

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

TO A NEW BRIDE.

You little guess the loneliness that's
coming o'er my life,
When you have left me and me to be
Will Johnson's wife?
But I suppose my mother felt just so, when,
From her side,
Your father came one summer's day to carry
home his bride.

Ah, me! how happy had I been if Providence
had spared
My good old man to see this day, who all my
feelings shared;
But, then, I would not bring him back, not
even if I might
Nor change one crook that's in my lot, for
what God does is right.

But as I sit alone and think, I see some
things I'd change;
I might have made him happier, then do not
think it strange
If I should speak some warning words to
save you, if I may.

From making thoughtless, sad mistakes, to
bring clouds o'er your way.
So just remember, Hannah, dear, that,
though you're pretty bright,
It may be very possible you'll not be always
right.

Perhaps when you are fretting o'er some
other body's sin,
You'll find the fault was all your own if you
would look within.

As when we washed the window panes to-
gether face to face,
So that the smallest spot or stain would find
no rest on glass;
You would insist, however hard to make you
see I tried.

That every spot was my fault when "twas
really on your side.
And, Hannah, oh! be patient if you find Will
sometimes slow.

Your swift flash out like lightning streaks, as
a wit to come and go;
Now, lightning's a handy thing in stormy
nights, 'tis true,
But after all a steady shine is kind o' useful
too.

And if there's any difference comes 'twixt
your good man and you,
Don't stop to ask whose fault it is; the only
way to do
Is just to take the thing in hand and try with
all your might,
Before it grows too big to change, to fix it up
all right.

You know the dough, when first 'tis set, is
moulded as we will,
But when 'tis baked, we can not change its
shape for good or ill.
So now, when you're starting out in your
new home, is just
The time to show the ways you'll set to
harden into crust.

But, dear, you'll not succeed alone, no matter
how you try;
You'll have to go down on your knees and
ask help from on high.
We soap and rub, and boil and rinse, but
after all, we know,
It takes heaven's grace to make the clothes as
white as new fall'n snow.

—Margaret E. White, in Good Housekeeping.

HELEN RUTHERFORD.

How Her Dislike of Conventionalities Found Appreciation.

CHAPTER I.

"I am disappointed, Helen, but I can not say surprised, for ever since you left the yachting party, last summer, when we were at the seashore, to go and take care of that sick child, I am prepared to see you do anything queer. I would not have allowed the child to suffer; I told you I would send Norah every day to see how it was, and take it medicine and nourishing food; but no, nothing would do, but to take care of it yourself, and you came home pale and haggard, looking like a fright."

"I couldn't help it, mother, the poor little thing seemed to know me, when it was conscious at all, and Dr. Moore said that if it had not had careful nursing it would have died."

"I know all that, but I was particularly anxious to have you go on that excursion, because Mr. Delancy was to be one of the party. It was the last opportunity you would have of seeing him before he sailed for Europe, and no one knows what might have happened if you had gone; the intercourse of a yachting party is delightfully free and unconstrained; you are not subject to the formalities of a city parlor, and it affords such a fine opportunity for young people to become acquainted. Now I can see neither rhyme nor reason in your going to that forlorn little cross roads—to teach a lot of common country children to read, write and cipher. There are plenty of young men and women out there who can do that as well as you; it certainly is not your vocation."

"Mother dear, you know you promised, if I would go to Niagara and the seashore with you last summer and behave like other girls, I might go to Mapleton this winter. Now I did go with you and tried to behave properly, but I wore all those lovely uncomfortable dresses you bought for me, and banded my hair and powdered my face. When I played croquet and lawn tennis I paid particular attention to my attitudes, for you said that a young lady looks so graceful on the lawn if she is careful to pose herself well."

"Oh! Helen!"

"I danced at all the hops, and tried, as you told me, to be discriminating in my conversation; I talked books with Prof. Marston, said all I know about art to that little Mr. Crayon whom we used to see sketching on the beach, and really made myself believe that I knew something about resumption and specie payment. I talked so well on the subject to Mr. Rich, that ponderous old bachelor from Washington. Then, mother, don't you remember that very intellectual fellow, with whom I discussed culture and psychic force? He was so disappointed when he found I was not from Boston, and you said—"

"There, there, Helen, don't talk so absurdly. If you will go, you will, I suppose, but you know this promises to be the gayest winter we have had in some time; the opera will be really brilliant; Mrs. Argent and the Flashings are just out of mourning; of course they will entertain, and you know how very select their parties always are. I want you to think of all these things and count the cost before you decide."

"I have counted the cost of remaining at home in elegant idleness mother, and I can not afford it. If you would send Madame Felice away and let me

teach Evelyn and Ned, or discharge the cook and laundress and let me get dinner and gather the ruffles, I might reconsider, but dancing all night and dawdling all day is not my vocation, nor that of any woman who has healthy body, a sound mind and an immortal soul."

And so, a true estimate of life, with its magnificent possibilities, backed by a strong will, brought down the scale, as it always will, when opposed to worldliness and frivolity, and Helen Rutherford packed a medium sized trunk and started for Mapleton.

After Helen's departure, the really affectionate, but too fashionable, mother devoted herself to the faithful discharge of her social duties, and she was a very busy woman.

A true consecration to the service of fashion demands the best energies of its votaries; time and talents must often be mortgaged to secure the highest honors, and it is well if a sudden foreclosure does not preclude the possibility of redemption.

Helen Rutherford happened to go to Mapleton in this way. On their way home from Niagara the previous summer, Mrs. Rutherford hunted up a cousin, who had married early in life and settled in a part of the country that was then almost a wilderness. Little better now, thought Mrs. Rutherford, when, after two days spent in talking over old times with the friend of her girlhood, she began to feel restless and lonely. The owls in the trees, and the frogs at nightfall, made only dismal music to her unaccustomed ear; the rag carpet was so "dreadfully contrived," and the oil lamps, she told Helen, had, she feared, given her nose a permanent upward tendency.

This was not the effect produced upon Helen by her short visit to that primitive little home among the hills. Her "foot was on its native heath," and her soul claimed kindred with the birds, the brook and the grand old trees.

The simplicity of daily life in her cousin's household was in pleasing contrast to the artificial, surface-like existence of very fashionable society, and particularly soothing after her summer's campaign. She longed to be there again, and when she received a letter from her cousin, who mentioned the marriage and removal of their school teacher, and the difficulty there would be to fill her place, she at once applied for the position, and announced her intentions to her mother, and carried her point, as we have seen, against all opposition.

CHAPTER II.

As Helen Rutherford stepped from the cars upon the platform of the Mapleton station, she gave her traveling dress a little shake, and drew a long breath, as if she would thus shake off the bonds of conventional life and take in the sweet influence of nature.

Her cousin, Ruth Kendall, met her at the station, and for Helen, that walk home, through the woods, in the deepening twilight, was a pleasant entrance upon her life in Mapleton.

She had a joyous, uplifting faith in God, which enabled her to utilize all the events of her life, and that evening she was very happy. With pleasant surroundings, sympathetic companionship and congenial work why should she not be happy?

In Ruth Kendall Helen had found that which is as rare as it is valuable, a true friend.

One of our own writers has said: "All friendship is likely to end in vanity; this is not founded in mutual respect." The friendship of these two women had its foundation in mutual respect, and was to be built up, and completed, in similarity of taste and perfect confidence.

There is no veneer about Ruth Kendall—her ladyhood was innate; the outward expression of inward refinement. Her educational advantages had been few in youth, and her intelligence was mainly the result of observation and reflection; she brought the powers of a naturally good mind to bear upon all she saw and heard.

Some people, by their superficial attainments, make one think that some time in their lives they strayed into an educational institution and stood there while a limited number of facts in mathematics, history, philosophy, etc., with a few Latin and French decorations, were thrown at them, some of which happened to stick fast. It often happens that many of these are torn off in the crowd and bustle of after-life, and then there is a lack of drapery. Others, like Ruth Kendall, take in knowledge as a tree takes nutriment from earth and air; and day by day there is an increase of strength in the sturdy trunk and wide spreading branches, and new beauty of form and color in the delicately veined leaves. So a proper use of our mental powers, in digesting the materials we find in books, nature and human life, will result in strength of mind, delicacy of perception and beauty of thought.

Ruth was a widow now, but the memory of a true love and happy married life still gladdened her heart; and though three little daughters had died in their childhood, "like buds with an early blight," she felt that her dear ones were still guarded by the same kind hand that marked out her own daily path. In the careful training of her only remaining child, a boy of twelve, in the performance of household duties, and in mental and social enjoyment, she still found life a thing to be desired.

It was with this kindly, wise little woman, bright-eyed and sweet-voiced, that Helen was to spend the winter. Do you wonder that she had pleasant visions of long cozy evenings, when the wind would be whistling and the snow drifting outside, inside there would be a warm fire, a bright light, good books and social converse?

It was Saturday evening when Helen arrived at her cousin's, and on Monday morning school would begin. She was glad that Sunday intervened, for in Ruth Kendall's home Sunday was kept as a day for physical rest and mental and spiritual enjoyment, the only true preparation for a good week's work.

On Monday morning the concert the birds were holding in a tree at the side of the house was seriously interrupted, when our young lady, "the new teacher from the city," opened her window and

looked out upon one of the fairest scenes this old earth ever exhibits upon her canvas—morning in the country. A true lover of nature, she was fascinated by the beauty of the morning, and no one knows how long she would have sat there, if Cousin Ruth had not called her to breakfast.

The school-house was about a mile from the house by the road, and a little more than half that distance "across lots." Helen chose the "short-cut," which led through the orchard below the house, across a brook and through a little piece of woods, at the edge of which stood the school house.

As she walked along, she began to realize that she was the "school marm," and felt just a little queer.

She was now very near the school-house, however, and the voices of the children put an end to her meditations. As she entered the gate two little fellows standing near had evidently been talking about the "new teacher," for she heard one say: "By George, Bob, there she is now!"

"How!" replied the other, "ain't she handsome; she is just boss, you bet."

Now the ladylike Miss Rutherford did not approve of slang—no well-bred person does—but she rather liked the spirit that prompted it, and enjoyed a little of it when expressive and well chosen. Suffice it to say that she felt very much encouraged as she took her place at the teacher's desk, and resolved to cultivate the acquaintance of little Bob Mason, as he seemed a very bright boy.

Miss Rutherford's success as a teacher was very marked. We do not know what the Board of Directors thought of her method, nor how nearly her system coincided with that of the public schools generally; but at the end of six months she had accomplished two things; the discipline of the school was perfect, and she was in a constant state of delight. Her scholars caught her enthusiasm, and many of them will never forget those lovely spring days, when they rambled through fields and woods with "the teacher," and with her learned to see "beauty in the grass and glory in the flower."

CHAPTER III.

Cecil Delancy had returned from Europe. He had learned much and enjoyed much, but had come back, glad to call America home.

He was a lawyer by profession, and although possessed of means sufficient to enable him to live a life of leisure, his energetic nature demanded employment, and he had decided to begin the practice of law in the autumn. He was now taking a trip through the country on horseback. He tried to persuade himself that he needed the diversion it would afford before applying himself to his winter's work. The fact was, he was in search of Miss Rutherford. He had met her frequently in society before he went abroad, admired her exceedingly and had never ceased to regret that she had not gone on the yachting party, that he might have become better acquainted with her.

If Miss Rutherford had awakened any interest in the minds of our readers, they will perhaps be wondering what she looked like; or, rather, what style befit Mr. Delancy admired.

As to personal appearance, great play of imagination will be allowed, and our young lady may be blonde or brunette, or of the medium type, which unquestionably embraces many pretty girls. She may measure anywhere between five feet six and four feet nine and a half—we would not have her less—and she may be sedate, if you please; but we would suggest just a twinkle in her eye; or she may be vivacious, but not to the point of frivolity.

And Mr. Delancy? Paint him also—the outer man—according to your fancy, reader, and taking tall or short, give him side whiskers or a mustache, both; but of the inner man be assured he felt

"A peace above all earthly dignities, A still and quiet conscience," and in his intercourse with others, he "gave the world assurance of a man."

Soon after reaching home Mr. Delancy called at Miss Rutherford's and was informed that the family were at the seashore, all but "Miss Helen;" she was with her cousin, Mrs. Kendall, who lived near Mapleton, a station on the C— Railroad.

Thus it was that on one of those bright days, Bob Mason stopped as he was carrying a bucket of water to the school-house to look at the "nobbliest looking" fellow he had ever laid eyes on."

With the eye of a true boy he had taken a glance at all the trim points of the beautiful animal Cecil Delancy rode, and was lost in admiration when he recalled to his senses by the question: "My little fellow, can you tell me what the station near here is called, and direct me to it?"

"Yes, sir, it's Mapleton, and you go straight ahead."

"Thank you," and Mr. Delancy was about riding off, when a happy thought seemed to strike him, and he asked: "Who teaches school here?"

"Miss Rutherford, but we call her Miss Helen."

"Ah! do you like her?"

"You may bet your bottom dollar we do!"

(Discriminating boy, that, thought Mr. Delancy.)

"Does she live near here?"

"She boards with the Widder Kendall there beyond the woods, but she lives in the city, when she's home."

"Well, my lad, I am much obliged to you for directing me; will you accept this," handing him a bright silver dollar.

"No! but your shiners; I don't want nothin' for tellin' you to follow your nose," said Bob.

"But you will please me by taking it," said Mr. Delancy, and, tossing the money at Bob, rode off.

Bob caught the piece, slipped it up in the air, and put in his pocket, say-

ing, saying: "Well, guess it's worth a dollar to set a fellow on her track, if that's what you are after; wonder if I'll ever own such a spanking beast as that," and picking up his bucket, strode into the school-room, with the air of a millionaire.

That evening Cecil Delancy felt weary, and concluded that a rest of a day or two would do himself and horse good, and so "put up" at the village tavern.

Taking a stroll, after tea, he chanced to meet Miss Rutherford, and it was "such a pleasant surprise," and might he walk home with her?

Both had so much to say, she of her school, he of his travels, that they reached Mrs. Kendall's before they were half "talked out." He was invited in, introduced to Cousin Ruth, spent a delightful evening and accepted an invitation to tea the next evening.

It was a long time before Cecil Delancy and his horse were sufficiently rested to proceed, but at last, "Like one who, for delay, Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away."

At the close of the summer term, Miss Rutherford announced that she would be unable to make the school another year. The disappointment of the children was very great, and honest tears were shed when she bade them good-bye. She had won both their respect and their affection, and many, through her instrumentality, had found that "wisdom, the price of which is above rubies."

Bob Mason's grief was largely mingled with vexation for not having had wit enough to put that shy chap "the young queen" when he asked the way to the station. He was consoled, however, when, the next spring, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Delancy came to live in Mapleton.

The former, though a lawyer by profession, was a farmer by inclination, and having plenty of "the shiners," as Bob said, purchased a farm near Cousin Ruth's, put a tasteful, convenient house upon it, and felt that he had all a man needs to make him happy—a fine farm and the best wife in the world.

Mrs. Rutherford visited them occasionally, but found it "dreadfully dull in the country;" she did not see how Helen could stand it and hoped that Evelyn would not grow up so very eccentric.—Jennie W. Smith, in Albany Argus.

LEGAL VERBOSITY.

A Count of the Indictments Drawn Against Louis Riel.

Riel's offense is treason in waging war against the Government. It may be specified in less than twenty words. Here it is as partly set forth in one count of the indictment just drawn up against him:

"Louis Riel, being a subject of our lady Queen, not regarding the duty of his allegiance, nor having the fear of God in his heart, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil as a false traitor against our said lady Queen, and wholly withdrawing the allegiance, fidelity and obedience which every true and faithful subject of our said lady Queen ought to bear toward our said lady Queen, the 28th day of March, in the year aforesaid, together with other false traitors to the said Stewart unknown, armed and arrayed in warlike manner—that is to say, with guns, pistols, bayonets and other weapons—being then unlawfully, maliciously and traitorously assembled and gathered together against our said lady Queen, most wickedly, maliciously, traitorously did levy and make war against the said lady Queen at a local place known as Duck Lake, in the said Northwest Territories of Canada, and within this realm; and did then maliciously and traitorously attempt and endeavor by force and arms to subvert and destroy the constitution and Government of this realm, as by law established, and deprive and depose the said lady Queen from the style, honor, and kindly name of the Imperial Crown of this realm, in contempt of the said lady Queen and her laws, to the evil example of all others, in the like case offending, contrary to the duty and allegiance of him, the said Louis Riel, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of the said lady Queen, her crown and dignity."

As a specimen of the time honored legal verbosity this is hard to beat. And yet some of our own criminal forms, borrowed from the same sources are not far behind it.—N. Y. Herald.

The Failing Connectic.

The Connecticut River, given over to the timber-drivers, has become a canal. Reefs are blasted out. Bulkheads are built to turn the current into the central channels. The melting snows, no longer held back in the spongy mosses of the forests, and the spring rains, are hurried swiftly down in the lower country. The freshets are utilized to bring down every spring where no pine wood will ever grow again. The summer comes, hot and dry, with low water in the rivers, which were formerly full all the summer from the slow drain out of the dark shades in the upper country. The natural reservoirs, which thus gave out slowly their reservoirs of water, are gone, and all the water comes down with a rush after every rain. Manufacturing companies everywhere have found it necessary to make artificial reservoirs to take the place of the lost natural reservoirs. Hills that were once forest-covered are bleak masses of rock, growing drier year by year. If there was ever an instance of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, it is this method of treating our Northern forests. In hundreds of valleys, where water was abundant in former years, the water line in the ground is now below the reach of ordinary wells. The tendency is toward that condition which in a century or two will compel a resort to irrigation for ordinary agricultural purposes.—Dr. W. C. Prime, in Journal of Commerce.

—When the ironclad was invented then came the tag of war.—N. O. Picayune.

ASIA MINOR.

The Condition of the Working People of Asiatic Countries.

The condition of the working people in Asia Minor is not one of hardship or destitution. There are no public institutions in that country for the support of the poor or unfortunate, and no public schools. There are no workhouses, no asylums for the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, or the idiotic. There are hospitals in the larger places, and also schools, but they are wholly supported by private subscriptions. The result of this state of affairs is swarms of hideous mien upon the streets and thoroughfares, and universal illiteracy among the poorer classes of the laboring people. Consul Stevens says the highest wages paid in Asia Minor in the general trades are \$6 per week to coopers and blacksmiths. Bakers get but \$1.46 and millers but \$2.93.

In Syria the condition of the laboring classes is neither satisfactory nor prosperous. Most of the native weavers of silk and cotton goods receive from twenty to forty cents per day, a sum which hardly suffices to secure for them the daily necessities of life. Not over five per cent. are able to save anything from their wages, and in many cases weavers work for wages received in advance. The condition of agricultural laborers is not any better throughout the country. The wages paid for an adult plowman with a team of oxen are from forty to fifty cents per day. The plowman, as a rule, feeds himself and team. The average wages paid to spinners of both sexes is \$1 per week.

Consul Merrill reports from Jerusalem that in Palestine, instead of a happy and prosperous people, one sees on every hand depression and suffering, ignorance and degradation. Nearly all the Jews of Jerusalem receive charity, while two-thirds of them depend mainly upon those funds which come mostly from Europe for their support. Were this aid to be cut off suddenly, the Consul says, these people would perish from starvation.

Consul-General Benjamin writes from Persia:

"I know of no laboring classes in other countries who appear more cheerful and satisfied with their lot. The climate also in most parts of Persia is of such a nature as to reduce the actual wants of the people. One hears occasionally of riots or attacks on tax collectors guilty of more than ordinary rapacity, but I cannot learn that these are more frequent than formerly."

Wages in all of the general trades are less than 90 cents a day, except an engraver, who gets \$1.51, and a "handler of loaves at the oven," who gets \$1.21. Most of the laborers in Persia endeavor to save money no matter what their wages may be.

Coolies in Ceylon were paid sixty cents a week, so Consul Morey reports. This class of help underbids the natives, who will earn in the general trades from sixty-eight cents to \$4.50 per week, the latter sum being given to gas-fitters. The average weekly wages will amount to less than \$2.

Wages in China are from \$4.50 to \$8 per month, and are paid to laborers following the general trades. Employees in shops and stores in cities receive from \$3.50 to 4.50 per month. Men get twenty cents a day in the mines. Household wages are \$1.50 per month. The cost of nourishment for the laboring and industrial classes of China is from \$2 to 2.50 per month. "In fact," says Consul Seymour of Canton, "the cost of living has been reduced to the minimum standard, and all seem to be healthy and contented; and as for industry, every ounce of muscle in men, women and children above three years of age, is utilized until indolence is scarcely visible."

Consul Seymour says, further: "If the working people of the United States were compelled to subsist on the dirt and conform to the economies of Asia, which holds half the population of the globe, and realized the miserable scale or standard of human existence prevalent in these cheap-labor countries, between which and the well-regulated industry of the United States, the adoption of international agrarianism would establish an average, there would be less clamor in favor of a pernicious policy which contemplates competition between two systems of labor, with the certainty of leveling American labor to the point at which it is proposed to elevate the value of Asiatic labor, which is satisfied with from twenty to fifty cents per day and garbage for food."

Consular Reports to the State Department.

Rich Men in America.

An American visitor to one of our stately homes, especially on such June days as we have lately had, cannot but be charmed with what greets his eyes—the spacious mansion, the ample park, the shrubbery and gardens, all in exquisite array. "We have nothing to compare with this," says he with a sigh. Very true; but there is another side, and a serious one, to this charming picture. All these glories, together with the inevitable establishment which goes with them, are constantly telling most of our owners: "If you have all this, you can not have that." The well-to-do American has no parks and pleasure grounds costing thousands a year to keep up, but then he is apt to have ready money galore. He goes to Fenton's in London, or the Bristol in Paris, has just what he feels inclined to have, does not stint his wife and daughters, and, in fact, experiences a perfect ease in regard to expenditure—such as, I fear, three parts in four of those who have ten men in the garden and five in the stables rarely experience with us.—London Land Agent's Record.

—Some of these Nevada men are so sarcastic. Helena's Mayor, Mr. Sullivan, is a barber. The other day a former member of the Nevada Legislature (he is in the sheep business in Judith County, Montana) was at Helena. He went into Sullivan's shop and the Mayor shaved him. A short time afterward he was seen further down the street "looking" he said, "for an Alderman to black his boots." He was fired out of the Capital.—Butte (Montana) Inter-Mountain.

Shooting at a Pipe.

Soon after the boat left Vicksburg a young man in a small suit brought out a pearl-handled revolver and began shooting at floating objects on the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. His object seemed to be to show off, and as a knot of passengers began to applaud his shots, he grew what might be called triumphantly reckless. The steamer presently overtook a flat boat loaded with hoop-poles, bound for the New Orleans market. The steersman, wearing a broad-brim hat and red shirt, was a very prominent figure.

"I've seen the day," remarked a passenger, "that I could put a bullet through that chap's hat and not harm a hair of his head."

"I can do it myself," replied the shooter.

"I doubt it, sir; doubt it very much. If you make that shot you can call yourself the champion of the world."

What did the idiot do but haul off and pop away! We saw the man's hand go up to his ear, and then turned half a minute before his place was taken by a second man and he was pulling off for us in his small boat. He was soon alongside, and not a man of us moved as he rushed up stairs with a bowie knife as long as the leg of a chair, in his mad right hand. The shooter was whiter than chalk, but his sang froid was the genuine article. Before the man with the bleeding ear had come within ten feet of him he had a \$50 bill out of his wallet, and, taking a step forward, he held it out and said:

"Sorry to have troubled you, my dear sir. Intended to leave it for you at the next landing. I shot to break the pipe in your mouth, but hit your ear. This is my regular price when I make such blunders."

Red shirt hesitated—took the bill—scanned the figures on the corners—slowly put up his knife, and then turned and left the steamer without having said one single word to one of us. The nerve and money of the dude had prevented that wicked knife from tasting life-blood.

A Rattlesnake's Involuntary Chase.

Mrs. John White, living a few miles near Hawley, Pa., went out on the hills near her house a few days ago to look the huckleberry barrens over and see what the prospect was for the berry season. While standing at the side of an old road she heard a rattlesnake sound its rattle immediately behind her, and then felt a tug at the skirt of her dress. She looked around anxiously, and saw that a big rattlesnake had struck at her, and that its fangs were fast in the bottom of her dress skirt. Mrs. White started on a run for home. The snake's fangs were so securely fastened in the dress that the snake was carried along. Mrs. White ran so fast that the rattlesnake was whipped and tossed about like the tail of a kite.

The distance to the house was a quarter of a mile, and when Mrs. White reached her door she was so much overcome by exhaustion and fright that she fainted on the steps. Her daughter ran to her assistance. When she saw the snake, with its teeth fast in her mother's dress, she did not stop to investigate matters further, but ran screaming to a neighbor's half a mile away. She supposed that the snake had bitten her mother and killed her, and so announced when she reached the neighbor's.

A man ran back to Mrs. White. She had recovered sufficiently to crawl in to the house. The snake was still fast in her dress, but was dead. The thrashing on the stones and against the ground that it had received had beaten the life out of it. The snake was four feet long and had seven rattles.—N. Y. Sun.

One Thing She Forgot.

A good story is told of a prominent member of society who had a habit of tying a knot in her pocket-handkerchief when she wished to fix something in her mind that must be attended to. She was engaged in a desperate flirtation on a certain occasion, and in her abstraction dropped the handkerchief on the floor. This was noticed by her hostess, who endeavored to break up the flirtation by inviting her guest into another part of the house. As the latter rose from the chair she stooped and picked up her handkerchief, noticing as she did so the knot in the corner. "What have I forgotten to-day?" she asked audibly. "That you have a husband," replied her hostess. The story was repeated, and the lady, who is a prominent member of the diplomatic circle, always keeps her handkerchief free from knots now.—Washington Hatchet.

Love and Religion.

They stood beneath the summer skies and watched the twinkling stars in ceaseless brilliant twink. It was a night to bring the angels from the blue that they might lay their gentle hands upon the evening air, and touching every heart-string, fill the world with harmony.

"And this is love," she said, looking into his face.

"And love is religion," he continued, stooping to kiss the pretty pinkness of her cheek.

"What religion?" she asked naively. "Presbyterian or Methodist or Baptist or Episcopalian?"

"None of these, angel mine," he whispered, folding her in his throbbing heart; "none of these; it is You-an-I-tarian."

Devotional exercises were continued until a late hour.—Merchant Traveler.

Peter, the Great, of Russia, worked out solid reforms by original methods. If a man would not consent to be reformed he flogged him, and if he opposed accomplished reforms he knocked him in the head. He ordered the nobles to be educated, as he wanted their intelligence as well as their bodily service. When young noblemen did not attend school voluntarily he sent soldiers to fetch them. If they resisted they were flogged, and if their parents concealed them they were flogged too. Those who failed to pass the examination were condemned to remain unmarried, and compelled to serve in the lower ranks of the navy. From all nobles the great dictator required that blood their time and their lives.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

TO ADVERTISE and meet with success, requires a knowledge of the value of newspapers, and a correctly displayed ad. To secure such information, write to the publisher of the newspaper in which you desire to advertise. **CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS** NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Howell & Co., Newspaper Advertisers, 233 Broadway, New York, N. Y., where contracts may be made for it. IN NEW YORK.

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Get us five subscribers at 60 cents each, and we will send you free the Webster's Dictionary, advertised elsewhere. Send us One Dollar and we will send this paper one year and the dictionary besides.

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Second Annual Meeting of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association.

The State Equal Suffrage Association will hold its Second Annual Convention at Salina on the 28th and 29th of October. Free entertainment furnished delegates. Everybody invited to attend. All papers favoring please copy.

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Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to make money right away! Anything else in this world. All of either sex, successful from first hour. The brand read to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address: TRIST & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

THE CATCHER CAUGHT.

The Story of a Little Boy Who Went Fishing.

A little boy, one pleasant day, Toward a creek pursued his way;

He kept the school-house out of sight, Looking behind oftentimes in fright,

And in one hand, as on he stole, He clutched a willow fishing-pole.

Down by the meadow swift he passed Until he reached the creek at last;

Then, with no thought to mar of school, He cast his line into a pool.

And, with a smile of calm delight, He waited for the fish to bite.

The moments glided swiftly by: The sun overhead was getting high;

But not a fish would deign to look The while at his seductive hook;

Though hungry insects o'er his head Bit condescendingly instead.

A frog upon a lily-pad Kept grinning at the luck he had.

The smile contracted to a frown; The little boy he sat him down.

And there, upon the stream's soft brink, His drooping eyes began to blink;

Till, with his head upon his breast, He sank back in the sedge to rest;

When suddenly he heard a "swish," And from the water rose a fish—

A fish of such prodigious size That it would make a thousand fries—

A fish which a troop might dine— With a giggle and a grin and a line!

And in gruff tones the monster cried, The while the little boy it eyed:

"By no barred hook was he caught; We're not so foolish as you thought;

"The tables have been turned on you, And we've got a-dishing too!"

"This very night shall all enjoy A chowder made of little boy!"

And, looking hideously grim, The creature cut its line at him.

The trout watched the hook descend, While every hair stood up on end;

Till, with a twist expert and neat, It caught him by his trousers seat;

And then, with juvenile despair, He dangled wildly in the air!

And while, with a complacent grin, His scaly captor drew him in,

A piercing scream the silence broke, And then—the little boy awoke!

And, though of fish there was no trace, Fresh danger threatened in its place;

With look foreboding little good, Before him his stern father stood!

—Malcolm Douglas, in Youth's Companion.

COVERING UP THE POISON.

How Reginald Was Taught the Difference Between Being and Merely Seeming to Be Pure and Truthful.

"Uncle, what are you doing?" inquired Reginald, with a perplexed face.

"I am getting rid of these offensive vegetables," replied Uncle Prescott, as he pinned two great snowy sheets of paper together and reached for the third.

"I see Dugald has neglected matters since I have been ill, and left this poisonous heap upon the bars floor."

"But what is the paper for, uncle?"

"To cover it up, to be sure," replied Uncle Prescott, rapidly pinning away, until the thick white paper began to stand like a great white cone over the offensive heap upon the floor.

Reginald did not quite know what to say, and Uncle Prescott, having completed the cone and glanced back at it as though with satisfaction, left the barn, while Reginald walked quietly at his side, deep in thought as to what Uncle Prescott's idea could possibly be.

"I am glad that uncomfortable object is out of sight," said Uncle Prescott, at length; "I wonder Dugald never thought to cover it up."

"Uncle, what is the use of covering it up?" inquired Reginald; "it is just as offensive."

"It is surely better covered up than exposed to the eye. It is best, is it not, always to cover up any such object?"

"But, uncle, it is there all the same."

"So it is, but if nobody sees it, the fact of its being there can not amount to anything, can it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Reginald, a little uneasily; "we know it is there just as if it were not covered."

"We know, of course, but other people do not, and we will not be likely to tell them."

Reginald glanced, a little shyly, towards Uncle Prescott, but did not seem inclined to give up the subject.

"It poisons the air just the same, does it not, uncle? I have heard you talk a great deal about all such things being unwholesome to have around."

"What is the difference so that people do not find it out? You see nobody would suspect anything impure under that snow-white paper."

"But, uncle," exclaimed Reginald, in perplexity, "what is the use of having it there; why not uncover it, and clear it out, and be done with it?"

"Why do you ask such unreasonable questions, Reginald? Your words and your actions do not agree."

Reginald thought, although he did not dare to say so, that Uncle Prescott's present action and past words did not agree, but he simply asked:

"Why, uncle?"

"I can not tell why they do not agree, unless it is because it is better always to cover up our real motives and manner of doing things when we know they are not quite as they should be."

Reginald's face flushed, and Uncle Prescott continued:

"Why is it that you do not approve of my covering up the poisonous matter, and of making all pure to the eye? You know, boy, you work every day to pin white paper over a place of poison."

Reginald looked up in dismay.

They had reached the house, and Uncle Prescott sat down on the long settee in the hall, and drew Reginald close to his side.

"Reginald," he said, in a low and tender voice, "I am more sorry for you than you can guess. Your heart is not a pure, true heart; it sends out poisonous thoughts. Why do you cover them up and keep them, why do you try to seem white while underneath is the hidden trouble?"

Reginald's eyes sought the floor; he could not look in his uncle's face now.

He knew his heart was not pure and true, that it only appeared to be so, but he had thought that his uncle believed in him.

"When you broke the rosebush, why did you make it appear that your baby cousin had pushed the box over and damaged the bush? When you dropped the hatchet in the cistern, why did you cast the blame on your little friend? When you broke my choicest grapes from the vine, why did you arrange that Dugald should be suspected of the act? Had you acknowledged the wrong deeds you would have been endeavoring to lay bare the poison in your heart, and taken the first step toward getting rid of it; but, though you know it is there, and is dangerous, and degrading, you keep it, and cover it, and work to hold on to it, and want nobody to know about it, and try to appear white and clean, when, in fact, under your pleasing face and manners is a corrupt heart."

Had Uncle Prescott struck Reginald a blow he would have been man enough, in his own way, to have borne it, but those words were worse than blows.

He had a certain amount of pride which made him wish to be respected and thought well of. He did not care so much about being honorable, but he liked to be thought so. He had imagined that Uncle Prescott believed all that he said, and thought him a fair, square boy.

His pride was wounded; his good opinion of himself was humbled; he looked so utterly wretched that Uncle Prescott took his hand and drew him close to his knee.

"Reginald," he said, kindly, "I am only pulling some of the white paper off, and looking at the impurity underneath. Tell me truly, do you think you have a corrupt heart?"

Reginald quailed under the question. To be asked to own having such a possession was a staggering requirement; yet he knew his uncle's charge was true, and he could do nothing but acknowledge it truth.

"You can not easily be rid of the impurity, my boy," said Uncle Prescott; "you have hidden it, and kept it, and now it has overgrown the good in you. You have made it your sole object to try to appear good and pure; do you wish to go on feeding and hiding the poison, while it grows more and more powerful and impure?"

Reginald was too heartily ashamed of himself to have much to say, and while declaring that he did not wish to continue doing as in past, was much concerned to know how much of his deception, and how many of his tricks, perpetrated during the past few weeks spent in his new home, had been discovered by Uncle Prescott.

"If you do not wish to continue hiding and keeping this poison, let us begin now to pull the pure white paper off of it," said Uncle Prescott; "what did you cover up yesterday? I must have the secrets of each day's life before I can come to share my home. Tell me frankly, what did you cover up yesterday?"

Reginald glanced at his uncle and then at the floor. He was not all bad; he did think it would be more comfortable to be true and honorable. He did feel a longing to be rid of his present inner life; he saw himself as he had never seen himself before; he felt a longing for the acts he had only thought of, smart.

"Uncle, you would hate me!" he exclaimed, passionately; "I never can tell you the half."

"Suppose I do hate you; suppose I never do and never can forgive or forget it; suppose you lose me as your friend; what can that matter in comparison to losing your soul, your self, the respect of the whole world who may ever happen to hear of you, losing your own heart of honor? Uncover the poison, Reginald, and let me help you get it out of you, no matter how it hurts, or where it hits, or what becomes of you and of me afterward. You can afford to lose me if you can get rid of the dishonesty which is destroying all the good that ever was in you."

Reginald was looking in his uncle's face; he was brave with a sudden bravery; he was true with a sudden honor; he was filled with a determination to be free with a new freedom. He recounted trick after trick, accidents and deceptions, and Uncle Prescott could have been angry enough had he not been in soul earnestness, helping Reginald fight his way out of the mire.

Reginald, having confessed every fault he could think of, waited for the words which would banish him from his new home, but his uncle took his hand kindly, saying: "I believe you have faithfully torn off the covering, and tried to take the first step toward removing the impurity underneath; you promise me at this moment, which is a solemn one, my boy, that you will faithfully and honestly bring the faults of every day to me and uncover them, no matter what their nature, rather than hide them to turn to poison in your heart?"

Reginald's promise was not a promise meant to be broken, and if in after-time he was tempted and failed and began again, are you not very sure that his heart of dishonesty gradually shrunk away, as it was kept uncovered and brought to the light, while the owner grew to be happy, honorable and true?

—George Kingle, in N. Y. Observer.

The largest farm in the world is in Canada. This is the "Bell Farm," belonging to the Qu'Appelle River Farming Company. This farm consists of 54,000 acres, of which some 13,000 acres are under close cultivation. The average of the whole 13,000 acres is twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat per acre. On one of the best sections of 1,000 acres the yield is 35,000 bushels of wheat. Every 200 acres has upon it a cottage with a man living in it rent-free, having charge of three horses.

A Missouri paper thus delicately touches the key of compassion: "When a new baby comes like a ray of sunshine to gladden the editor's household, it is a mute but eloquent appeal to his delinquent subscribers to gather immediately at the printing office and pay from away back up to the present, and a whole year in advance a congratulatory to the important event. It is a boy, strong and hearty, with a voice keyed like a fog-horn, to be heard."

TEMPERANCE READING.

ALCOHOL IN THE SYSTEM.

Notes from an Address to the Students of Knox College by Prof. Albert Hurd.

The familiar phenomenon of blushing is produced by some emotion, either agreeable or other. V. A. S. Hill's Rhetorics, p. 47. The circulatory system, consisting of heart, arteries, veins and capillaries, is supplied with nerves from the sympathetic system. When these nerves are in their normal condition, they maintain a certain tension in the muscular walls of the arteries and veins. If from any cause the sympathetic nerve is paralyzed, the tension is removed from the blood-vessels which it supplies, and the result is an increased flow of blood in the arteries, so that the small capillaries become gorged with blood. Such is the case when some sudden emotion takes possession of the mind; a hot flush is felt; the skin grows red. Sometimes these changes are confined to the cheeks only, or they extend to "the roots of the hair," or "all over."

Alcohol produces the same results. Very soon after alcohol is taken into the system it paralyzes the sympathetic nerve. The tension in the walls of the blood-vessels is lost; an increased flow of blood finds its way into the small capillaries which gives the skin of the face and neck especially, a flushed appearance. When alcohol is habitually taken, the elasticity of the muscular walls of the blood-vessels is, in a large measure, lost; so that after the immediate effects of the alcohol have passed away the blood-vessels fail to resume their normal size, and the flushed appearance of the face becomes permanent.

Now, the heart is a pump, filling the arteries which lead from it with blood. When the normal tension is removed from these arteries and they become enlarged, it takes more blood to fill them. So that, whereas, in a healthy state the arteries by their tension are a check upon the action of the heart, the diseased condition produced by alcohol, that check is removed and the flabby walls of the arteries, crying for more blood, offer no resistance to the action of the heart. In a healthy person the heart beats seventy times per minute, or about 100,000 in a day. Careful experiments show that two ounces of alcohol, the amount a very moderate ale or whisky drinker takes daily, increases the heart beats 6,000 in twenty-four hours. So then the heart of a moderate drinker beats 106,000 times, instead of 100,000 times in a day. The force exerted by the heart in beating 6,000 times would lift a weight of seven tons to a height of one foot. Putting the result in another form, the heart is driven to do extra work equal to lifting 653 pounds one foot high each hour. It is any wonder that a feeling of languor succeeds, or that reaction follows when the immediate effects of the alcohol have passed off?

The effect of alcohol upon albumen can readily be seen by dropping an egg into a glass of alcohol. It is immediately cooked. Albumen forms a large part of the tissues of the body. Alcohol hardens the albumen in the tissues, just as it hardens it in the egg. The very delicate walls of the air-cells of the lungs are thus thickened and hardened. When the impure blood is brought to the lungs, to exchange its carbonic acid and other waste products for oxygen, it finds between it and the fresh air a thickened, hardened membrane through which the exchange can be made but slowly and imperfectly. The blood must return to the tissues of the body still filled with impurities. The capillaries still charged with carbonic acid are enlarged, and thus the blood is made thick.

Alcohol has a strong affinity for water. It draws up all the moisture of the body and causes inordinate thirst. Alcohol begets a strong appetite for itself, so that the thirst which it produces is generally slaked for the time being by more copious draughts from some drink containing alcohol, thus only augmenting the evil.

Alcohol is not assimilated by the body, but must be thrown off as waste matter. This is the opinion of many eminent physicians on both sides of the Atlantic. It is true that a few physicians of acknowledged authority maintain that a small amount of alcohol may be incorporated into the body. Yet in the amount of alcohol that a very moderate drinker takes daily, this can be but an exceedingly small per cent. Undoubtedly almost the entire amount of alcohol taken into the system remains a foreign element until it is thrown off by the excretory organs. Alcohol thus enters upon the excretory organs an undue amount of labor which they are not calculated to perform.

The effects of alcohol upon the brain are easily foreseen when we reflect that the brain is composed largely of albumen. It is not a matter of speculation, but of actual experiment. The brains of drunkards are upon examination found to be hardened. The delicate structure is destroyed. The mental effect produced by alcohol, leading on to the most dreadful of all diseases of the nerves, is well known.

The exhilarating effects of alcohol are only apparent. For a short time it produces, as we have seen, an increased activity of the circulatory organs, but a reaction follows. Under its continued use the tone of the system is lowered. Persons addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors are in more danger from epidemics than temperance people. The system that is clogged by alcohol, so that the heart is overworked, in which the issues of the air-cells of the lungs are hardened so that the blood is but imperfectly purified in the lungs, is in no condition to repel the attacks of disease. This has been clearly shown in cases of epidemics. In one town in France cholera proved fatal to every drunkard there.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was one day dining with a party of friends when one of them offered Mr. Lincoln some wine, and rather rudely tried to force it upon him. Mr. Lincoln bravely replied: "I have lived fifty years without the use of intoxicating liquors, and I do not think it worth while to change my habits now." —N. Y. Herald.

MANY W. O. T. Unions are being organized in Washington Territory.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

DAILY BREAD.

A little girl in morning prayer Knelt down beside her snowy bed Her simple trust undimmed by care, And smilingly the words she said, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Days came and went, the summers grew Above that golden-crowned head, Some shadows deepened eyes so blue, Half-questioning, she softly said, "Give us this day our daily bread."

A woman grown, her sweet face bent Toward one dear face whose smiling shed A noontide radiance, Heaven-sent, With serious, tender voice she said, "Give us this day our daily bread."

A tempest lowers, the storm grows dark, "Is there no peace but with the dead?" With anguish'd voice she cried, but hark! An angel whispers overhead: "Give us this day our daily bread."

"Oh, God, my Father!" low she sobbed, "Out of the depths I cry," she said, "My life is wrecked, my heart is robbed Of all its gold; Oh, life, Oh, bread! Give us this day our daily bread."

A violet sky rimmed 'round with flame, A quiet woman watched the red Day into gray—"God is the same—Death eath life, yet am I fed; Give us this day our daily bread."

—Fanny S. Horner, in Chicago Times

International Sunday-School Lessons.

Aug. 20.—The Story of Naboth, 1 Kings 21: 1-19. Sept. 6.—Elijah Translated, 2 Kings 2: 1-15. Sept. 13.—The Shunammite's Son, 2 Kings 4: 1-37. Sept. 20.—Naaman the Syrian, 2 Kings 5: 1-19. Sept. 27.—Review. Service of Song, Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.

BIBLE IDEA OF GOD.

The Revelation of a Being the Existence of Whom No Man, Unaided by Inspiration, Could Have Reasoned Out or Even Imagined—A Conception by the Patriarchs and Prophets That Satisfies the Reason and the Heart of Humanity Today.

One of the clearest and most convincing proofs of the Divine origin of the Bible is the revelation in it of the character of God. There is in that revelation a fullness, a symmetry and a blending of seeming contradictions which removes it far above all merely human conceptions. No man could have reasoned out or imagined the existence of such a Being. But when we study the picture in the written Word we see that it presents to us as God just what the true God must be.

Take first the opening sentence of the Book: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." No preliminary announcement of the existence of God, much less any argument to prove it. That existence is assumed. It is treated as if it were axiomatic, self-evident. And it is. God so shines in His works that to begin the Bible with a statement that He would be as useless and impertinent as to begin a treatise on optics by announcing the existence of light. "I am that I am," was the proclamation to Moses in Horeb. Tell the Israelites "I am" hath sent you. God is self-existent, eternal, all-pervading, all-controlling, the most high God—the only living and true God. Search through all the world's philosophy and mythology, and nowhere will you be found such sublimity in the presentation of the Deity—His nature and His works. But in connection with this great array of titles kingly and divine, we have statements that at first seem almost degrading. Elihu says (Job xxxvi, 27) "He maketh small the drops of water." And our Saviour Himself says that the hairs of our heads are all numbered. The King of kings and Lord of lords subjects himself with what men call trifles. But there are no trifles in the works and government of a perfect being. He must attend personally to everything, since everything has to be shaped and polished according to His infinite wisdom. He could not slight the tinging of an ant's wing. Would any heathen poet have dared to represent Jupiter as counting the hairs of our heads? And yet we see that this is what our God must do if He is omniscient.

But when we consider what the Bible teaches in regard to God's moral character and government, we see more clearly still that it could have been written only by men moved by the Holy Ghost. Read that announcement on Sinai: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." Here is an enigma. No man with the teachings of natural religion alone would have connected such a statement of the mercy of God with the emphatic declaration that He will by no means clear the guilty. But He who uttered those wonderful words knew of the blending of justice with grace in the Gospel. He knew that while His holiness would compel the punishment of all sin, His love had provided a substitute for every sinner—that He would lay on Him the iniquity of us all, and that by His stripes we would be healed. How strangely that announcement must have fallen upon the ears of the Hebrews in the desert—nay, how strangely it must have fallen on the ears of angels, for even to them, until Christ died on Calvary, it was the mystery of mysteries how God could be just and yet justify the ungodly. Let any candid student of history go back to that hour on Sinai, and ask himself: Could Moses or any of his contemporaries have reached, by any process of reason or imagination, that idea of God, and he will be compelled to answer no. And yet that idea is in full harmony with the completed revelation that we now have. It is the Gospel idea proclaimed fifteen centuries before the Gospel itself. Where did Moses get it? The Lord descended and proclaimed His name. Dearly that, any who have a mystery greater than any that inspiration presents.

Yet again: Study such passages as these: "He healeth the broken hearted and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth them the number of the stars. He calleth them all by their names." "For thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Here are distinct and emphatic statements of the power and glory of God, and yet closely connected with them, as if equally necessary to His divine perfection, wonderful

statements of His lowliness and His love. Jehovah calls the roll of the stars in the depths of space, and then comes down into the character of suffering and binds up the wounds of the broken-hearted. Imagine a human monarch reviewing his soldiers—saluted with waving banners and salutes of artillery; then turning from the proud pageant to the army hospital and spending hours in caring for the sick and wounded. Men would wonder at and almost worship such a King, and yet, they would say: "He neglects the interests of millions in ministering to a few." "He manifests great benevolence, but not attend to a thousandth part of the sufferers in his kingdom."

er, who is infinite in all His acts, can govern the

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

For the Week Ending Oct. 10, 1885.

Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for transmission as second class matter.

Lecture Bureau.

We want to form a Lecture Bureau, in the interest of the National Prohibition Party in Kansas. We want to commence at once to canvass the State, for the cause of Temperance and the Prohibition Party, with special reference to the fall elections, and to continue our work during the winter. Prohibitionists willing to volunteer speeches will have the kindness to notify the undersigned at once. Expenses of volunteers will be paid.

I am good for ten.

H. J. CANNIFF,
State Organizer.

From Dickinson County.

EDITOR SPIRIT OF KANSAS: The National Prohibition Party in this county has for sometime had a full ticket in the field with the exception of sheriff, and yesterday the ticket was completed by the nomination of a candidate for that office. A plan has been adopted for thorough work throughout the county. At a meeting of the County Central Committee it was decided to elect or appoint resident township organizers for each township. Accordingly a number were immediately appointed, and the Secretary was instructed to take measures to secure organizers for the remaining townships. That the work of organization may be the more thoroughly accomplished two county organizers were elected, who are to hold meetings in the various townships where it is thought advisable, make speeches, distribute campaign documents, and build up a party standing unequivocally on prohibition principles and thereby inaugurate the reign of universal sobriety.

We have adopted the SPIRIT OF KANSAS as our organ and have resolved to help extend its circulation. We need a paper published at the Capital that we may know what is going on in our own State.

J. H. LUCAS.

W. C. T. U. Resolutions.

RESOLVED, That while we rejoice in having secured our temperance educational law, we realize the necessity for continued vigorous effort towards procuring the introduction of the properly endorsed text books in the schools, and promise the teachers of our state our moral support and active co-operation in the prosecution of their new work.

RESOLVED, That the existing law regulating the sale of liquor by drug stores is obnoxious and disadvantageous to the honest druggist, while affording an opportunity to evil doers for violating our prohibition law; and that since its evil effects have become apparent, we urgently insist upon such measures as shall secure the rescinding of this law.

RESOLVED, That to abate the evil growing out of the abuse of privileges granted for the sale of alcohol for medicinal and mechanical purposes, we suggest the practicability of placing the sale of liquor exclusively in the hands of salaried employees of the state.

RESOLVED, Since the sanctity of the Sabbath lies at the foundation of the commonwealth, we, as an organization, pledge our united influence in behalf of its observance and our energetic co-operation in the enforcement of laws guarding it from desecration.

RESOLVED, Recognizing the press as one of our most potent educational forces, we urge upon our unions the wisdom of utilizing this factor in the creating of temperance sentiment. The necessity of sustaining the Union Signal—our most effective agency in disseminating W. C. T. U. ideas.

Further, believing the efficient prosecution of our state work demands the establishment of a state paper, we would recommend the appointment of a committee to take the matter in charge under the supervision of the ex-committee.

RESOLVED, As women, we deem it our duty to use every possible effort to save from their degradation the women classed as unfortunates, in extending to them tangible help in reformatory homes, and in securing to them protection and employment.

RESOLVED, In this season of centennial celebration, we would record our thanksgiving for the high vantage ground on which the temperance reform stands today; our gratitude that as women we have been called into service for "God and home and native land," and our confident faith in the Lord, our leader, who daily girdeth us with strength.

RESOLVED, That we remember the G. A. R. as our father's brothers and husbands who so valiantly defended our country in times of trouble and danger, and we desire to look to them as nobly and daringly protect our honor by helping and will surely accomplish our deliverance.

RESOLVED, That as a loyal daughter we reaffirm our allegiance to the national pledge to lend our influence to the party which has furnished us the best "embodiment of prohibition principles" and with equal loyalty finding in our own state the embodi-

ment of prohibition principles in the republican party, we pledge it our co-operation so far as it continues the unswerving exponent of our convictions and openly declares in behalf of, and enforces prohibition.

RESOLVED, That as the women have been the greatest sufferers from the liquor traffic, we request our brothers who have the right of suffrage, to demand of the incoming legislature to again submit an amendment to the constitution of our state, to the people, enfranchising their mothers, wives and daughters, that they, with the thousands of noble men throughout the state, may be able to protect the homes which they mutually love so well.

RESOLVED, That this convention express its sincere thanks to the pastor and trustees of this church for the use of their beautiful house of worship; to the choir for their inspiring songs; to the reporters for the faithful representation of our work in the city papers; to the clergy of the city for their words of endorsement; to Mrs. Nichols, of Indiana, and Mrs. Telford, Colorado, for their words of council and comradeship; to the citizens and especially the energetic W. C. T. U. of Topeka for their uniform kindness and hospitality in receiving us into their hearts and homes; to the dear little pages who have so quietly executed our wishes; and finally, to all who have helped to make this meeting one of interest and profit do we again say "thank you."

BOYS ON THE FARM.

The Kind of Home Life Likely to Attract Farmers' Sons to the Soil.

In the treating of the home life of the farm, nothing is more common than the complaint that the best and brightest of the youth manifest an unwillingness to follow the occupation of their fathers, and go off to swell the population of the towns and cities. Probably his tendency has been exaggerated, for we are sure the young farmers of today are as intelligent and progressive in their views as any generation past. But this could not be if it were true, as represented, that the best element had gone to the towns. The statement has sufficient warrant, nevertheless, to merit serious consideration.

The question is, whether in the surroundings and appointments of farm life sufficient allowance is made for the natural wants and tendencies of the young. Is there sufficient pains taken to render the surroundings attractive, and to furnish a reasonable amount of that diversion from regular pursuits which the youthful nature demands?

No doubt very many are led away from the quiet walks of country life by an unhealthy craving for change and excitement, stimulated in many cases by pernicious reading and rose-colored descriptions of town-life. Others with better reasons have been impelled to abandon the occupation of their fathers by that system of drudgery and dull routine too often in practice on the farm, and under which young, sprightly and elastic spirits feel that they are unnecessarily repressed and circumscribed. Without going over ground on this subject that has been repeatedly traversed by others, we may say that in order to keep the boys on the farm, everything should be done within reasonable limits, that means and circumstances will permit, to cause them to feel and believe that the pursuit of agriculture is as honorable and ennobling as any they may choose; that it offers as many opportunities as any other for the cultivation of mind and heart, and for the development of the best and noblest tendencies of their natures. They should be made to feel that, if they so desire, they may keep abreast of the times and be "up with the world" in the best sense of the phrase, even though they live outside the busy haunts of men. They should be led to look upon agriculture not as a pursuit governed by chance laws, where there is no opportunity for introducing new methods and systems, for research, experiment and progress, but that no department of human effort to-day offers a wider and more promising field for careful study and research than that of agriculture. Let them learn also that with less means than would be required in the cities they may have tasteful and convenient homes, and live to as high and useful purposes as they may in any place on earth.—N. Y. Observer.

Keeping at Arm's Length.

"Your beau seems very bashful," said a Dayton avenue mamma to her daughter.

"Bashful!" echoed the daughter, "bashful's no name for it."

"Why don't you encourage him a little more? Some men have to be taught how to do their courting. He's a good catch."

"Encourage him!" said the daughter, "he can't take the most palpable hint. Why, only last night, when I sat all alone on the sofa, and he perched up in a chair as far away as he could get, I asked him if he didn't think it strange that a man's arm and a woman's waist seemed always to be the same length, and what do you think he did?"

"Just what any sensible man would have done—tried it."

"He asked me if I could find a piece of string so we could measure and see if it was so. Ain't he horrid?"

—It was somewhat embarrassing for Aunt Jane when Johnny, a few evenings since, at a gathering of friends at his mother's house, asked: "Didn't you know the real Noah, Aunt Jane?"

—We are glad to learn from a valued contemporary that "pickled walnuts are now introduced at dinner."

If there is anything we dislike it is to sit opposite a pickled walnut at dinner and not be on speaking terms with it.—Philadelphia Press.

—A Western citizen who had been worsted in a fight was told that he could collect damages. "I did collect damages," he replied mournfully. "I collected everything but a piece of my left ear and two front teeth; I couldn't find those."—N. Y. Times.

A NOTED REVIVAL.

Scenes at a Great Camp-Meeting in Kentucky in 1799.

Two young men began the work in the summer of 1799. They were brothers, preachers, and on their way across the pine barrens to Ohio, but turned aside to be present at a sacramental solemnity on Red River. The people were accustomed to gather at such times on a Friday, and by fasting, and praying, and singing, and hearing sermon, prepare themselves for the reception of the sacrament on Sunday. At the Red River meeting the brothers were asked to preach, and one did so with astonishing fervor. As he spoke the people were deeply moved, tears ran streaming down their faces, and a woman far in the rear of the house, broke through order and began to shout. For two hours after the regular preachers had gone the crowd lingered, and were loath to depart. While they waited one of the brothers was irresistibly compelled to preach. He rose and told them that he felt called to preach; that he could not be silent. The words which then fell from his lips aroused the people before him to a "pungent sense of sin." Again and again the woman shouted, and would not be silent. He started to go to her. The crowd begged him to turn back. Something within him urged him on, and he went through the house shouting and exhorting and praising God. In a moment the floor to use his own words, was "covered with the slain." Their cries for mercy were terrible to hear. Some found forgiveness, but many went away "spiritually wounded," and suffered unutterable agony of soul. Nothing could allay the excitement. Every settlement along the Green River and the Cumberland was full of religious fervor. Men fitted their wagons with beds and provisions, and traveled fifty miles to camp upon the ground and hear him preach. The idea was new, hundreds adopted it, and camp-meetings began. At the Cane Ridge meeting 20,000 were encamped. The excitement surpassed anything that had been known. Men who came to scoff remained to preach. All day and all night the crowd swarmed to and fro from preacher to preacher, singing, shouting, laughing, now rushing off to listen to some new exhorter who had climbed upon a stump, now gathering around some unfortunate who, in their peculiar language, was "spiritually slain." Soon men and women fell in such numbers that it became impossible for the multitude to move about without trampling them, and they were hurried to the meeting-house. At no time was the floor less than half covered. Some lay quiet, unable to move or speak. Some talked, but could not move. Some beat the floor with their heels. Some, shrieking in agony, bounded about, it is said, like a fish out of water. Many laid down and rolled over for hours at a time. Others rushed wildly over the stumps and benches, and then plunged, shouting "Lost! lost!" into the forest.—McMaster's History.

But now comes the wonderful part of my story. Mr. Greeley and I, when the service was over, went back to the Tribune office together. He sat down to his desk at once, and made an abstract of Mr. Canning's discourse, filling somewhat less than a column, which appeared in the Tribune of the next morning. Mr. Canning was utterly amazed when he saw it, and afterward asked me if it was possible Mr. Greeley had made the report. When I told him that I saw him while he was preparing it, and could certify that it went to the compositor in his own handwriting, and that, moreover, I had myself read the proof, he expressed the greatest astonishment. "Why," said he, "I could not myself have so accurately an abstract of my own discourse, which, though premeditated, was extemporaneous. He has not only given the substance of what I said, but he has followed my line of thought, and remembered not a little of my language."—Oliver Johnson, in Christian Register.

Why Girls Should Be Taught Self-Control as Well as Boys.

If boys require to be taught self-control, doubly so do girls. Having by nature weaker nerves and a more vivid imagination, they shrink from pain, suffering and danger in a fashion utterly unintelligible to their brothers. But the more natural this shrinking is, the more carefully should they be taught to govern it. Girls should acquire at least the rudiments of nursing, and learn the best and easiest attainable remedies for the ordinary accidents of daily life, just as certainly and as a matter of course as they are taught to sew and to read. Especially should quiet and coolness be impressed upon them. Calmness is not insensibility, though many people confound them. A girl is not hard-hearted and unfeeling because she can witness painful sights and, if need be, lend a steady, firm hand to the doctor or nurse. On the contrary, she has usually twenty times the sympathy and unselfish kindness of that delicate little damsel who has no command whatever over herself, and who, in the room with shrieks, winding up by running away the very moment an extra hand might be useful. It may seem harsh to say so, but those dainty bodies, who are so utterly useless in any emergency, or, as their friends plead, "so highly endowed with sensibility" (those who are not their friends make unpleasant reference to "folly" and "hysterics"), are generally selfish and self-absorbed to a degree utterly unintelligible to their more sober sisters, who are taught to forget self and control both mind and body by their large-hearted sympathy with and comprehension of suffering. But the sick-room is not the only place where presence of mind is required. Scarcely a day passes when we do not more or less require it. Thank goodness, the notion that women should faint or go into hysterics for the smallest thing is pretty well exploded; still, even yet the opposite lesson might be more strongly inculcated.—Exchange.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

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Not Because of Lonesomeness.

"So you went to that party with Mrs. Elberton, did you?" asked a wife of her husband.

"Yes, as you were away, I thought it would do no harm, as Elberton asked me to, being detained at home, and not wanting his wife to be disappointed."

"Well, I don't believe in loaning my husband to anybody."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because it is not good, according to the Bible, for a man to be a loan."

—There is a colored preacher who lives near Jasper, Ga., that rules his horse by butting him. If the horse is fractious or stubborn he takes the kinks out by deliberately seizing it by the ears and butting it squarely in the forehead until it falls to its knees. This he generally does at the second or third butt, when the old parson steps behind and drives ahead again.—St. Louis Post.

HORACE GREELEY.

His Consciousness While in Apparent Slumber—A Curious Habit.

There was something very curious about this habit of the great journalist [Horace Greeley's sleeping in church.] It was not sleep that overcame him, but only somnolence—sleep of the physical powers, but wakefulness of the mind. The physiologist and the psychologist may settle the matter scientifically between them if they can. In spite of appearances to the contrary, Mr. Greeley was "a sleeper as well as a doer of the word." His eyes might close, his great head fall upon his breast, or sway from side to side, drawing the body after it, presenting the usual external indications of sleep, but his mental interior faculties were sometimes so far awake that when the service was over he could give a clear account of the sermon, both as to the subject, plan and matter. I have tested this a dozen times or more, and never found the wanting. It was to me a very curious phenomenon, and I studied it with deep interest whenever an opportunity occurred. I will give two illustrations of this singular peculiarity from my own clear personal recollection.

I went with him to hear a discourse from Rev. William Henry Channing. It was Sunday morning, and the topic announced was one in which he felt a special interest. Mr. Channing was then, in fact, ministering to a congregation of which Mr. Greeley was a prominent member. It was in a hall on the west side of Broadway, near Canal street, where Dr. Dewey had preached a fortnight. On the way thither, Mr. Greeley begged me to keep him awake. We occupied a settee within six feet of the platform and right under the eye of the preacher. I tried to keep him awake by frequent tuggings at his elbow and playing a rib on his means soft tattoo upon his ribs. But it was of no use. He was "niddoning" through the whole discourse, not a little to Mr. Channing's annoyance, who observed my unsuccessful efforts to keep his great auditor awake.

But now comes the wonderful part of my story. Mr. Greeley and I, when the service was over, went back to the Tribune office together. He sat down to his desk at once, and made an abstract of Mr. Canning's discourse, filling somewhat less than a column, which appeared in the Tribune of the next morning. Mr. Canning was utterly amazed when he saw it, and afterward asked me if it was possible Mr. Greeley had made the report. When I told him that I saw him while he was preparing it, and could certify that it went to the compositor in his own handwriting, and that, moreover, I had myself read the proof, he expressed the greatest astonishment. "Why," said he, "I could not myself have so accurately an abstract of my own discourse, which, though premeditated, was extemporaneous. He has not only given the substance of what I said, but he has followed my line of thought, and remembered not a little of my language."—Oliver Johnson, in Christian Register.

ON A POSTAL CARD.

How One Detroit Woman Managed to Convey a Variety of Intelligence.

She walked up and down the corridor of the post-office for ten or fifteen minutes before she asked of a citizen who was directing an envelope:

"Please, sir, but would you write a word or two on a postal card for me?"

"Certainly, ma'am; where is it to go to?"

"To John Sessions, at Cleveland. Put Esq., after his name. I sometimes forget it, and it makes him mad."

"Your husband?"

"Of course. When I want a postal card written to a strange man it will be a cold day. Now, then, begin with 'My Dear Husband.'"

"I've got that."

"Say that I am all right, the baby is all right, and I haven't time to write any more."

"Then you'll want a P. S. that I have only two dollars left, and shall look for him to send me some next week."

"Yes'm."

"That'll be all, except to say from your true wife to my loving husband, and don't send less than five dollars, and baby weighs eighteen pounds, and the weather is still cold. Thanks, sir, I'll do as much for you some day."

—Detroit Free Press.

A Squirrel Circus.

The men who drive the watering carts and who fill them at the hydrant about the middle of Townsend street, Roxbury, report that yesterday morning about five o'clock they witnessed a sight that the ordinary Bostonian, with his sleepy head, seldom sees. When they reached the spot referred to, the oak forest was all alive with gray squirrels. There were from one to two hundred gathered together. Every tree had half-a-dozen in its upper branches. They were jumping from tree to tree, flourishing their bushy tails, running up and down the trunks, scampering over the ground, and apparently trying to see who could go through the largest number of squirrel gymnastics in a given space of time. Gray squirrels are always to be seen in that neighborhood, and enjoy comparative immunity from cats and shotguns, but their playful pranks and mischievous exercises yesterday morning indicate either that they were holding a Sunday service at sunrise, or that a convention of squirrels had gathered at an hour when cats and dogs and men have hardly yet gone out to their daily disturbance of the world.—Boston Herald.

—Why he believed him: Stretebitch was telling Gawley about an alligator he saw in Florida. "That alligator measured sixty-three feet five inches from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. What do you think of that, Gawley?" An alligator sixty-three feet five inches long. Doesn't that astonish you?" "No," said Gawley, quietly, "I'm a liar myself."—Exchange.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Good sheep will not remain good long, unless well cared for.

—Potash on grape vines has been tried with great success, especially on light soils. It is said to promote the thrift of the vines and largely increase the yield of the crop.

—Cocoanut cookies: One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder.

—Cookies: One and a half cups of butter, two and a half cups sugar, three eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and a half teaspoons of soda, nutmeg to taste, flour to roll out. This will make about three dozen cookies.

—For rolls take one teaspoon of good sour cream, one small teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt. Mix as for biscuit, roll thin, spread generously with butter and sugar, grate on nutmeg or cinnamon, roll together and cut in pieces an inch thick; bake rather slowly.

—Milk fed to a cow will increase the flow of her milk. And it will do the same thing fed to a ewe. Esquire Davidson had a small ewe which bore a pair of twins, and she could not furnish milk enough for them. He gave the overtaxed mother milk to drink and the lambs grew finely.

—A plow to run easily for either man or team should be set so that the bottom of the plow will rest flat, the point neither turning down nor up. Some farmers never get the hang of adjusting steel plows, and have known them to throw aside valuable implements as worthless for lack of a little skill in adjusting them to run easily.

—To true up a hone or whetstone, lay a pane of glass on a board and scour the surface a little with emery flour and water, using several thicknesses of cloth. Then lay the hone on the glass with emery and water between and rub with a circular motion. This will soon do the work, and the glass will make a transparent slate for the children.

—The pruning knife should be used very sparingly on trees after they are in full leaf, as cutting at this time seriously checks their vigor. Pinching with thumb and finger will accomplish all that is needed unless the tree has been badly neglected. If this is the case, heavy pruning should be deferred until after growth ceases and the leaves fall in autumn.

—Potatoes with cream: The mistake usually made in preparing is that many economical housewives use cold boiled potatoes left from the preceding day. True economy would have been in boiling just enough for each meal, but for potatoes with cream, see to it that they are boiled and afterward cut up while warm, and seasoned with salt and pepper. Boil half a pint of cream, add to it a walnut of butter, and add the potatoes to it. If milk is used, it may be thickened a little with flour.—Boston Budget.

ACCIDENTS.

How They May Be Treated in Cases of Emergency.

BROKEN BONES.—Not much can be done in this case until the doctor comes, as it requires an experienced hand to set a bone. The chief thing to do is to guard against the rough ends poking through the skin, which turns a simple fracture into a compound one much more difficult to manage. If the leg, or arm is broken, pieces of shingle can be bound on each side of the fracture to keep the limb stiff, and if a long time must pass before the surgeon can arrive, cloths wrung out of very hot water can be laid about the place to keep down the swelling; the part must be moved as little as possible.

SCALDS.—A severe sprain should have very hot water poured over it every two hours, and in the interval kept wrapped in flannel wet with hot alcohol or extract of witch hazel; the part must have perfect rest until it can be moved without pain.

BRUISES.—Wrap a piece of ice in cotton and bind it on the place, or keep it covered with cloths wet in very cold water; gentle, firm pressure with the hand is useful. After a few hours, the cold applications should be discontinued and a liniment put on. If inflammation sets in, a doctor should see it.

BURNS.—Advice on the best way to act when the clothing is on fire has so often been given in print that it seems as if every one must know how to act in this terrible emergency; yet one can scarcely take up a newspaper without seeing that some unfortunate woman has perished because she ran about screaming for help instead of rolling on the floor and trying to smother the flames. It is of the greatest importance that the mouth should be kept shut, so that the flames may not be breathed in. If there is water at hand to dash on the fire it can be easily extinguished, but too often there is none; then seize the first woolen article that can be caught up, a shawl, overcoat, heavy table cover, rug or piece of carpet, and wrap it tightly around the person; if possible, roll her over and over on the floor, as this crushes out the flame. Fire cannot burn without air; when the supply is cut off it must go out. If the sufferer seems extremely weak and exhausted by the shock, give a few spoonfuls of brandy and water; if the feet are cold, apply hot bricks or bottles of hot water to them. Cut the clothes off the injured parts; do not attempt to remove them in any other way; if the skin is not much broken, mix in a bowl a thick paste of common cooking soda, spread it thickly on linen and lay it on the burns; as it begins to dry, wet by squeezing water on it with removing it; if it is kept thoroughly damp, there is usually little pain. When there is a large raw surface, cover with a thick layer of cod-liver oil, or simply wet cloths; if the air can be excluded, the smarting will cease. A burn is dangerous in proportion to its extent rather than its depth. In all severe cases, send for a doctor at once. Very nourishing food must be given to sustain the system while the tissue that was lost is being replaced.—Elizabeth Robinson Scott, in Country Gentleman.

A NOBLE BOY.

The Motive for Johnny's Self-Abnegation.

There was no doubt but that Johnny Fizzlepot was the laziest and most mischievous boy in the whole school. Whenever anything went wrong Johnny was sure to be blamed for it. One day the school-teacher missed his spectacles. He remembered having put them on the desk but a few minutes before. He threatened to punish the whole school in case the spectacles were not forthcoming.

"Now, boys, for the last time I tell you whoever took those spectacles to come forward and own 'em that he did it. If he doesn't the whole class will be kept in for an hour after school," he said, excitedly.

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Johnny held up his hand, and asked, in an uncertain sort of voice, what the boy who took the spectacles would get.

"A good sound licking," thundered the teacher.

"Please, sir, I took the spectacles," said Johnny.

A painful scene ensued. At last the teacher got through, and out of breath, was about to take his seat, when the door opened and his servant entered, bringing the spectacles.

"You left the spectacles at home," said the servant, "and I thought I would bring them over, as you can't see well without them."

"What! The spectacles?" exclaimed the school-teacher, very much astonished.

Yes, there were his spectacles beyond a doubt. Just at this moment Johnny broke out into a dismal wail, saying, between sobs:

"O, Lordy! O, Lordy! and I have been licked for them very spectacles!"

"But, Johnny," said the astonished school-teacher, "how did you come to say you took the specs? It is a noble trait in your character, my boy, to sacrifice yourself for the good of the whole class, particularly when you are innocent."

"That's not why I said I took the specs," exclaimed Johnny.

"What is the reason?" asked the teacher.

"If I hadn't said I did it," explained Johnny, "I would have been kept in with the whole class, and when I'm kept in I don't get any dinner, and we've got pudding for dinner to-day."

—Texas Siftings.

Russian Patriotism.

A letter from St. Petersburg in the *Schlesische Zeitung* states that when Giers and Bunge, the finance minister, had an audience of the Czar at Gatchina, and the Czar talked of issuing an appeal to the Russian people, the latter felt it his duty to caution his imperial master as to the condition of the Russian finances. The Emperor at once rose from his seat, and said with great solemnity: "If the war should break out I hereby promise that I will sacrifice to it the entire property of the house of Romanoff (180,000,000 rubles); and I am certain that my people will not allow my example to stand alone." The writer adds that there can be no doubt that the great land owners, the rich mercantile world, and the wealthy monasteries were fully prepared to make equally great sacrifices for their fatherland. In 1878, when there was the expectation of war with England and Austria, the Moscow merchants and clergy alone agreed to sacrifice the immense sum of 500,000,000 rubles.

She Heeded Not the Warning.

Her mother told her not to marry until she thought she was able to support her husband. But she heeded not her gentle mother's warning. She went and got civilly contracted to a man who was a fine, long-winded talker, who could sit around and keep a stove warm better than any one she had ever seen in her life. And then how proficient he was lying in bed snoring a December morning, while she got up and made the fire, fed the horses, split the wood, swept the floor, boiled the coffee, blackened his boots, mended that hole in his coat, sewed on that button, laid a pipe full of tobacco and some matches alongside of his pillow, and how loving she must have felt toward him when he got up at last, about ten o'clock, cursed her for making a noise, and wanted to know why there was no breakfast and eggs on the table, and why she had not pawned her watch (it was her dying mother's gift) in order to give him whisky money.

And when, after three years of this she left him and went to work as a sewing-machine girl, people spoke of the depravity of a woman who left her husband.—Exchange.

Junior Partner.—"Our traveling man ought to be punished. He told one of our customers in Albany that I am an ignorant fool." Senior Partner—"I shall speak to him without fail and insist that no more office secrets be divulged."—Boston Beacon.

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