. He has ever ever mouth "Man." Here is what the small boy wrote: "Man is a wonderful animal. He has eyes, ears, mouth. His ears are mostly for catching cold in and having the earache. The nose is to get snifiles with. A man's body is split half way up, and he walks on the split ends."—Lippincott's Magazins.

Venom Smiting Venor

"Ugh! What is it? Take it away?" The frightened speaker was one of several employes of Pierce & Co. engaged in handling hardware in the basement of the firm establishment in Broadway. He had almost placed his hand upon the object that had startled him.

"Look out! It's a centipede, and a big one, too," cried one of his companions. "It must have got into one of the packages from bananas or other goods shipped at a Southern port while the hardware was on board the vessel on its

way from the East." This was ample warning to prevent careless meddling with the centipede, but the hardware men determined to capture him, and after a little effort the many-legged curio was scooped up on a shovel and carried upstairs. But even then they didn't know what to do

In the drug store adjoining was a monster rattlesnake, kept as a curiosity in a box in the show window.



"Let's put him in with the rattler and start a zoo," said one of the group, and the suggestion was received with approval. The centipede was carried in and dumped into the box with the rattlesnake. An ominous rattle and quivering of the body of the snake showed that he resented the intrusion, and the continuous approachly realizing the danthat he resented the intrusion, and the centipede, apparently realizing the danger, made frantic efforts to escape by crawling around the edges of the box. The rattler glared with fury upon the venomous crawler, and attempted several times to coil and strike the intruder: but the space of the box was too limited, and, after several vain efforts, which all the time were accompanied by an analysis.

ed, and, after several vain efforts, which all the time were accompanied by an angry rattling, the snake, gliding forward with darting tongue, gradually closed up on nis enemy, and the centipede was soon writhing in its last agonies.

But it was not vanquished without retaliation. The many legs of the centipede had been doing their deadly work, and when the snake moved away from its victim he himself began to show signs of distress. He tossed about from one side of his box to the other, rolled over, coled and uncolled his scaly length, and in of his box to the other, rolled over, coiled and uncoiled his scaly length, and in every way except by cries betrayed his agony to the interested spectators. In about half an hour the body of the snake began to swell rapidly. His struggles became gradually weaker, and in two hours from the time the fight commenced his snakeship rolled over and died. The poison of the centipede had done its fatal work. The body of the snake was swollen to twice its natural size. The rattlesnake and the centipede lay dead together in the box, and thus ended this strange duel.—San Francisco Examiner.

Why He Went Hungry.



"There is no Mr. Hardfist (to beggar)excuse for being hungry in New York.
There are plenty of cheap restaurants where you can get a good dinner at a mere nominal cost."

Beggar—"But I haven't the mere nominal to meet the cost."—Texas Sift-

ings.

Waiters and Mashers.

"A head-waiter of fourteen years" standing," writes the London Truth:
"With respect to the statements made in the public press—viz., that, owing to the similarity of our dress clothes, mashers are indignant at being mis-took for waiters—I beg to state that the boot is on the other leg. It's as wait-ers what have to suffer for the said misers what have to suffer for the said mistake; and, as family men, earning our bread respectable, we don't like it. I have more than once—I know you won't believe it, but it's true—had mashers took for me at evening parties and such like, and twice to my knowledge they have had tips given to them intended for me. And what is more, sir, they have stuck to 'em."



"Goin' into the circus busi-

A Boy Hand Organist.

Now and then one hears more or less discussion as to what constitutes "the Yankee spirit." There is a small boy in the neighborhood of Boston whose mother is English, while his father is a New Englander. The parents have often laughingly debated whether the lad was or was not a genuine Yankee, but it was only the day after last . mas that they were able to agree in the

That day the boy was for some time missing, and the whole family became much alarmed about him. The servants were sent to the neighbors, the house was thoroughly searched, the well looked into, and as a last resort the policemen of the village were called upon to aid in discovering the truant.

When matters had gone as far as this the boy himself was seen coming across the lawn in a draggled and evidently exhausted condition, but waving his hand with an air of triumph.

"I got thirty cents, mamma!" he shouted, as his anxious mother came hastening out to meet him.

"Thirty cents!" she repeated in astonishment. "How did you get thirty cents?"

"Why, with my organ, of course," he answered, and he showed her, strapped upon his back, a toy hand organ which had been among his Christmas gifts. "I've been playing way down to the other end of the town."

The English mother looked at the eager little fellow, divided between a desire to laugh at the droll situation, the feeling that she should reprove the runaway and the relief she felt at seeing the little fellow safe.

"George," she said, turning to her husband, who had come up in time to hear her son's words, "you are right. He is a born Yankee."

Curiosities of Suicides.

The love of life is said to be the most powerful and lasting instinct of the human soul, and yet an Englishman of the last century shot himself because he was tired of buttoning and unbuttoning his clothes.

A study of the statistics of suicide proves that nowhere is man more illogical, inconsistent and absurd than in the motives and manners of his self destruction.

Par example: One man ran a key down his throat and held it there until he died. Why? Because, as the letter left behind declares, he "could not find sufficient air to breathe with ease." Therefore, mark you, he would choke himfelf to death with a large brass key.

Another swallowed broken glass because the fish didn't bite. Another inspired idiot blew himself up with dynamite for the reason that the pie he had for dinner was burned on the bottom.

Still another: An old man in a soldiers' home, finding his supply of grog cut off for some trifling infraction of the rules, killed himself. How? It was very simple. Very absurd. He sharpened one end of his steel spectacles and jabbed it into his jugular veins.

Viewed concretely these instances seem positively humorous, but in the abstract they emphasize a very serious When it is possible for men to commit suicide for the reasons stated above there is something radically wrong with the social machinery.

To-day, originality of method seems to be the desideratum of the would be suicide, and, as a result, we find recorded some remarkably ingenious instances. One man managed to fall upon the tines of a pitchfork, which he had buried. handle down, in the ground. Another, probably in a spirit of emulation, contrived to impale himself very neatly and effectively on a sharp pointed picke fence. Another jumped into a vat of boiling oil, and still another plunged into a seething mass of molten lead. Three of "les miserables" undertook to escape by burning themselves alive.

There are four times as many suicides in sunny Paris as in foggy London. More people kill themselves during

the daytime than at night. There are more suicides during the pleasant months of April, May, June and July than during any other period of the year.

More people suicide between the ages of 45 and 55 than during any other period.

There is a much smaller per cent. of suicides in Russia than in the United The Deacon Saw a New Light.

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

"'I am delighted, Deacon Blank,' joined in the other deacon, to hear you say this. I have been praying man you would come to my terms."

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

A Merchant's Scheme.

With all our precautions, business men cannot always prevent the forgery of signatures; but the latest plans to avert this danger seem successful so far Here is the methods of operation: after signing a check I turn t. n up, draw a long, line through it fr. igh. to left, and it looks as if the h. had been cancelled. The peculiar little twirl at the end where the long line commences is the forger's little difficulty; he doesn't understand it, but the cashiers of the banks do, and they know instanting whether the signature is genuine or not. You see, also, this line drawn through the name makes the check look as if it was no good in case it is lost, and the finder will not present it for collection. It's a great idea, and is being adopted by many business men of the city. Of course we have to explain it to the bank people, who, once they know it, have no further trouble with us over it.

Somewhat Compromising.

Recently the Congregational pastor in a Maine village made his home at the hotel. ways the Lewistown Journal. A physician in the village ate his Sunday dinners at the same place. One Sunday, just before entering the dining-room, the doctor quietly requested the landlord that a pint of whiskey be left in his overcoat pocket while he was at dinner.

The coat was hanging in the hallway. When the physician struggled into his coat after the meal and slapped his pockets, no flask greeted his touch. In answer to his inquiry he was informed that the whiskey was left according to order. It was evident that some other fellow had walked off with the prize. But who? The only man in the dining-room at the time of the dector's visit was the Congregational minister, and his coat was hanging beside the doctor's in the hall. The garments were so nearly alike that the busy landlord had slipped the flask into the wrong pocket.

The minister had walked demurely away to afternoon service lugging a pint flask loaded to the muzzle with "Old Crow." That night the doctor learned from his wife that their minister had seemed strangely embarrassed as he removed his glove's and placed them in his pocket. His jaw dropped, and an expression of utter amazement spread over his face. Instead of leaving his overcoat in one of the pews he carried it to the pulpit and stuffed it beneath a chair. For several days constraint marked his demeanor at the hotel. Evidently he did not appreciate what he deemed a questionable practical joke.

Still Waiting.

A sad reminder of the great blizzard of two years ago, is the mental condition of a man living in the fashionable part of Lexington Ave., New York city, not far from Thirty-seventh street. This man had an only son, who went out in a boat the day before the buzzard came, for a sail down the bay. The boat was never heard of after that, and the young man very probably was lost. Yet the father did not lose hope. Day after day he waited for news of his son's rescue. He hoped that some vessel had picked the little boat up or that by some other means the boy's life was saved.

The body not having been found, the man could not believe the boy dead. For weeks he waited to hear some news, but none came. Under the load of grief his mind almost gave way, and to this day the old man, whose mind is almost a wreck, expects at the least noise in the block to hear that his son has been found.

If there is a sound of hurrying feet on the pavement outside he will get up to see if there is not a messenger boy coming with news from his son. All through the night he awakes at the slightest noise, and his first inquiry is whether t' news of his son's rescue has come.

This has continued for two years. The facts in the case were told by a policeman, who a few evenings ago saw two men standing in front of the house at a late hour and requested them not to talk in a loud voice, lest they arouse the old man and start him to the door were were which he had awaited so l

Duel on Horseback.

Andrew Foster and Will Jarnagin, two young farmers, who resided at Gum, west of Dallas, Tex., had an encounter recently. The former is fatally wounded and the latter is dead. Several months ago Foster assisted the lover of Jarnagin's sister to elope with her. The young men have been enemies since. Last night, in returning from a meeting. they met in a highway. Jarnagin drew his pistol, and almost at the same time Foster was ready. They fired simultaneously. Each shot took effect, a ball entering Foster's right cheek and lodging on the inside of the skin on the left temple, while one pierced Jarnagin through just above the heart. They were both on horseback and their horses ran with them in the same direction. They continued firing until Jarnagin emptied his pistol, and Foster had shot three times. Jarnagin dropped from his horse at the end of one hundred yards, and died in a few minutes. Foster was take ... a neighbor's house. Foster is 19 years of age and Jarnagin Poverty a Life Preserver.

Poverty saved my life," said a robust, "I was assistant middle-aged man. book-keeper for a wholesale house and earning twelve hundred dollars a year. Something happened, no matter what, and I was thrown out. I was idle for two months and then I went to work for seven hundred and fifty dollars. At that time I was thin and weak, and couldn't walk a mile to save a dollar. At any rate I thought I couldn't. But when my income was so fearfully reduced I found it absolutely necessary to economize, and I' did so by walking home from my work, a distance of about five miles. It pretty nearly killed me at first. Then I began to enjoy it. Within three months I was walking both ways, and I've kept it up ever since. Ten miles a day, summer and winter, unless during a hard storm and look at me! One hundred and eighty pounds, the appetite of an ostrich, and not a day's sickness in ten years. You see, gentlemen, how it was that the cutting down of my salary saved my life."

. Courage in Crime.

A curious manuscript which came under the observation of the writer of this article contained the confessions of a woman who for years had been a "shoplifter." and who finally took an odd sort of pride in her skill as a thief. Her first theft was a petty one—some trifle costing a fraction of a dollar-and caused her such terrible remorse that she was tempted to return the stolen article and confess her offence; but that period of grace passed she never returned to it, and pursued her nefarious occupation coolly and with apparent enjoyment. Holding a respectable position in her native town she escaped detection for years, and had not boldness outrun cleverness, might have done so always. But at last, grown bold by success, she coveted a sealskin garment worth several hundred dollars, and in attempting to possess herself of it was caught in the act and arrested, when the whole story of her thefts came to light. She is now in prison with ample leisure to reflect whether the game was worth the candle. Many women of this sort feel a certain pride in their skill as "shoppers" and talk freely of their exploits when the necessity for reticence has ceased. The following naration came from the heroine of it: She once visited a large store and asked to be shown : me expensive cloaks. The goods were brought out and the stylich woking shorper took off the jacket she wore and tried on a cloak. She was not entirely sa. fiel with it, sae said, and the saleswe nam who was waiting upon her went to another part of the store to get some more cloaks. This the ti. 's chance. She walked away, he gthe jacket. On the stairs—the clock ! pa ment was on the second floor-she ' one of the owners of the store. "lave you been waited upon?" he asked politely. "Yes, thank you, and I am very well satisfield with this cloak," she replied, and walked coolly from the store—safe for that time, though Nemesis overtook her at last. Happily for the ends of justice, the greed which grows with what it feeds upon is a fatal passion with thieves, and inevitably leads to conviction and punishment. After that their doom is sealed: outcasts from society, distrusted even by members of their own order, despised, if pitied, by the friends who formerly loved and trusted them, all the pleasant aspects of life are shut out from their eyes forever. "Once a thief always a thie'" says the world, and a lifetime of penitence is in-

The Chautauqua Assembly.

sufficient to reverse the verdict.

The Sixth session of the Kansas Chau tauqua assembly will be held at Oakland Park, Topeka, June 24 to July 4 inclusive. The program for 1890 will ecupse that of any former session, and will be excelled on no assembly platform. J. B. Young, D. D. is superintendent of instruction. Among the prominent speakers engaged are G C Lorimer, DD, the eloquent Baptist divine; G W Miller, DD, scholarly, strong and eloquent; Robert M'Intyre, America's greatest word picture painter; Prof. C W Richards, Ph. D. one of the best scientific lecturers in the nation. He brings with him over 1,700 pounds of apparatus, etc., for experiments to Iliusapparatus, etc., for experiments to illustrate his lectures; Dr. Gillet, a popular Assembly speaker. Prof. F. S. Cravens is the musical director, assisted by his talented wife. Mrs. Ella Dillon Martin will have charge of the Primary Department. C L S C Recognition Day will be unusually interesting this year, with songs, marches, passing through the golden gate and under the arches. The program is full of information about Assembly matters, railroad rates, cost of program is full of information about Assembly matters, railroad rates, cost of living, sketch of speakers and workers, etc. We would urge our readers to send a postal card with their name and address to C A Rudisill, secretary. Topeka, Kansas, for a copy of it. You will be astomshed at the immense attractions offered to those who will attend the Assembly. Concerts, readings, lectures, recreation, "study," etc. During the eleven days, there will be mineteen lectures, The grounds are being improved and ample accommodations will be made for the many thousands who will attend this popular Chautangna of our State. The Electric Railway has doubled their capatity for tranporting passengers to the park.

Chantanquans will notice that C L'S C Recognition Day has been changed from June 27 to July 3.

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* A Lesson Well Learned. I was a mere youngster when I learned two important lessons in business matters: never to lose anything and never to forget anything. An old lawyer gave me an important paper, with instructions what to do with it. "But." I inquired, suppose I lose it; what shall I do then? "You must not lose it!" "I don't intend to; suppose I should happen to?" "But I say you must not happen to; I shall make no provision for any such occurrence; you must not lose it!" This started me on a new train of thought, and from that very hour I resolved never to fail in these particulars. I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting any important task to say, "I forgot it." I told him that would not answer. If he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot it. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the time he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget anything. His forgetting, he found, was a lazy, careless habit of the mind which he cured and it has ever been a lesson to him as it should be to all others. It has saved him many a dollar. A lad telling his employer, "I didn't mean to" was answered by the employer, "Well, young man, "You must mean not to."

Success of an Experiment.

An English woman who employs educated women of the upper classes as servants, is well satisfied with the result of her experiment. Being ladies, they submit gracefully to the inevitable, and do not allow their work to disgrace them because they do it well. "Of course I try to avoid giving them dirty work as much as possible. A great many arrangements can be made in this way to make housework less hard and unpleasant, and if we. the mistresses, would only spend a little more thought on these matters I am sure there would be fewer complaints from and about servants. At the same time, I always insist on my servants fulfilling every duty they have undertaken to perform. If they engage to black my boots, they have to do it, and do it regularly and well. But this does not prevent me from having them in my drawing-room after dinner and playing a game of whist or any other garae with them. Their lives are, even under the most favorable circumstances, rather monotonous, and where we can put a little more color and brightness into them I think it is our duty to do it. Their work is very confining and after their work is done, they should be permitted to go out every day." "Do they eat their meals with you, too?" "No. as a rule I find that they prefer to take their meals together seperately, and as they have to cook and serve the meals this is a more convenient arrangement. But otherwise I treat them as equals, and I have not found that they abuse this treatment, but rather are more trustworthy and willing to please."

An alliance store will shortly be opened in Abilene.

Atchison is booming a musical festivel for the coming summer.

The original package house at Abilene has closed from lack of patron-

Out in Kingman county five men are paying off mortgages where one makes a new one. Mrs DS Martin of Wichita, was

probably fatally injured in a runaway accident The Kansas Central is being widened to standard gauge between Clay

Centre and Miltonvale. Jerry Donohua, a farmer living near Atchison, was overcome by the heat Monday, and died soon after.

A move is on foot for the co opera tion of the several alliances in Jewell struck at Osawatomie Saturday after-county to join and have a Fourth of noon. The people celebrated at July celebration.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSARS



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The barn of Luther Perkins of Coffeyville, burned to the ground, two horses being consumed in the flames.

The 13-year-old son Geo. W Buist, a resident of Cawker City, was drowned while bathing in the Sciomon Sat-Fred Leonard, son of J H Leonard

of Topeka, was thrown from a buggy receiving injuries from which he died soon after.

Not a clue has yet been found to

Mr Bradley of Eldorade, who disappeared nearly a month ago, and the belief is growing that he was murder-

Geo H Evans & Co, Kansas statehouse contractors, have sued R B Kepley of Topeka, for \$8,077 65, alleging that his material was not up to sam-

At a session of the Wichita school board two members passed the lie and then engaged in a fisticuff of some minutes' duration. They were finally

separated. What is claimed to be the strongest vein of natural gas in Kansas was struck at Osawatomie Saturday after-