

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XIX.

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D. R. Anthony is doing the yeoman service through Kansas. He addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at Belleville last evening and was cheered to the echo.

President Cleveland has purchased eight head of thoroughbred Ayrshire cattle for the round sum of \$1,500 and has presented them to the government asylum for the insane at Washington.

About that communication from John W. Galloway to the Kansas office holders, we would advise John to be a little careful, or after November the breezes may be wafting through his Galloways.

The Capital says that so far the free trade fly has found no lodgment in the solid north, and we do not believe that there are very many southern states that care to become depositories for the free trade nits.

The different attitude of the different degrees of the free-trader is not at all auspicious and on the whole Cleveland would rather like to go out in the woodshed and kick himself because he only believes in one term.

The unbounded enthusiasm with which General Harrison's regiment received him was in just accord with the character of the man. We wonder if there is any regiment or even a corporal's guard that would extend such an ovation to Cleveland.

Cleveland to day stands on very insecure ground and at the same time he has reason to be a little hot under the collar. His sources of satisfaction are few and far between and the kickers are many. Thurman—his him and Hill beats him in wire pulling and influence in his own state.

The curtain of silence drawn by the Democratic papers around the theft of the poll books in Arkansas is an astounding one. There are a few things that the visual angle of the Democracy is not wide enough to take in and one of those is the proportions of a "fair count."

Our relations with foreign powers should be characterized by friendliness and respect. The right of our people and our ships to hospitable treatment should be insisted upon with dignity and firmness. Our nation is too great, both in material strength and in moral power, to indulge in bluster or to be suspected of timorousness. Vacillation and inconsistency are incompatible with successful diplomacy, as they are with the national dignity.—Harrison's letter.

The average person familiar with the records of the two individuals will find little in common between Thurman and Allen O. Myers except politics. Myers has been indicted for a flagrant crime against the ballot, and Thurman is one of the counsel who was engaged to prosecute him. And Thurman and Myers traveled together in that triumphant march which the "Old Roman" has just taken to New York, and both spoke to the same gatherings. Democratic politics makes strange bed-fellows this year.

The finest and most prolific crop of grapes ever grown in the Hudson river valley is now being shipped to market. The yield will exceed that of any previous year by 9,000 tons.

KANSAS.

A farmer near Washington has a fine field of cotton.

An excellent grist mill is being erected at Smith Center.

Wellington boasts the crack military company of the state.

Madison, in Greenwood county, is being ravaged by the Salvation army.

The country press is sounding the customary warning concerning prairie fires.

The million of trees planted in Haskell county last spring are growing nicely.

The new town in Logan county where a nickle mine is said to have been discovered is known as Nickle City.

The Beloit Courier is being boycotted by the third party people of that section. A boycott is a dangerous thing to fool with.

W. H. Finch, of Baldwin City, has purchased the Troy Times. A word to Mr. Finch, Sol Miller is your esteemed contemporary.

The Effingham Times thinks John Reynolds should be pardoned. But won't there be a rattling of bones in Atchison when John does get pardoned.

The Concordia Blade says: "It beats the deuce how merry some people can be at a funeral. We were reminded of this to-day seeing the Democratic procession."

It is said that it cost Brundage & Bear, who were the proprietors of the Horton Headlight, \$2,000 to run a daily paper ten months. They got off remarkably cheap.

The Englewood Enterprise is calling upon delinquent subscribers to bring in chickens, wheat, cord wood or anything that will help alleviate the necessities of life.

A lately deceased Saratoga hotel waiter left a fortune of \$60,000.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton asks and receives \$250 for a story of 300 words.

Columbus physicians during the G.A.R. encampment wear a distinctive badge.

In England a Clydesdale colt has been sold for \$3,000, the highest price ever paid for a draft horse.

The results of the recent elections in Maine, Vermont and Arkansas seem to prove that there is need for somebody's paying some attention to Senator Berry's plaintive wail about unity among the democrats. The present indications are that Bourbonism will be obliged to fight for its own life and that, too, in its own fastnesses.

The Osage City Free Press says: J. G. Cougher, deputy labor commissioner of Topeka, addressed a large audience at Peterson Thursday night. He gave unanswerable reasons why workingmen should support the republican party. He also announced himself as ready at any time to debate the question of the day jointly with any of the orators of the other parties. Mr. Cougher is one of the best posted men of the day in regard to labor questions, having given it deep study for the last seventeen years. Before closing he paid Mr. Admire a handsome compliment for his earnest efforts at the last session of the legislature to forward the workingmen's measure.

The Troy Chief says: We hereby notify Tom Osborn that Doniphan county will reach with a long arm and nimble fingers to take in the \$100 flag he has offered to the county that gives Harrison the largest increase over Governor Martin's majority of two years ago.

An excursion of the A. O. U. W. society will take in Kansas City on the 15th, and return on the next day. A special train on the Union Pacific will start from Junction City and take on members of the different lodges along the route. The fare from this place will be \$1.50 for the round trip.

J. Ware, Butterfield of Florence was in the city yesterday. We have been wanting to meet J. Ware Butterfield to renew an old acquaintance made thirty-six years ago when we were school mates. It was during the Pierce, Scott and Hale campaign of 1852. Ware Butterfield shouted for Pierce, and we for Hale. The school at which we were "preparing for college" was at the foot of Mt. Kearney in New Hampshire. A trip to the grand old mountain was something of an event and more than very many undertook. But one Saturday, Ware Butterfield, John M. Carr, about the only other Hale and Julian student in the school, and the writer heretofore accomplished it, and with a good glass had a grand view of much of New England, little realizing what ten years more were to bring upon the country, and that the old mountain was to give a name to the war vessel that was to sink the rebel cruiser Alabama off the coast of France, and make famous the mountain as well as Captain Winslow. Of course we naturally fell into the republican party four years later, and Ware Butterfield followed a few years later. But we have never met since that campaign struggle of 1852, the result of which was so fraught with events that gave Kansas its importance in the history of the country. A year or two later he went off to Dartmouth and we went in another direction. Then the war soon followed when there was further separations, and then a readjustment of friendships and homes, the burials of companions and burials of the past. Many were separated who can never meet again, and others were thrust apart, to meet years afterwards at such reunions as the one now taxing the generosity of Columbus. Already have the youth of those days become veterans, and a few more years will see them pass off the stage altogether.

Deputy United States Marshall Wyatt yesterday arrested a colored man named A. Temple, who lives in South Topeka. He is charged with forging a name to obtain money on a postal order for \$20.00 which was left at his house by mistake by one of the mail carriers. Temple is a pair of shoes from a Kan. as avenue dealer and gave the order in payment, receiving the change. The discovery was made by the party calling at the postoffice to make inquiry concerning it.

The Union Pacific reports for August show that in volume the amount of business transacted was the largest in the history of the road.

E. P. Karr, of the Daily Commonwealth editorial staff, and Miss Alice Gibbs, an estimable and well known young lady of Oskaloosa, Jefferson county, were united in marriage Tuesday evening at 8 p. m., at the residence of the bride's mother, near that city. The young couple have a host of friends who wish them joy and prosperity. They left to-day, via the Union Pacific, for Marshall county on a short visit to Mr. Karr's mother who resides in Irving. They will return to the North side, where they will make their future home.

The weather east has been too variable this season and often too cold for a profitable business for summer resorts.

A southern lawyer drawing big fees is Captain Henry Jackson, of Georgia. His income is perhaps next to the late Ben Hill's.

The crops in a large part of New England were quite generally and seriously injured last week by a heavy frost.

A fashion note states that "the popular dances this winter will be York, which became very popular at Bar Harbor this summer, the glide polka and the glide." The Democracy might as well begin practicing the glide polka.

LOG CABINS can hardly be considered handsome or elegant, but they were fit habitations for the rugged pioneers of America. Our ancestors were rugged specimens of noble manhood, complete in health, strength and endurance. Their wholesome remedies are reproduced to this later age, in Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Warner's "Tippecanoe."

W. W. CURDY

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Major Sims, director in charge of the cattle department, is gratified with the success of his efforts to make this year's show the best on record. When he puts his shoulders to the wheel, something must give way.

A step in the right direction, and one that has never been thoroughly arranged heretofore, has been accomplished this year by the State Fair association, and that is special trains on the principal railroads leading into Topeka during fair week, to accommodate people living within a radius of an hundred miles of the capital city, who do not care to spend two days in a visit to the fair.

Dr. McClintock has a patient, a little boy, who has been severely ill of typhoid fever, and the stomach becoming perforated, it became necessary to perform a surgical operation, making an opening in the side of the patient to allow the escape of the fluids. After a time the perforations will be sewed up and the operation closed. The case will be presented at the next meeting of the medical association.

The grand parade to be made here during the soldiers' and sailors' reunion will excel anything of the kind ever seen in the west, even Barnum's "\$2,000,000 coloral aggregation of Moorish caravans." It is expected that fully 20,000 veterans will be in line. Then too, the six companies from Fort Leavenworth, about 650 men all told, who are to participate in the parade will be a great feature. They will occupy six blocks in themselves.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages 8vo, 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jeweled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address F. O. Box 1593, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 35 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Speciality, Diseases of Man. Office No. 4 Bulfinch.

Governor Martin will go to New York City, leaving here Saturday of this week to be present at a meeting of the managers of the National Soldiers' home. He will be absent about ten days.

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The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

With the Indians we have made 929 treaties and have broken almost every one of them.

A LARGE cargo of chrome ore from the ruins of the ancient city of Telemessus, Asia Minor, arrived in Philadelphia the other day.

FORTY billion dollars is supposed to be the amount of capital invested in all the industries of this country together, and the annual product from this is estimated at nine billion dollars.

REPORT says a company with a capital of one million dollars has been formed for the purpose of piping artificial gas from the coal-fields of Illinois to St. Louis, a distance of eleven miles.

PRINCE ALBERT, of Monaco, is the fisherman Prince of Europe. He is traveling in his yacht, the *Hirondelle*, along the Atlantic coast and catching rare specimens of the finny tribe, which he preserves for scientific purposes and sends to the Paris Academy of Sciences.

The vicissitudes of life were one day recently illustrated in the case of a man who spent two hours in a New York office waiting to borrow ten dollars from a millionaire who, two years previously, was employed by him as clerk. Speculation had enriched the one and impoverished the other.

THE Moderation Society of New York has a perambulating tank of ice water, which is driven about the city all day and makes frequent stops that the thirsty may take advantage of the water. The tank holds 300 gallons, and on hot days is filled three times and uses up 2,100 pounds of ice. This is the second season of this mode of assisting temperance.

THERE are 150 female physicians in New York, while more than double the number are found in Brooklyn and other adjacent cities. Among those in New York city it is said there are quite a number who have incomes of \$10,000; two or three make yearly sums ranging from \$15,000 to \$20,000, and one has averaged for the last four years a steady income of \$25,000.

As an example of the results of booming a town the following prices of real estate in Los Angeles, Cal., are quoted: Lots on the principal streets that could be had for two thousand dollars ten years ago, are to-day commanding ten to eighteen hundred dollars per front foot. Land immediately outside the city sells at from two to four thousand dollars per acre. The four banks of Los Angeles hold on deposit about thirteen million dollars belonging to new residents.

THE St. Francis basin, tributary to Helena, Ark., is so called because, being a large swamp with considerable growth of choice hardwood—mainly gum, cottonwood and ash—it annually becomes an inland sea, and is a natural float road from Helena to the sunken lands in Missouri. Nothing seems to be required but to cut the trees, float them, either whole or in logs, into cribs, secure them into the open channels. The cost of transportation is thus much less than by rail.

It may not be known to every one that there is a law regulating the making of the American flag. The law of 1818 requires that on the Fourth of July following the admission of a new state a new star shall be added to the blue field of the flag. There are now thirty-eight states in the Union and there should be thirty-eight stars in the field of the flag. Many of the cheap flags have not the requisite number of stars, because it is much easier to have the stars in rows, with an even number each way, which cannot be secured with thirty-eight.

A DIFFICULT and complicated work has just been achieved in the completion of the Hagerman tunnel near Leadville. Aside from its being a triumph of engineering the completion of the work is an achievement for the tenacity and pluck of the corporation. The machinery used was dragged through the snows of a hitherto trackless wilderness. But all obstructions were eventually overcome and the machinery was put in operation. When the drill finally pressed through the rock the fact was the signal for cheering, and as the men of the gangs met in cordial hand-clasp in the very center of that living mass of rock each congratulated the other upon the speedy termination of the work.

AN ENCHANTED MINE.

A Mountains of Gold Guarded by the Spirit of Massacred Miners.

About sixty miles from the Pacific Coast, in the state of Sinaloa, is a mountain known as "Cerro del Oro," or Hill of Gold. It rises in majestic grandeur from the midst of clustering hills, grand in themselves, but insignificant in the presence of the silent, moody, rugged old king. To the casual observer there is nothing remarkable about this magnificent mountain whose sides are covered with vegetation and apparently as smooth as the grassy slopes of California, seen from the deck of a passing steamer. Its immensity is not realized until the ascent is undertaken. Its sides, apparently so smooth, are found to be traversed by deep gorges and fissures, shaded by giant trees, whose interlacing branches cast a sombre gloom over the entrance to the deep canyons. It is with hesitation akin to fear that one enters their cavernous depths. There it is that the people of the neighboring hamlets have taken refuge in the dark days of revolution and invading wars, leaving their poor huts, and huddling their children together to seek shelter from the rude storm of human passion, in the rugged bosom of the old mountain of mystery. Many a gray-headed man or woman can remember the time when with hurried steps and many backward glances they sought shelter in the deepest fastnesses as the only haven of safety. Fortunate were they who had sufficient warning to gather up their few cows and burros, the former furnishing milk and the latter loaded with corn and bedding from the home that would soon be destroyed by the relentless torch of the invader.

Nothing but war in its cruellest form could induce a Mexican to leave his home and seek shelter in the gloomy caves of old Cerro del Oro, for it is the abode of spirits and demons. No one dares to venture alone into its depths. Many queer tales are told of the strange sights seen by venturesome persons. That it is under a spell of enchantment is well-known by the old and firmly believed by the young.

That extensive mining has been done in this mountain no one can doubt, as numerous potios where ore was assayed, and ruins of arrastras where the gold was extracted, prove that beyond a doubt; and by digging into the piles of waste fine specimens of fine gold are obtained. But no trace of a mine can be found. Occasionally, in the neighboring villages, while excavating foundations for houses, bars of gold have been discovered and ornaments of gold, crudely hammered out, have been unearthed. But there are no gold mines known to exist within leagues of this mountain.

There is a strange tradition handed down that long ago this hill was a scene of active mining; that the mountain side, now so gloomy and silent, echoed the click of the hammer and the voice of the muleteer urging the patient animals as they toiled round the arrastra, and the singing of the happy miners rushing down the mountain side, their day's task done—thinking of the hot tortillas and frijoles waiting for them at their humble little homes.

But in an evil day all was changed. A band of robbers, lured by the glitter of the abundant gold, swept down the mountain side like a blast of fire, shot down the men like dogs, not leaving a soul alive to tell the tale. The treasure they secured was immense. They loaded all the mules with treasure and left the place, so lately full of life, a scene of grim death and desolation. Then it was that the "Duendos" (fairies) of the mountain by enchantment closed up the entrances of the mines, and it is said that the spirits of the murdered miners still dwell in the mines.

Once every year the portals of the mine are opened. On the eve of St. John toward evening an old man appears at the mouth of the tunnel, and later the mountainside is peopled as of old, the ghostly actors go through the work as in life, the men with their hammers, the muleteers at their rastras, all busily at work, but silent as the grave. A young man who was belated while looking for cattle came unexpectedly upon the scene. He was fixed without power of motion, and was forced against his will to see the ghostly crew at work over the glittering golden treasures. At 12 o'clock the ghostly captain gave the signal and all hands quit work, and seizing their napkins, containing their midnight lunch, lit fires to heat their tortillas and coffee. The fire was an unearthly blue and burned with a flickering, uncertain light. The eyes of each and every one was lit up with an uncanny glow of phosphorescent light. At a word they all resumed work, until the crowing of a cock, at a distant hamlet, all vanished and the unwilling spectator found himself again capable of motion. In the gray morning he rushed frantically home, tearing his flesh and clothing in his mad rush through the thorny brush. Arriving home, he was met by a horrified look from his wife, who fell fainting to the ground. His hair had turned snow white, and while only 25 years old he appeared to be an old man of 60.

Years after this some little girls were out gathering wild fruit. They came upon a level place free from bushes, which they never remembered to have seen. Looking up they saw the entrance to a tunnel, and just inside was seated a venerable old man who was making motions for them to come

closer, but they being frightened ran home. The next day a party of men visited the spot, but it was a tangled labyrinth of thorny brush interspersed with large trees.

The tradition further states that in only one way can the spell be broken: That a person of perfectly pure heart must walk boldly up to the mouth of the mine and, boldly addressing this old man, must ask him who he is and what he wants. He will offer to give to the speaker the wealth of the mountain only on the promise that one-tenth of the wealth taken from the mine be devoted to masses for the souls of himself and his murdered companions.—*Cor. Globe-Democrat.*

For Amateur Journalists.

First be sure that you have nothing to say, and then sit down and say it.

Don't bother about ideas, or about sense, if you haven't any. Make up for the absence of both by grandiloquent words and many of them, especially if you are writing for space. Enlarge upon your topic; it shows fertility; to ensmall upon it indicates paucity.

Write on paper foolscap size, or on wall paper if it is more handy. It creases so beautifully when you cram it into the envelope. Then, too, you will please the compositor; he likes the sheet of MS. to cover his "upper case"; indeed, the more it covers it the better he likes it. He shows his delight by his well-sustained profanity.

Use pale blue ink and don't aim at legibility. The editor is fond of deciphering hieroglyphics. It is likely that he'll guess at a far better word than the word you really used. If you have no blue ink, black ink that has frozen and thawed out four or five times will do as well.

When your article is finished don't revise it. Above all don't prune it; that might strengthen it, but it will also shorten it, and quantity goes farther than quality.

Show it to friends who are incompetent to judge of its merits. If they praise it then it is ready to fire at the editor.

If you show it to a competent friend he will hesitate to tell you, out of regard for your feelings, that it is "rot" and that you are not called to write. You see if he tells you the truth, you'll not send the MS.; the editor will be deprived of the pleasure of declining it, and you of the delight of getting it back, or of thinking kindly of the editor for years because he kept it and the stamps you sent him.

You needn't send sufficient stamps for the return of your MS. It can't be explained why it is so, but it costs less postage from him to you than it does from you to him. Anyhow, the average literary tyro seems to think that it does.

If your article is excessively funny send it to the *Homeopathic Monthly*.

If it is excessively dull and heavy send it to *Puck*.

If it is on theology send it to the *Scientific American*; if on science, to the *Christian at Work*.

There's a great deal in sending the article to the journal for which it isn't at all adapted.

Wait at least two days before you write to inquire why you haven't heard about the article.

If you live near the publication office don't send your MS., but take it yourself. Read it to the editor; read it boisterously, so that others within hearing may enjoy it. They may doubt the massiveness of your brain, but not the capacity of your lungs. Get into the editor's lap, if possible; walk all over him, figuratively speaking. He enjoys such visitors hugely; the disappointment of his life is that they do not come in squadrons.

Should the editor, through dementia or the idiotic fortuity of circumstances, accept your article, send him another right off. In fact, keep sending them. Load them in a Gatlin gun. Make a target of him. Other writers have no business to expect a hearing. They ought to fall back upon a more plebeian calling.—*The Epoch.*

Mark Twain Out West.

Another distinguished gentleman in whose career the people of Keokuk take a good deal of interest is Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, who lived here as a boy and here grew up to be a man. It was in this neighborhood, just across the Missouri line, that the scenes of his stories of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn were laid, and the people who lived there insisted that many of the incidents in the experience of the former were drawn from his own life. When he was 22 or 23 years old Clemens and his brother Orion had a printing office here and did job-work, and I was shown an old directory of Keokuk in which his name appears as Samuel L. Clemens, antiquarian; residence, Billings House." The gentleman who showed it to me remarked the author claimed the profession of antiquarian because of his researches among the ancient and venerable bugs of the hotel in which he boarded. Mark Twain's brother, the same who was his partner in the printing business, resides here still, and is a practicing lawyer. His mother lives with him, and the author comes out every year to make her a visit. She prefers to remain here among old friends than to go amid new surroundings with her son in the east, but he provides nicely for her, and she enjoys existence in a cottage on the bluff with a grand view of the valley of the Mississippi and the prairies of Illinois.—*William E. Curtis in the Chicago News.*

THE STORY OF A FISH.

He Is Caught By a Lawyer and Becomes the Means of Swindling a Doctor.

Ladies and gentlemen and good people, I am a three-pound black bass and up to a couple of days ago I moved in the best society under water between Lakes Erie and Huron.

My parents were six-pounders, of character above reproach, and I can tell you honestly that none of my relatives, for two generations back, were ever in jail or put on trial for any offense against the law. At an early date in my life I was warned by my cautious mother that I would necessarily be brought more or less in contact with bullheads, sturgeons, perch, and other cheap fish, and advised how to bear myself in their company. While I was to treat them kindly and courteously, I was to give them to understand that there was at least ten feet of water between us. By pursuing this course up to the hour when I was made the victim of mankind I had the respect and esteem of all the fish around me and could at the same time select my associates without creating any heart-burnings.

My father and mother, having had several narrow escapes, posted me at an early date on the tricks of the fishermen. Before I was a year old I knew almost every sort of tackle used and could spy out a fishhook, no matter how carefully concealed. I had but one close call in the three years. When 2 years old I found a piece of minnow on the bottom of St. Clair river near the government canal at the flats. I snapped it up and found myself fast to a hook. A woman held the line, and as she pulled me in she became excited and shouted "Murder!" "Fire!" "Police!" and other startling things. This so frightened me that I broke away, when I heard her loudly declare that I was two feet long and weighed at least fifteen pounds. Her husband laughed at her, and they had a regular family row in the boat. The truth is, I weighed two pounds and was ten inches long.

On Wednesday the 11th of July, as I was swimming up the channel, near the canal, having an appointment to meet a pickerel and give him my views on the angle-worm crop of the present year, a minnow floated near me. My mind was preoccupied and my thoughts far away, and without reflecting on the consequences, I snapped at the little stranger. Next instant I was being played by a fisherman, and five minutes later found myself in a skiff occupied by a Detroit lawyer. His first action was to weigh me. Then I heard him say:

"Now I'll see how it will work. Where's the shot?"

With that he held me up and poured nearly a pound of fine shot down my throat, all the time chuckling to himself. When I was loaded he went to fishing again, and he caught three others and served them the same way. I felt that it was a trick to beat someone else, and time proved it. After a couple of hours he pulled in to the hotel and there met a doctor from Cleveland, who had also been out.

"Hello, doc; how many?" called my captor.

"Four."

"So've I."

The doctors four bass were much the largest, but yet when the two lots were weighed the lawyer's catch showed five ounces the heaviest. I winked at the Doc and tried hard to put him on, but he was so chagrined that he lost his wits. He, the poor innocent, never even picked one of us up for examination, but went off in a huff to buy the lawyer a box of cigars.

I can't say that I did not expect to be caught sooner or later in spite of all my sharpness, for that is the fate of a fish, but to be made to assist in perpetrating a bold faced swindle as well as arouse all my indignation. I have written out this, the statement of a dying fish, in hopes it will meet the doctor's eye, and that he will take prompt and vigorous measures to punish the lawyer who swindled him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The John Alden Game.

For some time two colored swains of Steubenville, O., courted the same girl unknown to each other. They were intimate friends, and when one had made arrangements to marry the girl he asked the other to act as best man, and sent him for the marriage license. The best man played the John Alden game to perfection, and took out the license for himself and married the girl while the other fellow was waiting for his return with the license.

Clean Clothes with Potatoes.

A laundryman in the vicinity of Paris has discovered a very ingenious method of cleaning linen without soap. He uses no soap, nor lye, nor chlorine, but replaces these substances by boiled potatoes, with which he rubs the linen. This curious process, it appears, is much superior to those hitherto employed, and the worst soiled cotton, linen or silk cleaned by this method, are made whiter than they could be by the use of an alkali.—*Paris Industry.*

You can't always judge of the quality of a city's inhabitants by the "sample men" it sends over the country.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Politicians do not always so regard it, but other people generally count matrimony in among the doubtful States.—*Somerville Journal.*

HERE AND THERE.

The school for scandal has many pupils. Careless is the new rival town to Kissimmee. A railway ticket man is the modern road agent.

"The whisky trust"—getting a drink put on the slate.

There are not more than 150,000 Quakers in America.

It is said that there are 12,000 Smiths in Philadelphia.

This is the Yankee Doodle country, but Canada is the Yankee Boodle country.

A lover differs from a photographer. The more negatives the latter gets the better he likes it.

There are 4,000 theaters in the United States and a million dollars a day is spent for amusements.

A Buffalo statistician has figured out that the women of this country pay \$3,000,000 per year for bustles.

According to a Boston statistician "the cost of the fences in the United States is more than the national debt."

There are about 2,000,000 hog raisers in the country and the 46,000,000 hogs raised are estimated to be worth \$196,000,000.

Jay Gould says his insomnia wouldn't bother him if he could get a good night's sleep. That's what troubles him.

It is said that the telephone sharpens the hearing. A man has got to sharpen up his hearing, or he will find little use for a telephone.

Edison's electric locomotives are attracting great attention in England. Six of them have been running on a short line, and favorable comments are being made.

A type-writing girl worked off 476 words in five minutes without a single mistake. It is more creditable to her than if she could play the most difficult sonata on the piano.

At Bergen, Norway, a church edifice is being constructed of paper, in papier-mache form. It is intended to accommodate one thousand persons and will be a handsome structure when completed.

Two thousand Scotch crofters have commenced the extermination of the deer on the Isle of Lewis. They claim to be starving while the ground, on which they could procure a living, is given up to the deer.

The cultivation of the cinchona tree from which quinine is made is being extensively carried on in India. Wood from which bark is produced is taken every six or seven years, the new growth starting from the stump.

Not long since a new petroleum spring burst forth in the region of Baker, Russia, rising in the air to the height of 450 feet and flooding the country round about. People were deterred from lighting fires by fears of burning up the town.

Among the new companies lately formed in London is one entitled the American Dental Institute. Capital, £1,000, in shares of £1 each. Object, to promote the adoption of advanced American and other scientific methods of dental surgery.

Last year's output of books fell short of that of 1886, which was the largest in the annals of literature. The number for 1886 was 4,676; for 1887, 4,437, of which 1,022 were works of fiction, 487 juvenile books, 493 on law, and 338 on theology.

Newfoundland has taken to agriculture. It has produced this year hay and potatoes to the value of \$88,000, and butter to the value of \$60,000. The fishing industry is very precarious, and the resort to agriculture seems to be the only hope for the colony.

King Ja-Ja, of Opobo, the deposed West African sovereign whom England exiled to the West Indies, is being somewhat feted at St. Vincent. He is invited to lawn tennis parties and various social functions, where he struts about in an admiral's uniform and kid gloves, bearing himself with kingly dignity.

Captain George Murphy, of Philadelphia, possesses, among other valuable relics, the barrel of John Brown's rifle. It is an octagonal smooth-bore Springfield, weighing about twenty pounds, and has a telescopic attachment. Near the butt is a little silver plate set in the steel, bearing the name of John Brown.

The richest man in Iowa is said to be Edwin Manning, who lives in the town of Keosauqua, near Keokuk. He has many millions, and his interests include all sorts of enterprises between the two great rivers and the Missouri and Minnesota lines. He was a pioneer settler in the state and has made every cent he has.

Walt Whitman calls his present ailment war paralysis. He says: "It came immediately after the war. I was filled with emotion, with excitement, hope and energy then. I thought all America was going to the bad. It has visited me six or seven times since, leaving me each time a little weaker and shakier. This time has been a pretty bad one—as bad as any of them. And then old age and—infirmities all make me a little weaker. I have been a prisoner in this room for six weeks, but we think we are going to make a little rally."

The Earl of Buckinghamshire, who, by the way, must not be confounded with the Duke of Buckingham, was a \$15-a-month farm laborer in this country some seven years ago. He was then Lord Hobart, and so absolutely impecunious that he preferred to sink his rank and seek his living in this country to live in genteel poverty in his own. He is a lineal descendant of the English patriot John Hampden, and on succeeding to the title advertised the family estate for sale. His recent marriage, however, with a very wealthy girl has completely restored the fortunes of his house.

Says a newspaper correspondent at Saratoga: "While sitting in the new Patterson spring pavilion this morning I was surprised to see Jay Gould and his physician, Dr. Munn, enter and take seats at one of the little tables. They were served with water, I had a good look at the great millionaire, who goes about the world with railroad and telegraph lines in his pocket. Save a careworn expression, I could not set that he looked perceptibly different from what I had seen him in seasons past on the United States piazza. He was very plainly dressed in a blue suit and leaden colored plug hat and wore a sort of calico necktie, considerably soiled at that."

AN OLD-FASHIONED CALL

What These Visits Were in New England Forty Years Ago.

Nearly forty years ago, one June day, says a writer in the *New York Independent*, a white horse and a chaise were led to the door of an old farm house, and the father and mother drove away, leaving four children (all girls) alone with Ann for the afternoon.

Now, this was something outside of the ordinary state of things. Usually an aunt was visiting there, or Miss Ward was sewing—someone of whom the children stood in awe. Then Sallie, the second girl, ten years old, was hardly ever left with the others. She was so full of mischief that the older people said: "If you will take her away we can manage the rest." But today father and mother must go together, and the charges must be given to Ada, for Ann was too busy to be disturbed.

Hardly was the chaise out of sight when Sallie's quick eye spied a well-known horse and carriage coming up the Andover road, and she hastened to give the alarm.

"There's the minister! He's coming here. O, Ada, what shall we do? Let's run out to the barn."

Now, in those days a call from a minister was a serious, solemn occurrence. Children especially dreaded it, for fear of the questions he might ask; and though they all loved Parson Maynard, with his white hair and mild, pleasant face, yet Ada felt that she was called upon to pass through a terrible ordeal.

But she was very womanly, in spite of her twelve years; and now she said to her sisters:

"Don't leave me alone. Let us all sit down on the sofa and see how well we can behave."

"I ate thum fennel in meetin' last Thursday afternoon, and I'm 'fraid he'll remember it," said Ruth, who was four years old and would lip.

"I saw him look right at me when I pushed you, Clara," said Sallie; but I'm going to hold my cat, anyway." And she took up old Grim, who had been dressed in a doll's cloak and hood while enjoying his after-dinner nap.

"Don't talk any more, girls. Don't you see he's getting out? I'm going to put on mother's half-hankerchief and white apron, so as to look older."

And while the minister was tying his horse Ada slipped into the other room, and came out dressed so much like a little old woman that the children burst out laughing. Now Parson Maynard knocked, and Ada whispered:

"All stand up when he comes in. Sallie, do cover up that cat."

"How do you do, my little girl?" And the old gentleman bowed as respectfully as if it had been her mother.

"Are your parents at home this afternoon?"

No, sir. They have both gone to Lowell. Won't you please come in?"

"Yes, sir, I will stop a few minutes, as I may not be able to call again for some time."

He took a seat in the arm-chair, his eyes rested with an amused expression upon the quaint little figure before him, who immediately sat herself at the head of the three toasters. Sallie folded her arms, Clara took hold of Ruth's hand, and all four were as motionless as statues.

"I believe you all attend meeting and Sunday-school, do you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Ada.

"Do you remember the texts of last Sabbath?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. It was Genesis, thirty-ninth chapter and first verse, in the forenoon, and twelfth chapter and second verse, in the afternoon."

"Very well, very well, indeed, my child. And could you comprehend the meaning of either discourse?"

"Yes, sir. I understood about Joseph's selling his brother—no, I mean the brethren selling Joseph."

"And could your sister next tell me what her last Sunday-school lesson was about?"

"Yes, sir," said Sallie. It was about Noah. I remember it because when I got home, Marcus, one of our hired men, let me get into the corn chest in the meat-room and play I was in the ark, and he said he'd be a whale on the outside."

Poor Ada's face grew crimson, and she touched Sallie to keep still.

"I trust it was not on Sunday afternoon, my little girl. I trust it was on Monday; Sunday is not a day to play."

And the minister looked so seriously at Sallie that she buried her head and wished she hadn't told him. He continued: "Could the next tell me the names of Noah's sons?"

"Yes, sir; Sham, Sam, and Japan!" replied Clara, promptly.

The corners of the old man's mouth quivered a little but he did not smile.

"You mean Shem, Ham and Japheth. That's right. Now, can this youngest girl tell me who was the oldest man that ever lived?"

"Yeth, thir," said Ruth, trembling all over, yet determined to tell all she knew. "It ith old Mr. Bethe. He wath at meetin' last Thursday. I saw him."

"Oh, Mr. Maynard," exclaimed Ada, with tears in her eyes, for Ruth was her special care, "she does not know about Methuselah."

"Never mind, never mind. I think you are well behaved little girls and a credit to your mother; but remember, my children, there are graves in yonder church-yard no longer than yours would be. You must study your Bible, and with daily prayers impress its truth upon your hearts. I will now say good-bye."

Just as she was haking hands with

Sallie, old Grim, the cat, woke up, and seeing a strange man bending over her made a plunge for the door, but being entangled by the cloak and bonnet, which she still wore, rolled over and over, spitting and growling furiously. Finally, getting on her feet, she darted through the open window, so close to the nose of the horse, who was quietly feeding, that he jumped up and down until the harness rattled.

Parson Maynard hurried out, and a broad smile lighted up his face as he drove away, for his last sight was of old Grim up the elm tree, and tearing away her head-dress, of which only a few scraps remained.

My Little Daughter.

My little daughter grows apace,
Her dolls are now quite out of date,
It seems that I must take their place,
We have become close friends of late,
We might be Ministers of State,
Discussing projects of great peril,
Such strange new questionings dilate
The beauty of my little girl.

How tall she grows! What subtle grace
Doth every movement animate;
With garments gathered for the race
She stands a goddess slim and straight,
Young Artemis when she was eight,
Among the myrtle bloom and laurel—
I doubt if she could more than mate
The beauty of my little girl.

The baby passes from her face,
Leaving the lines more delicate,
Till in her features I can trace
Her mother's smile, serene, sedate,
'Tis something at the hands of fate
To watch the onward years unfurl
Each line which goes to consecrate
The beauty of my little girl.

ENVOY.

Lord! hear me, as in prayer I wait,
Thou givest all; guard thou my pearl,
And, when thou countest at the gate
Thy jewels, count my little girl.
—Chambers' Journal.

Food, Intellectual and Otherwise.

There are not only many men of many minds, but there is also a diversity of stomachs, hence, it requires a rare combination of qualifications to successfully manage either a first-class hotel, or a first-class hotel. Under these circumstances it is strange that there is hardly one man in a thousand who doubts his ability to make a success of either of these intricate institutions.

The average American lawyer, preacher, street-car driver, or whatever else he may have been, after having been driven into the very earth by the sledge hammer of adversity, will wink knowingly at the nearest spectator and say, "I reckon I'll have to become an editor or a hotel keeper as soon as I can borrow a pair of crutches to get out on." What is the result? This country is infested with alleged newspapers, that will never be fit for waste paper until they have been improved 2,000 per cent. editorially and typographically. The American people are being hurried along to the tomb by indigestion and a thousand kindred ills that may be attributed to the treatment they receive at hotels, and the mental and physical disquietude that comes from being starved by day, and bled and flayed alive by insects at night.

However, the working of the ancient principle of the survival of the fittest is gradually eliminating from journalism inferior intellects and they naturally drift into the halls of congress or legislative assemblies.

As to what becomes of the public enemies who fail in their efforts to depopulate the earth by keeping alleged hotels, we are unable to reply with any degree of certainty, but it is our impression that they keep up their assaults on mankind under the guise of practicing medicine. It must have frequently occurred to the man of a reflective turn of mind, who thoughtfully observes the antics of his fellow worms, that there is, comparing great things with small ones, a good deal of similarity between journals and hotels. Both are indispensable to civilized man. Man, as some of our readers may know from personal experience, is endowed by heaven with an empty stomach, which vociferously demands several daily square meals, and scornfully rejects all efforts to compromise the matter.

Man is also blessed with an unquenchable frenzy to know everything possible about the affairs of his neighbor and of the neighbor of everybody else. This latter want is supplied by the press, that always keeps the public posted about what happens, hence it would appear that the men who supply their fellow men with good newspapers and good hotel accommodation are the greatest benefactors of the human race. —*Texas Siftings*.

Long Journey for a Short Interview.

Many years ago Congressman Amos Cummings was sent out west to interview Jesse Grant, the father of Gen. Grant, who was a shrewd and long-headed man in some ways. Mr. Cummings found his subject and said to him:

"Mr. Grant, I have been sent out here by a New York newspaper to solicit an expression of your opinions upon a number of public matters." The old gentleman took his spectacles off, his nose, and while he wiped the glasses with an absent-minded movement, turning his head to one side, responded:

"There's a number of curious people coming round here lately and saying curious things, until I don't know whether to believe any of them or not."

And that was all the interview Amos got for his pains. —*New York Tribune*.

THE CREAM SNAKE.

A Reptile That Confines Its Depredations to Well-Kept Dairies.

"Did you ever hear of the cream snake?" asked a truthful Californian of a San Francisco *Examiner* man. "No? Well, when I was a boy that particular kind of a snake was the cause of my getting many a good scolding from my father and mother. My father owns a ranch in San Mateo county, and among other things keeps a lot of cows. He prides himself upon the excellence of the butter he makes, and to make good butter you must have good cream. You could get anything on that ranch from my father except a mouthful of that cream."

"All boys and girls are passionately fond of rich, sweet cream, and I had my weakness in that line, but I was scared to death for fear my father would catch me skimming the dishes. Once in a while I stole a little mess and then drew the heavy cream over the part I skimmed, as if nobody had touched it. Well, the cream went anyhow to an alarming degree, and of course I was blamed for it."

"Night after night the marauders came, and there was evidence that dish after dish had been tampered with. My father at last lost all patience and threatened to lick me soundly, and I guess he'd have done so, but mother interfered. I protested my innocence, because the little spoonful of cream I took once in a great while amounted to nothing. He was still incredulous, and to get even with me I was placed on guard to watch the dairy."

"It was kind of hard for a boy sixteen or seventeen years of age to sit up all night and watch for cream-burglars. But I did it like a little man. With a revolver in my hip pocket and a dark lantern in my hand I laid in wait for the enemy. I didn't have to wait long."

About midnight, when everything was still as death, I could see some things crawling up to the pans, and getting there seemed to be levying on the contents. I approached with the greatest caution, and there what did I see but a half-dozen snakes, from two to three feet long, gorging themselves with cream."

"I wanted to get near enough to shoot a couple of them, but by accident I made a noise and the reptilian burglars made their escape. I solved the mystery; father solved it next night, and I was exonerated from all blame. The day following we covered the dishes over with tin, with small holes bored in it, and put tin on that portion of the dairy where the snakes climbed to the pans. The cream was then perfectly secure, but there wasn't a night for months that the slime of snakes couldn't be seen on the tin. The reptiles finally got tired of the fooling and left. If you visit my father's ranch you can see the tin there to this day."

Betsy and I Are Out.

Andrew Souloski and Hannah, his wife, ran a big dyeing establishment in Williamsburg. They quarreled. There was jealousy on both sides. They visited Lawyer Schleuter, who drew up a document in which the couple agreed to live apart from each other. "But what about the business," inquired the wife before she signed. "Oh, give me anything and you can have it," the husband said. "Hannah, what about the children?" "I'll keep and care for them, and you can see them at any time," she said.

On handing him the amount agreed upon for his share of the business, the wife said: "Now, Andrew, you can go and look for younger women, and, if any of them will be bothered with you, it will be all right." "Oh, yes, and now you can do as you want with the workingmen," he said. "Andrew," said the wife, "how can you say that? You know you have no ground for your jealousy." "Well, I don't know, Hannah," he replied, looking at the woman. Tears were rolling down her cheeks. He turned and looked away, and then, recovering himself, said: "Say, I don't like this Hannah; I don't want to think that now that I have signed this you are to walk your way to your old home and I am to walk away off in an opposite direction. Say, will you hire me as one of your workingmen?" "Yes," said the wife; "put that down, too, in the agreement. But Andrew, I am boss if I give you work." "All right," he replied, and the couple returned to their homes. —*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

The Cabmen of Cuba.

The Cuban cochero or cabman is such a marvelous contrast to the American hackman that his deserts are far beyond the power of pen. But he is such an unmitigated nonentity that he deserves ignominy. You pay but forty cents in Spanish paper, equivalent to only sixteen cents in gold, for a "journey," or ride in his little victorin from one point within the city to any other. He seldom overcharges a customer. Whether so or not, the cochero, when unemployed, sleeps on his box, his little nag meanwhile sleeping in the shafts, and when awake he is good-natured, greasy and silent. He does as he is bid and for the rest relies upon your honor, Providence and the police. He seldom rises to the tremendous height of proprietorship, but rents his shabby outfit of a company which has a high-sounding name and is perennially short of fodder. The cochero has no home, eats at the cheap cafe, sleeps in the stable-loft or upon his own carriage-box and makes love anywhere.

Clovertown Gossip.

"Good morning, my dear Mrs. Nogood; I'm so delighted to see you! Do come in and stay awhile."

"I b'lieve I will, for I'm just that tired of stayin' at home that any chance will be a blessing."

"Let me have your bonnet, and do take the rocking-chair while you rest. The weather is awfully warm—don't you think so? How is your garden coming on? Have you put up any peach preserves yet? And do tell me about your family. Are they all well? And why didn't you bring some of them with you?"

"Well, Miss Sharp, I can't say they are all right well, for I'm only mid-dlin', at the best, an' my oldest girl, Nancy Abigail Thyrza, scalded her feet yesterday, an' is sufferin' mightily with it to-day; Mary Ann Janet Caroline hasn't got over that last attack of typhoid fever yet; Araminta Melissa and three or four of the younger children have got the whoopin' cough, an' the baby had strong symptoms of the roup when I left him."

"Indeed, Mrs. Nogood, it must take a great deal of patience as well as religion to accomplish as much as you do, with the care of such a family on your mind; but do tell me, have you found out anything about our new neighbors over the way—who they are, where they came from, what they did before they came here, or what they intend to do here?"

"No, not yet; I've called there four times this week, but they don't say one word about their family affairs, an' I can't help kind o' suspiciousin' that there's somethin' wrong. Who knows but he's been a New York Alderman, or one of them anarchy fellows that my old man says are tryin' to overflow the Government? An' likely as not, his wife is a tattler an' mischief-maker, an' one o' them in this town would aigh about ruin it."

"Yes, indeed, we will watch them closely, but Mrs. Nogood, haven't you any news that specially interests me? Have none of my dear friends married, sloped or applied for a divorce?"

"Well, Miss Sharp, I've got one thing to tell you that I wouldn't tell to any other livin' bein' for my weight in gold."

"Thanks, awfully, for your confidence and friendship, but do tell me the secret."

"Why, you know young Squire Simpson, the lawyer that you set your cap for last camp-meetin', an' dear knows! I did hope you'd get him, for you tried hard enough."

"Well, well, what of him?"

"Why old Mrs. Tobegin told Mrs. Newfangle, an' Mrs. Newfangle told Peter Sykes, an' Peter Sykes told my Uncle Lot's oldest son Isaac, and he told me that the Squire is going to marry our village schoolma'am."

"What! that upstart of a Nellie Clifford! A pretty wife she'll make! That girl went to two balls last winter, and she's taken dancing lessons for over a year, while she never went to cooking school a day in her life. Since she has been church organist she thinks herself something wonderful, though her voice is several notes lower than mine. It takes very little to elevate some people. Why, the very idea is ridiculous! She is only eighteen; a mere child; about as fit for a lawyer's wife as my lap dog."

"I think he ought to marry some one nearer my age."

"I don't doubt that, Miss Sharp, one single mite, but you know it is natural for a smart young man to want a smart young wife."

"Mrs. Nogood, you are really insulting! Do you mean to insinuate that I am not young?"

"I didn't mean no more'n nothin' to hurt your feelin's, but they do say she's a real book scholar; that she talks Italian and Latin, an' knows all about Polygamy an' Mastication an' all such highfalutin things that they never had when you and I were at school. They say she's graduated in every one of them; but then, maybe it isn't so; I just heard it, and folks nowadays do lie so unmercifully that I never believe or tell anything I hear, like some do."

"Well, I know one thing—if Nellie Clifford was what she pretends to be she wouldn't have much to do with Squire Simpson. He isn't worth anybody's notice. But I don't care what becomes of her; she'll have the worst of it, I reckon, the deceitful creature! I might have known that all those shy looks and pretty smiles and blushes were assumed for a purpose. But I'll make her sorry. Not that I ever cared a continental for him or her either, but I do hate to see folks make such great fools of themselves."

"Miss Sharp, I can't stop no longer, for there goes the dressmaker down to the stor', an' I guess I'll run down an' see wh. she's goin' to buy."

"All right, do so, and call in as you come back; I'm going to the Woman's Aid Society this afternoon; you be sure and come, too, and then if we don't say something about that sweet Miss Nellie that will take somewhere, my name isn't Mehitabel Sharp."

Mary A. Benson, in *Texas Siftings*.

At Saratoga.

"maw, how I perspire!"

"Dear me, Clara, don't let me hear you use that vulgar expression again."

"Do you want me to say 'sweat'?"

"No, you wretched vulgarian; you must say you are 'bedewed with heat.'"

The first thing you know people will say we haven't got no style about us."

—*Siftings*.

HISTORIC "GARDEN SASS."

Old-Time Notions About Peas, Beans, Onions and Other Esculent Vegetables.

A writer in the *Toronto Globe* has been studying up the ancestry and family history of various kinds of "garden sass." According to this authority the word pea comes from the Greek city, Pisa, in Ellis, where they were grown in large quantities. The mess of pottage for which Esau sold his birthright was a dish of peas. They were called lentils then, and it is said that in Midelessex and Oxfordshire, England, the common people still call them "tills," dropping the "len." In the reign of Mary they were called "peason," and in the reign of Charles I. "pease."

The uses of beans were anciently rather more sagred than culinary. Among the Egyptians it was held to be some sort of a crime to look at them, and Pythagoras forbade them to be eaten. In Athens a judicial as well as a sacred character is attached to them, and they were used in gathering the votes of the people in electing magistrates and in drawing lots. In England they were unknown until 1509.

Asparagus, brought to England in Elizabeth's reign, was cultivated so assiduously by the Romans that Pliny says in his time three heads weighed one pound. It was cooked by rapid boiling, and Augustus, in requiring haste on any business, is reported as saying: "Let that be done quicker than you would boil asparagus."

Judea was famous not only for its "garden of cucumbers," but for the great size of its radishes. The Talmud speaks of a fox hollowing out a radish of Judea for its lair, but this is rather more than a skeptical age is willing to accept. The Greeks offered radishes of gold, beads of silver and turnips of lead to Apollo at Delphi. They usually boiled their radishes, and the French peasants at the present day roast them under ashes.

Radishes suggest lettuce which has an equal antiquity. The Hebrews ate it with their paschal lamb, and it was a favorite vegetable with the Greeks and Romans. Aristoxenus, the philosopher and gastronomist, watered his lettuce with the rarest wine. Cabbage used to be endowed with marvellous medicinal and nutritive virtues. Cato considered the red kind to be a cure for drunkenness, and said that "by the use of cabbage alone Rome had done without physicians for 600 years."

Cauliflower was also abundantly cultivated. Both it and cabbage were plentiful in England in Mary's reign.

The onion was once the deity by whom the Egyptians swore. The mother of Apollo was particularly fond of this esculent, and preferred it raw. Leeks are probably indigenous to England. Garlic is dear to every Spanish heart. Parsley, a few leaves of which eaten raw will effectually neutralize the odor of the onion, is well known in history. By Anacreon it was made the emblem of joy and festivity. Hercules was crowned with it in preference to laurels, and a wreath of parsley was one of the prizes at the Nemæan and Isthmian games.

While the ancients were so well supplied with vegetables it seems a great pity that they did not know how to cook them. Fancy seasoning a boiled turnip with honey, vinegar, gravy, boiled grapes and a little oil! This was the custom among the Romans. Carrots they ate raw with salt and vinegar. A receipt for cooking onions left by Apicius reads as follows:

"Cover the onions with young cabbage leaves, cook under hot embers, and season with gravy, oil and wine." And here are the same writer's directions among others for preparing lettuce:

"Boil the young leaves with onions in water wherein a little nitre has been scattered, drain dry and cut them small, mixing with them pepper, parsley seed, dried mint and onions, adding gravy, oil and wine." Such a conglomeration as this could leave nothing further to be desired.

A Bride's Misfortune.

A recent Bismarck (D. T.) bride had "bad luck" on her wedding day. She had almost reached the church when she discovered that she had forgotten her bridal veil. She went back after it. On the way to the church again she sneezed three times and split the satin bodice from belt to shoulder. The carriage stopped at a millinery store, needle and thread were procured and the rent repaired. As she stepped from the carriage at the church door the lace bodice of an underskirt gave way. As she walked up the aisle the skirt began to slip down, but she managed to grab it through the side of her dress skirt and hung on until she was safely married and back in her carriage. Then she wept.

A Case of Emergency.

First Wayback Deacon (whispering) —It's beginning to rain and there are only two umbrellas in the vestibule.

Second Wayback Deacon—Who brought them?

"Those two strangers in the back seat."

"Humph! Back seats is no place for strangers. Show 'em into a front pew." —*Omaha World*.

There ought to be a law passed in Connecticut that railway restaurant keepers shall date their annals from —*Somerville Journal*.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

September, 15, 1888.

The "dull thud" nowadays is that of the Democratic flopper.

There is one plausible excuse for the non-appearance of Cleveland's letter. The country is under democratic rule or his rule, and the letter may be floating around in the mails some where.

Arkansas gains ten counties for prohibition by the late election. This, with a greatly reduced democratic majority, is a great gain, and every indication points to similar results throughout the south.

Judge Thurman felt much amused that the papers credited his illness to over indulgence in intoxicating liquors. He said that he had taken no liquor that day only as medicine, and then at times prescribed by the doctor.

President D. S. Kellicott, of the American Microscopical society recently in session at Columbus, Ohio, is a resident of Buffalo, New York, the former home of President Cleveland. He says that the people of Buffalo have such a warm feeling for their old townsman that the republican majority this fall will be increased from 4,000 to about 7,000.

We quote from the New York Democrat, a leading Bourbon paper of New York:

It must be remembered that in this canvas the prohibitionists and democrats are allies, and that both are seeking a common end, viz: the overthrow of the Republican party. This is the main issue, and consequently democratic newspapers and orators should refrain from attacking the prohibitionists and their principles.

Recently in the senate, Mr. Hale gave a slight example of some of the present administration effective civil service reform. He said that Mr. Trainer, the secretary of the congressional library board, paid at the rate of \$1,800 a year by the government, is now engaged in the work of the national Democratic committee at New York. The information was read to Mr. Vest from a copy of the New York Tribune, and the collapsed little puffball could do nothing more than spitefully assert that he would as soon think of quoting from Tom Paine's works as from the Tribune.

General Butler: "I cite the president on any side as against free trade, but I must confess, at the same time, that the president seems to try to get as near being a free trader as he can. I believe if he had observed and known, as I know, how much a protective tariff has done for American workingmen, his tariff message would never have been penned. It is not his fault, but the laboring man's misfortune that he did not know the fact." The speaker declared his opinion that during the late war we owed to the efforts of the protective tariff the means which upheld the unity of the people, the consolidation of our government, and added: "Is it not a matter of remark that the attempted destruction of our protective system comes from those who did not defend the life of the country in that war and the majority of whom mourn the 'cause' which the protective tariff caused to be lost to them?"

Speaking of the letter written by Secretary Litchman, of the Knights of Labor, Secretary Fassett, of the committee, said: "The letter is a very hopeful sign of the times. It indicates that the workingmen are thinking; that they realize the drift and importance of the tariff question, and that they see and feel and understand that the Republican party is on the right side of this and the other important issues before the country. The letter came in an unsolicited, free and cordial way. There is a great revolution going on, a steady move from the Democratic to the Republican party, and this letter is one of the significant features of it."

The "beef corner" or "trust" is to be investigated. An Illinois Senator states that last year five Chicago firms bought over 1,800,000 cattle at an average price of \$50.28 per head, and realized a profit therefrom of \$30 per head, thus dividing among themselves the enormous sum of \$54,000,000, a profit entirely disproportionate to that made by the farmers and cattle breeders. Notwithstanding these enormous profits, the prices of live cattle have been falling steadily for years, and farmers and ranchmen now get but scanty returns, finding beef-growing unremunerative. With the heavy decline in the price of live cattle the price of beef to the consumer shows but slight falling off. Either the beef ring, the railroads or the retail outchers are realizing a larger proportion of the profits of the business than belongs to them, while the stock grower fails to secure his share. In fact, the producer's profits have been reduced to the minimum, rates are kept up on the consumer and evidence exists of an organization among the middlemen, which is really oppressive both to the producer and consumer.

"We believe in the preservation of the American market for our American producers and workmen."—Benjamin Harrison.

"This is not the time to weigh in an apothecary's scale the services or the rewards of men who saved the nation."—Benjamin Harrison.

"No man's wages should be so low that he cannot make provisions in his days of vigor for the incapacity of accident or the feebleness of old age."—Benjamin Harrison.

"The wages of the American laborer cannot be reduced except with the consent and the votes of the American laborer himself. The appeal lies to him."—James G. Blaine.

"Against whom is it that the Republican party has been unable to protect your race?"—Benjamin Harrison to the colored voters.

"We don't want any Republicans in our country."—Senator Colquitt and Representative Stewart, of Georgia.

Speaking of the Cleveland fisheries bluff, the Senate should "deal gently with the herring."

"Morton and Miller" in New York, as well as Harrison and Hovey in Indiana, is an alliteration that will be heard from.

Jones is a common name but it will sound very euphonious to Mr. Mills after the election in Texas this fall, and Mr. Mills will have no chance to talk free trade in the House.

The four states have repudiated Cleveland and his second term ideas. Rhode Island, Oregon, Vermont, and Arkansas have all shown an increased Republican vote, showing free trade will not win this fall.

"Have prominent Irish men send congratulatory telegrams to President Cleveland on his message on the fishery treaty, and get up demonstration if possible."—[Cal Brice.] But it did not work.

Judge Thurman is undoubtedly "the greatest living Democrat," as his admirers are so fond of asserting, but he won't be much longer if he is compelled to go on exhibiting himself at Democratic meetings. He'll pass from the roll of the living to that of the dead.—Globe-Democrat.

The "Abilene county" will be well represented at the district fair which opens at Abilene on the 3d day of next month, October, continuing three days. Mr. Secretary Hughes expects a magnificent exhibition all through. Governor Ross will deliver the opening address on the first day.

Judge Thurman is undertaking to give some statistics of the rebellion. Suppose he tells how many Republicans joined the rebel army and tried to overthrow the government. He says a great many Democrats fought for the Union. So they did; just how many it is impossible to determine accurately, but what ever the number, there were just that many who were more patriotic than the judge himself.

We have it on the authority of the Enquirer that President Cleveland, Secretary Endicott, Secretary Fairchild and Postmaster General Dickinson have each contributed \$10,000 to the Democratic campaign fund. Is this in accordance with the sacred principles of civil-service reform? If these big toads in the puddle, holding high offices under the government, can give immense sums for partisan purposes, if not for a corruption fund, why should a poor clerk in the departments be prohibited from contributing a few dollars to aid the cause he loves? One of the worst things about this administration is that it is making the very name of civil-service reform offensive in the nostrils of the people.

Judge King of Youngstown in an interview published in the Telegram, says, among other things, regarding Mr. Thurman's Port Huron speech: "If Mr. Thurman had cared to know and tell the truth about the compensation for colored labor, he could have learned from the census reports of 1880 that the average wages of adult male laborers in Ohio were more than \$400 a year, and that the average wages of adult male laborers in South Carolina, where Mr. Thurman's colored friends live and do the work, and where Mr. Thurman's white friends manage the politics, are less than \$150 a year; all of which would seem to indicate that Mr. Thurman's party has not been very successful in elevating wages or caring for the 'dear colored people' for whom Mr. Thurman seems to have conceived a sudden warmth of affection quite touching, not to say beautiful, to behold."

The Cheney Blade wants to trade a cabinet organ for a cow and cash. A child died at Fort Scott from the effects of sorghum cane which it had eaten.

Chautauqua county has had sufficient rain to make late corn yield seventy five bushels to the acre.

The Kansas Corn Crops.

Secretary Mohler completed the following summary of the reports of some correspondents regarding the corn crop of the state:

—For the August report the questions submitted were:

First—What proportion of area planted will be harvested?

Second—What is the estimated product per acre of corn on acreage harvested?

Third—Does listed corn show any better results than that put in with planter? If so, what percent?

Nearly 600 correspondents representing about every county have responded and have developed the following facts:

First—That of the total area planted to corn 74 per cent is considered worth harvesting—that as far west in the north tier of counties as Republic county and east of a line bearing to Chautauqua county on the south the corn area will nearly all be harvested and except a few counties, will be a full average crop. Wyandotte is the highest, reporting an average of 85½ bushels per acre, and nearly all the counties north of the Kansas river, within the prescribed limits, report from 40 to 50 bushels per acre.

Many counties south of the Kansas river report a high average down to the second tier from the south line. These counties, except Chautauqua and Elk, report a considerable lower average.

A belt of territory from Jewell and Smith on the north, stretching southward and eastward with Ellsworth as a center, seems to be the worst burned district.

Ellsworth reports only 6 per cent worth harvesting, and the average only 9 bushels per acre.

Many counties adjoining Ellsworth are not much better. Further south and north there are belts where the corn will make a fairly good yield.

West of this great central belt there are belts in which there are some very good corn with large intervening belts in which there is no corn. Even Hamilton county, bordering on Colorado in the southwest has some good corn, a sample of which was brought to this office a few days ago.

The north half of all the counties in the north tier and the south half of the second tier have fairly good corn, while the intervening belt, over thirty miles in width, has but little.

These large districts of territory in which the corn is practically a failure brings the average yield and the aggregate corn product of the state considerably lower than was generally supposed it would be.

The average yield on the acreage worth harvesting is estimated at twenty-eight bushels. The total area planted to corn is 6,970,007 acres; 74 per cent of this, or 5,257,780 acres, is reported as worth harvesting.

The estimated average yield on this gives a total corn product of 144,427,840 bushels more than the product of 1886 but is less by 46,452,840 bushels than the product of 1884, which was the greatest in the history of our state.

While the eastern portion is in excellent condition agriculturally, the failure of the corn crop in the central and western counties bears heavily on the farmers.

Many, however, have had an excellent crop of wheat and a fair crop of oats, and all will have an abundance of feed for stock in corn fodder, millet, sorghum and hay, so that the situation is an improvement on that of last year.

Our correspondents give the lister a very strong endorsement, a few counties report no difference, a very few correspondents report against it; but the aggregate sentiment of our correspondents says that this year 30 per cent more corn will grow to the acre where corn was listed than where put in with the planter.

Great mistakes are often made in trying to economize. It is a safe rule to follow that the best is always the cheapest. A cheap physician may cost you your life. If you have malaria in your system, you will not only be miserable, but unfit to work. Lost time is money lost. One dollar spent for Shellenberger's Antidote will cure in twenty-four hours. Sold by druggists.

James Kernsner was exhibiting on the streets yesterday a young rattlesnake, with two rattles and a button, that he captured in Dr. Boswell's yard, in the rear of Lacey's drug store.

A remedy for chinch bugs—sow a bushel of salt and one of lime to every acre after the grain is sown.

Princess Victoria of Wales, has remarkable talent for pastel drawing, and has completed a fine portrait of the Queen.

After the Maine election is over, Hon. James G. Blaine will start on a national stump tour, going, probably, to California.

267,580 pounds was the weight of the newspaper and magazine mail at the New York Post Office, last week Wednesday.

Forest fires are raging in Northern Michigan. Many are homeless and several are supposed to have lost their lives in the flames.

Diphtheria is prevalent at New Orleans so that the inhabitants cannot congratulate themselves although the yellow fever has passed them, by.

The Egyptian corn crop has seriously suffered this year, according to reports, that also assert that it will be impossible to grow wheat in upper Egypt next year.

A "killing frost" is anxiously looked forward to by the Floridians. There is little hope that the fearful yellow fever will cease its ravages before the first frost.

A Coffey county man has entered an application for a patent on a machine for catching chinch bugs.

A large greenhouse equipped entirely for the breeding of insects, to facilitate the study of them has been added to the buildings of Cornell University.

Mrs. J. C. Miller and little daughter Blanche, of Winfield, are visiting the family of S. C. Miller on Morse street.

Rev. George Bean expects to leave Monday. He will surprise Mrs. Bean by joining her in Pennsylvania. He expects to be absent a couple of weeks.

Mr. O. C. Miller died this morning at 2 o'clock after an illness of several weeks with typhoid fever. Mr. Miller was employed at the Santa Fe offices. The funeral services from the residence 1427 Topeka avenue, at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock Harry Small, aged 14, a son of E. D. Small, of the American Bank, was accidentally shot in the left wrist, by his playmate, Rob McMillers. The weapon was a 22 calibre pistol belonging to Frank Green, a young fellow who lives on Van Buren street. Green tried to tell Rob to be careful, that it was loaded, but as he is slow of speech the caution came too late. Drs. Williamson and Mitchell administered chloroform and probed for the ball but failed to find it. Harry hinks he will weigh that much more for some time. He passed an uncomfortable night, but was resting this morning. Of course no blame attaches to the boys, but children should not play with edged tools, or fool with fire arms, whether loaded or not. The puzzle is, what was the boy carrying a loaded pistol around for? We thought that was forbidden.

W. T. Brown is again in the editorial harness and is putting in his best licks for the democracy. We wish him success in everything except politics.

S. F. Cones, the Silver Lake Druggist Mary F. Cones, E. N. Martin, J. E. Martin, all of Silver Lake, purchased tickets of James Nunn, yesterday, and left over the Rock Island route for a visit to Ohio.

Thieves entered the depot at Menoken last Saturday and stole about \$50 worth of goods from S. L. Cromwell, the agent who keeps a store in connection with the depot. This is the third time within the past few years that the depot has been broken into.

There is a good deal of talk at North Topeka and along the line of the Rapid Transit about the rise and sale of lots, and the building up of the country west of Topeka. It is currently reported that the fare will be one-half the usual railroad fare, and it is claimed that the road will be made to pay from the passenger traffic alone in a short time.

Mrs. C. J. Snyder, wife of the photographer and three children were thrown from their carriage yesterday afternoon at the corner of Eighth and Jackson. Mrs. Snyder was dragged a considerable distance, and little Blanche had her nose badly bruised, and the older girl had a sprained ankle. The other child, who belonged to a neighbor, escaped without any injury. All were terribly frightened but thankful it was no worse.

Miss Alice Burton, of Kansas city, arrived in North Topeka a few days ago, and is visiting her cousin, Miss Flora Call, of corner of Park and Jackson street. Miss Burton expects to visit in the city some time.

There was a small sized runaway on the streets yesterday. A span of mules belonging to J. N. Moody, hitched to a twenty-five pound weight, in the rear of Davis & Sheetz's grocery store, became frightened and started on a run through the alley to Laurent street. They were stopped on the avenue before they had done any damage.

The Sells hotel building, south of the Rock Island depot, is rapidly approaching completion.

Examinations for admission to Washburn college commence Tuesday. School opens Wednesday.

C. K. Holliday, jr., has returned from a month's tour among the Colorado mountains. He reports a very enjoyable time and states that his father is busily engaged tending flower gardens, etc., at Cascade.

The Bismarck Fair at Lawrence was a dismal failure. Persons who rented stands did not take in money enough to pay the rent. This was the case with one from this city who had the best dining hall. It is doubtful if another fair is ever held there.

The fountain in Union Pacific park is a constant source of pleasure to the weary travelers who wait over there. They stand or sit for hours under the shade of the trees and watch the bright rainbow in the mist and play of the golden fish in the pools.

A loaded wagon was crossing the bridge and one of the hubs came against one of the iron braces with such force as to make one of the horses step across the water main and through the opening in the bridge. It was some time before the animal could be removed from the painful position and not until it was badly bruised and strained.

Mrs. Lena Johnson was attacked near Buchanan and 13th street by a negro, who struck her over the head with a club, inflicting a serious wound. The lady lives on Buchanan street with Mrs. Brubaker; and on reaching her home Dr. Lindsay was summoned and cared for her wounds. She had been almost choked by her assailant, who she says was a broad shouldered black man. She cannot give a good description of him, however, so that it is almost impossible for the police to obtain a clue.

Manhattan.

Sweet potatoes are not a success here this season.

The corn crop has not been better for years in this vicinity.

The Agricultural college takes a hand in the State fair this year.

"Hand-picked" watermelons as big as a nail keg, can be had in any quantity at 5 cents each.

Carloads of fruit are being shipped from Manhattan—apples, grapes, plums, crab-apples, etc., etc.

The faculty of the Agricultural college have all returned from their vacations, and are ready for work. The college year opens on Wednesday, September 12. The prospect is for a much larger attendance than ever before.

The Kansas Preserving Works is rushed with work to fill their orders to Colorado, New Mexico and Western Kansas.

An old man named Figer, who lives on Madison street, has a cornfield east of the Santa Fe junction. For some time some one has been entering the field, and helping themselves to the corn, and Friday night the old man took his shot gun and prepared to watch his property. He had not been watching long, ere his patience was rewarded by seeing a man with a sack across his shoulder climb the fence and enter the field. He had his sack about half full when the old man raised up, like a grim specter in the gathering twilight, and in stentorian tones commanded the intruder to cease operations. Instead of obeying this mandate the thief took to his heels. The old man raised his gun to his shoulder and cried "Halt," but this only seemed to serve as an impetus to the fleeing specimen of frightened humanity. Mr. Figer pulled the trigger and immediately there was a loud report that startled the whole neighborhood and set several dogs to barking. After the smoke had cleared away he cautiously approached the battle ground, but found no trace of the thief, except the partly filled sack of corn which he had left behind in his sudden and unceremonious flight.

The Salvation Army introduced an innovation in their street parade, having an excellent cornetist, who marched in the procession and played solos and accompaniments for the chorus.

The hoodlum wagon made a trip out at midnight last night, the crew starting in with the intention of pulling the gambling house near Fourth street. The green cloth knights got wind of the affair some way and were gone when called for. A search was next made for street walkers, but on the thoroughfare they most frequent the bell of the patrol wagon was accidentally rung and that was enough to send all the offenders scampering out of the way, so that it was a dry haul all around.

The democratically Saturday night was largely attended by republicans. Young Matthews introduced David Overmeyer. He is not a success in saying pretty nothing, and his speech only made Overmeyer's more marked. Was that the intention?

The question of sewerage North Topeka came up next for a long-winded discussion. The matter was finally referred to the committee on sewers for their adjudication.

Mrs. Edwin Brazier who was sick, is getting better.

Bethany College.

The full session of the Bethany College will open Wednesday, September 12, with one of the best corps of teachers in the country. The Music department is the largest and best in the west. The Art department is equal to any in the state, and the Elocution department is under the care of a thoroughly trained elocutionist, who has attained an unvariable reputation in the east in her profession.

The Leslie Club.

Mrs. Frank Lealle, from whom the club is named, writes as follows: "I feel gratified that you should have done me the honor to name your club for me—a fact which I first learned through the London press—for as you know I have been having a much needed rest on the other side of the water, and only yesterday returned to my work."

I shall feel great interest in your organization for, a working woman myself I know and sympathize with all women who have the ability and the courage to face the world also to carve out a career for themselves.

Although Gladstone's library contains fifteen thousand volumes, he says he is on intimate terms with all of them.

Those who know say that the demand for apartments in Boston's leading hotels was never greater than now.

Olathe has a citizen who earns a livelihood setting type and he was never known to utter a profane word in his life. He is a graduate of the deaf and dumb asylum.

The Episcopal military institute for boys, erected by the citizens of Salina at the cost of \$72,000, will be completed this month and the school opened September 50.

The San Francisco authorities are considering an ordinance requiring fuel petroleum to stand a 90° flash test.

Within a fortnight farmers included in radius of three miles of Perham, Minn.; captured and killed six thousand bushels of grasshoppers for which the county paid one dollar a bushel.

A gourd used as a powder horn by Gen. Harrison, in the battle of Tippecanoe attracted most attention at an exhibition of relics of Illinois pioneers recently given in that state.

The Maine Deaf Mutes Mission held its annual session at Saco on Sunday. The attendance was large. Interesting addresses in sign language were given. It was a quiet affair.

James Elverson, Philadelphia, publishes a handsomely illustrated and interesting youth's paper called Golden Days. It should find a welcome in every home for the young folks, for the reading is wholesome, and such literature should be encouraged by prompt subscriptions. If the youngsters catch a glimpse of it they will find they need it as a recreation after study hours.—Standard, Belvidere, Ill.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

September, 15, 1888.

The prohibition party vote in Maine has fallen off one-third in the last two years.

The Woman's Publishing Company has failed, and the Woman magazine has suspended.

Judge Martin is now doing northern Kansas. Early in November northern Kansas will be doing him.

Will the State Journal tell us where one can find a copy of, Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.

A third party prohibition meeting will be held at Buechner's hall on Saturday evening. Several speakers will be present.

Cleveland does not go back on his message. He is in for tariff reform, survive or perish. Such is his letter of acceptance boiled down.

We are really going to have some joint discussion. A union labor talker will discuss with a united labor fellow. It will be a case of splitting hairs.

J. C. Hebbard, prohibition candidate for Congress, sat on the stand not far from his democratic opponent the other night. Perhaps he could tell if it was iced tea, that Mr. Overmyer sipped every few minutes. It was too red for coffee.

Candidate for Congress, Third Party Hebbard, will speak in North Topeka, on Saturday night. His opponent, colleague, or whatever it may be, David Overmyer, will be unable to return compliments and set on the stage with him.

A new monthly political magazine is to be started in Chicago, to be called Statesman. It will be edited by the third party prohibitionist, Dr. Jutkins and W. T. Mills. The latter opposed woman suffrage in the National Convention.

If the union lab or ticket draws 60,000 votes from the republicans, and the third party prohibition draws 25,000 more, Judge Martin will be elected governor, and Kansas will be democratic. This is a democratic chicken, not yet hatched. We fear that little "if" will keep the young bird in the shell.

It was very appropriate for Mr. J. C. Hebbard, third party prohibition candidate for Congress, to occupy a place on the stage Saturday evening, by the side of his democratic competitor. It was supposed there was to be a joint discussion, but it turned out the two candidates, are in perfect accord in opposing Tom Ryan.

Maine has spoken. Like Vermont in the north, and Arkansas in the south, it shows great republican gains with a heavy falling off of the prohibition party vote. It is quite evident that four years of democracy have been sufficient to satisfy the most crotchety mugwump, and the tide is setting backward.

J. C. Hebbard, prohibition candidate for Congress, was given a prominent place on the stage, with his democratic co-workers on Saturday night. It most have been very soothing for him to hear David Overmyer praise the democracy, and Col. Frederick declare himself a Democrat, when he recalled the fact that they were ardent republicans, until resubmission was defeated, and prohibition established. It does look as if the Prohibition party, right here in Kansas, is an inconsistent artificial tail to a democratic dog.

Word is received that M. G. Winegar, of Atchison, has become insane and would in a few days be brought to this city and placed in the asylum. Mr. Winegar is well known through out the state and is universally held in high esteem. He was an enthusiastic campaign worker and is credited with being the inventor of the flambeau. He organized the first flambeau club in this state, in 1868 and introduced into their drill pyrotechnic display, now so popular with the public. He also inaugurated in connection with the above the firing of shot gun volleys, said to be characteristic of the Atchison club alone. He was a splendid business man and the news of his misfortune will scarcely be credited by many who have known him for years past. He was finally attacked with softening of the brain and became subject to violent spells, during one of which, recently, he walked out of a second story window.

In his speech at Port Huron, Judge Thurman laid down the proposition that: "it is necessarily the case that the tariff taxes are paid by the consumers of the articles that are taxed, and of all domestic articles of a like kind which are manufactured in the United States;" and the judge went on to say that if he were "a schoolmaster and teaching a boy 10 years old, he could not understand that with ten minutes' instruction, I would give him up as a hopeless idiot."

Now Judge Thurman is about seven and a-half times to years old, and is not an idiot; nor an intentional falsifier. But there are hundreds of 10 year old boys in Port Huron who know more about some things than he does. The lowest duty on salt is 20 cents per 100 pounds, or 60 cents per barrel of 300 pounds. Suppose that the Judge had stated that fact to the ten-year-old boys in Port Huron, and had asked them to figure out the amount of the increased cost of salt in St. Clair county, Mich., on account of the "tariff tax" of 60 cents per barrel, would he not have instantly received a dozen answers that the price of salt is 65 cents per barrel in that city including the barrel which costs 25 cents? The boys who might have made such an answer would have told the truth. And would not such an answer have put the Old Roman to a good deal of trouble to give a satisfactory explanation? And would he not have felt like withdrawing the remark about idiots?

Port Huron is in St. Clair county, Mich. Immediately east, and on the other side of St. Clair river, lies Lambton county in Canada. Suppose that a Lambton county farmer comes over to Port Huron with fifty bushels of potatoes he must, under the tariff law, pay 15 cents per bushel (or \$7.50) before he can place his produce on the market. Can he levy and collect that tax from the Yankees on the west side of the river? No. Why not? Because the farmers of St. Clair county produce enough potatoes to supply the home market, and sometimes a surplus for export; and their competition with each other fixes the market price in Port Huron. Hence is it not as plain as that two and two make four that Mr. Kanuck pays his \$7.50 for the privilege of entering the Port Huron market; and, being in that market he is compelled to sell at the ruling price, or not sell at all. Canadian farmers do carry their produce across the line, paying \$2 per ton duty on hay, 15 cents per bushel on potatoes, and on other commodities in proportion, the only effect of such importation being to lower prices instead of raising them, because the imported articles augment the supply, while the demand remains the same.

The St. Clair county farmer contributes to support the national, state, county and township governments. Why, therefore, should the Lambton county farmer be permitted to share with him all of the blessings, privileges and immunities of the American government without contributing anything? When Judge Thurman gets rested up after his great effort he will perhaps explain some of these things.

Save the very best for seed corn next season. England is vigorously enforcing the margarine act. This season has been exceptionally free from frost. Herbs should be gathered when first in full bloom. Aberdeen Angus cattle are now a favorite breed in Australia. At the recent Kentish fruit sales, six acres of cherries sold for \$900. Mr. Wilson is about to abandon his ostrich farm at Delhi, India. The horse breeding industry is rapidly developing in Montana Territory.

Apples and other fruit should not be allowed to fall on the ground and decay. The evaporated method for preserving fruit is better than any other except canning. Window plants should be made ready to remove to the house on the first cool day now. Contribute something to the fair in your town and county and let it be worthy of yourself. Pears should be picked by hand and with a few exceptions, should not be allowed to ripen on the tree.

Charles Francis Adams, president of the Union Pacific railroad, visited Lawrence last Sunday and was met by a number of leading citizens who had been notified by telegraph of his coming. He had plans and specifications for a new depot at Lawrence, laid out on the table in his special car. The party looked over the drawings and walked down to a spot near the bridge where the company has bought \$30,000 worth of property.

The Maine question in this campaign was pretty well settled Monday.

What shall be the shape of the locomotive smoke stack, is the question that is exciting the attention of esthetic railroad men.

When the democrats have political meetings they invite third party prohibitionists to honored places on the stage. It is not the custom to thus recognize political opponents. The inference is that the third partyites are democratic allies.

A Blue Rapids girl tried to tie her heels about her neck as she had seen a circus woman do, and the result was she broke one leg, and could not untie the other. She is seventeen years old and it will be seventeen years before she tries it again.

It was a big rally and a strong speech that Overmyer made Saturday night. It was also entirely proper for the third party candidate to occupy a place on the stage "by invitation." The tail always ought to go with the hide.

The total treasury surplus is \$103,950,000. The discrepancy between this amount and the surplus as stated in the president's letter of acceptance, \$130,000,000, is probably due to the fact that the president includes about \$25,000,000 fractional silver coin on hand, as part of the surplus, while the treasury officials do not.

Our neighbors, the Capital and Commonwealth, are spitting fire at each other. One point of difference is the tariff. It is a great issue or it is not. Judge Peffer, of the Capital, is said to be an authority on the tariff and has just issued a pocket manual on the subject. Yet the Commonwealth twits it of ignorance. Of course it is green-eyed jealousy that ails our neighbors. That is the true meat in the cocoon. We have not been able to see wherein the Capital has been untrue to the republican party's new policy of tariff for protection instead of tariff for revenue. We may quite fully agree with the Commonwealth that the tariff is a very great question and if it is true that the Capital believes there is a great deal of buncombe in that issue we can very readily understand that also. We would suggest that so long as the elections show continued republican gains, they stop picking at each other's eyes.

England's Harvest.

The outlook for harvest, in England this year has been poor for months, but now that it is being gathered, the results prove the worst. Last year there was a prolonged season of droughts which continued through the first of the year, and then when the fungoid attacks are most apt to affect the corn almost a deluge of rain came, and the following days have been mostly rainy ones.

Four hundred farmers in various parts of the United Kingdom have responded to inquiries showing that the wheat crop is 27.6 per cent. more than last year, while these crops are a slight percentage better than last year: barley 2 per cent., potatoes 47.7 per cent., beans 3.39 per cent., peas 41.3 per cent., and roots 46 per cent. It must be remembered, however, that last season was unusually poor and that these figures refer only to the yield, which is far better than the quality, which is decidedly inferior.

The hay crop is 35.9 per cent. better than last year, which is far more than was expected of it, until within a few weeks. It is not, however, of good saleable quality. In fact, fine hay is quoted as high per ton as linseed cake, proving that very little good hay is to be obtained. Potatoes prove to be watery and diseased, barley lacks its fine healthy color, and there is no fine, plump wheat. The estimate this year is 2,564,010 acres; yield per acre 23.50, with total yield of 7,531,779 bushels for the United Kingdom.

Bell's Messenger, an excellent English agricultural authority, puts the wheat crop of 1888 at about 6,768,000 quarters, which when tail corn and seed have been deducted means only 5,500,000 quarters for sale, the smallest wheat crop that has probably been grown in the British Isles this century.

This being the case, as much as 20,000,000 quarters must be obtained from foreign sources, and here America will have an excellent opportunity to supply the deficiencies.

Altogether our English cousins farmers feel blue and deserve our sympathy. Those who depend principally upon stock raising will be financially successful, as the prices are proportionately good, and there is a good supply of "keep."

The arable farmer on the cold and heavy clay will suffer most, yet those in light lands who were short of keep last year and have been compelled to buy sheep to fill out the flock, will keep him close company.

Eighteen head of Holstein cattle, the property of Stillson & Son, of Livingston county, Illinois, arrived in the city last night from Des Moines, Iowa, where they have been on exhibition at the Iowa state fair. This is the first arrival of blooded stock for exhibition at the state fair.

Monmouth Sunday School Convention.

The annual convention of the Sunday school of Monmouth township was held in Fink's grove on Sunday, September 9, it was an all day meeting. R. U. Farnsworth, president of the association, had represented were: Richland, Pleasant Hill, Berry Creek and Lyons, besides numerous individuals from other schools. Rev. D. L. McCreary, of Richland, opened the services with prayer. Frank Stahl, of Auburn, had charge of the lesson of the day. He was assisted by Mr. Cross, of Topeka. Mr. Stahl gave a blackboard exercise.

Speeches touching on Sunday school work were made by N. J. Taylor, Jack Welchans, Philip Lux, F. Stahl, S. Cross and W. Holtz, and perhaps others whom the reporter failed to get.

The music was furnished by the schools and the congregation.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, R. U. Farnsworth, of Richland; vice-president, H. G. Lyons, of Lyons; secretary, J. W. Marsh, of Berry Creek; treasurer, George F. Beam, of Linn Creek.

The day was very pleasant, barring a slight sultriness in the afternoon. The order was excellent, and all seemed to get both pleasure and profit.

There were perhaps 800 or 1,000 on the grounds.

Ex-Governor Crawford, agent for the state of Kansas at the national capital returned Sunday night, after having stayed to see the senate pass the bill which is to give the agricultural college the 7,000 acres indemnity lands due the institution by reason of the shortage in the original grant. Gov. Crawford has been so situated as to hear the latest political news from the part of the country upon which the chief interest centers, and is well qualified to predict the result of the forthcoming election. He believes that Harrison and Morton will carry all the northern states, and that it is possible the republican ticket may secure a majority next November in the two Virginias, with, perhaps, North Carolina thrown in. In short the outlook is very bright indeed, and with good square work from now until the election there is no reason to fear another four years of Democratic misrule this century.

Secretary Galloway of the democratic state central committee returned from Fort Scott yesterday.

John Brown states that the Brazil negro colonization scheme is still alive. There is an impostor here working among local colored men, who is doing his best to discourage it. Brown states that he is probably in the pay of southerners.

Bert Hawney, the Emporia horse thief who was captured near this city some weeks ago, has plead guilty to grand larceny and received a sentence of two years and three months in jail. Kidwell, the detective, went free.

The State Central committee is arranging a list of appointments for Colonel D. R. Anthony.

The Salvation army are beginning to withdraw their forces from Topeka. They say that there are so many cities in Kansas which need them worse than Topeka that they cannot stay.

Earnest Karr, who for several months has been the very successful news skimmer for the Commonwealth on the north side, is about to retire from the loneliness of bachelorhood and unite his fortunes with those of a prominent young lady of Oskaloosa. The wedding will take place at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning from the bride's home at Oskaloosa, after which Mr. and Mrs. Karr will depart on an extensive eastern journey ending with a visit in Ohio. Mr. Karr is an energetic and reliable young journalist and has many well wishes for his wedded life.

The visiting Odd Fellows, officers and members of the Sovereign Grand lodge I. O. O. F. and other ladies have come and gone. They were royally entertained by the Odd Fellows and ladies of Topeka and will carry away pleasant recollections of their visit to this city.

Two colored boys narrowly escaped death Sunday afternoon while driving a team near the Rock Island tracks. The boys were in a farm wagon, and were about to cross the track when they saw a locomotive approaching, and already his team and the engineer had started and dashed forward, while the engine had up considerable steam and kept on. A collision was imminent and occurred, but not until the portion of the wagon containing the colored youths had got over the track. The rear wheels were struck and the wagon overturned, but no injury was done. The boys fell out and the team struck a rattling pace out and ran several blocks. The wagon presented a sorry spectacle, and boys a sorry pair of spectacles, covered with dust but not hurt.

William Netawanger, who has recently been appointed a clerk in the agricultural department, will to day be married at Osborne to a daughter of Martin Mohler, who will move his family to this city the latter part of this week, occupying a residence in College Hill addition.

Rev. F. K. Brooke, of St. Louis, has accepted the rectory of Trinity Parish of Atchison, made vacant by the resignation of Rev. Abiel Leonard, who was elected Bishop of Utah and Nevada last spring. The Rev. F. K. Brooke, mentioned above, married a niece of Mrs. J. N. Lee, wife of the former rector of the Good Shepherd.

W. H. Bowman, formerly with the Central mills, departed Saturday for Sterling where he will take charge of the machinery of the sugar works recently established.

A half dozen wagon loads of campers from Montana passed through North Topeka the other day on their way to Missouri. They had been on the road five months and looked dusty.

Dr. Ryder says there is more malaria fever in North Topeka this season than there has been for years. There are a score or more cases of a serious nature at present in the First ward.

Everything is ready for the big fair.

The Ladies' Benevolent society is planning a fair on a grand scale to be given at Lukens' opera house early in the winter. The Benevolent society are doing a splendid work and in this fair they propose to out do all previous events of the kind on the north side. Two years ago the ladies gave a fair and festival which gained for them a flood of compliments on their management, and also brought in a goodly return which was put forth for the relief of the poor and needy of the First ward during the winter. The fair this winter will undoubtedly be a great success.

The city board of education has employed all the officers and faculty of the county institute of last summer as follows: H. G. Larimer, conductor, is principal of the Harrison school; Miss Edith Goodspeed, Mr. B. T. Wharton, E. G. Shull and J. M. Howard, instructors, are employed in the various schools.

The corner stone of the new Cathedral Guild house, corner of Polk and Eighth streets, was laid at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, under very favorable circumstances. Bishop Vail and Bishop Thomas conducted the services, assisted by Rev. Colwell, Rev. McIntire, Mrs. Smith, of Topeka, and Rev. Miller, of Hot Springs, Arkansas. A splendid address was delivered by Bishop Thomas.

One hundred teachers are to be employed in the city schools during the coming term, and one hundred and sixty in the county schools. About twenty-five per cent of those employed in the city taught country schools last year.

A committee of thirteen from Oskaloosa were in Lawrence Monday conference with the directors of the Lawrence, Atchison & Southern railroad relative to changing the route of the road so that it will run through Oskaloosa. It is not definitely known just what inducement the committee offered the directors. The directors have taken the matter under advisement and will report soon. In all probability the directors will accept their proposition and run the Lawrence, Atchison & Southern through Oskaloosa.

The funeral of David Ware, late janitor at the state house, was attended by three ex-governors, Governor Martin, and many state officers.

The Mosaic club is making itself heard at the national reunion.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pitcher, at Indian creek, Miss Daisy Pitcher will be married to Boyd Pollom, both well known young people on the north side. The bride is a bright and fascinating young lady, and Mr. Pollom is a prosperous and excellent young man. The wedding will be quiet, only the relatives being invited to attend.

The coal dealers of Osga City will have a hearing to-day before the Kansas board of commissioners. They complain that the Missouri Pacific has raised the rates so as to practically shut them out of their own territory.

Judge Adams, secretary of the state historical society, has gone to Marysville, on a business trip.

The Leading Farmer's Journal.

The Western Rural and American Stockman, of Chicago, makes its weekly visits to our sanctum, and we are afforded much pleasure and profit in its perusal. The Rural is not one of the largest and best Journals of its class, but the handsomest in its dress from new type. We commend it to our readers for the reason that it technically represents, in an able manner, the leading industry of our country, and for the further reason that it is an advocate of the people's rights, and is a reform paper in the highest sense of the term. Subscription price \$1.50 per year. We will send the Rural and our weekly until January 1 on trial for 30 cents. For particulars, address,

MILTON GEORGE, Proprietor, Chicago, Ill.

Bogus Sugar.

Few fail to see their share of life's sweets, and the sugar bill is usually the largest item among housekeeping expenses. This being true, it is quite natural that those who pay for sugar should be specially indignant if they fail to receive the genuine article.

A despatch from Philadelphia states that housekeepers are puzzled over a queer compound that is placed on the market and sold as sugar. It is known to the trade as "process sugar," and is a mixture of the common yellow sugar and grape sugar or glucose. It is lighter in color than the common yellow sugar, and hence is sold by some retail dealers for a higher price, as a superior article.

The yellow sugar costs six cents per pound, while glucose sells for three cents per pound. The mixture may be sold at five cents per pound and still be profitable to the seller, as it contains one-third glucose. If water is poured upon a sample of it, the fraudulent article is easily detected.

It is unwise to winter more fowls than can be comfortably kept and cared for, and in making selections for wintering judgment should be used. If there is a special good rooster, or one for breed kept, he may be wintered profitably, as it is unlikely that he can be duplicated in the spring, but if he is kept he should have his place away from the moulting hens. If this cannot be, his spurs should be cut and filed off. All the ordinary roosters should be killed, and at the same time all superfluous hens disposed of, and the number brought down so low as to enable proper care and accommodations to be provided for each one wintered. This will be more profitable for the owner, than if more are wintered than can receive proper attention.

REST.

Sweet rest, dear rest,
Thou art the best!
Go, children, go in pleasure's quest,
Go have your song and dance and mirth;
I, too, have felt the youthful zest.
That gives those winning pleasures worth.
But somehow as the winters flit,
The things on earth that seem the best,
As in my easy chair I sit,
When glows the fire and lamps are lit
Is rest, dear rest.
Then, children, go in pleasure's quest,
I'd rather rest.

Sweet rest, dear rest,
Thou art the best!
From this dear corner by the fire
How faintly sounds earth's jarring call;
The golden aims of youth's desire—
Time's dimming touch is on them all.
Yet swells my heart with deep content
To find this compensation blest:
Along with sense of powers spent,
And falling strength, is sweetly blent
The blessedness of well-earned rest.
Then go, dear friends, pursue your quest,
Leave me to rest.

Sweet rest, dear rest,
Thou art the best!
I mind me how, when life was young
And bright the years before me rolled,
One shadow o'er the future hung—
It seemed so dreadful to grow old.
But now life's autumn season nears
And seems of all my life the best;
I bid my heart dismiss its fears,
I know that life's declining years
Shall bring sweet rest.
Go, friends, life hath not lost its zest,
But sweet is rest.

—Helen E. Starrett.

Love's Story.

A modern boudoir, all pearl color and dead gold paneling, in a fashionable house on Rutledge square—a Sevres jardiniere hung with gilded chains and filled with fresh flowers from a Broadway florist—and a housemaid, pretty enough to correspond with the rest of the furniture, gliding around with a Swiss muslin cap and frilled apron—that was the scene. Just opposite the plate-glass case of a carriage was starting away from a stately house—an open barouche, filled with elegantly dressed ladies scarcely older than the young girl's self.

Ignatia Perrine looked wistfully out, one hand shading the sunshine from her eyes.

She too was young, she too was beautiful; why, then, was she debarred from scenes like this?

But the season allotted to such reposing meditation was but brief. The little housemaid, turning, saw a bold, bright-faced child standing on tiptoe to reach the flowers in the china jardiniere.

"Oh, take care, Tommy," she called out. "Don't touch that. Your mamma has forbidden you."

"I don't care for mamma—she's gone out! I don't care for you. You're only a servant," saucily returned the child. "I shan't mind you unless I choose."

But even while the rebellious words fell from the little fellow's lips, the delicate ornament lost its balance and came down with a crash, breaking into fragments as it fell, and cutting a deep gash on little Tommy Granville's cheek. Ignatia looked pale as she hurried to lift him up, at the same time jerking the bell wire violently.

The servants hurried in, confused and terrified.

"Go for my mistress!" said one.

"Call the doctor!" said another.

"Stop the bleeding or the child will die!" cried a third.

"There's Dr. Milliman's carriage going by now," said the butler. "He ain't my mistress' medical man, but there's no time to lose."

So Dr. Milliman was called in.

Ignatia Perrine, an American girl of French parentage, looked very lovely as she sat on the low sofa in the bath-room with little Tommy Granville in her lap. Her large, liquid eyes, of so deep a hazel to be nearly black, are lifted earnestly to the young physician's face; her cheeks were crimson with excitement and the silky black hair, escaped from the comb, fell in a soft, dusky cloud over her shoulders.

"Ah!" said the chambermaid, spitefully. "I could strike an attitude like that if I had big eyes and skin like a painted doll-baby's."

"Hold your tongue, Maggie," said the cook. "Ignatia's thinking of nothing on earth but the child. The trouble with you is that you judge every one by yourself."

And the doctor holding a chloroform-saturated handkerchief to the little patient's nostrils, was intently watching his face.

"Do not look so terrified, Mrs. Granville," he said kindly. "It is only a flesh cut—a slight scar will be the only evil consequence resulting from the accident."

Ignatia colored deeply—the jetty fringes of her eyes fell to the crimsoned cheeks.

"I—I am glad of it, sir," said she; "but you are mistaken. I am not Mrs. Granville. I am only Ignatia Perrine."

"A relative, most probably?"

"No, sir," hesitated Ignatia, "only the housemaid."

"Oh, said the doctor, and he went on with his work in silence, fastening threads of silver wire through the child's pale cheek.

"You would make a good surgeon," he said, after a few minutes, during which nobody spoke, "or a nurse. You bear the ghastly sight well."

Ignatia burst into tears.

"I was very fond of poor little Tommy, sir," she said "and I can't endure to think of his being so disfigured."

It was difficult to tell whether Mrs. Scipio Granville was most distressed with the breaking of the imported jardiniere or the zig-zag wound in Tommy's cheek when she returned.

"It must have been entirely your fault in both instances, Ignatia," said Mrs. Scipio. Such glaring carelessness I never saw."

"Yes'm—and that ain't the worst of it, mem," interposed Maggie, pertly. "If you could a-seen her trying to pass herself off on the young doctor, mem, as Mrs. Granville."

"Can I believe my ears?" said Mrs. Granville, indignantly. "Ignatia Perrine, you are discharged at once!"

"Indeed Mrs. Granville!"—pleaded the girl.

"I want no discussion," interrupted the arrogant child of wealth and luxury. "You heard my words. Here is your month's wages. Go at once."

When Dr. Milliman called in the evening Tommy was flushed and feverish.

"Ignatia! I want Ignatia!" he kept wailing out.

"Why don't you let the young woman come in?" asked the doctor. "He should be indulged in his caprices so far as possible."

"But that as it happens, is among the impossibilities," retorted Mrs. Granville, with a toss of her head. "I discharged the girl two hours ago."

"A pity," said the doctor. "She seemed an excellent nurse, very well adapted to the emergency."

When Mr. Granville returned from his office he was both indignant and perturbed.

"Who is the young physician?" he asked. "Why don't you send for Oppenwell?"

"Because," said Mrs. Granville, lowering her voice to a whisper, "this is the same Dr. Milliman that Olivia admires so much."

"Your sister Olivia?"

"Yes. She met him at the Devereaux reception. He is not rich, but is well connected and is rising rapidly in the world, and he is very attentive to Olivia."

"Oh," said Mr. Granville, "you women are such labyrinthine of mystery and maneuvering that one never knows where to find you. And I suppose Milliman—if that's his name—is as well capable of attending to Tommy's case as Dr. Oppenwell."

"Of course," said Mrs. Granville, with a light laugh. "And I mean to send for Olivia to nurse the little fellow."

"Is Dr. Milliman in?"

"By the beard of the prophet," said Milliman, flinging his cigar into the fire, "it's the voice of the black-eyed little damsel that was discharged. Well, my child," rising to greet her "what is it?"

"I am out of employment, sir," said Ignatia, with drooping head and varying color. You—you spoke about the chances of my making a good nurse. Could you recommend me to some quiet hospital, sir, where—"

"Well, no, not exactly to a hospital," said Dr. Milliman. "But I have a lady patient, very nervous, very ill, very trying who needs just such an attendant as you would make. Are you willing to attempt it?"

"Oh, yes. I should be thankful for an opportunity to earn my bread," said Ignatia—and once again Doctor Milliman thought how wonderfully beautiful were the soft, magnetic eyes shining through grateful tears.

The months glided away—the trees in Rutledge Square were all afeet, and still Miss Olivia sedley lingered in New York despite the attractions of Long Branch, Saratoga and Lake George. Tommy Granville was quite recovered—but Miss Sedley was not altogether satisfied.

Three weeks had elapsed without a visit from the young physician, and Miss Olivia chose to fancy that the nervous disorder which gave her an opportunity to call for his frequent presence was worse.

"What shall I do, Louise?" she questioned her married sister.

"Why, go to his office, of course."

"Would you?"

"Of course," reiterated Mrs. Granville, laughing. "Faint heart never won nice young doctor, Livy, you know. I'll go with you."

"Would it be—ahem—quite proper?" hesitated Miss Olivia.

"To be sure—isn't he a doctor?"

So the carriage was ordered, and Mrs. Granville and Miss Sedley drove to Dr. Milliman's unpretentious little office.

"Dr. Milliman? Yes, 'm," said the office boy. "You're just in time. He got home last night."

"Got home!" repeated Mrs. Granville. "Why, where has he been?"

"On his wedding tour, ma'am," said the office boy. "Didn't you know? And that's Mrs. Milliman, now."

The door between the office and back parlor was opened and a light, graceful figure, in a wine-colored silk dress, stood on the threshold—the figure of Ignatia Perrine.

If a thunderbolt had descended on Mrs. Granville and Miss Sedley they could hardly have been more amazed and astonished than at the unexpected apparition of the former housemaid. But Ignatia's large dark eyes surveyed them with the utmost self-possession.

"My husband will be here in a minute, ladies," she said, calmly, and went back to her wife-like occupation of sewing on a loose shirt button.

When Dr. Milliman entered he recognized that his secret was out.

"Why don't you congratulate me?" he said, laughing.

"Marriage is not always a subject of congratulation," said Miss Sedley, tartly.

And then the subject dropped.

Miss Sedley, sent for another physician next day. But as Dr. Milliman and his beautiful young wife were satisfied, we know of no one who has any right to complain.

How Letters are Lost.

The Dead-Letter Office of the United States is a curious study. In it some 6,000,000 of letters, written by almost as many different people and failing to reach their intended destinations, were last year opened. There are a score of clerks here who are favored among 50,000,000 inhabitants, for they are allowed to open letters addressed to people of whom they know nothing. There are some forty ladies here, who, if they be but half as curious, half as romantic as the majority of their sex, find their work very congenial, for it is their duty to read this vast amount of correspondence, although the pleasure is no doubt lessened by the fact that a rule of the office forbids any information thus gained from being divulged.

However, says a Washington dispatch, without breaking that rule, a few interesting facts relating to these letters may be safely given. In the first place, the letters go to what is known as the opening table, where they are opened, and all valuables, from a tooth-brush or collar-button to a \$1,200 draft or \$20 bill, taken from the ordinary run of communications and classified. Here the clerk has little or no time for anything but work, as dealing with 2,000 or 2,500 letters in a day, taking care not to overlook any thing of value, keeps one busy. The letters come to the clerk in bundles of 100 each, and from the appearance of a bundle, with regard to neatness or cleanliness, he does not have to look at the addresses to tell whether it comes from the north, the south, the east or the west. He knows a "New York drop" bundle by its peculiar shape, arising from the large number of enclosed circulars. The terror of the opening clerk is Southern work. Opening a letter from the south usually means very ragged work. Sometimes it is written on a dozen different pieces of paper, every one of which must be opened in search of a hidden postage stamp or dime. It is always dirty, and often contains hair clipped from some woolly-headed negro. Western work is comparatively clean, while outside of the large cities letters coming from New England postoffices are the neatest. This clerk also finds out what kind of letters are most frequently lost. There are a great many circulars sent here. A New York or Philadelphia firm advertising its goods gets hold of a Cincinnati or Chicago directory and sends several thousand circulars to people whose name appear there. Many of these persons have moved since the directory was issued, and consequently the circulars are not delivered.

LETTERS FROM SWINDLERS.

Lottery and green-goods circulars come in by the thousand. Another class of letters consists of those addressed to firms or persons whom the law or the press have found out to be swindlers, and who leave suddenly for parts unknown. Many of these letters contain money ranging from ten cents to \$1. Green-goods men who have made themselves scarce also come in for their share of letters. Nearly all the letters addressed to them contain an acceptance of the "bargains" offered to unsuspecting hayseeds, together with original circular sent out by the sharpers, which, to throw an air of secrecy about their transactions, they ask to be returned to them. An amazing example of ignorance in connection with this business came to light here a day or two ago. After corresponding with some countryman for quite a while the dealer in green goods had sent a genuine \$1 bill to his "confidential friend." The bill was sent as an alleged sample of the goods made. The dupe's answer to this letter shows how well the sharper had played his cards. His letter was evidently written with the idea of making the alleged counterfeiter think he was dealing with an old hand at the business. He stated that he had examined the bill sent, and found it to be as nearly perfect as counterfeit money could possibly be. The letter ended something like this: "Don't desert me. I am a pine (evidently meant for 'poor') man. You want to send me a 1,000 for 250. Tell me how to send it, and by then I will have the money."

Another, and a very numerous class of letters, consists of unpaid bills, with a "please remit" or "am in need of money," tacked on at the bottom. Letters directed to guests at hotels are also very plentiful. Watery places, winter resorts and healthy localities send in more than their proportion. For a while Los Angeles, Cal., furnished more work for the office than did Philadelphia. Florida sends in a great many letters in early spring, while Atlantic City, Ocean Grove and other seaside resorts loom up amazingly towards fall.

READING DEAD LETTERS.

To the ladies in the returning department—for it is managed almost solely by ladies—is reserved the work of a more private nature. It is their duty to examine and read letters sent from the opening table, in order to get a proper address to send them to. Among political and business correspondence, or may be sandwiched between a dunning letter and a circular setting forth the advantages of a patent hay-rake, is a delightful little love story, with just enough uncertainty about the real circumstances of the case to leave room for the imagination of the reader to end the tale in happy pathetic or humorous style.

Then, too, there are amusing as well

as romantic letters. Many people adopt the "Complete Letter Writer" style in their correspondence, which sounds very well until the writer breaks away from affairs in general and starts in to tell "all the nuse." Here the "Letter Writer" fails them, and they are compelled to rely on their own resources for language. A great many letters start off with a sentence to the effect that: "I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well, and I hope this letter finds you as well as it leaves me." Some letters addressed to prominent men show an amazing amount of ignorance. Last February, when Charles Dickens was in this country reading selections from his father's works, a letter directed to him at New York failed to reach him. It read something like this:

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find six cents in postage stamps, sor which please send me a copy of your latest novel, "Cricket on the Hearth."

There are cranks who come to light here, too. One man in Chicago, evidently crazy, has for years been sending letters to some imaginary person in Hamburg, Germany. He probably averages one every day.

APPEALS FOR MONEY.

Appeals to prominent men for money are also numerous here. They all reach the dead-letter office from being misdirected; and one cannot help but admire the nerve of a person who writes to George W. Childs for a small matter of \$1,000 or \$2,000, and through ignorance addresses his letter to New York or Chicago.

A few figures as to the amount of work done here during the fiscal year just ended may prove interesting. In round figures, the whole number of letters received during the year was 6,000,000. Of these 5,000,000 were sent here because they were not called for at the postoffices to which they were directed, 200,000 were returned to postoffices by hotel-keepers and thence sent to the Dead Letter office, because the departed guests for whom they were intended failed to leave a new address; 200,000 were sent here because they were insufficiently prepaid for mailing, 2,000 because they contained articles forbidden to be transported in the mails, 500,000 because they were erroneously or illegibly addressed, and 20,000 because they bore no superscription whatever. The number of parcels of merchandise, books, clothing, needlework, jewelry, etc., received during the year was about 80,000. The number of dead letters and samples of merchandise which were mailed abroad was 500,000. These are all returned to their respective countries of origin unopened. Of the domestic letters opened 20,000 contained money to the amount of \$40,000; 25,000 drafts and money orders, representing over \$1,500,000; 100,000 contained postage stamps; 40,000 receipts, paid notes and cancelled obligations of every kind; 40,000 photographs and 30,000 articles of merchandise.

Every letter is delivered to the owner, if possible, misdirected letters being sent to the persons addressed, when practicable. Of these, 65,000 domestic and 15,000 foreign were so delivered last year.

Every opened letter containing anything of value is recorded, and those for which no owner can be found are filed away, subject to reclamation at any time. Letters of no obvious value are not recorded, but returned, if possible; otherwise they are destroyed.

That Last, Last Night.

The moon hung glorious in the sky,
As heart to heart, and eye to eye,
Unheeding all the hours flew by
That last, last night.

The trees were brilliant red and gold:
How passing sweet the story told—
Ah! never long and never old—
That last, last night.

We pledged each other to attain
To Pisgah heights of heart and brain,
And each to each should true remain,
That last, last night.

Your hand, electric to my own,
Your lips, more precious than a throne
Were mine, ah, joy! and mine alone,
That last, last night.

I wonder, if in years to be,
You will remember glade and tree,
And whispered vows of constancy,
That last, last night?

G. F. Train Won't Indorse This.

Shake hands with some one the next time you go to church. If you see a stranger—near you, reach out your hand, say "Good morning, I am glad to see you and hope you will come again." If there is some one there who is not acquainted with the pastor, ask him to wait and be introduced to him, and you wait and see that it is done. If your pastor has helped you by his sermon, stop and tell him so, and it will do him good. It will not spoil him. He will preach better next time. See if he does not. Shake hands with the sexton if there is no one else convenient, but don't fold your hands and steal away like a heathen. Touch some one and put some heart in the touch.—Church at Work.

Used to 2x9 Scenery.

Philadelphia Man—"Been out west on the Burlington road, eh? Were not equal to the task of running an engine out there, I suppose? Some of the western papers said the new engineers from Pennsylvania were incapable."

Returned Engineer—"They did, eh? Well I didn't have any trouble. I left because it was too monotonous."

"Monotonous?"

"Yes, hang me if I'm going to run on a road where you can see fifty miles ahead of the engine."—Philadelphia Record.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Georgia farmer has not seen the bottom of his corn crib for more than twenty years, and is now taking from it grain grown in 1876.

George Meade, of Woodstock, in the Catskills, has a pet crow which picks berries with his children and informs him when other crows are in the corn.

Professor Elisha Gray has procured a patent for a new long distance telegraphic transmitter, giving the message in the hand writing of the sender.

Chief Justice Fuller has a double in Washington. His name is McMahon, he is an official in the treasury department, and the resemblance is said to be remarkable.

The ex-Empress Carlotta, of Mexico, is not, as lately reported, in ill health. Physically she is as sound as ever, but her mind shows no sign of regaining its normal condition.

Gen. Booth emphatically denies the recent report of a defalcation of \$50,000 by a high officer of the Salvation Army. He claims that the finances of the army are so managed that embezzlement is impossible.

A large specimen of an ocean sunfish was captured at Southport, Me., a few days ago. It weighed 600 pounds, and its skin was so tough that it could not be penetrated, so it was hooked through the nose, after a hard struggle.

Mildred Grossman, aged three years, the granddaughter of Edwin Booth, already shows the family talent for tragedy, while her little brother, not quite a year and a half old, has a surprising faculty of comic mimicry.

Miss Emma Black, the rival abroad of Miss Chamberlain, the professional American beauty, is reported engaged to a wealthy American. Last season, the gossips declared that Miss Black might have had the place that has fallen to Mrs. Hamersley.

Mrs. H. J. Minnick, of Tampa, Fla., killed a rattlesnake a few days ago that measured 6 feet 7 inches in length and 10½ inches in circumference. It was in the act of devouring a rabbit when she discovered it. Two weeks ago she killed an alligator eight feet long.

A curious fish, with a head almost identical in shape and expression with that of a frog, was caught off the coast of California, near San Diego, recently. Near the head on either side, is a fin resembling a frog's foreleg. The fish is poisonous, and its bite, it is said, means certain death.

Federal Point, Fla., has a learned blacksmith, second only to the celebrated Ellihu Burritt. His sign reads: "Thurston Hollingsworth, general repairing and jobbing in all materials neatly and promptly done. Specialties: Surveying and photography. Information given on scientific and mechanical subjects."

Mme. Pelouze, the sister of Daniel Wilson, has lost most of her splendid fortune. Her brother induced her to join him in some of his speculations, which came out badly. Mortgage on her town house and her historical chateau are being foreclosed, and bailiffs are in possession of most of her goods and chattels.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox wears a white bathing suit trimmed in blue braid, and varies the monotony of a black-hooded majority by wearing pink stockings. She is said to look about 16 in this short-sleeved, short-skirted attire. "She always attracts much attention as she 'walks the plank,'" but avoids the publicity, courted by many, of promenading the beach in bathing costume.

Mrs. Buckner, wife of the governor of Kentucky, wears as ornaments a conch-shell lacepin and sleeve-buttons, which in addition to their beauty, have the charm of a romantic history, having been purchased by her relative, Gen. George Washington, from a shipwreck and destitute sailor, and by him worn on the coat in which he was inaugurated. They are beautifully preserved, and the coloring is exquisite.

The other day Newport Harris, of Milton, Ill., killed a large eagle. He saw it in a tree near his house and shot at it twice with a shotgun, but the shot seemed to have no effect. He then tried it with a rifle and killed it. When shot it fastened its talons to the limb it was sitting on and died with its head hanging downward, and Mr. Harris felled the tree to get it. It measured six feet from tip to tip of its wings.

A Jersey cow down in Georgia was so inconsolable for her calf, which died at 6 weeks old, that she would neither eat nor allow herself to be milked, and became no end of a nuisance. In this extremity her owner was advised to put the calf's hide where she could see and smell it, and now the mother is serene and stands nuzzling and licking the hide, while the milkmaid deftly draws from her several gallons of rich milk.

There is in a Southern insane asylum an 8-year-old boy who has never been awake since the hour of his birth. He was the child of a paralytic mother, and has delicate features and a high, white forehead, with long, black curls. His arm is not larger than an ordinary man's thumb. He lies on his bed year after year, taking no note of anything that passes. Twice a day he is aroused enough to take a little nourishment, and then relapses into sleep.

In Montana a snake was discovered which could imitate the whistle of the "Bob White" with ease. While it was under surveillance it crouched in the long prairie grass and emitted the call as plainly as any partridge could. Continuing the effort, it soon heard an answer, and a moment later a young partridge alighted almost at its mouth. Quick as a flash it sprang upon its victim; there was a momentary flutter of wings, a stray feather or two, and then the snake remained master of the field. To those who doubt this story the prairie is still shown as proof of the veracity of the narrators.

The tricycle is pronounced by "all authorities" to be the very best possible exercise for delicate women. One who has tried it says: "The exercise thoroughly distributes the blood to every portion of the system, promotes digestion, strengthens the muscles of the limbs, keeps the feet and clothing from the dampness and ston of the streets, while it protects and supports the spinal column in such a manner that the brain is not exhausted, but invigorated, by an exercise that may be continued for hours. Let every feeble, nervous woman try it, and she will soon find her limbs retound, cheeks ruddy and step elastic."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Corn With and Without Irrigation.

In Colorado 200,000 acres are growing with corn at this present moment. About one-half of this with, and the other half without, irrigation. After riding over much of the country to learn of the prospective crop we are inclined to conclude that the best outlook is where there has been the best cultivation. We have seen as many poor fields where there was water as we have seen where there was not. We have almost been inclined to believe that a good farmer—he who plows deep and cultivates thoroughly—can make success almost anywhere. Suffice to say, corn through the state, as a rule, is doing well, whether irrigated or whether not.

Out a few miles from Yuma, in Washington county, where there is no irrigation, we saw fields and fields of good corn now in full silk, as good as need be in any country. The same we witnessed at Akron. At Greeley we saw excellent crops where there was water trickling at the roots, but no better than at Akron or Yuma. We saw poor crops in both places where the soil was thin and the cultivation had been poor. And to decide on the merits of one as against the other would be hard to do. When the harvest is over and the grain is gathered and weighed then we can tell better. Until then we will reserve our decision.

On the Windsor farm there is a hundred acres growing—the seed of which was the pride of the north—that is now well advanced, and gives promise of from fifty to sixty bushels to the acre. Mr. J. M. Broadwell, on his farm eight or ten miles below Denver, on the Platt, has a field of the same variety of corn that has not been irrigated, and from which he expects to get sixty bushels to the acre. Mr. J. S. Stanger, in Jefferson county, has a field under irrigation that he is confident will yield sixty-five bushels to the acre. A neglected field even with irrigation, is not safe for a good crop. Much of the prospect of the great corn plant hinges on cultivation.—*Denver Farm and Field.*

Can Sheep Be Made Profitable?

Sheep, being excellent foragers, and capable of picking up a portion of their subsistence, have been made to adapt themselves to those sections where the land can not be profitably cultivated and where they are supposed to cost but little in proportion to that which may be derived from them. For that reason the American farmers have given their attention to the small, active breeds, such as the merino and native, which exist in large flocks more successfully than do those of larger size.

The objections to the large mutton breeds of sheep are that they require too much attention and must have good pasturage; that they cannot well exist together in large numbers, and must be protected from the heat and cold. It is no doubt true that the merino is hardy and requires less care than the large breeds, but the question to be considered is whether it will not pay to give the large mutton breeds that attention which many are not willing to bestow. We have the difference in methods as practiced in England and America. The Englishman does not attempt to produce wool, estimating the wool product as something that simply attends the production of mutton as a secondary adjunct, and aims to secure as large a carcass as possible. So great has been the progress attained by the English in the improvement of the mutton breeds that it is not uncommon to secure lambs weighing 100 pounds when they are only 3 months old, while 150 pounds is often reached by 6-months-old lambs. These weights are greater than those of our mature native sheep, and show that the former, with the use of the improved breeds of mutton sheep, can derive a large profit without looking to the receipts from wool at all.

If the English farmer can pay heavy rents and depend upon his sheep as the principal source of revenue, there is nothing to prevent the American farmer from doing the same. But the English grow special crops for sheep, shelter them, hurdle them, keep them growing from birth, and only breed from choice sires. A 3-year-old ram has been made to weigh 425 pounds (live weight), and ewes often attain over 550 pounds each. It is, however, due to the careful feeding as well as the breeding that success is met with, for no English farmer would turn out a flock of sheep to find their food or trample desirable herbage. It has been shown that sheep can be confined with hurdles and made profitable, and that the system of giving them large ranges will not answer for the mutton breeds, yet the fact that the English, with an experience of centuries, have discarded wool and given their whole attention to mutton, is a lesson to us that should not be overlooked or disregarded, especially as there is a great demand for choice mutton which is seldom supplied.—*Practical Farmer.*

Live Stock—Size and Quality.

Has the size of the animal anything to do with the quality of the beef, beyond the fact that one in good condition makes better beef than one in poor? Does the size of the cow have anything to do with the quality of her milk? Does the size of the mess necessarily have anything to do with its quality? Does the cow that gives the smallest mess always produce the richest milk? Do the smallest Jerseys give the richest milk? Does the Jersey

that gives the smallest mess give the richest milk?

If these questions can not be answered in the affirmative, then there is a screw loose somewhere in the reasoning of men who assume that a large mess of milk is, as a rule, inferior in quality, thereby implying that the small mess must be rich. The fact is that size has nothing to do with the matter, but selection and breeding have. The small size of the Jersey is an accident, to a great extent, while the rich quality of her milk has been secured by selection and fine breeding, if not inbreeding for many generations.

The Friesian cow is large, and she gives a large mess of milk, because she has been bred from time immemorial with these ends in view. Her mess, however, is not so much larger than that of the Jersey, when we consider her size, and there does not appear to be any reason in nature why her mess of milk, by careful selection and breeding, may not be raised to the quality of the Jersey. If the latter gives 80 pounds of milk a day, from which 3 pounds of butter is made, why may not a cow twice her size give 60 pounds of milk a day, from which 6 pounds of butter can be made, without any more tax on the system in the one case than in the other?

Fat is an element in nature that is easily obtained, and the appropriation of it does not materially exhaust the soil. Butter-production does not as rapidly impoverish the soil as cheese or beef-production does. But, to secure the carbonaceous element in the form of butter fat, we must induce a peculiar physiological condition of the cow. Just what that condition and just how to best secure it, are two things to be found out. We now only know that, by carefully selecting and breeding from cows that have the physiological tendency to secrete butter fat, we not only can transmit that tendency to the offspring, but increase and intensify it. The subject is one worthy of the most careful attention of scientists.

It may be that we shall never be able to tell why one family of bovine animals is given to the secretion of butter fats, and another puts fat around the kidneys and among the muscles, any more than we can tell why one seed produces white corn, and another yellow, or why one seed produces wheat and another corn. We cannot change the nature of either, so far as we yet know, and perhaps we can not change the innate qualities of the animal. But we can depend upon the seed being true to its kind, and on this fact we can practice so as to secure enough of the kind that we want. Possibly we can rear cows of large size that will give large yields of milk of superior quality, the yield always being proportioned to the size, without detriment to the constitution of the animal. We may yet get the Jersey quality into Friesian milk. The idea is worth considering, and we believe an effort in that direction is worth making. The suggestion is made for what it may be worth.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Farm Notes.

Animals appreciate a clean bed at night. It is not to their comfort to allow straw that has been saturated with urine to remain in the stalls. The best bedding is cut straw at present. Later on leaves can be used to advantage.

One of the chief difficulties in growing apples is in saving them from the worms that causes so many apples to fall at this season. There never should be an apple tree left where pigs or sheep can not get under it in summer to devour the fallen fruit. Sheep are even better at this business than pigs, as the latter have to be fed too lightly to relish their apples while in their green stage.

The Shorthorn cows first imported to the United States, and even down to the middle of the present century, were abundant milkers and great butter makers. But it has been the practice of the present generation to develop the beef-making tendency until the milking qualities of American Shorthorns have been nearly bred out, and they are scarcely regarded as a dairy breed in this country.

Old china, broken earthenware and other similar materials can be made serviceable by pounding them for the hens. The hens will prefer them to broken shells or any other gritty material. They are used in the gizzard for grinding the food, and are really necessary, as many kinds of gravel are too round and do not answer the purpose. All gritty, grinding substances used by poultry should be sharp and cutting.

The work of next year should begin now. Although the crops of this season are being harvested, the ground from which they are taken should not remain idle. The hardest work of farming is to keep down weeds and grass. Much of this labor could be saved if fighting the weeds should be continued until the appearance of frost, instead of giving up the land to them as soon as the crops are off.

Crude carbolic acid can be obtained at about \$1 per gallon, and it should be freely used on every farm. A tablespoonful in a bucket of water will disinfect a whole stable. It is an excellent agent for preventing lice and insect attacks on animals, and, if used frequently, will greatly aid in preventing disease. It can also be used with advantage in the cellar. If mixed with fine, dry lime it can be freely dusted over such places as may require disinfection.

Reports from breeders who have given the mutton breeds a trial show that it is not unusual to produce

wethers that will weigh 200 pounds when one year old, and lambs can be easily made to weigh 60 pounds when 3 months old. There is also a fair crop of wool secured, but it is more profitable to produce mutton. The mutton of a well-bred sheep not only gives a profit by reason of the extra weight attained, but a higher price is also received owing to better quality as compared with the ordinary common sheep.

Green fodder, when fed to cows, should always be fresh and never wilted or partially cured. It is about as mean stuff for cattle as stale fruits or vegetables for the human stomach. A man who attempts soiling should go the whole figure and have it cut for every meal, or nearly so. Of course, it is more economical of labor to feed quite a number on this plan at once rather than one or two. When a man wishes to sell only one or two cows, he had better in general use mill feed and roots, as the extra labor to feed that is not much, though it needs regular attention.

The Household.

A CREAM named after Prince Pucker is made of three ounces of macaroons rolled very fine and beaten into one pint of cream. Whip until stiff, sweeten to taste, flavoring with one wine-glass of sherry and the juice of a lemon. Freeze and serve.

SWEET PEAS are the August flowers most in favor for wearing. The sweet peas are really more like a glorified pansy bud than anything else. Their colors are those of the varied pansies etheralized and posed on wings.

PEAR MARMALADE.—Skin the pears and boil till very tender; weigh them; take half their weight in sugar, put in a saucepan with a little water and boil it, skimming it well; boil till a thick syrup is made; add the pulp of the pears and a little essence of cloves. It is very nice for filling tartlets.

PICKLED DAMSON PLUMS.—Make a syrup of one and a half pints of vinegar and seven pounds of sugar; add nine spoonfuls each of allspice and whole cloves and one peck of plums, which should be pricked well. Boil over a hot fire for one hour and a half; stir constantly; put into closely covered jars.

To PICKLE yellow tomatoes, stick them with a needle and put them into a strong brine that will hold an egg. Let them remain for eight days. Then cover them with vinegar and water for twenty-four hours. To each peck of tomatoes put one bottle of mustard, one ounce cloves, one ounce large pepper, ground, one dozen large onions, sliced. Lay these in the jar in alternate layers with the whole tomatoes, and pour on strong cold vinegar to cover entirely, sealing the stone jar well.

STUFFED EGG PLANT.—Cut of the stalk end nicely, sufficiently large to admit a table spoon. Remove the inside and boil it for fifteen minutes with a tablespoonful of water and an onion. Then chop both fine and mix with half a cup of bread crumbs and a little minced parsley, seasoning with salt and pepper; add a little butter and put the filling in the egg plant. Put a teaspoonful of butter or drippings in a small pan; place the egg plant in it, the open end on the pan, and bake half an hour in a good oven.

Long Years Ago.

Long years ago, on arid ground, Beside a rocky ledge I found
A tiny flower in bloom;
The desert, bleak and bare and gray,
All verdure about us lay.
Curled as the hand of doom
Had touched and shriveled it; alone
The flower smiled above the stone—
A star above a tomb.

To-night, inquisitive of mood,
I wandered where the demon brood
Of want and hunger wait;
Where words are sacrificed to might,
And crouching figures curse the night
In hovels desolate,
And vagrant song and ribald jest
And odors deep muttered in the breast
Proclaim the fiend's estate.

And there amid that dreadful din,
The very air grown foul with sin,
I found a toddling child
With face as pure and sweet and fair
As e'er was fanned by heaven's air,
As angel's undelled—
At once I saw the dreary plain
The freezing ledge, 'twas come again
The blossom in the wild.
—*Charles Eugene Davis.*

How This Country is Filling Up.

Some interesting comparisons are suggested by the statistics of the emigration to this country for the year ending June 30. The total increase over the year preceding was more than 50,000, the exact figures being, exclusive of the arrivals from Canada and Mexico, 539,818, against 483,116. The immigration from Germany, although 107,624 in all furnishes only a little more than 1,000 of this increase, and that of Bohemia and Hungary only about 100 increase, while that of Poland positively fell off. On the other hand, about 20,000 more came from the British Isles than during the year preceding. In other words, German immigration increased less than 1 per cent on its score for the twelve months before, while British immigration increased more than 12 per cent. The Scandinavian immigration increased even more in proportion—from 58,741 to 72,915, or nearly one-fourth. Italian contributions to our population are especially interesting just now, and their increase was from 47,525 to 51,075, which is a moderate percentage of growth. Italy furnishes us habitually nowadays about eight times as many immigrants as France.—*New York Times.*

WELL-PRESERVED MAMMOTHS.

One That was Eaten 80,000 Years After Burial.

It was not until the last year of the last century that the first mammoth was disinterred from the tundra, to the complete demolition of giants and antiquaries, and the profound delight of scientific inquirers. In 1799, at the very moment when a rash young man of the name of Bonaparte was upsetting the Directory and making himself incontinently into a first consul, the people of Siberia were quietly rejoicing in the rare and unexpected luxury of a warm summer. In the course of this unexpected climatic debauch a Tungusian fisherman in the Lena district went out one day hunting for mammoth tusks, and was surprised to find instead a whole mammoth sticking out visibly from a bank of half thawed mud. Siberians stand rather in awe of mammoths; they are regarded as in some sort antediluvian, and therefore uncanny monsters, and the fisherman accordingly said nothing of his find to any man anywhere, but locked up the secret profoundly in his own bosom.

Next year, however, he went again stealthily to visit the suspicious creature, and the year after that he visited it a third time, and so on, until the mammoth was at last thawed out and fell on the sandbank by the shore of the Arctic ocean. Then the fisherman, seeing the monster was really dead, summoned up courage boldly to cut out the tusks, which he straightway sold, on business bent, for fifty rubles to a Russian merchant. As to the body itself, he thought no more in any way about that, for the skin and flesh being somewhat high not to say unpleasant, were not in a condition to form remarkable commodities. However, he noticed that his monster was covered with long hair and thick wool, and in general shape it resembled his unsophisticated idea of an elephant. Two years later a wandering man of science passed that way on his road to China with Count Golovkin. Hearing that a mammoth had been unearthed, or rather noticed, near the mouth of the Lena, he turned aside from his main path to pay his respects in due form to the prehistoric monster. He found it, indeed, still recognizable, but quantum mutatus ab illo, a bare and mutilated elephantine corpse, with scarce a fragment of flesh clinging to the bones of the huge skeleton. The fishermen around had cut off the muscles from the body in great slices to feed their dogs, and the wolves and bears had feasted on the frozen and unsavory meat of a forgotten antiquity.

There is something positively appalling in the idea of that strange beast, preserved so fresh for 80,000 years (on the most modest computation), that when once more disinterred it was still fit for lupine food, and for the matter of that was very probably cooked and eaten in part by the unsophisticated Tungusians themselves in person. But though most of the flesh had disappeared the skeleton still remained almost intact, held together in places by the undecayed ligaments; the huge eyes yet stared wildly from their capacious sockets, the brain was uninjured within the heavy skull, one ear hung unharmed from the side of the head, retaining its long tuft of bristly hair and as much of the skin had escaped destruction as ten men could carry away together. The skeleton was taken to St Petersburg, and there set up in the museum of the Imperial Academy. It has frequently sat or stood for its portrait since to various artists, and its counterfeit presentment in black and white forms, in fact, the common mammoth of the ordinary wood cuts, almost all of which are taken from this earliest, the best and most perfect specimen. The only doubtful point about the beast is the tusks. They were purchased, as was supposed, from the Russian merchant who had bought them from their original discoverer; but whether he sold back the right pair or another set like them that fitted equally well, has never been quite satisfactorily determined.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Where He Got It.

"Matilda, that boy of ours is chuck full of slang," remarked Mr. Dusenberry, in a sharp, complaining tone. "He talks about me as the guv'nor, and this morning I heard him tell Bridget to 'Let her go, Gallagher! Where does he pick up such abominable stuff?'"

"Goodness only knows," Mrs. Dusenberry said, with a well-simulated look of ignorance.

"At school, I suppose," continued Mr. Dusenberry, "of those Darringer boys. He is altogether too fly, that boy, and if I catch him with those boys again he'll make a home run of the liveliest kind."

"He may hear some of it at home," suggested Mrs. Dusenberry, with motherly blandness.

"At home!" cried Mr. Dusenberry. "You are entirely off your base, my dear. Who uses slang here?"

"Probably I am addicted to it, was Mrs. Dusenberry's meek reply.

"Well, it is a vice you'd better get rid of then. Refined conversation is a mark of culture. Let me hear that kid use slang again and I'll give it to him right off the bat. I'll wipe up the floor with him. I'll—"

Just then he saw a commiserable look on his wife's face. He picked up his hat suddenly, and, mumbling something about having an appointment at the office, fled.—*Time.*

NOT AT ALL UNUSUAL.

A Creek Ran Through the Pasture. Hence the Milk Contained Minnows.

To the unfortunate men who seek health and recreation in country farm-houses, the following story is respectfully dedicated by the Pittsburgh Dispatch:

A well-known lawyer of this city hid himself to a secluded section of West Virginia some weeks ago, and settled down on an apparently old-fashioned farm-house to feast upon the fat of the land, the home-made bread, the fresh eggs, the clover butter and the sweet alderney milk thereof.

And he failed as most city men do who seek historic rural joys in real rural districts.

But, particularly, he grumbled at the milk. That it was watered was as plain as the honest old farmer's face. Several times he asked the honest old farmer's wife what was the matter with the cows, and often he hazarded sarcastic remarks about the water supply and the inroads that a large dairy must of necessity make upon it. But the farmer's wife being a wise woman, and knowing by experience that a new stranger could be caught every year, whereas a city milk trade could only be made profitable by watering the lactical fluid—not the stock, mind you—said never a word in reply.

One morning when the learned counsel for his own defense came down to breakfast he found the usual pitcher of milk by his plate, and, looking therein, he saw the usual aqueous blue tint also. He poured out a glass of the liquid, and was surprised to see a strange disturbance in it.

He took a spoon and investigated. One after the other he fished out two small minnows.

He was not angry; he rejoiced with exceedingly great joy. He had the proof now to confound the callous keeper of cows.

Presently the farmer's wife came in, and the lawyer, with the minnows on a plate on one side and the glass of alleged milk on the other, while he waved a pewter spoon in place of a brief, spoke after this fashion: "Madam, I have put up with poorer milk than I ever tasted before. I have said little when milk was really half and half—one-half being not over-potable water—but I must draw a line at fish. I drew the line this morning in that glass, and lo! there are two scaly monsters I caught therein. What have you got to say about it?"

"Strikes me, sir," said the good old lady with perfect calmness, "that you fly into a fuss about the trifling things—'tis natural them fish should be whar you found 'em. There's a creek running through the cow pasture, and now one of the cows has gone and swallowed the minnies in her drink. That's nothin' out of the usual about that, sir."

That's why a certain attorney came home from his vacation two weeks before he was expected.

Twins Seldom Grow Up.

What becomes of the twins? Grown-up twins are a curiosity, although over one hundred pairs of them were born in Philadelphia last year. The records show that the number of twins is exactly 222, which is a falling off as compared with the record of 1886, when 229 twins were born within the city limits. These figures indicate that Philadelphia is far behind in the twin race, and that the state metropolis can not hold a candle to the little village of North Wales. One pair of twins to each 5,000 inhabitants is the best that this city has done, while North Wales has a record of six pairs of twins born in eight months, and there are less than 1,000 residents in the village. Last year, in addition to the 222 twins born in the city, six triplets were born—three in February and three in March.

For some reason which the dry city records do not attempt to explain, and which puzzles the doctors, the months of May and July are the most prolific twin months. In May of last year forty-six twins—twenty-three pairs of them—made their appearance, and in July twenty-six pairs were born. In May, 1886, there were thirty-one pairs of twins born, and in July twenty-two pairs.

"Twins are more apt to die than other babies," said a prominent physician, "and triplets seldom grow to an adult age. This is one reason why grown-up twins are so seldom found, although twins are often born."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Let Us Have a Little Fun.

Fun? Why, of course, let us have all there is within reach. Life is as dry as dust to many people—getting up early, working hard all day, earning just enough to show how little a fellow can comfortably starve on—and if they can once in a while take the family to the circus, laugh in front of the monkeys' cage, shiver when the lion roars, get out of the old routine of drudgery and tumble about in a lot of new sensations as a boy rolls over a stack of fresh hay, it will help to make the humdrum endurable. The truth is, we take things too seriously, are too glum, downhearted, rheumatic and crotchety, and need to be stirred up and refreshed by a sail down the bay, a visit to the theatre, a good look at a game of base-ball, a picnic in the woods once in a while.—*New York Herald.*

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

September, 15, 1883.

The new sugar works at Douglas have started up and are working with success.

Every Cleveland and Thurman club is a stuffed club. The country has no use for them.

The third party prohibition candidate for congress is now doing the heavy editorial work on a small democratic city paper. This is quite in order.

Gen. Horace Porter, in Scribner's for September, relates the following anecdote in his paper upon Railway Passenger Travel: "When the roads for running the line between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, Pa., were chartered in 1835 and town meetings were held to discuss their practicability, the Hon. Simon Cameron, while making a speech in advocacy of the measure, was so far carried away by his enthusiasm as to make the rash prediction that there were persons within the sound of his voice who would live to see a passenger take his breakfast in Harrisburg and his supper in Philadelphia on the same day. A friend of his on the platform said to him after he had finished: 'That's all very well, Simon, to tell the boys, but you and I are not such infernal fools as to believe it. They have both lived to travel the distance in a little over two hours.'"

Successful co-operation depends upon each individual doing some work for the whole body. And this applies especially to organizations like the Grange. Each member has a duty to perform, and should do everything in his power to lend interest, ability and value to the Order. Education, agitation and the backbone to act on the policy adopted by your organization, are what is needed. There is comparatively little use in farmers urging upon each other for 355 days in a year to vote for their own interests, and then on the 366th day going to the polls and voting the straight party ticket, irrespective of the candidates' records on matters pertaining to the farmers' welfare. No farmer need give up his political party in joining either of the great agricultural organizations of the country, but he should have "sand" enough to catch the ticket, if there are men on it whom he has any reason to doubt will not be true to his interest. In the first place, he should vote, and see that the right men are nominated; then ascertain how the nominees stand on questions of vital interest to him, and vote for those whom he believes will best represent him. After they are elected, the farmer should watch them and write to them and keep them posted as to his wants and demands. This is the way to secure relief and reform in many matters which now injuriously affect agriculture. But the first step to this end is for each farmer to join some effective organization like the Grange or the alliance, and educate himself, his family and his brother farmers in the matters at issue. Be sure you're right and then go ahead. And you are right to go ahead in either of the organizations we have named.

One of the disadvantages that has often been charged against life upon the farm is that it was all work, a dull round through Summer's heat and Winter's cold, with long hours. Little recreation, nearly all muscle, and but little thought, study or intellectual advancement. No wonder the brightest boys and girls, those who have ambition and wished to rise in the world, who aspired to the highest places, socially, mentally, or in the affairs of their native land, turned their footsteps toward city and town. Who can blame them? True it is that in some neighborhoods, and then often with but little encouragement from the old folks, singing schools, debating societies, lyceums, temperance societies, or perhaps a farmer's club were started and for brief reasons broke the monotony, afforded the recreation that all need. The county fair also came once a year, and for three or four days the whole country was excited in the enjoyment of its freedom from steady toil. But there was nothing permanent, no uniformity, no general and united effort, to advance the whole interest of the farmer and all his family. Being only local affairs, they were only local in their result. That before the coming of the Grange there had for many years been a desire, a longing hope that something would be done, some plan devised to give the farmer and all of his family some of the intellectual and social advantages of the town, many good farmers and parents all up and down the land can bear willing testimony. Farmers were reaching out for the higher and better life, the social and intellectual position and advancements worthy of their calling. And so the Grange was a necessity and supplied a pressing need. Hence it spread and flourished. Thousands united with it, thousands have been benefited by it. It is a fixed fact; one of the perma-

nent institutions of the country; and it now only remains for every neighborhood to use the opportunities it offers. And just in the proportion of that they do use them will it flourish in each community.

As a still greater means of extending and increasing its usefulness, its regulations have been so arranged as to permit the admission of farmers' sons and daughters at fourteen years of age; and it is to them as well as to their parents that it offers many advantages. How it has gathered up the scattered gleams of sunshine that in the shape of recreation and improvement were coming into the farmer's life, of one kind in one locality, of another at a different point, and combined them all in the beautiful structure that rests not alone in one neighborhood, or comes and goes as often as the seasons change, but that covers our entire land, offering its advantages to all, permanent, symmetrical, a bright, a living fact.

The State Fair.

The Kansas state fair will open in this city next Monday and will continue during the entire week. Preparations have progressed far enough to indicate that this will be the most successful fair ever held in Kansas.

CATTLE DEPARTMENT.

The entries in the cattle department are numerous and embrace all of the best herds in Kansas neighboring states. All of the breeds will be competition for prizes.

HORSE DEPARTMENT.

The horse department will surpass any exhibition ever before given in Kansas. Secretary Moon and his assistants are busily engaged in the construction of additional buildings and stalls to accommodate the large number of horses and cattle that have been entered and will be on exhibition.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The success of the fair will not be limited to the stock department, but the display of agricultural products, fine arts and machinery will be unusually large.

EXCURSION TRAINS.

Special excursion trains will be run on all railroads from all points within a radius of 100 miles of Topeka, enabling people from a distance to attend the fair and return the same day.

SPEED RING.

The speed ring entries embrace the finest field of horses ever shown upon a western track.

The ninety-four entries made in the several races include horses from Missouri, Nebraska, Illinois, Colorado and Minnesota, as well as all of the fast horses of Kansas.

In addition to this the Kansas Trotting Horse Breeders' association will have a programme including several races.

There will be at least 125 horses shown in the speed ring during the week.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

The managers of the fair have designated Tuesday as children's day, and will charge all children under 15 one-half fare. A programme of special features, interesting to children, will be prepared and will include a liberal prize for a novelty race, without any limitation as to the kind of animals used, goats, donkeys, or any novel team that the boys can conceive of.

TOPEKA DAY.

Thursday has been designated as "Topeka day." Stores, offices and shops should be closed that day, and Topeka's population attend the fair en masse. Every citizen who takes pride in the success of Topeka enterprises should attend as often as possible, but certainly on Thursday. Topeka and Shawnee county ought to contribute 40,000 people to the crowd on "Topeka day."

Colonel Sam Wood has given up the idea of going to Texas to have the Hughton murderers arrested.

Washburn college opened yesterday with a large attendance. Many of the old students are again on hand.

The tillage in Iceland decreased 18,000 acres last year, while grass land increased 50,000 acres.

The autumn colors are appearing in the forests. Thus far the more quiet prevails.

The wife of the Italian Ambassador in London recently carried a bouquet of gold and silver ferns, green leaves and grasses, without a single flower.

A dozen ladies in red hunting coats, and a dozen ladies wearing red sashes, joined in a hunting quadrille at Newport recently.

A resident of Buffalo, who had attained his ninety-third birthday, and came to that city when there were few houses, had the pleasure of pressing the electric button that started the machinery at the Buffalo Industrial Exhibition.

These are fine days in the country, and those who are obliged to return to the city at this season may count themselves as unfortunate.

There are sixteen dealers in second hand cases in New York, handling from thirty to sixty thousand cases a week.

The Postmistress at Dummerston Vermont was recently found dead supposedly from heart disease. It is now thought differently. Her body has been disinterred and a young man arrested on the suspicion of murder.

As the honey season ends the hives should be thoroughly inspected to see if any special attention is needed.

It is proposed to introduce mud wasps into Australia to exterminate the crickets that are raising havoc there.

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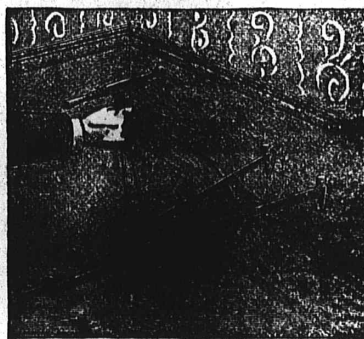
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