





## THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

For the Week Ending Sept 12, 1885.

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The late State Central Committee had nothing to do with the Ottawa Camp Meeting, but advised against it, if any thing. They only had to do with the Convention of the 25th, which was the best representative meeting of the three that have been held.

The Abilene Prohibition Club numbered 43 at last accounts, about two thirds of whom voted for Blaine and one third for Cleveland. It is significant when so many democrats leave their party just as it comes into power. There are honest prohibition democrats in Kansas.

The workmen of Shawnee county have brought out a full county ticket, on which are two unquestioned prohibitionists. This is far better than either of the old parties have done. If the workmen would put themselves on square prohibition ground they would command increased respect.

The Wichita Beacon, says the Atchison Champion, is the "Colossus of Rhodes that straddles the state." We were not aware that the Champion was the Colossus of anything, but we have for some time been convinced that the Republican party which it represents is a "Colossus of Rogues" that straddles the Prohibition question.

### An Open Letter to Parson Simkins.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT.—Rev. W. A. Simkins, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this city, during his summer vacation, delivered an address on "Prohibition in Kansas" in the Baptist Church at Elba, N. Y. which has been published in a number of papers.

While we agree with Brother Simkins in the main, yet there are a few points upon which we differ, and as I have been an advocate of the Republican party since 1856, have lived in this state for over sixteen years, worked for the cause of temperance within the party from the township caucus up to the County and State convention and took the stump in the interests of the Prohibitory Amendment when it was before our people, and that, too, in a locality where it was very unpopular, and being a member of the congregation over which Brother Simkins is pastor, I hope that I will be excused for answering a few of his statements. He says:

"Yes, it is my deliberate judgment that there is not over one tenth of the liquor now drunk in Kansas, that there was formerly."

While we agree with the Brother that there is less liquor drunk in our state than formerly,—in proportion to our inhabitants at least—yet as we have no statistics upon which to form a data, but from observations we fear that his language is entirely too strong.

"The open saloon has been broken up, except in two cities, Leavenworth and Atchison."

Have you forgotten, Brother, that the saloons have never been closed in Dodge City, and have you never heard that they are open in Concordia, and a number of other towns in our state, while you should have told our friends down in N. Y. that the drug stores in our cities have increased fifty percent since the legislature "strengthened" our law and this seems to be the case in a number of towns throughout our state; besides, there is an occasional "place of business" which we dare not call a saloon, yet if one will take the trouble to observe those going in and out, the conclusion would probably be that if it is not a saloon, it makes a pretty good imitation of one.

"Our greatest difficulties have been realized from the use that unscrupulous and designing politicians have made of the prohibition sentiment in our state."

Our present Republican Governor for instance!

"From the most careful and impartial observation that I have been able to make, I fully believe that all political partisan alliances have proved a curse to the temperance cause."

Then surely none of this may be laid to our charge in this state, at least, for we have stood by the old parties firmly, and it is only recently that the most fanatical of us thought best to organize; then it is claimed that we are not yet strong enough, and never will be, to defeat anyone.

"Whenever political parties, as such have taken up this question they have invariably done it harm."

Well now, brother, we did not think you were going to expose your party among strangers that way; you know we are told that the Republican party is the only party that has ever done anything for Prohibition, especially in Kansas, and we third party men, "as a party" have never done anything, and the Republican party "every time they have done anything as a party have done it harm," then surely your party in the cause of Prohibition must be a failure.

"The Republican party have time and again 'played fast and loose' with it."

Mostly loose, wasn't it, Brother? "But its worst and most dangerous enemy is the so-called third party. The Prohibition party itself is a party that opposes all other parties."

Certainly. No party can expect to succeed without opposing all other parties.

"I speak of what I know from personal observation. And this I know that the Political Prohibitionists—the third party men of Kansas—are dead weights in the practical enforcement of the prohibitory law of that State."

Pray, what would you have us do, Brother? If we are really in your way, we will gladly get out of the way if you will enlighten us. All the state and county offices are held by the old parties, a very large majority of them are held by your friends, the Republicans, so I cannot see how or when we became such dead weights in this matter; does the very existence of our little party so enrage your officials that they cannot do their duty? How is it that we are such dead weights? Do please tell us.

"They simply lie back, find fault, and criticize others. They are the complainers and grumblers."

Ah! That's it! Well, who were the critics and who did the grumbling, when you held that indignant meeting in your church last winter about the latter part of January—when you and your brother—a lawyer and member of your church held that animated discussion over a certain clause in the message of our present Governor, why don't you tell the friends down in New York all about this matter, as long as you have started.

"When our county attorney was locked up in jail for attempting to enforce the law, the third party did not lift a finger to get him out."

The county attorney referred to was arrested and locked up for "usurpation of office" a moonshine charge which they were not able to sustain before the courts, not even after two attempts; but we were not aware that it was necessary for citizens as such to assert in his liberation, in any way whatever; but it is indeed too bad that the third party as such should be so negligent in regard to their duty in this respect. The said attorney was locked up sometime in April '84, and the third party was organized in this state sometime in the following August or September, and the Prohibition Club in this city October, 15, 1884. Just how we are to be held responsible for the non-performance of duty as a party about five months before we had any existence is something I cannot understand.

"And this I regard as the true policy for all sincere and intelligent Prohibitionists—to ally themselves with that party which will help us the most."

Just what we are doing, Brother.

"Were I in Georgia or Texas I should ally myself with the Democratic party there, for the ends I seek as a Prohibitionist, just as in Kansas or Iowa any practical man will ally himself with the Republican party of these States to effect the same result."

Well, we certainly give you credit for so much liberality; but if there is so little difference between the two old parties that you can step from one to the other for the sake of your pet idea, why not just drop those little differences and assist us in uniting the better elements of all parties both north and south, east and west, in one party that advocates the only living issue before the American people today.

"And permit me to say, in reference to this third party movement, that I am compelled to believe, from observation and from facts, that I know his actions while Governor and since, that the man whom I presume some of you voted for president of the United States is really one of the worst demagogues in all the land."

It is not our intention to defend St. John, from our observation and the reading of papers, we are inclined to think he is pretty well able to take of himself; but isn't that rather sweeping language for you to use, brother, as long as you have not given us any of those "facts" of which you speak? We will just say here that there were only 33 votes in this county for St. John last fall; but we think it safe to say that if the vote could be taken over it would not be lessened, but considerably increased.

I will say here that I voted for St. John three times for Governor, and for President last fall, and with all that has been said, as yet I do not regret it.

Yours for Third Party,  
D. M. Gillespie, M. D.

### CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA.

Efforts Made to Raise a Home-Bred Stock.

In many parts of Australia are large tracts of arid country—deserts, we might call them—over which, especially in times of drought, it is difficult, if not impossible, for any but the aborigines to travel without the assistance of camels as carriers. Owing to the great increase of population at the antipodes, it has become a matter of some importance to have all possible facilities for opening up new districts; and in South Australia attempts not altogether unsuccessful have been made to raise a home-bred stock of camels. At the present time there are some two thousand or more of those useful animals in that part of Australia alone. These are greatly in demand, and regular market prices are quoted for them, the value of a good pack bull being sixty pounds, and a pack cow sixty-five pounds. Camels for harness are even more valuable, selling from sixty-five to seventy pounds, according to sex, whilst those used for riding purposes fetch from seventy to seventy-five pounds.

Camels were not imported into South Australia in any number until 1866, when Sir Thomas Elder entered into the enterprise with a determination to establish a herd, and succeeded in landing one hundred and nine, which shortly increased to a hundred and twenty-five. Soon, however, a little herd was attacked by a kind of mange; and the camels suffered so much from this disease that at the end of six months their number was reduced to sixty-two. In time, however, by the most careful treatment, the disease was stamped out; the herd then thrived well, and has now largely increased.

It was not until about 1883 that the settlers generally began to see the great value of camels in certain districts, and then the demand far exceeded the supply. In that year, Messrs. W. R. Cave & Co., made a trial shipment of six, and this venture proved so successful that in 1884 six hundred and sixty-one camels were imported. In India great losses have been sustained from foot-and-mouth disease and tuberculosis; it has been therefore deemed necessary, as a protection to what has now become a very important interest in South Australia, that all imported camels should be subjected to a rigorous veterinary examination; and regulations to that effect were published in the Australian Gazette in December last. Those camels which have become acclimatized or the home-bred are particularly healthy; but the imported ones, as a rule, suffer greatly at first from skin disease of a highly infectious order (scabies), and many have died from this cause. The remedies for the disease are carbolic acid, tar and fat; and, indeed, any of the usual sheep dressings of which sulphur is an ingredient.

For purposes of exploring, surveying and carrying stores, camels have proved invaluable aids; and in the interior of Australia they are firmly established as most valuable stock, and are turned to many and varied uses. In that country there must always be difficult to travel; and there can thus be no doubt that the enterprise of the importers and breeders of camels will be rewarded. Should we, some years hence, have the misfortune to be engaged in another Egyptian campaign, we may perhaps be able to procure that absolute essential of desert warfare, a stock of camels, from our colonial friends.—*Chambers' Journal.*

### A SILVER SUNRISE.

The Splendid and Peculiar Pageant of Morning in Southwestern Georgia.

Poets have sung of rosy dawns, of orange sunsets waning low, and of that later hour when large Hesper glitters through the rosy spaces, while mid-silent spheres rises the deepening night. But the poet is yet to be who will tell in numbers worthy of the theme the story of that magical drama of nature, the silver sunrise in the South, or in that part of it known as the Cotton Belt of Southwestern Georgia. There the isotherm is semi-tropical. The almost flat, slightly undulating landscape is, or was, twenty years ago, under the high cultivation of the slave system, a sheet of verdure breathing incense in the month of March, April, and May. The tall cypress, the thick-leaved magnolia grandiflora, the broad-leaved magnolia, the clear dark ponds that reflect the low, flat level tracts. Around their sedgy borders the cranes and curlews call, on their dark bosoms swim the broods of mallard and teal ducks. All the beauty and picturesque charm of nature do not belong to mountain lands alone. To the lover of nature in all her phases and moods this pond land is full of beauty as of bloom. It is lively at all seasons. The year, all hours of the day, but especially when seen under a silver sunrise.

Not every morning of the whole year round is this wonder witnessed. It takes peculiar conditions of the atmosphere to produce the phenomenon. To the savant belongs the task of telling what the conditions are that produce a silver sunrise. The effect I will try to describe. In April or May, when the early spring rains that have soaked the porous soil and filled the ponds, and given the lush and luscious green hues that makes the young cotton plants grow visibly under your eye; in the darkness of a morning that is only slightly cooler than the night in which you have watched the motions of the constellations in the cloudless heavens, you may rise, as I have risen, when the first rays of dawn are catching the first scene in the first act of the spectacular drama of a sunny day in the sunny South.

Do not wait to hear the clock strike or look at your watch, but when dawn is near, the swift-passing dawn of that latitude, which you will know by the low murmur of insects and bird life around you, rise and hasten forth. You can see the white sands under your feet, but barely note the long, gray mosses that hang like stalactites from the branches of the trees above your head, only faintly in the gloom made visible by starlight and the swift-moving dawn. In that latitude twilight and dawn are matters of only a few minutes. The stars blaze out, as it were, in the beam of the old times: "It is broad day before you know what you are about." The sedgy rims of the ponds, the tall cypress and oaks, the heavy trailing creepers of the vines, the light swaying banners of the moss, every tiny blade of grass and leaf of plant and weed, every flower petal and wheel of field cobweb is gemmed with beads of dew, but it does not drip. It looks almost or quite like hoar frost spread over the ocean-like expanse of land and water, like a white veil blending and making more beautiful the darker verdure of the foliage around the pools, and the glowing emerald and color shades of the cotton and corn fields.

A thousand mocking birds are all of a sudden cleaving the blue vault above you with such strains as unaccompanied act as skylarks never dreamed of. In fact, if one of the Southern mocking birds ever hears the song of one of those English skylarks which the late Isaac W. England found a home for in the meadows of New Jersey, he will beat him so badly in his own song that the British warbler will hide his head under his wing, poor thing, and die of grief and shame.

Afar off from thickets and leafy covert comes the cooling of a thousand doves, the soft whistle of as many quails, the shrill cries of the redbirds, the shriller calls of the catbirds, and the notes of many another feathered songster, whose names you must learn from Mr. Audubon. The thrushes, too, hardly less musical than the mocking birds, sing from the leafy boughs and shrubbery near by.

While bathed, as it were, in this outburst of liquid melody, this first diapason of the opera of the day, suddenly, without warning, with no rosy glow to herald its coming, up from the white misty horizon bursts the sun, a blaze of silver light bigger than the biggest cart-wheel that ever was made, dazzling, as if composed of ten thousand burnished silver mirrors flashing electric light through panes of crystal, flooding the landscape with silver lace dotted with diamonds and pearls. The sense of the exquisite coloring of the scene is lost in the wondrous radiance shed over a landscape that stretches miles away, until the dazzling view is lost in the silvery haze of the horizon. It looks as if all fairy land had met to do battle on a field of jeweled silver, panned in silver mail, and every shield and every spear decked and tipped with gems. Not one moment is there rest in this wondrous scene, which lasts but a few minutes, for the first breeze of morning waving the sparkling banners of long moss, and the first warm kiss of the sunbeams sweep the glittering pageant all away.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### LOOKING AHEAD.

A Feeble Creature is the One Who is Always Behind.

The most useless man in the world is probably he who is always a few minutes behind time. His life is a record of opportunities missed, and his motto, the words that the poet has pronounced to be the saddest "of tongue or pen." In the voyage of life, whatever the character of that life may be, whatever the channel may be, the pilot must look ahead. Still this is occasionally more necessary in some lines of life than others, and while in a few they are exceptional, a man has to look ahead for years, the stock farmer must at least look ahead a good many months. Whatever he does to-day is done, or should be done, with reference to a future date. In breeding, indeed, the breeder looks forward to the offspring's offspring for generations, but if he take only the care of the cattle and other stock actually on the farm, his interests make it necessary for him to always look forward to the ultimate destiny he has assigned to each. Is this horse to be kept on the farm, and for what special purpose, if any? Is that to be sold? What call is to be kept, and why and which to be sold?

What is for reproduction? what for the market? are questions to be put in regard to all kinds of stock, and that man is never a success who never gives either an answer till the time for action has arrived. In summer the prudent stockman thinks of fall and prepares for the forthcoming fall and winter. He is always forearmed, and in case of a long, dry season, leaving him with pastures parched and burned in the early fall, the resources provided in case of emergency are available. His stock enter winter quarters in a good condition, having made all the gain possible during the summer months when that gain could be secured the cheapest, and are sure to continue it during the winter, so that all the winter fodder supplied to them may not be just so much waste. Ere long he will know for just how much stock he can make good winter provision, the chances of a long, bleak spring, like the last, being duly considered, and he knows what to get rid of and what to retain. If you would succeed, look ahead.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

### Why They Wore Out.

Mr. Henpeck looked down at himself as he stood before the stove in his office and remarked, partly to himself and partly to his book-keeper:

"Well, well, I guess I'll have to be getting a new pair of pants."

"Why, it hasn't been any time since you got a pair, has it?" replied the economical book-keeper.

"Not very long."

"How do you get away with them so soon?"

"Oh, easily enough. I'm not very hard on them myself, but you see my wife wears the pants when I'm home, and between us we manage to give the tailor a good deal of business."

—*Merchants' Traveler.*

### Stuart Robson's Mistake.

While Robson and Crane, the comedians, were playing an engagement in this city recently, they made up a party of a dozen actors, among whom were several stars besides themselves, who were playing at other theatres, to visit the Forrest Home for Aged Actors, at Holmesburg. Stuart Robson originated the scheme, and acted as pilot to the party. After he had made some inquiries as to the location of the home, the party went to the Broad street station and boarded a train for Holmesburg Junction. On alighting, Robson led the way up the maple grove lane that leads to the home, but instead of turning to the left he kept straight ahead. After the party had walked about three-quarters of a mile, Robson stopped in front of a handsome brown-stone mansion, with beautifully appointed grounds, supposing it to be the Forrest home.

"Are you sure this is the place, Rob?" asked Crane.

"Sure," was the sanguine answer of Robson, as he pulled the door-bell. A colored manservant came to the door, and Robson asked him:

"The superintendent in?"

"The superintendent! Do you mean the gentleman of the house? The proprietor?"

"Yes, yes," said Robson. "The gentleman of the house or the proprietor, or whatever you call him."

The colored man looked at the dusty actors suspiciously, and said:

"I'll go call him. He's in the field looking at the gardens were left standing in the hall, and they remarked to one another that the hospitality of the home was rather freezing. The colored man had been absent about fifteen minutes, when Robson said:

"This is damned awkward, boys; let's stroll through the home ourselves."

So the party walked about the elegantly furnished parlors and reception-rooms and then Robson led the way up-stairs. The first room they came to was a magnificent apartment.

"I suppose this is the superintendent's room, boys," said Robson. "He takes good care of himself, don't he?"

Just then Robson turned around and saw a handsome, elderly gentleman standing with white face and clenched fists at the head of the staircase, trembling with rage.

"How dare you, sirs?" began the old gentleman.

"Here's the superintendent, boys," said Robson. Then, addressing the old gentleman, he said: "We're making a tour of inspection. You've a beautiful room for yourself."

"Inspection, sirs? This house is not open to inspection," gasped the proprietor of the palatial mansion.

"Now, look here," said Robson. "We are the heirs of the dead man. We are actors were his fellow-laborers and associates."

The elderly gentleman, almost beside himself with anger, cried out: "This is not the Forrest home. This is—"

But before he could finish what he was going to say, Robson plunged down-stairs, followed by his actor friends, who ran pell-mell out of the house into the road. They did not go to the Forrest home, and Robson never spoke a word until he got back to his room in the Continental hotel.—*Philadelphia Times.*

### Boston's One-Rail Elevated Road.

They now have a charter, which allows them to form a company and build one line of their road in the city of Cambridge. When that is done, if the railroad commissioners approve the new road as practical and safe, the company will be allowed to build into, and upon Boston streets, provided the city government gives permission. The work they have just begun is the building of a 2,500-foot section of their peculiar new railroad, also an engine and a car such as they propose to use. The new railroad is somewhat difficult to describe without a technical knowledge of engineering and the use of technical terms. Its chief characteristic is a single rail elevated upon a line of posts at a height of fourteen feet from the ground. It is called a single, though perhaps a more correct description would be two rails placed one above the other at a distance of four feet and connected by a series of braces. The supports or posts are placed at a distance of forty-five feet and are almost exactly like those of the New York elevated railroad, except that the lower end is firmly incased in concrete and rests upon a solid bed of concrete several feet under the ground.

The truck frame of the cars is placed astride the rail like a saddle upon the back of a horse and each truck frame has six wheels. Upon either side two of these wheels run upon the lower part of the rail, inclining upward and outward from the point of contact at an angle of forty-five degrees. The other two wheels are placed horizontally under the car and level with the top of the rail, along the sides of which they run, one upon either side. By means of hydraulic pressure, applied from the engine, they are made to clasp the rail tightly, and by this power of traction the forward and backward motion is secured. Each wheel has an independent axle of its own, and by a most ingenious contrivance under the car the opposing wheels are always kept at right angles with the rails regardless of curves. Some of the curves may be very sharp; steep grades may be overcome by means of the traction power.

The truck frames of the locomotive are like those of the car, with the connecting rods attached to the horizontal wheels upon either side of the rail. The pressure of the wheels upon the rails is such as to make it almost impossible for them to leave the track. It would simply drop an inch and a half and slide along resting upon the top of the rail, the truck frame serving as a substantial brace on both sides.

The cars are of novel pattern, cylindrical in form and built of iron. In carrying out their plans for this unique railroad, the builders have, of course, to guard against horizontal strains upon the rail, which surface roads have nothing to do with, but they are convinced the precautions they have taken will make accidents almost impossible.

The German Government has discharged all women who were employed in its postal, telegraph, and railway service as clerks and in other capacities. As during the last twenty years they nearly monopolized such service in some towns, much suffering has ensued among the discharged. The move alleged is that women are unfitted for such public service.

People are very quick to laugh at the idea of putting an engine and cars fourteen feet from the ground upon a single rail, but the scheme is certainly bearing the rigid inspection of engineers and other scientific men wonderfully well, and nobody has yet risen to prove that the principles upon which it is based are not sound.—*Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.*

### A Cattle Queen.

A few days ago, says the San Antonio Light, a lady stopped at one of our first-class hotels. She gave her name, but requested that it be not put upon the register, and that if any newspaper men called to see her, or made any inquiries, to say that she was not "in." To them; that she had been persecuted by those fellows, and that one of them even had the cheek to surreptitiously obtain her photograph and publish a cut of her, with her history, in the Philadelphia Times. She said that she detested notoriety, and insisted on avoiding it here. She said that she was the largest owner of cattle of any lady in the south, and also a large operator in stocks, cotton futures, etc. Only a few days ago she made \$95,000 in a single deal in cotton futures. She had the finest room in the house, and the best of everything, for which she paid without a question. She deposited in the hotel safe a large and elegant jewelry box, said to contain diamonds and other jewelry worth upward of \$100,000, and seldom was seen either in the parlor, dining-room, or on the streets without at least \$25,000 worth of diamonds, which were set in her watch, elegant bracelets, and flashing rings, etc. She is well known as the wife of one of the most prominent merchants of the state, from whom she is divorced, and says that she is capable of taking care of herself as any man living.

Yesterday she called at one of our dry-goods houses in the city, and asked to see the richest dress goods in the establishment. She selected a dress pattern of terra-cotta, Ottoman silk, with a \$24-a-yard velvet trimming, which she ordered made, the bill coming to \$150, and then made other purchases, running up a bill of about \$500, which was paid in an easy, off-hand manner, although charming to the salesman, who owns himself badly mashed. While there is no question as to her willingness and ability to pay, the hotel proprietor says that she is too rich for his blood, and that she has been badly reduced by recent hard times, and that when she returns from her little trip on which she went last evening she will have to go to another house, as he does not want to be availed of, and wants to divide such customers with his fellow-landlords. She is much too attractive for him. Her wardrobe is as extensive as it is elegant, comprising innumerable dresses, even to silk wrappers and night dresses of all shades and styles. Everybody is on the qui vive for the return of the cattle queen of the south.

The First English Actors in America.

From Dr. Eggleston's contribution to the July Century we quote the following: "Twenty four plays had been selected and cast before Lewis Hallam and his company left London on the 'Clarendon' for New York. On her ship returning light for a cargo. On her last voyage, the actors diligently rehearsed the plays with which they proposed to cheer the hearts of people in the New World. Williamsburg must have proved a disappointment to them. There were not more than a thousand people, white and black, in the village. The buildings, except the capitol, the college, and the so-called 'palace' of the governor, were insignificant, and the families resident a dozen 'gentlemen's' families resident in the place. In the outskirts of the town a warehouse was fitted up for a theatre. The woods were all about it, and the actors could shoot squirrels from the windows. When the time arrived for the opening of the theatre, the company were much disappointed. It seemed during the long still hours of the day that they had come to a fool's errand to act dramas in the woods. But as evening came, a work of magic scene changed like a work of magic. The roads leading into Williamsburg were thronged with out-of-date vehicles of every sort, driven by negroes, and filled with gayly dressed ladies, whose gallants rode on horseback alongside. The theatre was crowded, and Shakespeare was acted on the canvas, probably for the first time by a trained and competent company. The 'Merchant of Venice' and Garrick's farce of 'Lettie' were played; and at the close the actors found themselves surrounded by groups of planters congratulating them, and after the Virginia fashion, offering them the hospitality of their houses."

### America's Richest Bootblack.

The richest bootblack in America is Mr. Patrick Malloy, whose stand is opposite the Adelphi hotel in Saratoga. He owns two houses and has a fat bank account. He seems unable to explain how he got rich in any other way than he and another boy started out in life together, and while the other boy invested in horses he put his money in the bank. The other boy is a poor man, and he is not. The proudest moment in his life, next to the one when he bought his first house, was when a tremendous swell from Boston came to him to get his shoes polished, and said: "That is the last cent I've got. I've been betting, and have lost every dollar I had. Now I must walk back to Boston." The bootblack took him to a railroad ticket office, bought him a ticket to Boston, and gave him \$2 to him. The grateful gambler repaid him with heavy interest when his luck returned.—*New York Sun.*

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### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Abram Curtis, "the walking skeleton," recently died at Weston, W. Va. He was fifty years old, a little above the average height, and weighed but forty pounds.

—A Washington Judge has decided that organ grinders are entitled to pay for their labor and hence passing round the hat after a performance is not begging. —*Washington Post.*

—Princess Mathilde is a very affectionate creature. When M. de Lesseps delivered his recent speech at the reception in the French Academy the overjoyed Princess said: "My dear Lesseps, I can't help it, I must kiss you." "Do," briefly replied de Lesseps. And she did.

—Josiah F. Twiss, of Hallis, N. H., died the other day, and in his will provided that the music at his funeral should be a brass band, for which service forty dollars should be paid, and that twenty dollars worth of peanuts and candy should be distributed among the mourners. —*Boston Globe.*

—A traveler, recently returned from India, was relating his traveling impressions. "What a country that is!" he exclaimed. "There everybody keeps dozens of servants. I had four whose sole business was to look after my pipe. One brought it to me, another killed it, a third lighted it for me. "And the fourth?" "The fourth smoked it for me. Tobacco never agreed with me." —*Miscellaneous.*

—Joseph Flanner, well known as an American resident of Paris, and a habitué of the Anglo-American resorts in the quarter of the Grand Hotel, died suddenly there lately. Mr. Flanner first went to Paris some twenty-three or twenty-four years ago as one of the agents of the Southern Confederacy, charged with the mission of negotiating the rebel Government's bonds, and never returned to this country. —*Chicago Herald.*

—Paul de Cassagnac, equally noted as journalist, politician, and duellist, says his skill with the sword is not due to sedulous practice in youth. "I never was a good fencer," he says, "and never cared to be. I fenced only to amuse myself. All that is said about my studied tricks is pure invention. The whole secret is this: I am pretty strong and very quick of hand and eye. Then, I don't mind getting hurt. If I am proud of anything it is of being a good shot. I modestly consider myself one of the best in France."

—An old woman named Sands died on a small farm in Westchester County, N. Y., recently. She was supposed to be poor. When her effects were examined there was found sewed up in an old petticoat \$30,000 in greenbacks and bank books showing deposits of \$110,000 and \$100,000 in bonds. In addition to this Mrs. Sands left real estate in various parts of New York City and the farm upon which she resided. The bulk of the estate, under the will, will go to her four nephews—Mortimer Brown, of New York City; James and William Purdy, of Port Chester, and another in Chicago. —*N. Y. Sun.*

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Doctor: "It is nothing but an attack of dyspepsia." Wife: "And what does that come from, Doctor?" Doctor: "That comes from the Greek, madam." —*N. Y. Independent.*

—"I've been a boarder" wid a grass widdler lately." Interlocutor: "How do you know she is a grass widdler?" "Cause her husband died wid' hay fever—spose I've a fool?" —*Exchange.*

## EASTERN PUNISHMENTS.

How the Authorities of Persia Punish Their Criminals.

The Zili-Sultan at Ispahan and the late Hissam-us-Sultan at Meshed have been distinguished for the severity of their punishments. The most common of the various punishments in Persia is that of "the sticks." Persians frequently menace disobedient slaves with "the sticks." The offender is thrown on his back upon the ground, his bare feet are passed through leather loops attached to a six-foot beam of wood, which is twisted to be the painful lameness is likely to be the painful consequence. Both these Governors are said to have adopted the same punishment for the suppression of highway robbery—they built the captured robbers into pillars of masonry. The Koran recommends the cutting off a hand as the punishment for theft, and there are men in Persia who carry about evidence that this cruel punishment is sometimes practiced. A Persian Governor is alleged to have been successful in enforcing taxation by a practice of filling the wide trousers of recalcitrant subjects with freezing snow. Crimes of robbery and violence are more frequent in the south than in the north of Persia. Some ascribe this to the large nomad population which, according to the season, moves from the shores of the Gulf toward or from Ispahan. Everywhere in Persia it is the habit of wayfarers to gather together for mutual protection. Peasants passing from town to town with, perhaps, a bag of silver in their pockets, feel happy if they can join some caravan which includes armed men, and especially safe if they are in the caravan of a European. The most common form of execution is to cut the throats of criminals, and to leave their bodies lying in the public square. The bodies are occasionally used by skillful stringers to hang up the bodies of "fences," two of whom twist the rope round the neck of the criminal and kill him by strangulation with awful rapidity. If a European is injured, one difficulty attending complaint is that the Persian Government is so easily roused to indiscriminate and wholesale vengeance upon its subjects. There will certainly be some victims for the knife or the halberd, the living dead at the hands of the executioners, the main evidence may be that the prisoners were taken near the spot. In Persia there is but the feeblest and the faintest security for the administration of justice. —*London Graphic.*

### HOLLAND.

A Country Which Owes Its Existence to the Industry of Its People.

Living in a country which owes its existence almost to the industry and labor of man, it is not surprising to find that scrupulous economy and great foresight are the characteristic virtues of Dutch workmen. Few countries possess a population that fulfills with more exactitude the domestic and social duties. What they have acquired with trouble they keep with care. He cares little about politics, and wastes no time, as his neighbor across the Belgian frontier does, in political agitations. His ambition in life is to better his condition. The questions of the moment, the topics of the day, have for him but little interest. He prefers his Bible to his newspaper, the health of his family to the tavern, to the reading room, or political meetings. Jealous to the last degree of that liberty which he possesses, he wishes for no more and likes better to enjoy in peace those immunities which he has. Holland is not a manufacturing country. Scattered here and there in different parts of the kingdom may be found cotton, flax, silk and woolen mills. The manufacture of spirits at Scheidam, and the cutting and polishing of diamonds at Amsterdam are both important industries. In spite of his contentment and economic habits, the Dutch workman is poorly paid. The nominal salary of a good mechanic, of a carpenter, a joiner, a plumber, or a smith, for example, may be estimated in the largest towns of Holland at about four dollars per week. The working-man's wife adds, perhaps, for washing, eighty cents to a dollar, and the man himself, by working additional hours, sometimes earns thirty to fifty cents more. It is possible, therefore, for a hard-working family to thus manage to earn from five to five dollars and sixty cents per week. The average Dutchman lives in the most frugal fashion. —*Hague Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

### Why They Fail.

The other day a number of students were refreshing themselves in a restaurant after several hours' exhausting mental labor in calculating the chances of one able-bodied man batting a ball and another agile fellow catching it and putting out another one less agile. They had spent the afternoon at a game of base ball, and of course were greatly in need of refreshments after their exhaustive occupation. During the evening the conversation turned on college life and the application to their studies demanded by the faculty of those who would graduate with honor. The poor fellows who spent the afternoon in their rooms pursuing their studies, preparatory to next day's recitations and lectures, were commiserated by these more easy-going students, while the general sentiment of the party was voiced by one of their number, who said: "I did not come to college to study—I came to be taught." The measure this young man takes of college life and the opportunities which it offers to those who rightly improve them is the key which unlocks the secret of many a young man's failure in life. —*Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.*

## AFTER DOLLARS.

Sharpeners Who Fleeced the Innocent and Gull the Gullible.

"The slickest piece of work in the way of a fraud conducted through the mails that has come to my attention recently," remarked Chief Inspector Sharp of the Post-office Department, "is what we call the bogus medicine dodge. The ingenious author of this scheme now languishes in jail, but, at the same time, he showed himself to be a man of no mean order of ability. His plan was to send out circulars announcing a great cure for catarrh, which was discovered by himself after many years of study and investigation. He then proceeds to give, without cost, the prescription for this wonderful medicine and enumerates twelve ingredients which enter into its composition. At the end of the circular is a note which states that if the druggist does not happen to have all these ingredients the prescription will be filled and forwarded upon the receipt of three dollars. The person receiving the circular and desirous of trying the remedy takes the prescription to the drug store, but is told by the druggist that he has three of the ingredients, but not the other nine. He looks through his book, but fails to find even their names, and so, of course, he is unable to furnish the desired medicine. The discoverer of the remedy is applied to, and if the three dollars has been furnished a bottle of some mixture is sent on which, of course, is entirely worthless.

"That is one phase of the case," continued the inspector. "Now the man prepares and causes to be published in some paper in New York city an article about the prominent doctors of New York city, with a portrait of each and a sketch giving some account of the life and services of each. All the men mentioned are bona fide doctors, the leading men in the profession, with the exception of a man whose name is, say, Dr. Hart. He is unknown, but the sketch states that he left a practice of twenty-five thousand dollars per year to devote himself to the practice of his specialty—catarrh. The bogus medicine man then procures a large number of copies of this paper, and, marking the picture of Dr. Hart and the sketch, sends copies, together with the circular, broadcast throughout the country. In consequence he receives an immense mail, and large numbers of money orders and registered letters. After the Postmaster General had directed that no more money orders and registered letters should be delivered to Dr. Hart, three thousand dollars accumulated in the Brooklyn post-office that had been sent to him. When an attempt was made to find Dr. Hart, of course no such man could be discovered; but a sign over the door at the advertised number was found, and that was all. A Dr. Lawrence occupied the same rooms, and to him the mail was delivered, and when he was told the letters could not be given to him, as he was not Dr. Hart, he went off and got a power of attorney by which Dr. Hart authorized him to receive the mail. About this time, however, the officers came in and relieved him of further annoyance about his mail matter. This same man was managing some other scheme under the name of Lawrence, while his real name was Connolly. He must have made a great deal of money, as one of the witnesses in the trial testified that he had been offered two thousand dollars to personate Dr. Hart."

"It is a singular thing," observed the Colonel, "how these offers to give something for nothing take with the people, and how rogues fatten upon the credulity of the public. There is another species of fraud, which one would naturally suppose had been given such wide publicity that no one would now be deceived by it. I mean the counterfeit-money dodge, which men propose to forward a large amount of counterfeit money by express or mail on the receipt of a small amount of genuine money to pay for the manufacture. Usually all that the victim receives in return is a box filled with sawdust. But a recent operator has devised a new plan. He locates near a small town in a country district and then sends out his letters. He does not offer forward the counterfeit money, but invites persons to visit him and inspect his stock and buy what they wish. When the visitor arrives the operator has a large quantity of good bills, which he shows him and allows him to examine. In order, however, to avoid outside interference, the visitor is taken off in the woods, where the business proceeds. The operator produces his money and the visitor examines it and determines how much more money he has than what he is going to use in the transaction, and if he has more, he advises that they had better try and buy off the detectives, for if they don't they will both land in the penitentiary. The victim is ready to pay anything to get out of the grasp of the supposed representatives of the law, and eagerly agrees to contribute to a fund to pay the detectives. The latter, of course, accept the bribe, and pocketing all the money, disappear. The victim gets away as fast as possible, and goes home and never says a word about his loss. He is too much ashamed. —*Washington Star.*

At least four thousand persons are under the management and direction of the Commissioner of Pensions. The salary list amounts to over one million dollars annually, exclusive of pension agents and examining surgeons. The mail received averages seven thousand five hundred pieces daily. The mail sent out is much larger. —*Washington Post.*

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

It took fifty years to bring the King James translation of the Bible into general use.

"Pickpocket" is the only English word adopted into the French language which the French write and pronounce correctly. —*N. Y. Sun.*

A bridge in Cecil County, Maryland, bears the following sign: "Notice. If you go over this bridge faster than a Walk yow Will be find fiv dolers."

A Russian traveler predicts that Thibet will prove to be a second California, as, during a recent visit there, he found the natives gold-washing in the crudest way, but with the richest results.

—Down in Biddeford, Me., people are so high-toned that instead of bath-rooms they speak of an "abluatory studio;" at least so reads an advertisement in the Biddeford Times.

—China offers as attractive a field for the work of professional explorers as any other country on the globe. It has recently been ascertained that the Chinese coal fields occupy an area of four hundred thousand square miles.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* states that he knows from personal observation of the seventeen-year locust having appeared in the southern part of Massachusetts in 1818; 1835, 1852 and 1869. In 1818 they were very numerous; in 1835 they were less so; in 1852 still less, and in 1869 they were quite scattering in comparison with 1818.

—Under the proposed system of pneumatic transmission between Paris and London—two tubes employed, one for sending and the other for receiving—not only is it intended to send letters and telegrams, but parcels weighing as much as twelve pounds. It is believed the time taken in transmission would be only one hour. —*Chicago Current.*

—The *Russki Invalid* gives the statistics of insubordination and desertion in the Russian army. In these the number of offenses committed during the five years from 1879 to 1883 are said to have amounted to sixty-five thousand, of which ten thousand were cases of insubordination; there were twenty thousand cases of desertion and twenty-four thousand of robbery.

—The latest ideas of public buildings is that of having them made on the telescope plan—the stories being shoved up by the hydrostatic pressure. In case of a fire in the twelfth story or the sixth, the building is let down until it is on the ground, where the firemen can easily flood it. It is to be built of boiler iron. The furniture is all to be made like an opera hat. —*Chicago Herald.*

—Odlum's fate demonstrated what needed no demonstration. The public were prepared to believe that men could not jump from the Brooklyn Bridge to the river and live. The violence of the shock ruptured the base of his left lung, his spleen, kidneys and liver, and broke his first, second, third, fourth and fifth ribs—just as though he had struck upon a stone floor. —*N. Y. Independent.*

—Mr. N. A. Brewster lives in Randolph County, Ala. Recently he stood in Randolph County, shot across Calhoun County, in the same State, and killed a deer in Carroll County, Ga. The same gentleman goes through Cherokee and Cleburne Counties, Ala., and thence into Polk County, Ga., where he goes to his Post-office. The distance traversed in the latter instance is only one and a quarter miles. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Among other forms of animal life which have disappeared from the earth is the sea cow. This great animal, which has been variously classed with the whales, with walruses and seals, and with elephants, was a toothless vegetable feeder, living along the shore in shallow water, and often weighing three or four tons. It was seen alive and described in 1741, but in 1780 it appeared to have become entirely extinct. —*Philadelphia Press.*

—At present the Rothschild family control the quicksilver supply of the world, but a new mine has been found at Schuppiast, near Belgrade. There are only a few quicksilver mines known, the two largest being in Spain and California. Both are owned by the house of Rothschild, who only permit a supply, but never a glut of the market to issue from their mines, and thus they control an immense and very profitable monopoly. The yearly consumption of quicksilver is cut down to one hundred thousand bottles, the larger part of which comes from California, while Spain furnishes about ten thousand bottles.

—Swindlers on the other side of the ocean still continue to work off Con- going to this country, one passenger on a steamer which arrived at Castle Garden a week or so ago having been swindled out of four hundred and twenty marks in this way. The unfortunate man was told in London that it was best to get American money on that side so he exchanged all his wealth (four hundred and twenty marks) for a one hundred dollar Confederate bill, which was surprised on presenting it at Castle Garden, to find was worthless. The bill was issued in Richmond in December, 1862. —*N. Y. Herald.*

Stanley, in his book, tells of finding in the vicinity of about nine hundred miles inland from Leopoldville, Africa, a band of slave traders having in their possession two thousand three hundred captives. "Both banks of the river," he says, "showed that one hundred and eighteen villages and forty-three districts had been devastated, out of which were educated two thousand three hundred females and children, and about two thousand tusks of ivory. To obtain these they must have shot two thousand five hundred people, while one thousand three hundred more died by the wayside. How many are wounded and die in the forest, or drop to death through an overwhelming sense of their calamities, we do not know, but the outcome from the territory, with its million of souls, must be five thousand slaves, obtained at the expense of thirty-three thousand lives." —*Philadelphia Press.*

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Booth does not look at others who play his parts, fearing unconscious imitation. He has never seen "Hamlet" played except by his father. —*Boston Post.*

—In her life of her husband Mrs. Custer relates that he gave strict orders that she should be shot when with him on the plains rather than be allowed to fall into the hands of the Indians.

—Miss Parloa, the well-known cook-book writer and teacher, used to be chief cook at the Appledore House, Isle of Shoals. Her present prominent position is due to the energy with which she stuck to her profession and determination to elevate herself in it. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—Miss May King (Kin Yamei) graduated at the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary recently. She is the first Chinese woman ever granted a degree of M. D. in this country. She is the adopted daughter of Dr. King, who was for many years a missionary in China. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Keesville, N. Y., has a lively old pensioner named Joseph Lafountain. He recently obtained back pension to the amount of one thousand nine hundred dollars. He is eighty-eight years old, and has been a town pauper for twenty-five years. He is the father of twenty-eight children, the youngest being but six weeks old. —*Buffalo Express.*

—The late Earl of Dudley was the victim of many extravagant fancies. An exchange says: "One of his crochets was that his body was as brittle as glass. On this account he was constantly and closely attended by a body servant, whose business it was to prevent any person from knocking accidentally against his fragile lordship."

—The heirs of Jeremiah Millbank, who purchased the mansion and pleasure grounds of William M. Tweed, at Greenwich, Conn., have taken down the fine house and will rebuild it on the edge of the hill formerly known as "Put's Hill," down which General Putnam made his famous leap in escaping from the "redcoats." The new house will cost one million dollars. —*Hartford Courant.*

—Daniel Dougherty, the "silver-tongued orator," never showed to better advantage than the other day, when he appeared in court the champion of a timid little Irish woman who had been swindled by her boarding-house keepers. Never was an elegant cavalier more polite and gentle to the grandest lady of the land than was the Philadelphia lawyer to the poor little woman. —*Philadelphia Press.*

—Another prominent criminal who figured in the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, has died. Joseph Smyth, who traced the murdered Secretary to the park, and upon identifying them, waved his handkerchief as a signal to James Carey and his waiting band of assassins, received a free pardon on becoming informer. He and his wife were afterwards sent to Australia, but as the people of Sydney would have nothing to do with the informer they quitted that country, and it was supposed they proceeded to India. Smyth's wife, however, has just returned to Dublin a widow, and states they did not go to India, but were brought back to London. There Smyth became a hopeless drunkard and died a few weeks back.

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—"What is there in a mince pie?" asks a household journal. We should like to answer that question, but have not time to get out a supplement. —*Philadelphia Call.*

—A teacher was illustrating the process of evaporation to a class of young scholars: "Suppose I should set a basin of water out in the school-yard in the morning and let it remain all day, what would happen?" "It would get up," was the practical reply. —*N. Y. Mail.*

—"Why do you suppose the feminine is used in speaking of the moon?" asked Mr. Murphy of Miss Esmeralda Long. "Because she is so beautiful, I suppose," replied Esmeralda, who is on the shady side of thirty-five. "No; it's because there is no finding out how old she is," replied the other. —*Chicago Tribune.*

—One sultry Sunday a minister noticed many of his congregation nodding from drowsiness. He effectually awakened them by saying: "I saw an advertisement last week for five hundred sleepers for a railroad. I think I could supply at least fifty, and recommend them as good and sound." —*N. Y. Independent.*

—"What are you going to do when you grow up, if you don't know how to cipher?" asked an Austin school teacher of a rather slow boy. "I am going to be a school teacher and make the boys do all the ciphering," was the impudent reply. "The next thing that boy had to sign for was a soft cushion on the bench." —*Texas Siftings.*

—A minister forgot to take his sermon with him to church, and his wife, discovering the mistake, sent it to him in charge of a small boy, who was to receive ten cents for the job. "You delivered the sermon, didn't you?" she asked. "I jes' giv it to him; he's a deliverin' of it himself." —*Religious Herald.*

—A gentleman of our acquaintance tells us the following good story, which goes to show that the average Austin boy has what Mrs. Partington would call a "judicious" mind. He, the boy, wanted to go in swimming. "But my cap," rejoined the anxious parent, "swimming is unhealthy. It was only this morning that you were complaining of a pain in your stomach."

"That's so, pa; but I know how to swim on my back." —*Texas Siftings.*

—He was the dunce of the class; and though, poor fellow! he couldn't help it, he did make some very laughable blunders. One of his expressions was "Bend it straight," and he said that "Mr. Finis" must have written nearly all his books. And then, no longer than last month he asked the teacher whether the man who was "six feet in his boots" had six heads in his hat," adding that shoemakers must be fond of men with six feet. He was a droll boy, that dunce. —*Golden Days.*

## LLOYD'S.

Description and History of a Well-Known Institution.

As to the early history of the classification of ships there is no date, but we all know how dull is the famous chapter in the "Iliad," where even Homer was caught napping. In a more or less imperfect form classification of merchant ships must of course have existed contemporaneously with marine insurance, while Gibbon already speaks of nautical insurance as being common with the Romans. Such ships' lists were, it appears, at the end of the Seventeenth Century to be seen by merchants in the different coffee houses of the city, and among these the establishment kept by a certain Edward Lloyd, who seems to have been a man of unusual ability and enterprise, was the most frequented because the best posted up. That the house was well known was shown by the fact that Steele makes it the theme of a "Tatler" paper, that Addison names it in the "Spectator," and that in a poem of the period a character says: "Now to Lloyd's coffee house, he never fails to read the letters and attend the sales." It soon occurred to Lloyd, to systematize these lists, and he started on his own account a shipping chronicle—"Lloyd's News," which began in 1696 and was issued three times a week. At first these lists were written and passed from hand to hand, like the news letter of the period, but in 1726 it was printed under the changed title of "Lloyd's List." Soon after, the principal underwriters and brokers, who had long made the coffee house their meeting place, formed themselves into an association and took up their headquarters near the Royal Exchange, setting up on a permanent footing the great institution which has flourished ever since on the same spot and has made the name of Lloyd a household word all the world over. Some of the earliest lists issues have perished by fire, but that of 1776 is preserved and here we first read the now familiar name A1, which has passed into the common speech, but was at first merely intended to designate a ship of the first class. These lists were issued to subscribers only, and so strict were the rules concerning them that to lend a book or allow a non-subscriber to see it entailed forfeiture of membership and at the end of each year every subscriber was obliged to deliver up his old book before a new one was issued to him. At one time, if the book were lost or stolen, the person to whom it belonged was refused another, although willing to pay for it. The subscriptions formed the only source of revenue for the society, which then numbered some hundred and thirty members. Some discontent arising as to the difficult questions of classification, a rival book was issued by a company of ship owners, and for a while the two books ran in antagonism to each other, though from the first Lloyd's took a better position and carried more weight. The elder society also at once appointed surveyors in twenty-four of the chief ports of the United Kingdom and from the beginning showed that earnest desire after equity and liberality that has distinguished their operations throughout their career. —*London Society.*

### CO-SIGNS AND TANGENTS.

The Intellectual Fabulism That Exists in Signs.

To him who, in the love of business and mental growth, holds communion with these visible forms, the signboards speak a varied and fearfully punctuated language. The average sign painter is born with the belief that when he paints "John Smith, Dry Goods and Groceries," on the front of Mr. Smith's store, he must paint it in this guise: "John, Smith, Dry. Goods, and Groceries." Sometimes, however, he doesn't even put the name of the store, but permits it to remain an all comprehensive word, evermore looking out into a limitless eternity of measureless suggestiveness of unfathomable groceries. If the artist be a German-bred painter, he is prone to make his sign startling and thrilling in its very commonplaces—"John! Smith! Dry! Goods! and! Boots! and! Shoes!" fading away into the same dreamy, vague, dim and misty, unpunctuated black look so much affected by his American colleagues. If there isn't much room on the signboard the artist reserves most of it for his own name; he paints in nonpareil for his patron and long primer for himself:

"JOHN! JONES. Hardware BENJAMIN G. NORTH, Pur."

If the merchant, being an economical man, has no means of his own, he spaces badly and divides on any letter that happens to come handy, and startles the world with

WILLIAM W. WILLIAMSON, Well digger and cisterns.

One sign almost invariably "throws" even the regularly ordained sign-writer and his "mens' and boys' boots" and shoe's" a marvelously original in a dozen styles. Suppose you try it yourself and see what the proof reader will do with your effort. But what I was going to say when I began this quite extensive portfolio to a very small house was that recently I perused two signs that impressed me deeply. One is in St. John, New Brunswick, the gold lettered sign of the firm "Wisdom and Fish." "Hasn't it always been said that Fish is brain food? Only in this sign Wisdom comes first. Should it not be Fish and Wisdom? The other I read last week in Chester, Pa. It is over a wagon shop. I think—"Cain and Brother." Now, why couldn't they have just as well written it "Cain and Abel?" It might not be correct, but it would be so scriptural. —*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Without doubt the pumpkin pie was originally evolved in New England, but just where the pumpkin itself was first discovered in a wild state is a disputed point in geographical and historical botany, but perhaps the vine which DeSoto found growing on the Gulf coast of Florida was the progenitor of our best pie. —*N. Y. Tribune.*



