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SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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NO. 6

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
—BY THE—
Kansas News Co.,
Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies
\$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00.
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The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western
Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country
weeklies.
Advertising for the whole list received at lowest
rates. Breeders and manufacturers' cards, of
four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kan-
sas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than
three months.

A switchman named James Wagner was knocked off a car in the Santa Fe yards at Wichita Monday by a projecting switch and probably fatally injured.

John O'Bright, a farmer living near Edmund, committed suicide Sunday by hanging himself in his barn. Despondency from loss of property was the cause.

Sunday night the barn of Michael Stanton in North Leavenworth was consumed by fire, together with three horses, a carriage and other property. Loss about \$1,000, with \$150 insurance.

Lawrence Journal: The advice of Secretary Graham to plant no more German carp in the Kansas streams looks like a direct and unwarranted attack upon the catfish that have been living so high of late years.

The barn of Abe Smith, a farmer in the southern part of Sedgewick county, containing several horses, some cattle, a quantity of machinery and much wheat and corn, was destroyed by fire Sunday night. Loss, \$7,000, with slight insurance.

The ministerial institute of Kansas conference, United Brethren church will meet at McLouth, Kansas, Wednesday, May 14, at 7 p. m. A rich programme has been arranged and will be carried out. Able teachers have been employed. Everybody is invited to attend. Bring your Gospel Hymns and Bibles. Elder F. R. Mitchell, president; Rev. W. R. Boyle, secretary.

The whiskey papers are now saying that the evident trend of all legislation is away from prohibitory law. As one looks at it in the light of human progress, illuminated by past history, the trend is clearly in the other direction. One who sees it in any other light is groping back into the more beastly and sensual life from which society has been emerging for generations past.

PERRY.
W W Cocks of Lawrence, was in Perry Monday, and had an attachment issued against Andy Mathes, to secure the collection of four promissory notes.

The primary department of the Perry school closed last Friday, and the grammar department on Saturday. The pupils in Mr Riblet's room presented him two valuable books, and Miss Fauble was the recipient of a number of tokens of respect from her pupils. No better school has been taught in Perry than the one just closed, and there is a general desire for the same teachers for next year.

The Japanese Wedding given by the M E Church choir at the Opera Hall on April 30 was a very interesting entertainment. Although the evening was wet and rainy, the door receipts amounted to fifteen dollars. On account of the bad weather at that time preventing many from attending who desired strongly to do so, those participating concluded to repeat it, and did so on Thursday evening of this week.

W R Sheen, of Lawrence, instituted Perry Lodge No. 300, A. O. U. W. Tuesday evening. The lodge starts out with the following officers: T B Brown, P. M. W.; James Durbin, M. W.; W W Burgess, Foreman; J W Gray, Overseer; Frank Leach, Recorder; B F Empe, Financier; C R Hoffman, Treasurer; J H Baker, Guide; H D Larimer, I. W.; H B Hartson, O. W.; Trustees, W T Smith, 1 year; C S Kathan, 2 years; W W Burgess, 3 years; Medical Examiner, Dr. D Surber.

A Grand Fodder Plant.

Japan clover, like red clover, has long roots and gets a larger amount of nutritive matter from the soil than nearly all other plants. Unlike red clover Japan spreads over the poorest lands. If not too closely pastured it improves the soil and increases the pasturing capacity twenty-five per cent. yearly. In this respect it surpasses any other plant known to me. On fertile land it will produce as much food as any plant grown here except Bermuda grass. On rich lands it will yield two to three tons of hay of good quality per acre. For grazing and as a maker of butter and milk it is nearly equal to blue grass, and it surpasses all other grazing plants on ordinary upland or sandy soil for fattening cattle, as it makes its growth from July to November. It chokes out weeds and inferior grasses, not accepting Bermuda grass on certain lands.

When Japan clover has been started on old hills that are too poor to pay for cultivation it may be pastured and where cattle are fed on cottonseed a part of the year the fertility of the soil and its capacity for carrying stock increases more rapidly than under any other treatment. At the agricultural college is a ten acre field formerly covered with broom sedge. It was planted to corn in 1881, being fertilized with 2 cwt. of cottonseed meal per acre and fairly cultivated. As but a light crop was yielded the land was sowed to red clover. Japan clover, self sowed, made a light growth where the clover failed to catch. In 1883-4 the field was used for pasture. In 1886 ten to twenty-five head of calves in the day time and thirty to fifty cows at night had their range here and at no time was the growth grazed or tramped down too closely to furnish good feed.

In another field 800 acres of similar land had been turned out because too poor to cultivate. Much of it was hilly and some was bottom land covered with coarse grass, bushes and weeds. It would have carried possibly 100 head of cattle. The brush was cut and 100 head of cattle placed on it in 1884, 50 acres being fenced off for cultivation. The following year the number of cattle was doubled and another fifty-acre field fenced off. The following year 200 to 275 head of stock pastured this land and still could not consume more than two-thirds of the growth. Japan clover is an annual. It sprouts after the spring frosts are over, grows fast on good land to two and one-half feet high. It blooms late in August or September and ripens its seeds. Its roots extend one and one-half to two feet or more deep and fill the soil. It grows during wet seasons with greater rapidity and doesn't burn during long hot spells. It thrives on all soils excepting black waxy bottom lands, white soils, cold white soils and where the lime rock crops out.—Prof. F. A. Gulley, Texas Experiment Station.

The weekly excursions run via the "Santa Fe route" to California are conducted through to destinations by an experienced excursion agent, who is employed by the company for this work. Inquire of Geo. T. Nicholson, G. P. A. or Arnold & Stansfield, agents, North Topeka.

Attention! Knights Templar.
For the meeting of the Grand Commandery of Knight to be held at Leavenworth, Kansas, May 13th, 1890, a rate of one fare for the round trip from all points in Kansas, has been made by the Union Pacific system. Tickets to be sold May 12th and 13th, return limit May 14th. For full information apply to R R Haynes, agent Union Pacific system, Perry, or H B Harrington, Topeka, Kansas.

TOPEKA.

Mr and Mrs Archibald have left for a ten days trip in Colorado.

Fred Peck, of Topeka, was in Leecompton Saturday, engaging fruit for the coming season.

Geo Young, of Topeka, an old resident of Leecompton, is spending a week with old friends.

A colored woman believed to have been 112 or 113 years old died at Topeka Monday.

J L Lee, who has been traveling agent for Lane University, moved his family to Topeka Thursday.

J. B. Billard, of the Central mill, will soon erect a capacious elevator at the east end of his mill property. Just how soon he will commence operations remains to be decided.

It is rumored that Mr. Fessler has resigned as principal of the Quincy School and his B. class will be transferred to the Grant, while the A. will go over the river.

It is a good deal of a credit to school district No. 5, west of Silver Lake, that five pupils from that one school have passed the teachers' examination held on April 26, although the papers were quite closely graded by the examiners and they did better than some of the old teachers. The teacher of that school, J. H. Chambers, used to be county superintendent of schools in Lyon county.

Lorenzo Wisner, the "western tough" who did the cutting on West Gordon two months ago, was taken to the penitentiary this week, to serve a sentence of four years. Tho but 22 years old he has a bad record and has been within prison walls before. He was pardoned a year ago when serving a twelve year's sentence for manslaughter, that sentence being the result of a second trial; the first found him guilty and his sentence was for life.

LECOMPTON.

Mrs. Huffman has been quite sick for a few days but is improving slowly.

Rev T M Besterman and wife are in town visiting at Elder Huffman's.

Fred Griffiths, of Osawatomie, is in town visiting his mother, Mrs Evans.

Messrs Bonebrake and Lowe went to Lawrence Wednesday.

The Ladies of the W O T U gave a supper on last Tuesday evening.

Bro. Laacock went to Lawrence Wednesday, the first time for over a year.

We understand some of our citizens have commenced an addition to the old opera house.

Fred Baughman returned home Wednesday from Illinois, where he has been visiting his uncle.

Miss Addie Haus, an old student, was in town Sunday, visiting friends and old school mates.

Elmer Myers had the misfortune to severely cut his hand while stretching barbed wire a few days ago.

Mr Porter, living a few miles south of Leecompton, broke two ribs last week, by his team running away.

Mrs Atkinson and daughter passed through this city Sunday on their way to Topeka, where they reside.

Pearl Macy one of the teachers whose school closed Friday, has entered Lane to take a business course.

Mrs Mary Martin departed for Fulton, N. M., on Sunday, where she will meet her husband, who is agent at that place.

The public school closed last Friday by giving an excellent entertainment consisting of speaking, singing and dialogues, in the evening.

An old soldiers' reunion was held at Capt Ward's last Saturday. Quite a number of citizens were present, also old soldiers from all over the country. Music was furnished by the College Band, and all enjoyed a good time. The object was to organize for Decoration day.

MERIDEN.

Our city schools closed this week. The G. A. R. are making arrangements to observe Decoration day.

Mr. Eshorn is making improvements in his store getting ready for the rush of business when farmers finish planting.

Wm. Smith, late of the firm of Smith Bros. has bought the drug store of Mr. Spencer, and intends to rent and replenish the stock.

Measles are abroad in the land, many children in the town down with them,—families of Mr. Wood, Trip and others.

Farmers are very busy planting, making business dull. Crops, especially wheat, look fine. Many fields of corn are already up.

The building for the Meriden Tool Factory is about to be commenced. The tools made by this factory are said to be the best in the market, and only one other factory in the United States makes these tools.

Jno. Ralston is on the sick list. The old soldiers about here are showing the effects of exposure and hardship, and if Uncle Sam does anything for them it must be done mighty quick.

A J Kane has sold his bank at Osawatomie, and is once more a resident of Meriden. We want all the money men we can get to locate here to help in our boom which will soon make us a desirable suburb of Topeka.

We regret the retirement of Mr. Spencer, from the drug business, for in dull times there were always congregated at his store, the leading thinkers of the city; and politics and religion were discussed with ability, and the entertainment was good.

Mr. Spencer intends to engage in the hotel business. Those who have had the good fortune to eat at Mrs. Spencer's table, are all sleek looking, and no doubt one reason of Mr. Spencer's being single, he dare not risk another cook. We wish them success in their new undertaking, as no better people live in Meriden.

Since our scare of hydrophobia last summer, there has been a great scare about dogs in this vicinity. Many dogs have appeared strange, and some stock that has been bitten have died with what is pronounced by some as hydrophobia. S. Groshong lost two horses; one, a gentle mare 20 years old suddenly became vicious, biting at everything and biting Mr. Groshong before he killed her. Last week a valuable dog became cross, biting at every thing within reach, finally biting his owner, and then disappeared. Should it prove to have had hydrophobia, it might cause great distress. The people in that vicinity met and now propose to kill all dogs around,—a wise precaution.

A circular entitled "Prosperity and how to obtain it," a resubmission document from Leavenworth, has been sent out to nearly every one here. It is filled with rot and slush and lying absurdities. It talks about home market for grain, when everybody knows enough grain is raised in two counties in Kansas to supply all the grain used in the U. S. in the manufacture of beer and whiskey. Why are our markets better than Nebraska, where you can swim in whiskey? It talks about the immigration into whiskey states, like Nebraska and Texas, as compared with Kansas. Their figures are base fabrications; and besides all the good land in Kansas is occupied, while Nebraska and Texas are not more than half taken up.

Holman & Co. 837 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka, are full of business. They have enlarged their store and increased their stock and all hands are busy as bees attending to customers and filling orders. People will have new hats and bonnets frosted or no frost, and they go where they can do the best.

John R. Tuttle,

THE Spot Cash Grocer.

Will give to patrons, May 28, 1890, the following presents:

One Gent's Gold Watch, Elgin Movement
One Ladies' Gold Watch, Elgin Movement.
One Antique Oak Sideboard.
One Domestic Sewing Machine.
And Nine other useful articles.

With every ONE DOLLAR's worth of goods purchased at one time a numbered ticket will be given, and the distribution will be determined by a drawing under the control of the ticket holders.

14 lbs. Fine Granulated Sugar.....	\$1.00
50 lbs. Best High Patent Flour.....	.35
50 lbs. Good Flour.....	1 05
4 cans Good Corn.....	25
5 cans Sardines.....	25
Can Salmon.....	10
1 gallon Best Gasoline.....	15
Headlight Oil, per gal.....	15
Best Crackers by the box.....	6
3 Packages Oat Flakes.....	25
Bottle Vanilla or Lemon Extract.....	5
2 Fancy Bottles Catsup.....	5
Bottle Mustard.....	15
1 Good Broom.....	15
3 Sacks of Salt.....	10
2 Papers of Best Carpet Tacks.....	5
1 lb. Gun Powder Tea.....	30
1 lb. Ground Coffee.....	20
3 lbs Raisins.....	25
6 B rs of Ivory Soap.....	25
6 Packages Pearlina or Soapine.....	25
Sack of Graham Flour.....	25
20 lbs. Bucket Jelly.....	90
Can Pine Apple.....	10
Can Gooseberries.....	10
Can Pears.....	10
4 cans Blackberries.....	25
Fluz Tobacco, per pound.....	25
Sweet Chocolate Cake.....	10
3 Bottles Bluing.....	10
5 cakes Toilet Soap in Box.....	10
1 lb. can Royal Baking Powder.....	40
1 lb. can Price's Baking Powder.....	40

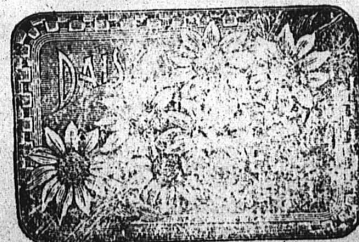
A coffee mill given away with a can of baking powder.
Gilt Edge Butter always on hand.

JOHN R. TUTTLE.

Telephone 168.

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DOES AWAY WITH DISGUSTING FLY PAPER AND PLATES.

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Cheaper than Fly Paper.
Will Last All Season.

THE
RILEY-OSBORN MFG CO.,
HUGH MOORE, General Agent.

Galatea.

I found a woman white and pure and cold;
So cold I said: "She has no human heart!
A statue this, which some delft hand of old
Cut from fair marble with cunning art."
Yet shone this chill, pale being's yellow hair,
As wintry sunshine o'er a world of snow,
Such crimson were this woman's lips—as
rare
As some December's burning sunset glow.
Perfect each rounded limb and dimpled arm—
Each chiselled feature with no fault to mar;
Great steel-blue eyes that did not melt or
warm.
But glittered each like some far, brilliant
star.
And yet I loved this statue woman's face;
Her cold, white brow—her smiles like moon-
light gleams—
Her every chilling, scintillating grace
Was more to me than others' sunny beams.
I went near this woman, where, like stone,
She stood mute, moveless, frozen in her
place.
"I love you, pure, cold marble!"—wild my
tone—
A sudden transformation warmed that face.
My hand to those loose bended fingers strayed,
And felt their pulses quivering start.
My lips full on that sculptured mouth I laid—
I heard—ah! wonder rare—a beating heart!
And now that statue lives and breathes and
loves!
And flushes to pink marble, brow and
cheeks,
When'er with stately grace she near me
moves,
Or when with tender lips to me she speaks.
—Lulah Ragsdale.

ATLANTA'S PRINCESS.

She lived here once—why not call her Atlanta's Princess.
General Salm Salm, the Austrian prince who commanded the post of Atlanta a few months after the war, has already been described in these columns.
The Prince was well enough for a soldier of fortune, but the Princess—there is more than one romance in her life!
Our Atlanta ladies turned the cold shoulder to the Princess Salm Salm. They admitted that she had a kind of dark and fascinating beauty, but they said that she was too bold, and all agreed that her abandon was something startling.
This woman rode a horse like a circus queen, and that is exactly what she had been. Before she married the Prince she was Miss Agnes Le Clerc, famous all over the country for her daring equestrianism.
Salm Salm knew a fine woman when he saw her, and the circus business did not deter him.
"In America," he said, "the people may do anything."
That he thought so was beyond all question, for he married the dashing Miss Agnes just after the war and carried her to Atlanta. She rode about sometimes, with the Prince and sometimes alone. People stared at her, and she stared back defiantly. She knew that she was ostracized, and that her title of Princess, genuine though it was, would never admit her into any circle of society in the South. There were two reasons—she had been a circus rider, and she was the wife of a Federal General.
One day the Princess with her bold black eyes, her scornful ways, her fine dresses and diamonds, and all that had drifted away with her husband, and Atlanta was rather glad than sorry to get rid of her. Of course it was known that she had gone to Mexico with the Prince, who had accepted a staff appointment under Maximilian, but in those days we cared very little what became of the pair.
Among the Confederates who drifted into Mexico after Lee's surrender was Captain Horton, a young Tennessean. Horton at first thought of joining Maximilian, but when he saw that Americans were not really wanted, he settled down for the time as a colonist.
One day he was in a cafe in the City of Mexico. The guests were composed of civilians and military men, and a few ladies. The Confederate Captain took a seat at the table, and met with one of the liveliest adventures of his life—an adventure never told by him—the story was reserved for one of his friends, Major Edwards, another Confederate, to tell in after years.
It seems that Horton had just given his order to the waiter, when a lady entered the cafe unattended.
Horton was not acquainted with her, but he recognized her at once. She was the Princess Salm Salm.
"Looks better than when I saw her in Atlanta," said Horton to himself with a smile.
The young Confederate had passed through Atlanta on his way Southward, and had seen the Princess more than once.
Suddenly a sensation occurred. A tall man looked imprudently at the Princess and shouted:
"Hoop la!"
It was a slang term of the circus, and was intended as an insult.
The face of the Princess turned very white, and her blazing eyes swept the room.
Her husband was away on duty, and though officers of his brigade were in the room, they did not resent the tall man's insolence.
"Confound it!" said Horton to Edwards, "I don't know the woman—I refused to meet her in Atlanta—but she is my countrywoman, and I'll be damned if I don't stand by her!"
The Confederate walked through the crowd to the Princess.
"I am an American," he said, "and if you will permit me I will attend to that gentleman."
The insulted woman was too angry to even smile. She pointed to the tall man, and said to Horton:
"You have a cane, sir?"
That was all she said.
The Confederate was startled. If he struck the stranger it meant a duel. But he was true blue, and he advanced upon the man who gave the insult.

"Sir," said he, "you have insulted my countrywoman. Will you apologize to her?"
"No!"
The answer was jerked out wrathfully.
"And why not?"
"She is nothing but a circus woman."
"You're a liar!" shouted Horton, "she may have been one just as you may have been a convict, but she is not one now!"
Quick as lightning the American collared the tall man and dealt him a dozen blows with his cane. Then he walked rapidly out of the cafe, seeing no sign of the Princess, and yet tolerably certain that she knew what had taken place.
Horton received a challenge and accepted it, but Bazaine stopped the affair and sent the hot-headed youngster out of the city.
Horton, a month later, was riding across the country alone.
He was heavily armed, because guerrillas were about.
As chance would have it, about midday he rode into a group of men taking a rest by the roadside.
A glance at their bizarre uniform showed Horton that they belonged to Maximilian's side, but it was evident that they were not regular troops—in fact they were about as tough customers as the Mexican guerrillas.
The commander of the party, a small man of middle age, with black hair, and a mild, pale face, courteously asked the traveler to alight and dine.
The Confederate leaped from his horse, and in a moment was partaking of an excellent meal with his new friends.
The Imperialist Captain quietly asked a good many questions, and Horton answered without reserve.
"Like the country?" asked the Captain.
"Very much," replied Horton. "I am going to settle here."
"Yes, senior, I know that."
The American wondered how he knew it, but said nothing.
"You are young and enjoy life, and will doubtless marry some day?" said the Captain.
"Undoubtedly," replied the young man.
"Everything is uncertain these days," said the Captain. "Do not be too confident."
The meal was over and the captain was smoking. It struck the guest that his host's appearance had undergone a singular change. He no longer looked mild, but ferocious.
"What do you think of that tree?" asked the captain.
Horton made some complimentary remark, when the captain yelled:
"Glad it suits you, senior; you will swing on it in five minutes!"
Half a dozen men seized Horton and bound him. The prisoner protested. He said that he was a Confederate soldier—an American—and had not taken sides in Mexican affairs.
"I don't believe a word of it," said the captain. "You look like a Yankee, and all Yankees are against Maximilian. In five minutes you hang!"
The rush of a troop of cavalry and the clatter of sabers interrupted the conversation.
A troop of Austrian cavalry had galloped up to the very spot. Riding at the head of the horsemen were Prince Salm Salm and the Princess.
The prisoner's heart gave a wild leap, but he did not have to speak.
The Princess spoke to her husband, who gave Horton a keen glance. Then beckoned to the Imperialist Captain and gave him an order.
In half a minute Horton was free, and on his horse, facing towards Carlotta, the Confederate colony.
"Gad!" he told his friends, "it was a close shave, but I am here. The Princess, though, what a woman she is; not a bow—not a word of thanks."
"Saved your neck," said Edwards.
"Enough!" cried Horton, "I'll take what I've got and be thankful."
The Confederate never saw the Princess again. He left Mexico before the downfall of the empire, and when he read of the heroic part played toward the last by that strange woman, he said:
"Well, she was worth fighting for. Circus queen or not, she has shown herself worthy to be a Princess!"—*Wallace P. Reed, in Atlanta Constitution.*

Electricity and Rats.

There is no accounting for it, the men say, but somehow the electric light stations swarm with rats. Big rats and little ones gather in the dynamo rooms and boiler rooms alike, and have great larks playing about the floors until the men get a little leisure for scientific experiments. The simplest of these experiments is to so arrange metal plates that the rats, in scampering about the room, complete the circuit through their bodies. That ends the rat's larks instantly. The current is sometimes modified, however, so that it shocks without killing the brute. It is said that when one is shocked and let go the entire gang leaves the premises for a day or so, but either they forget about it and come back or a new lot takes their place, for the rat circus begins again within forty-eight hours.

Coals to Newcastle.

Three car-loads of sugar were shipped from Conway, Kan., to New Orleans recently.
The New Hampshire Historical Society has recently received as a gift from Gen. B. F. Butler a valuable collection of books and paintings relating to the early history of the Granite State.

BISHOP WHITTAKER IN NEVADA.

Breezy Reminiscences of the Distinguished Prelate by an Old Friend.

"There, look at that, will you?" cried Col. Amos Tompkins of Virginia. City in the office of the Palace last week, telling how a man had a shot at Bishop Whittaker. The Colonel was elated with triumph.
"You see, it says," he continued, leading the way to the bar, automatically, "that the fellow is a temperance man and wanted to do up the Bishop because he doesn't stand in with high-and-dry. When temperance is indulged in too long and permanently it hardens men's hearts, destroys their better feelings, and too frequently leads them into crime. What'll you have?"
"Do you know the Bishop, Colonel?"
"Do I? What? Do I know the Bishop? Why shouldn't I? He was at the head of the Episcopal end of the theological line over in our State for ever so many years, and everybody who has lived in Nevada knows him and respects him, too, sir. He worked two shifts, every twenty-four hours and would preach at the drop of the hat, night or day. The only thing any of us have got against him is that he left us."

"Bishop," says I, "I never go to church myself," but Whittaker and I were the warmest kind of friends—"Bishop," says I to him on C street one day, "don't leave me. All the long experience you've had of the civilization of Nevada the nickel-chip layout of Pennsylvania won't suit your tastes at all. Stay where you are and be a high-roller among the high-rollers."
"But go he would, and now they've taken to shooting at him. I shouldn't wonder if that would settle things and the Bishop'd skip back to Nevada. No Comstocker can stand a place like Philadelphia very long. We ain't used to the rough ways of the frontier. Nobody," pursued the Colonel, draining his second glass in luxurious comfort, "nobody ever took a shot at the Bishop over there. The worst that ever happened to him was to be kicked."

"Yes, sir; kicked. It was done in Virginia City and I saw it with my own eyes. It was a winter morning and the Bishop was climbing up Taylor street in the narrow path in the snow that the miners had trodden on their way to work. The Bishop's a very little man, you know, but two ladies who were behind him could get past him. He was deep in thought and did not hear them. They were holding their skirts high to keep them out of the snow. The lady ahead of the other got kind of mad at last and cried out: 'Plague take you. Whiffet, get out o' the way and let ladies go by, can't you?' and with that she let fly a kick that lifted the Bishop clean out of the path into the deep snow."

"Well, sir, you never saw a man so amazed as the Bishop was, and, as for the lady, it's only justice to say that when she saw who it was she'd kicked she blushed and apologized, and any true lady would under the circumstances."

"Ah," said the Colonel, wagging his head and smiling down into his glass, "we all loved the Bishop, and the boys at Candelaria were particularly fond of him. He was over there preaching one Sunday, and after morning service took a stroll to the outskirts of the town with a couple of ladies of the congregation. Prospect shafts were as thick as gopher holes there, and the boys were all at work. Sunday made no difference to them. Half of one of the holes belonged to Mike Brannon, an old friend of mine, a perfect giant, and as simple-minded as a baby. He was as bald as Mount Davidson, and some of the fellows had told him that if he'd rub his head with kerosene oil and onions, and cut the crown out of his hat so that the sun could shine on his skull, his hair would grow again. 'That was a joke you know,' explained the Colonel, 'but Mike took it all in, and when the Bishop and the ladies came up to where he was there stood Mike, tugging and grunting away at the windlass hoisting rock, and the hot summer sun blazing down on his shining crown.'

"The Bishop, one of the best-hearted men that ever breathed, was horrified."

"Good heavens, man," says he, "why don't you get a proper hat? You will be injured."

"How'll Oi be injured?" growled Mike, straining at the windlass, the sweat pouring off him.
"Your brain will be injured."
"Brains, is it? Brains?" and Mike put two-horse power on the windlass and landed the bucket. "Sure, an' if Oi had any brains d'ye think I'd be here?"—*San Francisco Examiner.*

MANY PERSONS BURIED ALIVE.

A Physician Tells of a Sure Method of Ascertaining if Life is Extinct.

About once in so often the newspapers are filled with accounts of premature burials, and journalists with abnormal imaginations are in demand to paint in vivid colors the agonies that must have been endured by the helpless wretches who woke up and found themselves dead. A few days such a case was reported in South Carolina. When the coffin of a young girl who had recently been buried was exhumed the body was contorted in a horrible manner, the finger nails were deeply buried in the palm of the hands, the face was lacerated, and the appearance of the corpse indicated that death had not finally come without a fearful struggle. It was a good story, and whether or not it was a "fake," it will probably start the fakers of the newspapers to

work, and there will be no lack of similar blood-curdling tales for a month or two.

A well-known Chicago physician who read the yarn referred to, says:
"There are plenty of people mouldering under the sod," he said, "who were buried before life became extinct, but they were never made aware of the fact. Coffins nowadays are hermetically sealed, and there is not enough air in one of them to bring a person to life out of a trance. The lungs must have a certain amount of oxygen before the heart will begin to act, and one full inhalation would exhaust all of the oxygen in a modern casket, and the lungs would, of course, be unable to take another. All these stories of fearful sufferings endured by persons buried alive are false; there's nothing to them."

"No doubt, bodies are frequently interred while life is yet existent, but this would not be the case if everybody knew of a certain infallible and absolutely certain test of death. Such a test I have. It has never, so far as I am aware, been in print, and *The Herald* could do no better service to humanity than to publish it. I was a coroner once upon a time, in one of the Southern states. An old darkey had died suddenly, and I was called to sit upon the body and determine the cause of death. When I arrived the man had been dead twenty-four hours, and the negroes of the neighborhood were preparing to hold the funeral. I impelled a jury; the family of the deceased testified to the extent of their knowledge; but I was unable to find that the old fellow had any disease sufficient to kill him. I looked at the body, and examined it carefully. Then a thought struck me, and I lighted a match and applied it to the end of one of the fingers of the corpse. Immediately a blister formed. I had the dead man put back into his bed, applied various restorations and to-day that same old darkey is alive and well."

"That is the test. Do you see the philosophy of it? If you are alive you cannot burn your hand without raising a blister. Nature, in the effort to protect the inner tissues, throws a covering of water, a non-conductor of heat, between the fire and the flesh. If you were dead, and flame should come in contact with any part of your body, no blister would appear and the flesh would be burned. The blood has been withdrawn from the arteries, and your body is like so much beefsteak."

"All you have to do is to apply a match to any part of the supposed corpse. If life remains, however little, a blister will at once form. Simple, isn't it? Why, it is so simple that the most ignorant person in the world can apply it, and no expert physician could settle the question of life or death any more certainly."—*Chicago Herald.*

Alexandre Dumas' Latest Maxims.

Whatever is useless is dangerous. What is duty? It is what we exact of others.

Brunettes deceive; blondes betray. Never lend money; give it. To give makes only ingrates; to lend makes enemies.

It is easier to be good to everybody than to somebody.

Friendship stops where borrowing begins.

Of all the stupidities of which man is capable, marriage is that which I would soonest advise him to commit. It is at least the only one which he cannot commit every day.

The chain of marriage is so heavy that it takes two to carry it—sometimes three.

Often woman, who inspires us with great things, prevents us from accomplishing them.

There are a number of people, especially in politics, who are like bottles, they have no value except that which is poured into them.

Life is the last habit that we wish to lose, because it is the first one that we form.

A suicide is a victim who meets his executioner and kills him.

Never argue; you can convince no one. Opinions are like nails; the harder you hit them the deeper they go.

Those who do not know how to profit by misfortunes deserve them.

There are many people who really repent only their good deeds.

Let us begin by admiring what God shows us, and we shall have no time left to hunt for what He hides from us.

If you wish to become acquainted with Divinity, do not seek it in the society of the illustrious but in the intercourse of the good. Goodness proves God; genius cannot explain Him.

If men expended in doing good to others a fourth of what they expend in doing evil to themselves, poverty would disappear from the world.

A Word of Caution.

He ha' carried my sachel down to the depot from the hotel at Birmingham, Ala., says a N. Y. *Sun* man, and still carrying it in his hand, he strolled about and got in the way of a baggage-truck being pushed by another colored man. The latter came to a stop and indignantly demanded:

"Yo' pusson, dar, what yo' doin'?"
"Who's a pusson, sah?"
"Yo' is!"

"Be a leetle keeful, sah! I han't dun used to bein' dressed in dat sort o' way!"

"Shoo! Do yo' know who I is?"

"An' do yo' know who I is?"

"I represents de baggage department of dis yere railroad, sah!"

"Hui! An' I represents de public what is rich 'nuff to hev any baggage to travel wid, sah! Boy, doan' yo' go an' make any mistake! If yo' do dar'll be a mighty skeercity o' baggage in yo' baggage department!"

ABOUT THE GULF STREAM.

Lieutenant Pillsbury Tells of the Variations of the Great Ocean Current.

Lieutenant J. E. Pillsbury, of the navy, has at the request of Professor T. C. Mendenhall, Superintendent of the Coast survey, written him a letter setting forth his views on the subject of the Gulf Stream and its variations. He says:

"I think the Gulf Stream does change its position to a slight amount, but not in the arbitrary manner or to the great extent stated by some of the newspaper writers of late."

While it is probably a fact that as a rule, a current from the equator is warmer and one from the pole is colder than the surrounding waters, it is not always the fact that the warmest flowing water is from the south, nor that the coldest is from the north.

The mere presence of warm water does not necessarily show that a current exists, nor does a change of temperature show that there is a change in current.

The Gulf Stream probably has a vibratory motion, as evidenced by our own anchorage off Cape Hatteras, and as previously noticed of Rebecca Shoal, Fla. Anchored there, on the northern edge of the stream, riding to the wind with a gentle current, the latter would suddenly become strong and swing the vessel until she was stern to wind, to remain but a short time, and then the current becoming weaker the wind would gain the ascendancy. This was repeated a number of times.

"I believe that the daily volume of the stream varies but little except from that due to declination of the moon. Along the northern coast, however, it is not always on the surface, but is overrun by other currents. I think that its track through the ocean is absolutely fixed by law, and that its vibration is periodic, although the limit of the periodic change may vary a trifling amount. The generally accepted belief that a wind blowing across the current changes the position of its axis is, I am convinced, erroneous. Every temporary wind, however, does transport water (chiefly by means of waves), and with it goes its heat or cold."

"The fact of finding gulf weed within a few miles of Nantucket lightship does not so much prove that the current is nearer our shores as it does that winds have prevailed in the direction from which it comes. Its home is in the Sargasso Sea, from which it is drawn by the winds and the sea. A small amount finds its way into the Caribbean through the Antigua passage, but most of it passes north of the West Indian Islands. The break of the waves has more effect on its movements than a current, unless the latter is very strong, and in the Gulf Stream itself it is seen stretching in long lines in the direction of the wind and sea, and not in the direction of the current, except only in the case of a rip at the meeting of currents."

"Anchored on the edge of the Florida reefs, with a strong wind blowing directly from the Gulf Stream, which was only a short distance away, its clear blue water was driven by the sea and overcame the cloudy reef water, but no current accompanied it. In Key West harbor the water is usually cloudy. A southerly wind will cause a sea that will carry the clear water inshore, even in spite of an ebb tide. The wind shifting to the opposite quarter will at once alter it to milky whiteness."

After Dinner Ceremonies.

Ladies and gentlemen withdraw from the table together, or as is often the case, the gentlemen arise, and the ladies retire leaving the gentleman to smoke. Guests are expected to leave by or before eleven o'clock.

Even in dinners given to gentlemen alone, sometimes the wife of the host, or failing a wife, some dignified matron, is seated at the head or center of the table—a great advance upon the customs of former days. In my house those who wish to use the weed after dining, withdraw to the smoking-room in the topmost story, and in all the dinners, receptions and other entertainments in which Mrs. Childs and I have received large companies, conventionalities and courtesies of life have been strictly observed," said Mr. Childs. This was in answer to a newspaper paragraph which appeared that day to the effect that a good deal of comment had been made upon the fact that Ex-Governor Cornell at a late large public reception served nothing but ice-water and mineral water to his guests. It appears that Mr. Cornell, though a delightful entertainer, has been compelled to forego the use of wine by the hilarity of the few who could not restrain their appetites.—*George W. Childs, in Good House-keeping.*

Southern Phosphates.

The discovery of phosphate deposits in Florida is a matter of great importance to southern farmers who use large and increasing quantities of this fertilizer. Combined with cotton meal it makes an admirable fertilizer for both corn and cotton. It is easily transported and economically applied. It is now making the light sandy lands of south Alabama yield large and paying crops. It has revolutionized farming all over the south. Thus far South Carolina has furnished the bulk of the phosphates, producing last year 600,000 tons. The Florida article is said to be superior to that of South Carolina, and as the increased supply must lead to lower cost it will tend to a more rapid development of agriculture in the southern states than has ever been known.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S KIND HEART.

The Gentlest, Purest, and Noblest Character in Human History.

In concluding a series of papers on Lincoln, John E. Remsburg says: In youth, the meekest creature found in him a friend and if need be defender. He wrote essays and made speeches against cruelty to animals, and sought to impress upon his playmates' minds the sacredness of life. The same tender regard for the weak and unfortunate characterized his manhood. While riding through a forest once with a party of friends he saw a brood of young birds on the ground which a storm had blown from their nest. He dismounted from his horse, and after a laborious search found the nest and placed the birdlings snugly in their little home. When he reached his companions and was chided by them for his delay, he said: "I could not have slept to-night if I had not given those birds to their mother."

In the social relations of life he was a most exemplary man. He was a devoted husband, an indulgent father, an obliging neighbor, and a faithful friend. Mrs. Col. Chapman, a lady who lived for a time in his family, pays this tribute to his private life: "He was all that a husband, father, neighbor should be, kind and affectionate to his wife and child, and pleasant to all around him. Never did I hear him utter an unkind word." "His devotion to his wife and children," says George W. Julian, "was as abiding and unbounded as his love of country."

The strong attachment always manifested by him for his friends has often been remarked. Rich and poor, great and humble, all were equally dear to him and alike the recipients of his regard and love. The Prince he treated like a man, the humblest man he treated like a Prince. Nothing in his career exhibits the greatness and nobleness of his character in a loftier degree than the cordial and unaffected manner at Washington, in the midst of wealth, and splendor, and refinement, in which he was accustomed to receive and entertain the plain uncultured friends of other days.

A giant in stature and a lion in strength and courage, he possessed the gentleness of a child and the tenderness of a woman. The sufferings, even of a stranger, would fill his eyes with tears, and the death of a friend would overwhelm him. In his 10th year his mother died, and for a time his heart was desolate and he could not be consoled. In his 50th year his only sister, a lovely, fragile flower, just blooming into womanhood, drooped and died, and life seemed purposeless to him again. Of his four children, two died while he was living—Eddie, a fair-haired babe, and his beloved Willie. When death took these his sorrow was unutterable.

The ultimate death of his young friend, the gallant Col. Ellsworth, at Alexandria, and the death of his life-long friend, the lamented Edwin F. Baker, at Ball's Bluff, were blows that staggered him. At the death of his good friend, Bowlin Greene, he was chosen to deliver a funeral address. When the hour arrived and he stepped forward to perform the sacred task, his eyes fell upon the coffin of his dead friend and for a time he stood transfixed—helpless and speechless. The only tribute he could pay was a tribute of his tears.

When he turned for the last time from the bedside of the beautiful Ann Rutledge, his betrothed, it was with a broken heart and a mind dethroned. "O! I can never be reconciled to have the snow, the rain, and the storm beat upon her grave," was the pitiful burden of his plaint for weeks. Reason after a time returned, but his wonted gladness never; and down through all those eventful years to that fatal April night when his own sweet life-blood slowly oozed away, beneath that sparkling surface of feigned mirth drifted the memory and the agonies of that Great grief.

At the commencement of the Southern conflict in pleading tones he said: "We are not enemies, but friends." And at its close, notwithstanding all the cruel, bitter anguish he had endured those four long years of fratricidal strife: "With malice toward none, with charity for all," he died, and many a brave Confederate deplored.

The deep lamentation of his taking off. When Stonewall Jackson died he paid touching tribute to his gallantry and said: "Let us forget his errors over his fresh-made grave." In the darkness of the night on a bloody field of the peninsula he bent beside the prostrate form of a dying soldier of the South, and while the hot tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, soothed him with words of sympathy, and by the dim rays of a lantern took down from his lips a message to his mother, and sent it by a flag of truce into the enemies' lines to be transmitted to his home.

The narration of his many deeds of kindness and mercy while at Washington would fill a volume. He loved to rescue an erring soldier boy from the jaws of death and fill a mother's eyes with tears of joy. He loved to dispel the clouds of sorrow from a wife's sad heart and warm it with the sunshine of happiness. He loved to take the child of poverty upon his knee and plant within its little breast the seeds of confidence and hope.

Glorious apostle of humanity! When shall we look upon his like again? So honest, so truthful, so just, so charitable, so loving, so merciful! Law was his God, justice his creed, and liberty his heaven. If he sinned, mercy prompted him. In the presence of such a religion how contemptible your puny theologians and their narrow creeds appear!

Born in a western wild, dying in a Nation's Capital, its honored chief, enshrined in the hearts of an admiring world, Abraham Lincoln stands to-day the gentlest, purest, noblest character in human history. Millenniums may pass away, unnumbered generations come and go, creeds rise and fall, but divine faith of freedom's martyr, a faith based upon immutable law, eternal justice, universal liberty, a faith formulated not in perishable words but in immortal deeds, will live on through all the years to come, a torch of hope to every son of toil.

A High-Priced Artist.

In an elegantly appointed studio, not a hundred miles from Hartford, sat one of our noted artists in thought. He was earnestly contemplating a design for a cathedral window, and a look of annoyance flashed across his face as the door suddenly flung open to admit the figure of a lady. The look vanished instantly, however, as the artist advanced to meet his visitor.

"Are you Mr. —?" asked the lady shortly, yet casting a furtive glance at her muddy boots, buried deep in the pile of the beautiful Persian rug.

"I am, madam."

"Well," continued the lady, with an air of importance, "I have brought you a commission. I want you to design the toe of this slipper for me. The design itself is to be embroidered in the shape of a slipper. It is for the City Mission fair and I must have it immediately. Can't you do it while I wait?"

"Pardon me, madam," courteously replied the artist, "your kindness in giving me the commission is fully appreciated, but as I have not the honor of knowing you I must ask you to pay me in advance."

"Oh, certainly," responded the lady, with great readiness, drawing out a well-filled purse. "How much will it be?"

"Four hundred and seventy-five dollars, madam."

"What?" screamed his visitor.

"Four hundred and seventy-five dollars," calmly responded the gentleman.

"What do you mean?" demanded the lady, growing more and more astonished.

"Just what I say, madam," quietly answered the artist. "I think you have made some mistake. The commission you have pleased to bring me is entirely out of my line. If you will visit one of the places for fancy stamping, in Pratt or Trumble street, you will succeed in getting your work done to your entire satisfaction, I have no doubt."

The lady gave a final glance around the studio, filled with European curios of every description and adorned with artistic works, from the magnificent picture in oils, covering half the wall, to a dainty, delicious little landscape, which in its very delicacy was a marvel, and, with another look at her muddy shoe and a parting, "Well, I don't believe you are the kind of artist I am looking for," (to which the gentleman courteously replied: "I am afraid not, madam") she sailed out of the room, remarking to herself—as she savagely punched the elevator annunciator, and glared at two conflicting shades of red, which were mentally swearing at each other about her dress—"I thought artists were always ready for work, and glad to get it, too."—*Hartford Courant.*

The Composer's Emendation.

If there is any body who has a delicate way of doing things, it is a composer. Some people are disposed to find fault with him, but they shouldn't. There isn't a man in the world who undergoes greater difficulties and is at the same time more successful in having his own way. And in spite of all his care and toil he finds opportunity to make a few suggestions, and he invariably does it in the least obtrusive manner possible. Recently he came across some manuscript from which he accepted a suggestion for a four-line stanza. The man who submitted the suggestion wrote:

A simple little waltz, no more,
With naught to do with hope or fear,
Has proved he says it's o'er and o'er
A turning point in his career.

It caught the composer's fancy and he concluded to set them up. He had only one criticism to make, and that was with reference to the noun "waltz" in the first line. He preferred:

A simple little walk, no more.

"Anybody knows" he reasoned, "that a mere waltz doesn't amount to anything in a matter of that kind. Besides, the last line speaks of a 'turning point.' This might suggest that an attempt was being made in the direction of a joke. And jokes are not in good literary form. With my correction however, there is a vague, misty doubt as to what the writer is trying to say pervading the stanza that makes it seem more like true poetry. And true poetry is what we are looking for."

"And 'walk' went.—*Washington Post.*

Something Substantial.

"No, sir," said the new senator from Maine, as he sat down in the new restaurant, "I don't like all this fancy business, with your big bill of fare, and these darky waiters in dress-suits standing round. 'Tain't that I mind 'em at all, but a man can't get a decent meal in a place like this with all these fancy fixin's; that's what I object to. What I want, sir, is a good, substantial meal, and I intend to get it. Here, waiter, bring me a piece o' custard pie, an' a cup o' coffee!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Sam Jones announces that he is going to move from his home in Georgia to a farm near Eminence, Ky.

ATTAR OF ROSES.

How It Is Prepared and How American Roses Waste Their Sweetness.

"Here y'are, gentls! Here y'are!" yelled the street fakir. "Here y'are, gentls! The real genuine otter of roses, right fresh from the otter, the only living animal beside the musk-ox that gives up perfume for the hanky-chiff! Here y'are. Otter of roses, fresh from the otter! Five cents a bottle!"

A young man in the crowd became seized with an idea, says the N. Y. Sun. He went to the nearest drug store.

"How much is attar of roses a bottle?" he asked of the druggist.

"It'll cost you \$100 an ounce," said the drug man. "The genuine India attar of roses is worth \$100 an ounce."

"Got any?" asked the visitor.

"Not to-day," said the druggist. "We're all just out."

"What makes it cost so much?"

"Well, one reason is," replied the druggist, "it takes 50,000 roses to make a single ounce of attar. If you can buy 50,000 roses for less than \$100, then maybe you can knock the price of attar down. Attar of roses, young man, ain't milked out of cows. It is made in India, although, if they only know it, they could make it just as well in California. The same rose grows there from which the attar is distilled in India. I have seen huge hedge-rows near Samona, in California, so dense with these roses that the odor from them, on a warm sultry day, caused a feeling of peculiar faintness and oppression to the passer-by. This is the effect of the attar, which is distilled by the heat and moist air, and is held suspended, as it were, in the atmosphere."

"There is money in that cause of faintness and indolence, but in this country not only the sweetness, but the great value of the flower, is wasted on the desert air. In northern India the roses are regularly cultivated. They are planted in rows in the fields, and require no particular care. When they begin to bloom they are plucked from the bushes before midday. The work is done by women and children, who seem to regard it more as a pleasure than a pursuit of labor. The rose-leaves are distilled in twice their weight of water, which is then drawn off into open vessels. These are allowed to stand over night, being covered up with cloths to protect their contents from dirt and insects. In the morning the surface of the water will be covered with a thin oily film. This is the rare attar of roses. It is skimmed off with a fine feather and dropped into vials. This process is continued daily until the roses cease to bloom. I don't see why any essence or oil that requires the distilling of 50,000 roses to fill an ounce bottle hasn't a right to have a good price set upon it. Don't you think so?"

A Talking Crow.

The family of Mr. William Scarborough, who live at Randolph's grove, have had in their possession for some time a very curious, and, it might have been, a valuable pet. It was a common crow, as black as any of its fellows, and just as noisy, but it had this distinguishing feature, it could talk. The crow was captured while yet in its infancy from the nest by the Scarboroughs and raised by them. It was taught to sing a more civilized song than the mere cawing of the crow and could speak several words very distinctly. Its common habit was to perch itself in a tree not far from the house and offer passers by the unceremonious salutation of "Get out, dogs," and other sayings equally startling. Its articulation was remarkably distinct, and at first notice could not be distinguished from the human voice. The crow was a great pet, as pet crows are, and, though it lived near the woods, never staid from its adopted home longer than a few hours at a time. It would sometimes go visiting to the neighbors but always returned home in due season.

The death of the crow happened recently, and it was remarkable as its life. It had been missed from the place two or three days and, although search was made for it, it could not be found. At last it was discovered in a well, where it had fallen. In its attempt to get out it would strike the windlass, and so be forced down again. Mr. Scarborough's family mourn the loss of their pet very much, as it was a very sociable companion, and, as it was very well known throughout the vicinity, is missed by the neighbors as well.—*Bloomington Pantagraph.*

"He Evened Up."

Col. Mosby relates the following amusing incident which occurred in a cavalry fight in the Shenandoah valley in 1864: In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men in a charge near Berryville there came riding into our lines like a whirlwind a Yankee soldier on a black horse. A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, but the old black's blood was up, and he went on clean through our lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby prison, and we mustered the black charger into the confederate service. A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and that old horse was ridden into the engagement by one of our soldiers. The black evened up things, too, for he carried his rider into the federal lines, and never came back.

A shoe trade journal says that the best time to get fitted to shoes is the latter part of the day. The feet are then at their maximum of size and sensitivity.

Equality in Saturn.

So far as the Saturnians can be said to have any pride in anything, it is in the absolute level which characterizes their political and social order. They profess to be the only true republicans in the solar system. The fundamental articles of their constitution are these: All men are born equal, live equal, and die equal.

All men are born free—free, that is, to obey the rules laid down for the regulation of their conduct, pursuits, and opinions; free to be married to the person selected for them by the physiological section of the government, and free to die at such proper period of life as may best suit the convenience and general welfare of the community.

The one great industrial producer of Saturn is the bread-root. The Saturnians find this wholesome and palatable enough, and it is well they do, as they have no other vegetable. It is what I should call a most uninteresting kind of eatable, but it serves as food and drink, having juice enough so that they can get along without water. They have a tough, dry grass, which, matted together, furnishes them with clothes sufficiently warm for their cold-blooded constitution and more than sufficiently ugly.

A piece of ground large enough to furnish bread-root for ten persons is allotted to each head of a household, allowance being made for the possible increase of families. This, however, is not a very important consideration, as the Saturnians are not a prolific race. The great object of life being the product of the largest possible quantity of bread-roots, and women not being so capable in the fields as the stronger sex, females are considered an undesirable addition to society.

The one thing the Saturnians dread and abhor is inequality. The whole object of their laws and customs is to maintain the strictest equality in everything, social relations, property (so far as they can be said to have anything which can be so called), mode of living, dress, and all other matters. It is their boast that nobody ever starved under their government. Nobody goes in rags, for the coarse-fibered grass from which they fabricate their clothes is very durable. (I confess I wondered how a woman could live in Saturn. They have no looking-glasses. There is no such article as a ribbon known among them. All their clothes were of one pattern. I noticed that there were no pockets in any of their garments, and learned that a pocket would be considered prima facie evidence of theft, as no honest person would have use for such a secret receptacle.)

Before the revolution, which established the great law of absolute and life-long equality, the inhabitants used to feed at their own private tables. Since the regeneration of society all meals are taken in common. The last relic of barbarism was the use of plates—one or even more to each individual. This "odious relic of an effete civilization," as they called it, has long been superseded by oblong hollow receptacles, one of which is allotted to each twelve persons. A great riot took place when an attempt was made by some fastidious and exclusive egotists to introduce partitions which should partially divide one portion of these receptacles into individual compartments. The Saturnians boast that they have no paupers, no thieves, none of those fictitious values called money—all which things, they hear, are known in that small Saturn nearer the sun than the great planet which is their dwelling-place.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic.*

Some Things in Good Form.

By the by, there are some things that are good form.

It is good form to be able to say a pleasant word about whoever is spoken of.

It is good form to refuse to listen, among a crowd, at least, to disagreeable stories.

It is good form to be polite to elderly people.

It is good form to make room for the stranger getting into the street-car.

It is good form to have your skirts graceful but not a disgraceful length.

It is good form to show the white throat of a young girl, but not to have her aim to outstrip an opera-bouffé dancer.

It is good form to call only your intimate friends by their first name.

It is good form to pay your bills.

It is good form not to mind if your friends are a bit shabby, but to be satisfied because they are your friends, and curiously enough, although riches are appreciated, it's good form not to envy anybody their gold, but to make the most out of one's possessions, and in the matter of costly banquets and rich gifts to take the will for the deed.—*Bab.*

Baltimore Free Public Library.

The free public library established in Baltimore five years ago by Enoch Pratt, at an expense of about \$1,250,000, is accomplishing a great work among the reading classes. Last year the number of books issued reached 461,840. The rooms are crowded daily, and it has become a great educational force in the city, being especially valuable to the poor. Besides the main library there are five branches located so as to accommodate all sections of the city.

A Steady Advertiser.

C. Longfellow, druggist at Machias, Me., inserted an advertisement of his business in the first issue of the local paper, forty years ago, and has kept it in ever since.

HERBERT WARD, THE EXPLORER.

Incidents of His Travels in the Congo Country—Experience in Borneo.

Herbert Ward, the explorer, says the N. Y. Herald, is but 26 years of age, small and compactly built—what one might call a pocket edition of Hercules. His eyes are blue and expressive, his manner modest and retiring, and it is only when his face lights up in the discussion of some interesting topic that one may see the reserve force and character that have carried him through all his trials. Mr. Ward is an Englishman of wealthy parents. He had a natural fondness for adventure, and, as his parents refused their consent, he ran away to sea.

New Zealand was the first point reached and soon after he went to Australia. In Borneo he met Hutton, the famous Byrnes explorer, and it was not long before the two were in the country of the head-hunting Dyaks.

Surrounded by a high stockade he could see and hear the Dyaks prowling about and often he had narrow escapes from poisoned arrows that were constantly being shot into the stockade.

At Bangala, where Stanley had his most serious fight with the natives in his memorable journey across the Dark Continent, Ward was finally put in charge of the station which had just been established there. The Bangalas are a large and powerful tribe, and, in addition to being highly savage and ferocious, are cannibals. They do not, however, eat people of their own tribe, but depend for this sort of luxury upon such captives as they can secure, or, failing in this, they purchase slaves from friendly tribes.

This important tribe was governed at this time by a powerful savage, Mata Bwika by name. At the commencement of his command of this station Ward was forced to undergo the "blood brotherhood ceremony" in conjunction with the chief. This ceremony, said Mr. Ward, is common throughout Africa. An incision is made in the arm of each of the two participants in it. When the blood flows the wounds are sprinkled with potash, salt, and a powder made from a species of bran. Then the two incised arms are rubbed together, so that the flowing blood may intermingle. This, done, the two become blood brothers and both swear to assist each other in times of need. At the end of his three years of service Mr. Ward started for the coast. On reaching Stanley Pool he heard about the Emin Pasha relief expedition and that Stanley was coming. This settled it for him. He would go with Stanley. A short time afterward he met Stanley and volunteered his services, which were accepted, he being appointed to a command over one of the divisions of the expedition.

A Small, Shrill Voice.

A curious incident occurred a few Sundays ago at old Trinity, says the N. Y. Star. The actors were two well-known and wealthy society ladies. It was at a morning service and the church was crowded. During the early part of the service—the psalter and responses—they had maintained an attitude of rapt devotion, with profoundly solemn faces and bowed heads. The teum was arranged to a long and unusually elaborate musical accompaniment, and these ladies had remained seated. The lines "Let us never be confounded" were sung with a flourish and an operatic scato which came to a sudden and pronounced close. The silence was heightened by the loud burst of harmony which had preceded. There was no gradual dying away, but a quick, petrifying stop. And in the solemn hush, came the words:

"But, my dear, we fry ours in butter." Mr. Dix raised his hand in a quick gesture of horror; an acolyte laughed aloud; the faces of the congregation variously expressed amusement, chagrin, and anger, and amidst the commotion which ensued the very charming Mrs. — was borne, faint and sick, from the church.

The Samaritan of To-day.

From an article on "Some Wayside Places in Palestine," in the Century, we quote the following: "I am free to confess that I did not meet the proverbial good Samaritan as I journeyed through this most-favored country. If one meets a tiller of the soil he will sidle off as far as the narrow path will allow, and scowlingly watch the traveler's approach. The offer of a piaster will bring him to a standstill."

"How far is it to Nain?"

"God knows," comes the fervent answer.

"How long will it take to go there?"

"As long as God pleases," he answers, with a shrug of his shoulders and a pull at his pipe.

"Shall I reach there by noon?"

"If God permit."

"But may I hope to make the distance in an hour?"

"As God may direct," he answers, walking away.

"Is Nain distant, or is it very near?"

"There," he answers, moving his finger through a wide arc. If one extracts a more neighborly spirit than this from a Samaritan he must have the mysterious power of a dervish."

Suicides in England.

There were 2,308 suicides in England last year, which is the largest number ever recorded. Males largely outnumbered the females.

Jules Ferry has returned to Paris from the south of France very much changed for the worse. His whiskers are snow-white, and his face is marked by lines of age and care.

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SATURDAY, MAY 10.

Lawrence has the mad dog scare.
Judge Foster has met with the us-
ual fate of boys who play with fire.

The girls' industrial school at Be-
loit will soon be ready for occupancy.

About \$50 a week is the sum col-
lected in Lawrence as fines for sell-
ing hard cider.

Democrats will not unite with re-
submission republicans. They are
bound to be the whole hog.

The Kansas state temperance un-
ion will meet in Topeka May 15-16.

It will take more than one decision
of the supreme court to defeat prohibi-
tion in Kansas.

Edith Gorman, the escaped nun,
gave three lectures in Topeka last
week which were largely attended.

Santa Fe stock has taken quite a
step upward, having advanced ten
cents.

Senator Ingalls says the original
package question will soon be settled
by the passage of a bill now before
Congress.

The Patriotic Order Sons of Amer-
ica are getting to be numerous and
active in this state. They met in
Topeka on Tuesday of this week to
organize a state camp.

The Lawrence Journal did a very
wise thing when it consolidated with
the Evening Tribune and made the
two into one evening paper. The
Journal-Tribune is now a paper that
would do credit to any town.

The eight-hour movement appears
to win. If eight hours work is not
enough to support the working man
and his family, it is certain that some
thing is wrong in some other direc-
tion.

Senator James B. Beck, of Ken-
tucky, fell dead last Saturday after-
noon, at a railway station in Wash-
ington, in the presence of his wife
and daughter, soon after alighting
from a train.

St. Joseph ladies are warned by
the local papers not to go to Kansas
City to do their shopping. If St. Jo
merchants would follow the example
of our merchants and sell goods at
Kansas City prices, there would be
no occasion for such action.

For some months past the liquor
men have been publishing, at Louis-
ville, Ky., what they call "The
Farm Herald," an open whiskey ad-
vocate. They have now established
the "Rural Age" in Chicago, to de-
ceive farmers and defeat prohibition
in Nebraska.

The supreme court original pack-
age decision is the one absorbing
question of interest. It allows the
bringing into prohibition states intox-
icating liquors and their sale in orig-
inal packages. If nothing is done to
counteract its influence it will vir-
tually nullify prohibition. It will at
the same time strike the license sys-
tem. The result will be free liquor,
practically without restraint, or pro-
hibition as the alternative. Hereto-
fore it has been conceded that indi-
viduals, in our state, had a right to
import, for their own use, liquor
bought in other states. This has
been a common practice, resulting
in considerable business for the ex-
press companies. Probably this will
now be stopped. Congress will be
asked to either amend the inter-
state commerce law as to enable
states to keep out whatever is not al-
lowed to be sold under state law, or
more stringent laws with special re-
ference to such cases, will be enacted.
Bills to this effect are already intro-
duced. The right of states to pro-
hibit the sale of intoxicating liquors
has often been recognized by the
supreme court, and this right con-
gress cannot reasonably ignore. Be-
sides this the republican party is in
a majority in both houses. Its fail-
ure to enact so just a law in answer
to so general a demand from prohibi-
tion states, would assuredly drive
it from power. It would lose not
only the prohibition states, but most
or all of the other states where it
now has a majority. As a matter
of simple party policy Congress can-
not afford to refuse the relief now
demanded, and which the supreme
court in its decision, intimates that
it ought to grant. The decision is
probably good law. It is law, too,
that will, in the end, do more for
prohibition than any law that has
been enacted or any other decision
that has been rendered. It discloses
the weak points and they will be
strengthened.

Washington young ladies are very
miserable because there are not more
young men in that city and they have
resolved not to countenance any more
girls who may go to the capital city.

He laughs best who laughs last.
Already the resubmissionists look
down in the mouth and begin to
think that mayhap they have caught
a tartar.

Judge Foster, of the United States
District Court, is manifestly living
out of his age. He belongs to a
period two hundred years back, at a
time when Jeffries and Capt. Kirke
dealt out justice according to meth-
ods of their own. But as small as
Foster is, it may be suggested to
Major Hudson that even the skinning
alive of very small and venomous
things may be cruel. The *Capital*
not only flays Foster but he rubs in
salt afterwards.

By far the ablest paper in Topeka
is the Advocate, the organ of the
Farmers' Alliance. Whatever may
be thought of its ideas, no one can
deny that it is edited with consum-
mate ability. Last week's number
especially, showed a degree of talent
that is not usual in the state. The
Advocate is probably the ablest or-
gan in the nation representing the
alliance.

"Prince Tommy," the hero of the new
serial story by John Russell Coryell, which
has just begun in Harper's Young Peo-
ple, is an Elmiria boy who, abandoned to
his own devices, meets with a series of
surprising adventures in New York.
The illustrations by W. A. Rogers are full
of local color.

Grace L. Furness, the author of the
popular parlor comedies "A Box of Mon-
keys" and "A Veneered Savage," has
contributed to the number of Harper's
Bazar published May 9th an amusing
short story entitled "The Chronic Dier."
The heroine finds death a useful ally,
but confines its dealings to herself.

F C Crawford tells, in this week's
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
over his own signature, just what ex-
President Cleveland said in his famous
interview. Everybody is talking about
the article, and wonders if it is not to
play an important part in national poli-
tics. This number also includes an arti-
cle on the new feminine fad entitled,
"Belles and Bull Dogs," together with a
contribution from Miss Mabel Jeness on
elegant carriage.

Vick's Magazine is always a thing of
beauty. The May number is of course no
exception. At a season when all nature
is blooming in beauty, Vick is up with
the times. And 'tis ever thus.

Lawrence is to have a Masonic
temple to cost \$20,000.

Dr. G. W. Pritchard of Coldwater
was killed Thursday night by S. W.
Miles, an attorney of that place.

The 3-year-old child of Mr. Hank-
inson fell from a window at Sedan
and crushed its skull on the pave-
ment, dying a few hours later.

The last row of frame storerooms
on Commercial street in Atchison
was destroyed by fire Thursday
night. The total loss will not ex-
ceed \$5,000, fully insured.

The Cherryvale Natural Gas and
Manufacturing company capital
\$10,000, and the Iola Mardie com-
pany capital stock \$100,000, filed
articles of incorporation.

A very important circumstance in
the life of Mrs. Kelly, the newly
elected mayor of Egerton, incapacitates
her, temporarily at least for the
performance of her official duties.

There is a baby in the family.
Twenty years ago last Monday
the first railway engine in Kansas
was run on the Elwood & Marys-
ville railroad.

An effort is being made to form a
coalition of the Farmers' alliance of
Leavenworth county and the various
labor unions.

Linn county receives 7 3/4 per
cent on daily balances for county
deposits, the largest amount received
by any county in Kansas.

Kearney county seems to be yield-
ing to the blighting influence of pro-
hibition also. Not a criminal case
on the court docket.

A J Smith, who forged chattel
mortgages to the extent of several
hundred dollars at Abilene, has been
arrested and brought back for trial.

Mrs. M O Miner graduated last
week at the Philadelphia college of
pharmacy and will return to Hiawa-
tha to live. She will be one of the
five lady pharmacists in the state.

It is said that through pressure
brought to bear on the police com-
missioners, the system of collecting
\$50 monthly fines from jointists at
Wichita may soon be annulled.

There is a gray haired man in
Atchison who served four years in
the army and was in Libby prison,
but he has not been heard to mention
the war since he was mustered out.

The waiter who married the rich-
est woman in Kansas, is receiving
his punishment. His wife died the
other day and left him with \$200,000
worth of Wichita real estate.

Books and Magazines.

The May Eclectic has many articles of
interest on current topics. Emile de Lav-
eyley's paper on Communism is a search-
ing analysis of the subject. The science
of character is discussed by W L Court-
ney, and Mona Caird talks about the
morality of marriage. Prince Krapotkin
has much to suggest of Brain Work and
Manuul Work. Prof. Huxley's paper on
"Capital, the Mother of Labor," is emi-
nently worth the reading, as in it he
picks more than one economical fallacy.
Mr. Gladstone has a paper in defence of
Holy Scripture. The excellent article on
the Irish American is very suggestive and
entertaining. Sir Rowland Blennerhas-
sett, a personal friend of Prince Bis-
marck, has an interesting study of the
great German Statesman, and the causes
of his fall from power. Mr. Samuel La-
ing discusses "Aristocracy and Democra-
cy" with point and incisiveness, and
Stepniak has a very strong article on
prison life in Russia. There are many
other articles of value, long and short,
and the number is one of startling ex-
cellence.

Published by R R Pelton, 25 Bond St.
New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single
numbers, 45c; trial subscription 3 months
\$1. Eclectic and any \$4 Magazine, \$8.

The Century for May, is made notable
by the number and variety of articles it
contains which concern our national life
and history. Mrs. Edith Robertson Cleve-
land writes of "Archibald Robertson," Wil-
liam Armstrong and Edmund Law Rogers
contribute two articles on "Some New
Washington Belles," and these papers are
supplemented by a short one on "Orig-
inal Portraits of Washington," by Charles
Henry Hart. All of these articles in the
Washington series are profusely illustrat-
ed. Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography con-
tinues its charming course this month
relating his experiences in Australia, and
Mrs. Barr's "Friend Olivia" grows in in-
terest. Articles which will have a wide
reading are George Kennan's striking pa-
per on the methods of the Russian cen-
sors, entitled "Blackened Out," with which
is given a facsimile of two pages of one
of Mr. Kennan's Century articles on Si-
beria erased by the Government censors.
In Open Letters George L. Kilmer
writes of "The G. A. R. from the Inside,"
Rossiter Johnson writes of "Martial Epi-
taphs," and Harry Stillwell Edwards
and Charlotte Mulligan contribute pa-
pers.

St. Nicholas for May begins Alice
Maude Ewell's characteristic sketches of
Virginia colonial life. It is called
"The Passing of General Bacon,"—an
amusing incident during Bacon's Rebel-
lion. It is strongly illustrated. Among
new features of special interest to boys
and young men, Walter Camp begins a
series of articles on baseball. Mr. Glave
continues his "Six Years in the Wilds of
Central Africa." He can handle the pen
as deftly as the rifle. "Lady Jane," is a
beautiful story of child-life. "Crowded
Out of Crofield" continues full of incident
and life. Besides the features mentioned
are a sketch of the experiences of a diver
seeking for wrecked cargoes, an interest-
ing account of lumbering in the North-
west, two dog-stories, with pictures, a
funny little article by Frances C. Baylor,
and a natural history paper. There are
pictures in plenty, and the departments
are very interesting. It is a number
which will well repay its readers.

The Magazine of American History for
May presents a superb picture of Colum-
bus explaining his theory of a New
World to the Prior of the old Convent
where he stopped to ask for bread for his
little son. The handsomely illustrated
opening article is of special interest, en-
titled "Spanish Pioneer Houses in Cali-
fornia," by Charles Howard Shinn. It is
followed by the "Portrait of Philip Living-
stone, the signer," the admirable illustra-
tion being new to the public. One of the
best articles is on "The Constitutional
Aspect of Kentucky's struggle for Auton-
omy, 1784-1792," by the president of
Miami University, Ethelbert D Wharfield,
and represents a vast amount of scholar-
ly and critical research; a sketch of "Col-
onel William Grayson," of Virginia is
most readable; "The Massachusetts Bay
Palm Book, 1640," is a choice bit of his-
tory such as one likes to preserve; "A
Century of Cabinet Ministers," by George
M. Pay, is a novel and important statis-
tical contribution to the sum of human
knowledge; and Mrs. Lamb's description
of the frontispiece, giving the romantic
experiences of Columbus at the old
Spanish Convent and his subsequent
summons to the Court of Queen Isabella,
is truly delightful. Among shorter pa-
pers are, "Chances," M. Depue on Wash-
ington Irving; and "Glimpses of the In-
terior of Africa," by Professor Henry
Drummond. The issue also contains a
valuable list, recently prepared, of the
"Historic Societies of the United States,"
and eight varied departments are crowd-
ed with good things. This popular peri-
odical enjoys the well-earned distinction
of being the foremost publication of its
character in the world. \$5.00 a year.
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Clovelly in Devonshire comprises the
"Quaint Corner of England" which Juli-
an Ralph has described, and Charles Gra-
ham and Bert Wilber have illustrated, for
the number of Harper's Weekly published
May 7th. The article is contained in a
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NEWSPAPER LAWS.
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

The presbytery for Oregon has decided that all candidates for license must quit the use of tobacco.

MOBERLY BELL, the new manager of the London Times, is author of a book entitled "From Pharaoh to Fellah." This sounds more oriental than "From Peer to Peasant."

It will be of no interest to man, but woman—married woman—will be glad to learn a very ingenious electrical device has lately been patented by which the hands of a clock set to a certain hour are made to complete an electric current connected with the kitchen stove so that the fire is started when the given hour arrives.

STATE TREASURER ARCHER'S downfall is now fully explained. He was a devotee of poker and gambled away Maryland's money. All old sports will sympathize with him. He was an honest man after all. If he had not played a fair game he would not have found it necessary to steal the state's money.

A New York judge who recently lectured an applicant for divorce on the sacredness of the marriage tie and the evils of hasty divorces, and refused to grant a decree, has just married a divorced woman who had to get her decree in Illinois because the New York courts would not grant it under her flimsy excuse.

There is a degree of reasoning in the theory that man was evolved from the fish, from the fact that so many still retain the "symptoms." Suckers are not uncommon among the human family. Some get insane and others can scarcely look at water without their heads swimming. Yes, and there be quite many who are somewhat scaly.

Small shopkeepers in London often complain of being ruined by the monster establishments which sell everything and monopolize the trade formerly shared by their minor neighbors. The same complaint is raised in Paris, but the French government now proposes to lay additional license duties on big shops, so as to restrict their operations and allow small traders a fair chance.

QUONG LEE, an affluent laundryman of Plattsburg, Nebraska, has made declaration to become a citizen of the United States, and recently submitted the question to the treasury department whether he could bring his wife and children here. In reply, he is informed that they can not be admitted into the United States. Fifty years hence this will read like an old slave sale notice does to us now.

PROF. PEPPER, of the University of Pennsylvania, issued a circular letter to the physicians of this country asking for data for a work on American climatology, which shall be a trustworthy guide to the profession in the choice of a climate suitable to the various affections of their patients. The work, which is now in active preparation, will certainly be an important one both to doctor and patient, and may be the means of saving many valuable lives.

GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES, who was recently appointed by Gov. Hill as sheriff of New York county in place of Jas. A. Flack, resigned, has had an interesting and varied career. A printer, lawyer, politician and soldier. In congress, secretary of legation at London when Buchanan was minister. In state senate and again in congress. Slayer of Barton F. Key, his wife's paramour. Colonel in the late war, brigadier, mayor-general. After the war a colonel in the regular army. Minister to Spain under Grant. Lost a leg in battle. Is on retired list with rank of major general. His term of sheriff will expire January 1, next.

CLYDE LONG, of Logansport, Ind., aged seventeen, claims that he is Jesus Christ and that he must be crucified. He has repeatedly begged his parents and friends to nail him to a cross which he has erected. Upon their refusal he will take a knife and inflict severe injuries upon himself, stabbing his hands and body in a terrible manner. He also swallows carbolic acid in sufficient quantities to cause terrible pain, but not enough to kill him, and he claims that he must die on the cross. Long says he has specific orders from God that he must suffer on the cross to save the wicked people of his township. The poor little simpleton displays rare egotism by the inference that his crucifixion would accomplish what the crucifixion of Christ failed to do.

AN OLD-TIME CIRCUS.

DISASTROUS ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE A SPECTACLE OF BY-GONE YEARS.

Too Much Familiarity on the Part of the Elephant the Leading Cause of Failure.



he disappearance of the old wagon-road circus has been the cause of lamentation on my part for some time past, writes Ople P. Read, in the Chicago Times. The mellow light of recollection threw a halo of fond endearment about the circus that formed in procession just without the village and then came triumphantly marching up the hill. I had heard so many men speak of this—had heard such universal denunciation of the great railroad show, with its three rings and new-fangled clowns—that I saw a fortune in the revival of the old-time circus. I sold my store, mill, and real estate, all at a sacrifice, but what I lost in realization of full value I gained in hopes that flew high in an atmosphere of determination to be a king whose royal colors should awaken a gladness shout in many a sequestered community.



HE WAS AFTER THE ELEPHANT'S BLOOD.

I had but little difficulty in securing actors, the girl to ride on a broad pad, the old-joke clown, and the fellow to swing on a rope, but my ability as an organizer was somewhat strained when I turned my attention to the collection of animals; and, as the season was advancing, I was compelled to content myself with a lame bear, a one-eyed wolf, and a young elephant that had seen a great deal of rough service.

We made our first break in the southwestern part of Missouri, in a community where a circus had not been seen since the early days of Dan Rice; and as we marched in triumphal review in front of the blacksmith's shop and the magistrate's office, I, standing in the band wagon and exclaiming that a free exhibition would be immediately given at the big tent, knew that the mellow light of recollection threw a halo about me. There was the freckled-face boy that had saved up his dime from the commercial transactions of selling stolen eggs; there was the family that had come fifty miles in a wagon; there was the town marshal with his great swagger of authority, and there was the solemn-faced man, who would not have poked in his nose outside the door but for the fact that he had to bring the children to see the procession.

Just as we were making ready to begin the ring performance, and when I was about to appear as clown, our regular hand having fallen off the wagon and hurt himself, one of the men came running into the dressing-room and excitedly informed me that a local bully



A DAREY THAT WOULDN'T BE IMPOSED UPON.

had gotten into a fight with the elephant. I hastened into the "menagerie," and there found several of my men holding a tough-looking fellow.

"What is the matter here?" I demanded, addressing the bully.

"My men did not release his arms, but, ceasing his struggles for a moment, he turned his enraged face toward me and replied:

"I'm no fool, I can tell you that, an' I want you all—this blamed valise-lookin' thing, too (inclining his head toward the elephant)—to understand it. I ain't never traveled around none, but if you pick me up for a fool you drap me, that's all."

"Who has picked you up for a fool?" I asked.

"Why, that blamed thing that (again nodding at the elephant), I come in

here expectin' to behave myself as well as the next man, and while I was standin' right over thar that wrinkled-up sign for a tan-yard reached out his old blow-pipe an' lifted up my coat-tail an' wiped his mouth on it. My name ain't Bob Hackett for nothin', I can tell you that. I bought this coat, I did, an' when a blamed thing that was wore all the hair off his head alidin' round the country comes an', without any cause whatever, wipes his mouth on the tails thereof, w'y he's jest got me to whip. I don't want nobody to come wipin' his slobber on me, an' I won't have it, nuther."

He began to struggle again and it was as much as the men could do to hold him. "I was goin' to a picnic tomorrow," he raved, "but now this coat's ruined by that slobberin' slouch. Bet \$100 I cut off his blow-pipe."

He broke loose, lunged at the elephant, and cut at him with his knife. The elephant understood the situation. He seized the fellow and threw him through the tent. Just as I turned away I heard someone exclaim:

"What's de matter wid you? Ain't you got no biznez ter tend ter sides flingin' dirt on er man's cloze?"

Looking round I saw an old negro brushing his coat. "What is the matter?" I asked.

"Er good 'ol de matter, sah. Come in yere tendin' ter my own biznez an' wan't pesterin' nobody, an' de fust thing I knowed dat triflin' scoundrel (pointing to the elephant) come er flingin' dirt on my cloze. Wanter war deze garments to er funul termor an' I ain't likin' it er tall when dat scoundrel comes flingin' his trash on 'em. I doan know him er tall, an' he ain't got no right ter come er round me wid sicker liberty. W'y, sah, I wouldn't 'low er ole frien' ter come round er dirtyin' up dese garments, much less ez honory a lookin' stranger ez he is. You make him 'habe his self er I gwine hurt him, an' when I hurt him I hurt him bad, I kin tell you dat."

During the whole time of the afternoon performance I could see that trouble was brewing, and just as we were getting ready for the evening exhibition the town marshal came to me and, drawing me to one side, said:

"Now, I want you to understand that I am your friend."

"All right; what is the matter?"

"Well, now, you must know that your elephant has rendered himself mighty unpopular in our city."

"Yes, I cannot help but see that he has made several enemies."

"Ah, ha, an' that is what brings me to you. Now, B-b Hackett is a mighty full-blooded feller, an' that elephant done wrong when he wiped his mouth on the tails of Bob's coat. That was a polite trick, Cap'n—wan't gentlemanly no way you can fix it; an' ag'in, that nigger wan't treated right. Elephant had no right to throw dirt on his clothes. Now, the upshot of the whole thing is this, Bob's friends and the nigger's friend's air gettin' together an' if you want to keep him w'y you had better pull up your shebang right now an' hull out as fast as you can."

I couldn't afford to lose that elephant. I could have squeezed through without

"BEEN CLERK FOR TEN YEARS."

the wolf and possibly could have worried along without the bear, but the loss of the elephant would have fatally crippled my menagerie, so I decided to take up the tent and quietly steal away. The night was dark, and we succeeded in starting off unobserved, but had not gone more than a mile before we heard a shout that told us too plainly that we were pursued. We hastened onward, encouraged until we came to a creek. Then a difficulty arose. The elephant refused to cross the bridge. We tried to shove him on, but in vain. The shouts of the mob grew louder and louder. We shoved the elephant into the stream, but he climbed out on the same side. The mob drew nearer. At last we got the elephant on the bridge. The frail thing broke down and all of us went into the water. The mob was upon us. The rascal shot the elephant. We proceeded on our journey with the lame bear and the one-eyed wolf.

The next day I learned that we had a rival in the field. Jack Brock, an old showman, had whipped round and had stolen our territory. We were billed to appear at Green Briar, and I knew that if we made a good impression at that place we should soon be able to get another elephant. One day, when we were within about twenty miles of Green Briar, a man rode up to me and said:

"I want to see you on a matter of business. Jack Brock's circus is billed to appear in our town—Green Briar. It is the best circus town in the country, but it is necessary for you to get there first if you want to do anything. Now, I am the clerk of that county, and I am inclined to favor you. Give me \$150, and I will promise not to grant Brock any license. By this means you will have everything your own way."

"This was my opportunity. I gave him the money, and feeling secure gave a performance at a little place a few miles from Green Briar. When I did reach the great commercial center I found that Brock had just left and that he had taken nearly every dollar out of the town. I hastened to the clerk's office. The rascal had deceived me."

"I wish to see the clerk," I said to a man whom I found in the court-house. "I am the clerk," he answered. "Ain't there some mistake about that?"

"Reason not; I have been the clerk of this county for ten years."

"Why, I met a man about twenty miles from here and he declared that he was the clerk of this county, and that if I would give him \$150 he would not grant a license to Brock."

"Yes, I heard some of the boys laughing about that. The man you met was Jack Brock."

That night the bear died. I killed the wolf the next morning, and hired out to a farmer. There is no particular halo about my head. I have no love whatever for the old wagon show.

THE WILES OF WOMEN.

Tricks Played by Them on the Clerks of Dry-Goods Stores.

"No doubt," said a dry-goods clerk to a Philadelphia Inquirer reporter, "you have seen the stories sometimes told in the newspapers of women who order costly furs or other wraps sent home on approval, and after wearing them on the special occasion for which they were wanted returning them as unsatisfactory. You would be surprised to know how common that trick is. We find it out sometimes—more times we don't—but if the goods are returned uninjured it rarely pays to say anything about it. Nothing is lost by the trick, not even the sale of the goods, for the borrower had no intention of buying them at any time. In this case, as in the case of goods purchased at some other store and brought to us to have the money refunded, eternal vigilance is the price of safety from imposition. We need to know our goods more thoroughly to avoid being imposed on than we do to sell them."

"They have a new racket now, though," continued the talkative floor-walker, "that goes ahead of all the rest in downright meanness. It is getting to be a common practice with a certain class of women to buy rather large dress patterns and after making up the dress and finding they have a yard or two left over to bring us the remnant and ask for the money on it. The other day we had a line of goods which we cut up into twelve-yard dress patterns and sold by the pattern. One of our customers, a woman in very comfortable circumstances, came in and bought six patterns. A few days afterward she returned two pieces, with two and a half yards in each, and wanted the money for them—or, rather, she wanted credit for them, for, as it happened, she had an account with us, and this enabled us to trace the transaction. She had to be confronted with the books, though, and convinced that we knew exactly what she had bought before she gave up the attempt to economize at our expense."

"The worst thing about this over-reaching business is that it is practiced almost exclusively by women who are not driven to it by poverty. Really poor women seldom trouble us. They buy what they want, keep it, or if they do bring it back it is usually to exchange it for something else in the same line, rarely for redemption in cash. The people who drive hard bargains, who find fault with everything, and who try to overreach us in every way are those who consider themselves the better class of society, women who dress well, appear to have plenty of money, and affect great indignation if their boldest lies are not instantly believed. These are the customers that make a salesman tired, and I assure you there is an infinite lot of them."

Munchausen Loose Again.

The correspondent of the Lewiston Journal who sends this story says it was told by a sewing machine agent.

"Gentlemen," said the sewing machine man, "one spring father and I had a sugar camp down in the edge of the grove. About half a mile from us was a cornfield owned by a widow, and this widow never picked her corn clean. On the other side was a man who owned a blind sow. She had one pig, and they used to go over into the cornfield every day to eat corn. Right in front of our camp was a creek. At one place about forty rods from our camp there was a tree felled across the creek."

"This was the only place that the sow could cross. Of course the sow could not see to cross on the log, so the way they used to do was for the old sow to take hold of the pig's tail and the pig would lead her across. Well, one day we were sitting in front of our camp when the old sow and pig were crossing the log. I said to father, 'Hand me the rifle and see me out that pig's tail off.' I took aim and fired, cutting the little pig's tail off smack smooth. The pig ran for the cornfield, but the old sow didn't know which way to go. So father went over and took hold of the pig's tail and led the old sow clear into camp."

Little Willie Gets There.

Miss Brainsy (of Boston)—I want to have you send home a suit of clothes for my little brother Willie. He is eleven years of age.

Salesman—Yes, madam. Should you say—er, that he was large or small for his age?

Miss Brainsy—Well, I don't know that Willie has any superfluity of adipose tissue as compared with other boys of his age, but he is usually in the habit of arriving at his destination with both pedal extremities firmly placed on this mundane sphere.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis will probably complete her late husband's biography before sailing for Europe.

WIT AND HUMOR.

When a man is up in the arts of knavery he isn't upright.—*Binghamton Leader.*

"It's the loveliest spot on earth." "What?" "The ace of trumps."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Men who jump at conclusions usually go limping back to the starting point. *Detroit Tribune.*

Before marriage a man waits on woman; after marriage woman waits on man.—*Atchison Globe.*

A man can always make an opportunity when he has something bad to say about people.—*Atchison Globe.*

The woman who is the least popular with men in general is most apt to make one man happy in particular.—*Atchison Globe.*

How soon forbearance ceases to be a virtue when the forbearance is for the faults of those we dislike!—*Atchison Globe.*

There is such a thing as being so aggressively good that you make beneficiaries uncomfortable.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

It is better to be alone than in bad company, but some people are in bad company when they are alone.—*Somerville Journal.*

No woman ever pestered a man that she did not mention her great love for him as an excuse for her action.—*Atchison Globe.*

The widow who wears the longest mourning veil is generally the one who cuts across roads to find another husband.—*Elmira Star.*

Yes, Sophronia, it is called "the growler" because the man who is in the habit of using it growls when he can't work it.—*Boston Courier.*

Some people are never so happy as when they are making other people feel bad. Such people are generally happy, too.—*Somerville Journal.*

Mrs. Bilkins—"In what part of the church is the nave?" Bilkins—"The nave is generally to be found in one of the front pews."—*Yankee Blade.*

In Louisville—"You'll not retract?" "No, sah. Did you ever hear, sah, of a Kentucky editor, sah, taking watah, sah?" "No, sah!"—*N. Y. Commercial.*

Father—"I don't believe you've an ounce of brains in your head." Son—"They are entirely unnecessary, fathah. I go only in fashionable society."—*Life.*

A pretty man is like a yellow dog; its color does not affect its usefulness, but somehow people naturally expect a yellow dog to be worthless.—*Atchison Globe.*

Mrs. S.—"Have we everything out of the house now?" Mr. S.—"Everything but the children. You know the landlord won't allow them in the new house."—*Life.*

A South Carolina colored man preaches in his sleep. The general rule, it will be remembered, among the clergy is to preach in other folks' sleep.—*Boston Transcript.*

He—"Has your father ever said anything to indicate how he likes me?" She—"He has. And I think he prefers you roasted, judging from his conversation."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Giles—"I hear you have found marriage a failure."—Cobwigger—"Well, rather. Before marriage I had to ask the girl for her hand. Now she gives it to me without asking."—*Drake's Magazine.*

When a girl is little and bashful her mother makes her play with the boys and she doesn't want to, but when she is large and wants to play with the boys her mother doesn't want her to.—*Atchison Globe.*

"Why, Billers, I see you've subscribed \$500 to the new Zion church. How's that? I thought you were a foe to churches?" "I am; but my \$500 is to help pull down the old church."—*N. Y. Commercial.*

Stranger—"How much do you get for the golden rule?" Jeweler (wearily)—"Young man, stop right there. I recognize you as the desperado who wants to price a pair of ruby lips."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

A farm journal advises: "Save the nicest eggs for incubation." This is valuable advice. Any old back-number egg is good enough for the barnstorming "Hamlet" combination.—*Norristown Herald.*

Judge (to policeman)—How could any one throw a stone and break a window around the corner?"—Policeman—"But, your Honor, please remember that the prisoner is a woman."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Dr. Squills—"There is nothing serious, sir; your wife has merely bit a little skin off the end of her tongue." Mr. Henpeck—"End of her tongue, Great Scott! I didn't know there was any end to it."—*County Capital.*

A Trenton boy who swallowed a small key, seems to be little incommoded by it except that his breathing makes a singing effect. Musicians would call it a normal sound because the key is in a minor.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Stranger—"Fine monument you've got there, sir." Citizen—"Yes; that's in memory of my pet game-cock." Stranger—"Who's the little stone for?" Citizen—"Ain't dead sure, but I believe one of my wives occupies that locality."—*Judge.*

Bummer—"Couldn't yer gimme the price of a drink, boss? I'm chilled through." Parrott (stiffly)—"No; not one cent of my money goes for liquor!" Bummer—"Credit, eh? Let's go to gether, then, to the saloon where yer have such a gull as that!"—*Texas Sittings.*

AMONG THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

Items of Incalculable Interest on Farm and in the Home.

The Veterinary Contribution—Potato Paint—Fertilization—Wholesome Things to Remember, and Timely Recipes for Every Scrap-Book.

Burns and Scalds.

These accidents are liable to all our domestic animals. Small animals, as dogs, cats, and fowls are most frequently subjected to scalds from a careless or thoughtless habit of throwing hot water out of the door or window without looking out for such animals as frequent the house, yard, or doorway for food or kind recognition. Burns are usually the result of fires, says the American Agriculturist, or the escape of steam in large establishments. These accidents are dangerous to the life of the animal in proportion to the extent, depth, and vitality of the part burned or scalded. But in all valuable domestic animals, especially horses, the scars or blemishes left from such accidents are of considerable detriment in the value of the animal. Until the veterinarian arrives, exclude the air from the scald or burn, by a saturated (as strong, soluble in water, as it will make) solution of baking soda—bicarbonate of soda—in which cotton cloths are wet, and bound on the parts. The "Corrobor oil" (equal parts of lime water and linseed oil) is a valuable application as the air is excluded. For the relief of the intense and excruciating pain of burns and scalds, the internal use of laudanum is the most humane efficient remedy.

Tight Shoes.

Tight shoes are always a mistake, as they ruin the feet they are supposed to improve; but quite as frequently mistakes are made in the opposite direction. It is not a new idea that shoes which fit so loosely that the feet move about in them with every step produce as bad results as tight ones; and it is even asserted, on good authority, that people who systematically wear tight shoes never have corns. A change from tight shoes to very loose ones is sure to be followed by these torments.

To Aid Fertilizers.

Soapsuds on the manure heap is beneficial. The suds not only add the soda and other elements of the soap to the heap, but also induces chemical changes, during which processes the ammonia is to a certain extent prevented from escaping. The alkaline matter also largely assists in rendering some of the solid matter soluble, and reduces the whole to a finer condition.

Potato Paint.

Potato paint is a novelty which is said to adhere well to wood and plaster, and to be very cheap. To make it, boil one pound of peeled potatoes, mash, dilute with water and pass through a sieve; then add two pounds of Spanish white in four pounds of water. Different colors can be had by the use of the ordinary mineral powders.

The Veterinary.

Dr. Bridge in the Practical Farmer, answers several pertinent inquiries regarding remedies in various ailments in the animal world.

WORMS.—Pulv. gentian root, pulv. ginger, each 2 ozs. Pulv. dried sulphate of iron, pulv. male fern, each 1 oz.; mix. Give a tablespoonful once a day.

LAME HORSE.—Sore on leg near hoof; fetlock cracked, with exudation of watery fluid. Poultice with flaxseed meal and use the following: Sulphate of zinc, acetate of lead, each 1 oz., glycerine, 3 ozs., water, 1 pint; mix. Wet the sore well twice a day.

LAMENESS.—In hogs' hind quarters. Separate sick from well. Flower of sulphur, sulphate of iron madder, each 1 lb.; black antimony, nitrate of potash, each 1 lb.; arsenic, 1 oz. Mix with 6 gallons of slop and give a pint to each hog both sick and well, and do not feed any corn.

SHEDDING OFF.—For the purpose of making horses shed off readily. "Pulv. sulphate of magnesia, pulv. nitrate of potash, pulv. fengreek seeds, each 2 ozs. Pulv. cream of tartar, pulv. flower of sulphur, pulv. caraway seeds, pulv. black antimony, pulv. resin, each 1 oz.; mix. Give a large tablespoonful once a day in the feed."

SWELLING.—One writer has a young horse that swells at the breast, on being opened a kind of yellow water and blood runs out. "Bin. iodide of mercury, 2 drachms; palm oil and resin ointment, 2 oz. Mix and rub on the swelling and allow to stay on 48 hours; wash off with luke-warm water and castile soap and grease with lard. Keep the animal dried up while this blister is on, so that it cannot lay down or bite itself. Wash off every day and grease and repeat till well."

Household Keepsakes.

Suet should be used instead of butter for making sauces, gravies, etc.

To remove grease stains from silk hats, use turpentine and then alcohol. Glaze bottom crust of fruit pies with white of an egg, and they will not be soggy.

A spoonful of strong vinegar in a kettle of hot lard will prevent doughnuts from soaking fat.

There is nothing that will remove freckles from the skin so that they will not come again. Freckles are

due to a peculiar structure of a person's skin, and that structure can't be changed.

To remove rust from steel, rub with kerosene, and soak for a day, polishing with emery dust and kerosene.

Attar of roses is worth from \$12 to \$15 an ounce at wholesale. It takes 6,000 leaves to make one pound of attar.

The toughest fowl can be made eatable if put in cold water, plenty of it, and cooked very slowly from five to six hours.

A French scientist, who has been studying the hands of manual laborers, finds that very marked physical peculiarities are engendered by the pursuit of different occupations.

Whenever the shoulders of a work horse are galled the harness should be examined to remove the cause. A horse in such condition should not be made to work until a cure is made.

Apples are used as food at the experiment stations in making tests, and the results demonstrate that if they cannot be profitably shipped to market they may be fed to stock with advantage.

Variety of stock on the farm is fully as important as the growing of a variety of crops. A variety admits of using up the various farm products to a better advantage, and also of reducing the cost.

The production of cocoa plant in South America is so enormous that one-eighth part of it would be sufficient to swamp the market of the outside world. Almost all of it is consumed in South America.

Nothing so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary body as a bath containing an ounce of aqua-ammonia to each pailful of water. It makes the flesh firm and smooth as marble, and renders the body pure and free from all odors.

Dipping fish in scalding water will cause the scales to come off very easily, but if the fish are to be salted down they must on no account be scalded. You may pour over them vinegar with the same result. Salt fish will soak fresh much quicker in sour milk than in water.

The greatest problem confronting every breeder of improved stock is that of being able to duplicate at will the animal he has chosen for his model, and not until we produce a cow combining all those qualities can we congratulate ourselves on having a model butter cow.

Seasonable Recipes.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Take either soft or hard soap, rub on the mildew, and sprinkle with table salt; hang out in the hot sun a few days, and if your mildew does not disappear you have not used enough soap and salt.

DROP CAKES.—One cup each of sour cream and sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of currants, one and a half cups of flour, flavor with nutmeg and cinnamon and drop from spoon into a buttered pan and bake in a quick oven.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup of suet, one cup of suet, one cup of raisins, half cup of molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, spices, and flour to make it the thickness of fruit cake; chop the suet and raisins; steam two and a half hours. Eat hot with sour sauce.

SNOW PUDDING.—One-half a box of gelatine in a pint of boiling water; when dissolved and nearly cold beat briskly with the whites of four eggs; two cups of coffee sugar, the juice of a lemon; make a custard of the yolks and pour over it; add the grated rind of the lemon to the custard.

MRS. ARTHUR'S GINGERBREADS.—One egg, one cup of molasses, one cup sugar, one cup butter and lard mixed, one-half cup boiling water, one level teaspoonful of soda dissolved in water, one teaspoonful of ginger. Flour enough to mold out rather soft. Roll out thin and bake in a quick oven.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—Put the berries in a tub or cask, cover with water and let them stand 5 days. Draw off the juice, strain, and to 4 gallons of juice add 12 lbs. of sugar, 1 lb. of ginger, 2 oz. of cloves, 1 of spice. Let the whole boil 1 hour, and put in cask. When cold add 1 pint of good yeast, let stand 2 months, draw off and bottle.—Mrs. W. C. R.

BAKED BEANS.—Take one quart of beans, wash them and put on to boil, adding 1 teaspoonful of butter. When par-boiled, turn off the water and put on fresh boiling water, also 1 pound of salt pork; boil till tender, then add 1 teaspoonful of malasses and salt to your taste. Put all into a stone jar with the salt pork on top and water enough to cover; bake one hour and a half or longer.

LEMON CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, three eggs, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake in layers. For the jelly use the grated rind and juice of two lemons, one cupful of sugar, one egg, one-half cupful of water, one teaspoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of flour mixed in a little water. Boil until it thickens, let it cool and spread it between the layers of cake.

CODFISH BALLS.—Cut the fish in small pieces and put it to soak in luke-warm water over night. In the morning boil it twenty minutes; then change the water, pouring on boiling water and boil fifteen minutes longer. When cold, pick the fish to pieces, removing all bones and skin. Chop very fine, adding as much cold mashed potatoes as fish, a piece of butter and a beaten egg, and sweet milk enough to moisten. Mold into small balls and fry a nice brown in hot lard or drippings.

HE WOULD NOT WORK.

ARKANSAS PHILOSOPHY CARRIED INTO EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Opie Read Describes the Theory and the Practice of a Native Who Was Tempted to Labor.

W. J. Boglin, an adventurous eastern capitalist, recently bought a large tract of timber land lying near Indian territory. Mr. Boglin set up a saw-mill, which was easy enough, but when he attempted to operate the mill he was confronted by a difficulty which he had not anticipated. He could not secure the necessary help. The neighboring people, either quakers in the original or very close imitations, exhibited no interest in the enterprise. They would sit about, lazily watching the work, but when asked to help load logs or in any way assist the head sawyer they would silently slouch away or drawlingly make excuses.



THE MAN THAT WOULDN'T WORK.

"My good man," said Boglin, addressing an old fellow who sat on a stump, "can I not employ you?"

"What fur?" he answered, leaning over and propping up his chin with his hand.

"To elp draw logs."

"Whut do you want draw logs fur?"

"Whv, to saw them into boards, of course."

"What do you want saw 'em into boards fur?"

"Oh, come now—"

"Can't come when I'm already here."

"You know what I mean. I want to hire a number of hands to help run this mill; that's what I want. What are you doing?"

"Settin' right here."

"Oh, I know that."

"Then whut made you ask me?"

"Now, look here."

"I'm lookin'."

"I want to hire you."

"Sill lookin'."

"And will give you \$1.50 per day."

"What do you say?"

"Say to whut?"

"To the offer, of course?"

"Nothin'."

"You don't want to work, then?"

"No, b'lieve not."

"Why?"

"Wall, old Billy has had me, for one reason."

"Who is old Billy?"

"Old Billy Rheumatiz."

"But he hasn't got you now, has he?"

"No, not exactly, but he's got a mortgage on me."

"Where do you live?"

"Fust one place an' then another. Livin' right here now."

"I mean where is your house?"

"It was about a mile from here this mornin', but I reckon it's about twenty miles from here now."

"Why, how is that?"

"Putty bad, that's how. Creek riz last night and washed it away."

"What! and you sitting here doing nothing to repair the loss?"

"Yes, I reckon it's whut."

"Well, well," said the eastern man, "this is indeed extraordinary."

"Yes, so is a crow."

"If your house is washed away what has become of your family?"

"Wall, I reckon they air scattered along through the woods somewhar."

"Why don't you look for them?"

"Wall, don't reckon they'll spile before mornin'."

"Look here, you are not only lazy but you are the completest fool I ever saw."

"Yes, an' that's whut the June bug said to the duck."

"I suppose you are opposed to work on general principles?"

"I reckon I am."

"What do you think of that?"

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"I suppose you are opposed to work on general principles?"

"I reckon I am."

"What do you think of that?"

"I reckon it's whut."

"Well, well," said the eastern man, "this is indeed extraordinary."

"Yes, so is a crow."

"If your house is washed away what has become of your family?"

"Wall, I reckon they air scattered along through the woods somewhar."

"Why don't you look for them?"

"Wall, don't reckon they'll spile before mornin'."

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May contains the first complete account of an absolutely unique episode in the history of literary credit. Between twelve o'clock on a certain Friday in 1862, and four o'clock A. M. on the following Monday, L. E. Childsden, at that time the Register of the Treasury, signed twelve thousand five hundred bonds. He tells how he accomplished the feat, and explains the important interest involved. In the importance and the novelty of this article is struck the key-note of this Number. Importance and novelty belong to almost all the others contributions. Theodore Child opens the Number with "Some Modern French Painters." Quaint historic imaginings are the twenty-six drawings in which Howard Pyle makes visible the life of the olden times. Louise Imogene Guiney gives a summary of the work and the work of the "charming old poet" who wrote the "English Lyrics under the First Charles." The contents of the Editorial Departments are characterized by the same novelty as the body of the MAGAZINE.

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