





## THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

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### The Republican Annex.

We are in receipt of a circular announcing the annual meeting of the State Temperance Union, Oct. 27-28. It is a queer call. It invites all in sympathy with Temperance, whether they are connected with the State Union or not. This would take in delegates for every Third Party Prohibition Club in the state, which were ruled out last year. The State Temperance Union has lost its grip. It is a temperance humbug like the master whose slave it is.

The Prohibition Republicans have lost faith in it, as well they may. There is but one road for real prohibitionists to travel and that is with the National Prohibition Party. No temperance organization not in harmony with this can do more than half work.

We do not question the sincerity of the great mass of those who think differently, but we do question the honesty of the political leaders of any and all other parties who try to blind the eyes of good temperance people by their hollow pretensions.

When we declare that the Republican party is now the great enemy of Prohibition, we say it with sadness. We do not criminate the great body of Republican temperance men, but the politicians, who are now fortunately coming out in their true colors, for license and revenue. They have been preparing for this right in Kansas by permitting prohibition to be a failure, where it will be forever where it is only made a side issue, an issue of convenience.

Our old party prohibitionists are rapidly coming to see the truth, and as they see it they come to us. They are always kindly welcome. As the light dawns on them they come.

The State Temperance Union last year made itself very obnoxious. It fell into the hands of scoundrelly politicians who simply stole its funds by diverting them from non-partisan use, into a party campaign fund.

It was a miserable, a shabby trick. And this party made the present disgraceful liquor law, and call it prohibition. Under this law the political managers have gained such strength, that no more of the daily press dare advocate prohibition.

The Temperance Union that last year it used as its tool will next year be spit upon and despised by these same managers.

While we cannot respect the Temperance Union we do sincerely pity it.

It, too, wants a leader. Oh, the humiliation of seeing a great cause in the hands of men without honesty or without brains, as the case may be.

### Damned Anyhow.

Eugene Ware says in the Fort Scott Monitor that if the next Republican platform contains even three words in favor of prohibition the next governor of Kansas will be a democrat.

On the other hand Albert Griffin says the same result will follow if it does not fairly endorse prohibition.

So the party is to be damned if it does and damned if it doesn't.

Then with our present light we predict the downfall of the Republican party and the upbuilding of the prohibition party.

### Temperance Republican Plan.

[Eleventh.—That we recommend legislation to favor agricultural and dairy interests of the state, and such as will prevent the adulteration of articles of food.

The New York State Republican Convention met this week and above we give the only reference to be found in its platform to the temperance question. Adulteration of milk is the greatest "sumptuary"—evil known to the great statesmen of the empire state. Evidently the gods are plotting their destruction.

The good women who voted to trust the Republican party a while longer, will be the ones who will be the most humiliated when they see themselves snubbed at the next special session of the legislature, and ignored in the next state convention. Let them remember this.

In answer to a call by Dr. H. J. Canniff, State Organizer, a meeting was held Friday afternoon over Knox's bank, at which T. B. Carter of Auburn, was elected chairman of a County Central Committee. At a meeting a full county ticket will be put into the field.

"Drugstore and billiard room," is the latest Kansas combination. It is a case of business metempsychosis born of the present Republican Prohibitory law. The spirit of the saloon readily goes to the billiard room drug store.

The most painful illustration of woman's misplaced confidence, may be seen in the devotion of so large a portion of the W. C. T. U. of Kansas to the Republican party that has not today one leading paper in the whole state, that is unconditionally devoted to prohibition. Now what will they do when Kansas follows New York and says not one word about it as advised by their leading party papers?

The W. C. T. U. of Kansas have never before so needed the sympathy of prohibition men and women as they do today. They need it because they are trusting in a broken reed. They have already received the traitor's kiss. The crown of thorns they are to wear is already platted. The cross is already fashioned upon which they are to suffer. In less than twelve months their sacrifice will be complete. The Republican party will die, but the W. C. T. U. shall live and the prohibition party shall be its support.

There are few who have not witnessed the devotion of a Christian woman to a drunken husband. This martyrdom of woman is one of the greatest evils of the drink traffic. But it is as nothing to that sublimity of devotion of the Kansas W. C. T. U. to the Republican party, that has betrayed them at every step, and that is soon to cast them off forever.

It seems that the Lawrence Journal has lost its faith in political prohibition. It says that there are as many saloons as ever in Lawrence where liquor is sold, and that men cannot be made sober by legislation. The Kansas press is in the same condition. Brother Kimball of the Kansas Spirit, is about the only journalist who is still tied to the old woman's apron strings.—Longano News.

The News recognizes the fact that the Republican papers of the state have nearly all deserted prohibition in accord with the tendency of the party everywhere, but it does not make it appear that the Spirit is not in any manner allied to that class of papers. There are now over twenty distinctly Third Party Prohibitory papers in this state and the number is increasing. We assure the News there is no lowering of the standard among these journals. They represent the only party, too, that has in it the elements of prohibition.

### Weekly Missouri Republican.

We will give the WEEKLY MISSOURI REPUBLICAN, the regular subscription price of which is \$1, with the following articles at the prices named:

The WATERBURY WATCH, an excellent, reliable and good looking watch. It is manufactured by the Waterbury Company especially for the MISSOURI REPUBLICAN, and is sent to the subscribers through the mail in a satin-lined case. The regular price of the Watch is \$3.50 but we send the WEEKLY REPUBLICAN one year and the watch and chain for the price of the watch, \$3.50, with the TRI-WEEKLY one year, \$6.50.

An elegant SEWING MACHINE, warranted for five years. This machine is fully equal to if not better than similar machines that have been selling all over the country for from \$35 to \$60. Ours is only \$18 and WEEKLY for one year, thrown in; with the TRI-WEEKLY for one year it is \$20.

BEAUTIFUL FAMILY CLOCK, made by Seth Thomas. Athens pattern; height, 17 inches; Solid Walnut case; Spring-winding; runs 8 days; strikes the hours. Guaranteed to keep perfect time. Retail price, \$6. We give this Clock and the WEEKLY REPUBLICAN one year for \$5; TRI-WEEKLY for \$9; DAILY for \$14.

Family Scales of two kinds: THE LITTLE DETECTIVE. This scale weighs accurately any article ranging from one-quarter of a pound to twenty-five pounds in weight. With the WEEKLY one year, \$3; with the TRI-WEEKLY, \$6. The same scales with scoop for the purpose of weighing loose articles, is 25 cents higher.

THE UNION, or FAMILY SCALE is a platform scale, and weighs up to 240 pounds. With WEEKLY one year, \$4.25; with TRI-WEEKLY, \$7. The Watch goes by mail, postage paid by the Republican. Each of the other articles will be shipped by freight or express, as the subscriber may direct, and at his expense.

### CLUB LIST.

Any one sending \$25 with a club of 25 weekly subscribers will get a Waterbury Watch free.

Any one sending \$35 with a club of 35 weekly subscribers will get a \$6 Seth Thomas Eight-Day Clock free.

THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN, St. Louis.

### OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—East Tennessee capitalists are preparing to develop some of the marble beds of that region.

—The catarracts of the Nile are due to granite veins, the river, while working a way through the sandstone, had been unable to destroy or remove.

—In Massachusetts in 1880 there was one divorce to every fifty marriages. In 1876 one to every thirty, and in 1883 one to every fourteen. In New England two thousand families are broken up by divorce every year.—Boston Journal.

—The German and Dutch books printed in dark blue on a pale green paper have not given a satisfactory result. It was confidently expected that the combination would prove restful to the eye, and diminish shortsightedness.

—It appears that they grow to a green old age in Surrey, England. Recently a widower of eighty-four was married to a widow of eighty-seven. The bridegroom was attended by a grandson, and the bride by a couple of great-grand-daughters.

—The consumption of alligator-skin leather is said to have fallen off to almost nothing. The demand for it has been such that as many as two hundred and fifty thousand skins have been tanned in a single year in America and Europe.—Chicago Times.

—A firm in Northborough, Mass., recently received from Baltimore a cargo of rage, and in the center of one of the barrels was found an old-fashioned pocket-book containing a twenty dollar Confederate note, a gold chain and some small change.—Boston Post.

—A fire-escape idea, and a good one, is seen in Massachusetts hotels. All the staircases, and landings are marked out plainly by red lights. The bewildered traveler, in case of alarm, has not to grope about or lose precious time in taking the wrong turning for the stairs. They are always to be discovered by the red lanterns.—Boston Herald.

—The difference between an imitation and a genuine amethyst can be easily distinguished. Just put them on your tongue alternately, and you will find that the spurious feels warm and the genuine icy to the touch. The stone which has had the greatest run of late is tiger eye, which has a peculiar, dull fire. It is only a piece of petrified wood, turned, smoothed and polished.—N. Y. Graphic.

—The word pen, in Holy Scripture, refers to either an iron style or to a reed, the latter being the earliest form of pen used in writing on papyrus. One of the earliest attempts to make steel pens is attributed to William Gabbury, England, who, for his own use, constructed a clumsy article from the main spring of a watch. Steel pens were first brought into use about the year 1803.—Chicago Herald.

—Two years ago several large iron spikes were for some purpose driven into a very old apple tree near Clyde, N. Y., that for years had been nearly barren. Last year it was filled with the largest, finest apples, and now the blossoms are plentiful enough to warrant a good supply of fruit. The owner believes that the spikes restored to the tree its original prolific qualities. He is now trying the experiment on other trees in the orchard.—Buffalo Express.

—It is said on good authority that cyclones always originate in equatorial regions, but never occur within eight or ten degrees of that line. Another thing that is peculiar is, that the winds are not in the northern and southern hemispheres. Masters of sailing vessels caught in one of these cyclones by knowing the laws of its direction can easily sail out of its course.—Philadelphia Press.

—British Burmah is anxious to become a crown colony, independent of India. This proposal, which has the support of the Rangoon Chamber of Commerce, is founded upon the belief that the province is starved, and that its wants are not met by the Indian Government, while its surplus revenue is drained away to meet the wants of other provinces. It is also urged that neither in language, religion nor people has British Burmah anything in common with India.

—A socialistic society called the Harmonists, at Economy, Pa., near Pittsburgh, which once numbered thirteen hundred members, has dwindled to thirty. The survivors are all ages, and none of them will probably be alive ten years hence. The property of the society, estimated at fully one million dollars for each member, and what will be the final disposition of it is known only to a small circle. It is said that many of the members have never handled a penny in their lives, and would not know a piece of money if they saw it.—Pittsburgh Post.

—A few days ago a farmer living near Howe's Cave was plowing in a field about half a mile from the cave's mouth. He stopped for a few minutes to rest himself and horses under the spreading branches of a tree. Moving on a little distance he turned and looking back was dumbfounded to see that the large tree was gone. He ran back and almost fell into a large chasm which had swallowed the tree and a plot of ground. It is believed that this will lead to the discovery of an outlet from the rear of Howe's Cave, and should this theory prove correct the field will be more valuable to the farmer than before the shade tree disappeared from view.—Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

—The cure of one actress-smitten man is reported. He had been for many years an inmate of an insane asylum. He became a furious lover of Ristori as Mary Stuart, and immediately went daff. Of late years the one mania of love for the mimic queen was all that ailed him. Seeing that Ristori, on her recent farewell tour, had become a middle-aged woman, with none of her personal beauty left, the physician decided to take his patient to see her. The result was astonishingly successful. There was enough of the former Ristori to convince the man that she was the same individual; but he was so thoroughly disenchanted that recovery was almost instantaneous.—N. Y. Tribune.

### ROTHSCHILD.

How the House of the Red Shield Was Founded.

This famous firm of Hebrew bankers and capitalists which is known throughout the world, originated in the city of Frankfurt, Germany.

In the Judengasse, or Jews alley, a short distance from the chief thoroughfare, one hundred and forty-two years ago, lived a dealer in old clothes who had a red shield for a sign, which in German reads roth schild. It was in 1743 that a son was born to this Israelite. The name given to the boy was Anselm Meyer, who also became a clothes dealer and a pawn-broker, succeeding to the business of his father. By degrees he extended his business, lending money at high rates of interest during the wars of the last century.

Managing his affairs with such skill that Prince William the Landgrave made him his banker. When Napoleon came across the Rhine in 1806 this clothes dealer was directed to take care of the treasures of the Prince, amounting to twelve million dollars, which he invested so judiciously that it brought large increase to the owner and especially to the manager.

This banker died in 1812, leaving an estate estimated at five million dollars—not a very large sum these days—but he left an injunction upon his five sons, which was made binding by an oath given by the sons around his death-bed, which has had and still has a powerful influence upon the world. The sons bound themselves by an oath to follow their father's business together, holding the business, that the world might know but one house of the red shield (Rothschild.)

The sons were true to their oath. The eldest, Anselm, born 1778, and who died in 1835, was his father's partner and successor at Frankfurt. The second, Solomon, born 1774, died in 1865, was established as the representative of the house at Vienna. The third, Nathan Meyer, born 1774, and died 1836, settled at London and was the leading member and ablest financier of the firm. The fourth, Charles, born 1788, died 1855, went to Naples, and James, born 1793, died 1869, to Paris. The five brothers thus occupied great financial centers, and were geographically located in excellent positions to use their financial power and skill to the best advantage. Nathan, in London, amassed money with great rapidity, and the same may be said of all the others, the wars of Napoleon being favorable to the business of the house.

Nathan went to the Continent to witness the operations of Wellington in his last campaign against Napoleon, prepared to act with the utmost energy, let the result be as it might. He witnessed the battle of Waterloo, and when assured of Napoleon's defeat, rode all night, with relays of horses, to Ostend; went across the channel in a fishing-smack—before the dawn of the day of steam—reached London in advance of all other messengers, and spread the rumor that Wellington and Blucher were defeated. The 20th of June in that memorable year was a dismal day in London. The battle was fought on the 18th; Nathan Meyer, of the house of the red shield, by hard riding, reached London at midnight on the 19th. On the morning of the 20th the news was over town that the cause of the allies was lost, that Napoleon had swept all before him. England had been the leading spirit in the struggle against Napoleon. The treasury of Great Britain, it will be remembered, had supplied funds to nearly all of the allied powers.

If their cause was lost what hope was there for the future? Bankers flew from door to door in eager haste to sell their stock. Funds of every description went down. Anselm Meyer was besieged by men who had funds for sale, but he was not in the market. He had no desire to buy. He, too, had stocks for sale. What would they give? But meanwhile he had scores of agents purchasing. Twenty-four hours later Wellington's messenger arrived in London; the truth was known. The nation gave vent to its joy; up went the funds with rapidity, the general depression pouring, it is said, \$6,000,000 into the coffers of this one branch of the house of the red shield.

The house of the red shield is the greatest banking house of the world—the mightiest of all times, and has made its policy felt the world over—in the Tuileries of Paris, in the ministerial chamber of Berlin, the Imperial palace at St. Petersburg, the Vatican at Rome, in the Bank of England, in Wall street, State street and by every New England freestone. The house of the red shield, by the exercise of its financial power, can make a difference in the yearly account of every man who reads these words of mine! Though Anselm Meyer has been half a century dead—though several of his sons have gone down to the grave—the house is the same. The grandchildren have the spirit of the children. The children of the brothers have intermarried, and it is one family, loyal to each other, carrying out the desire of the founder of the firm and animated by a common purpose, that the world shall know only one red shield.—Boston Commercial Gazette.

### Science in New Mexico.

If this great country of ours were fully ripened in an educational way more respect would be paid to science, especially in New Mexico. At Watrous, in the Territory mentioned, lately a phonological lecturer examined the head of a man named Fossie. There were some very bad bumps on Mr. Fossie's head, and the lecturer said so. Did Mr. Fossie accept the information humbly and resolve to reform and bring those bad bumps down? Not much! He pulled out his revolver, began blazing away at the lecturer and broke up the gathering in a minute and a half. This is what induces a belief that not enough respect is paid to science in New Mexico.—Chicago Tribune.

A ton of gum arabic is used weekly at the Government enamel factory at Hartford, Conn.

### GRASSHOPPER YARNS.

Some of the Literature Appertaining to This Interesting Insect.

Since the invasion of Northern California by the grasshoppers, there has been a marked revival in the literature appertaining to this interesting insect.

"I remember in '71," said a member of the Grain Exchange yesterday, "I was coming across the plains. Well, sir, I was seated in a car reading a newspaper about noon, when suddenly it grew dark, and I thought sure a terrible storm was on us. It was a cloud of grasshoppers; so thick that when they settled on the car-track they stopped the train. There was a good feed where we were just then, and it brought the 'hoppers to a halt. We were blocked for twenty-four hours, until a snow-plow was telegraphed for, and, when it cut the way for us, it left a bank of 'hoppers on each side higher than the smokestack of the locomotive."

"That was pretty bad," said another broker, "but I have seen worse. We were camped one summer in Kansas, making a survey for a new town. The 'hoppers struck us at night, and in the morning we thought the end of the world had come. They were piled, sir, twenty feet deep over the encampment, and we were nine hours tunneling out of them. If we did not happen to have a few giant-powder cartridges to blast out air holes we should have been suffocated before we could have struck a shovel into the mass."

"Didn't you have any of 'em?" inquired a warehouseman, who had seen a good deal of Western life.

"What do you mean?" asked the broker.

"Just this: I was caught in the same fix you have told about once in Kansas. I was in charge of a mule team hauling supplies to a railroad camp. Among other things we had several thousand yards of canvas for tents for the men. As soon as the grasshoppers struck us I put my gang to work, and in a short time we had a canvas-sack made, balloon fashion, only bigger than any balloon you ever saw. Well, sir, we filled it chock full of 'hoppers—live 'hoppers—and hitched it on to the wagon, and when the swarm started to go our caged 'hoppers went with them."

"And took off your balloon?"

"No, sir; they hauled our wagon for over seventy-eight miles, when they broke down and we bagged a new lot. It beat mule power all hollow. Then it has occurred to me"—But his audience had gone, and the Western man growling, "I suppose these darned folk think I'm green," walked off to find a more credulous and attentive auditory.—Chicago Tribune.

### STATISTICAL.

Some Interesting Facts and Figures Relating to the Metropolis.

Some of the more salient points of life in the metropolis may be seen in the following figures:

1. Population. The population of the city of New York, according to the United States census of 1880, is 1,906,229.

2. Sexes. Of the population of the city, 590,514 are males and 615,785 are females.

3. Transient population. The transient or floating population may be estimated as follows: In any one day, on an average, we may suppose there are of immigrants temporarily stopping in the city 5,000; of seamen and boatmen, 5,000; of visitors at hotels, 10,000; of visitors at boarding and lodging houses, 10,000; or, in all, say 30,000.

4. Families. The number of families living in the city is 243,157. The number of persons to a family is 4.96.

5. Dwellings. The number of dwelling houses in the city is 73,884. The number of persons to a dwelling is 16.37.

6. Tenement houses. Houses containing three or more families are classed as tenement houses. It is supposed that there are 20,000 tenement houses, and that they contain a population of 600,000 persons.

7. Nationalities. 727,629 persons were born in the United States, and 478,670 are from foreign countries of forty different nationalities.

8. Marriages. The number of persons united in marriage in the city during the year is estimated at 27,000, equal to 13,500 marriages.

9. Births. The number of births in the city during the year is estimated at 40,000.

10. Deaths. The number of deaths during the year was 36,044.

11. Property. The total valuation of property in the city is \$1,185,947,098.

12. City Taxes. The city taxes are about \$30,000,000 a year, or about \$30 a head for the entire population.

13. Public Amusements. The money spent in theatres, operas, and other public amusements is estimated at \$7,000,000 annually.

14. Public Education. For the support of the public schools about \$4,000,000 are required.

15. Police. For the support of the police about \$4,000,000 are required.

16. Immigrants. The number of immigrants landed at Castle Garden for several years has been: 400,000; last year it was 330,030.—Christian at Work.

### Great Expectations.

The widow Flapjack, recently of Austin Avenue, got two new gentleman boarders.

"Are those two gentlemen married?" she asked of Gilbody, who is a regular boarder.

"No, and they are rich. One of them owns a goat ranch."

"You don't say so," said Mrs. Flapjack, and tripping out into the kitchen she whispered to the cook:

"Put three extra beans in the coffee mill when you grind the coffee this afternoon!"—Texas Siftings.

—The telegraphers of the country have a mutual benefit association with a membership of two thousand eight hundred and a reserve fund of forty thousand dollars. Since its organization it has paid to heirs of members over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.—Chicago Journal.

### Shooting at a Pipe.

Soon after the boat left Vicksburg a young man in a swell 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 it wasn't 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. Intend to leave it for you at the next landing. I shot to break the pipe in your mouth, but his 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 from Hawley, Pa., went out on the hills near her home 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 quickly, 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 Herald.

### 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 to 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 their 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 advertisement. **JUDICIOUSLY CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS** NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

**THIS PAPER** may be found on file at Geo. F. Windsor Drug Store, 239 Kansas Avenue, New York.

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H. J. Caniff, Notary Public, 295 Railroad St. North Topeka.

Millinery at our own price at Mrs. Metcalf's. Over 500 hats to be sold out regardless of cost.

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Scrubbers Lumber and Log Book, and Fisher's Grain Tables, for 50 cents.

Either one of these books will be mailed post-paid for 30 cents, or the two for 50 cents. Send money to the office of the Spirit.

See advertisement these books on last page of this paper.

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S. B. HYNES, Gen'l Passenger Agt., Lawrence, Kan.

## 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.

The advertisement of the MISSOURI REPUBLICAN, printed elsewhere presents a remarkable opportunity for persons to subscribe at the lowest rates for one of the best newspapers in the United States, and get in conjunction an excellent Watch or Clock or Sewing Machine; etc., at a merely nominal price. These things are all warranted by the "Old Reliable" REPUBLICAN.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A physician of Hammon, N. J., has four sons who have adopted the medical profession.

Julius Caesar was born one hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era. He was fifty-six years of age at the time of his assassination.

—Lord Garmoyne, who recently made a tour of the United States, has taken the seat of his late father, Earl Cairns, in the House of Lords, and succeeded to the title.

—Mrs. Robert Gray, of Paris, Me., during the past year has made three hundred pounds of butter, four hundred pounds of cheese, two bed-quilts, and drawn two rugs, besides doing her housework and making dresses for herself and grandchildren. She is eighty years old. —*Boston Globe.*

—Robert Yergin, a one-armed soldier of South Carolina, has an eighteen-year-old daughter who can not only run the engine to gin her father's cotton, but she has earned money enough to carry her through the Columbian Female College, and to come out with the valedictory—the first honor in the graduating class. —*St. Louis Globe.*

—Mark Twain's wealth is thus stated: From the publication of his books, \$200,000; the amount of the sum being due to the fact that he has always been practically his own publisher, and thereby made all the profit for himself; lecturing, \$100,000; scrap book, \$50,000; wife's fortune, \$75,000; total, \$425,000. That is about the sum he now possesses. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Miss Grace Virginia Lord, who was recently accidentally killed in Boston, was descended from a noble English family. Her father at one time owned nearly the whole of Eggleston Square, in the Roxbury district. He died twenty-five years ago, leaving a property worth over a million to his two sons and two daughters. The property was afterwards so far dissipated in speculations that barely a pittance was left. —*Boston Herald.*

—The late Joaquin Alcala, of Mexico, was in past years one of the most distinguished lawyers and political leaders in that country. He was the counsel for Santa Anna in the military court of Vera Cruz, and also did his best to defend the ill-fated Miramon at Queretaro. In 1835 and 1836 he was the champion of the Liberals against the Empire, and was exiled by Maximilian. He was for many years a member of the Congress, and the day before his death was re-elected for another term.

—Victor Hugo's long memory spanned the seventy years between Waterloo and the present; and he had already won some reputation as a literary light before Lord Byron set out on his last journey to Greece, where, instead of fighting with the Greeks in their war of liberation, he died after a short illness at Messolonghi in 1824. When we think of Hugo as almost a contemporary of Shelley and Keats, who seem as far beyond us as the Queen Anne worthies, we realize both the extent of his career and the changes which he witnessed.

## "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The guinea hen never lays a golden egg. —*Boston Bulletin.*

—That was a very particular girl who rejected one of her suitors because he didn't suit her.

—Miss-fortunes come to some men when they get married, and they don't mind it a bit. —*Texas Siftings.*

—The relations between European nations have been strained so often they should be perfectly clear now. —*Out City Derrick.*

—"Oh, I think those paragraphs are just too provoking! They never get tired of talking about the size of my foot, and yet I only wear nines." —*Chicago Girl.*

—That article you had in last week's paper was the funniest thing I ever read," said a lady to an editor. "It would make a dog laugh. I thought my husband would split his sides." —*Arkansas Traveler.*

—I see they are serving refreshments on roller skates in some of the restaurants," the husband said, as he laid down his paper. "Good gracious! exclaimed the wife, "have they no plates?" —*Boston Courier.*

—"Brace up!" whispered the hangerman to a poor fellow whose hempen cravat was skillfully adjusting. "Yes, it's easy for you to say that," was the grim reply, "because you are a suspender." —*Whitehall Times.*

—Cautious customer (who has heard the high prices charged in retail drug stores): How much do you charge for ten cents worth of tooth powder? Drug clerk: For the best quality, twenty-five cents, sir. —*N. Y. Graphic.*

—It is sentimentally remarked that "the worldly possessions of men of supposed means are usually over-estimated." We can not help thinking of this every time, any one calls upon us with a subscription paper. —*Lovell Citizen.*

—In 1935, "James, just look at the register and tell me where it is fair weather this morning." "It is very nice in Minnesota to-day, sir." "Well, get the Ariel ready. Have dinner at seven sharp. Say I have gone to St. Paul." —*Snag.*

—"Mother, I think the spinal vertebrae of the frigid season have received a severe fracture," remarked the high school girl to her mother. "Yes," replied the old lady, "I expected your father would hurt that dog when he threw the poker at it." —*Out City Derrick.*

—In the Heppner Hills this season the recherche thing in overalls is to have the pocket corners braided in lieu of the copper rivets that were on regle last season. They are worn either stuffed into the boots or worn outside. An elite thing in watch chains is a wide buckskin strap worn dangling from the pocket and ornamented with a stud-horse poker chip. It also works for a ranch razor strap. An esthetic rustic substitute for a button is a shingle nail or a piece of sharpened stick poked through a galls hole. This style is popular on some ranches, but it is a bad thing to fall down on. —*Heppner (Or.) Gazette.*

## POST-OFFICE NOMENCLATURE.

Some of the queer names that are scattered through the country.

The appointment of large numbers of Postmasters in all parts of the country at this time brings to the surface some of the very many queer names that are scattered through the long list of post-offices through the country. There are a good many of them too. There are over fifty thousand post-offices in the country, and a good many of them with very queer names. There are as a rule twenty or thirty named after each Postmaster General. It has been a custom in the Department to name a post-office in nearly every State and Territory after each newly-appointed Postmaster General. There was, as it will be remembered, a great "run" on the name of Hatton. So there was in the cases of many of the heads of the Department, though it is asserted that the present Postmaster General will not be in favor of this sort of foolishness with regard to his own name.

There are, however, a very large number of queer names turning up constantly in the very large number of changes being constantly made. Many of them, too, have a very interesting and curious history. One of the most curious to know that the post-office "Hattol" was named for Postmaster General Hatton. The people applied to him that office named Hatton, but being told that there was already an office of that name in the States they wrote back saying, "Well, call it Hattol, then," and it was so called. It very often happens that the name comes back quite different from that which they asked. The citizens of Stone County, Missouri, petitioned for an office to be called "Flatwood," but it came back "Blue Eye." Another in Louisiana called for the name of "Lima," but the Department returned the word "Dallou," and so it remains.

Another community in Georgia after proposing several names, all of which were rejected, was christened "Enigma." The minds of men run in different grooves, for one man consulted for a like purpose, replied, "Call it Corn Cob or Pig Tail," and "Corn Cob" it became. Georgia has an office named "Talking Rock." Some one discovered in the vicinity a large stone upon which had been painted the words, "Turn me over." It required considerable strength to accomplish this, and when it was done the command, "Now turn me over," was let out. Some one else painted on the underside of the stone met the eye. Dry bones of zinc ore, found in Wisconsin, furnished the name for "Dry Bone" office, and "Fossilville" comes from the fossil from ore mined in Pennsylvania. The family of Jolly makes a "Jollytown," and that of Fee a "Fell City." "Sis," in Pennsylvania, is indebted for its name to a young lady thus familiarly known, who was indignantly called "Sis" by several men were struggling to solve the difficult problem of naming the new office, and whose appearance was the suggestion that settled the matter. A commonplace name, if founded on some striking incident, will continue against mere sentimental ones.

A dog found hanging to a tree by a grapevine in one of the Southern States gave name to a stream of water which finds a national as well as a local recognition in the office of "Hanging Dog," "Fish Hook" and "Shoe Hill" gain their names by the winding of the water-courses, and "Spearfish" from the sport of spearing fish. "Tar Heel," in North Carolina, was adopted at the suggestion of a popular young Confederate soldier. It was used by the Union soldiers to designate the Confederates, and accepted by the latter as complimentary. A man's skull lying under a small bluff in Tennessee gave name to the office of "Skull Bone." Kentucky has an office named "Pig," "Blowing Rock," in North Carolina, came from an eminence at the top of which the wind blows with great force. "Shanghai," in Indiana, was named for the taller of the two brothers who settled there about the time Shanghai or Braham chickens were first introduced into this country. West Virginia has a "Shanghai" also, named at about the same time. "Broken Arrow," in Alabama, comes from an Indian legend that a brave once shot a deer on the banks of a beautiful stream near by, which empties into the Coosa River. The deer, in its death struggles, broke the arrow with which it was pierced, and from this incident tradition says that portion of the country was named Thetika, which in English signifies broken arrow. There are two "Tip-Top" offices. One comes from its topographical position as the highest point on a railway survey in Kentucky, and is, in fact, the highest point between Louisville and New Orleans. Two prospectors in Arizona discovered a mine and took specimens to test in the fire. The specimens came out covered with blisters of silver, and one of the men remarked that it was tip-top ore, to which the other remarked that it was a tip-top mine, and the name was taken. —*Washington Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.*

## Old Letters.

A few days since, while repairing the house in which Mrs. Black lives, the workmen found between the ceiling and the weather boarding about a bushel of old letters. Inquiry showed that the house had been used as a post-office in the early years of the war, and that these letters had slipped between the ceiling and outer wall. Many of the letters were perfectly preserved, while others were rat-eaten and soiled. Curiosity, of course, led us to break the seals of several of these, but soon we discovered we were trespassing upon graves of some of our fathers and mothers, and a few were business letters to their sons; some from wives to their husbands, and a few were business letters. Most of the names were familiar to the writer, and many of them were acquaintances and friends of old long since. A majority of the persons, both writers and those to whom they were written, have "passed over the river." —*Quilman (Ga.) Free Press.*

## SWING-SKITTLES.

An Old English Game—Its Adoption in Germany.

The good old English game of skittles, perhaps from its being constantly associated with the idea of beer, ranks somewhat low among popular amusements; its chief votaries will be found among the frequenters of suburban tear-gardens or of roadside public houses. It is useful in its way as providing opportunities for the display of a certain amount of address, combined with more or less physical exercise, according to the energy of the players; but there is a general roughness and want of nicety about the game which makes it account for its not having made its way into favor as an adjunct to our country house recreations, especially as these defects render it ill adapted for the gentler sex. The American form of the game, the bowling or ten-pin alley, is a very great improvement. The necessity for physical strength is reduced, while that for skill is increased, thereby making it better adapted for both sexes; but it must be played indoors, or at all events in a covered alley, in order to prevent the "table" from being damaged by exposure to the weather; and, moreover, the weight of the balls and the length of the ground render the construction of this "table" somewhat costly. Further, it is almost impossible to play for any length of time without having a boy constantly at the end of the alley to pick up the pins and send back the balls to the players.

Southern Germany has a different form of the game, very much in vogue; the ball, instead of being bowled, is swung by a rope suspended from a sort of gallows, and thus returns by its own momentum to the player's hand after every stroke. Nothing in the way of a "table" is required beyond a small square frame on which the pins stand, and this may be made of stone or of wood sufficiently strong to withstand the weather. The pins are all of different colors, and are made by any ordinary carpenter and may be left out of doors during the whole summer without taking any damage. A very small space is required, a plot of ground twenty-four feet long with a breadth of sixteen feet being amply sufficient; thus there is scarcely any garden in which a corner might not be found with room enough. This game is to be seen in the gardens of almost every "Wirthschaft," in the Black Forest—gardens that differ very much from those of our public houses in that they are frequented and civilized by the men of the lower and middle classes, who after working hours spend the long summer evenings in these resorts. Many of the hotels have one of these skittle grounds attached to them in some shady nook, adding much to the attractions of the life of an on-looker. It is a game of almost every kind, and is frequently also to be seen in the gardens of private residences, showing that the game is by no means practiced only by the lower classes. It has been long known in England on the toy and miniature scale, and has even in its fullness been sometimes imported here by some of those who have found it an agreeable pastime in Germany; and wherever it has been introduced it has met with favor in the neighborhood. —*London Saturday Review.*

## GENERAL BUTLER.

The Distinguished Gentleman a To-begone.

When I first went to Washington, the western approach to the Capitol, before the "pending improvements" were commenced, was through a fine old park, the heavy foliage of which in spring concealed much of the Capitol from view. The approach then led up two steep parallel terraces, which extended the whole length of the building. The pages, in winter time, took advantage of these declivities for coasting. Instead of sleds, however, they used certain large paste-board envelope boxes, which they obtained from the folding-room.

One day, the terraces and park grounds were covered with a thick, hard coat of sleet; so the envelope-boxes were brought out, and the lively tobogganing began. In the midst of the sport, General Benjamin F. Butler, accompanied by other Representatives, came along, and stopped on the parapet to witness the fun. As he seemed to enjoy the sight, one of the pages asked him if he would take a ride. After a brief deliberation, the General remarked: "Well, I think I will."

In a moment, a box was placed at his disposal near the edge of the parapet, or upper terrace. In this, with considerable difficulty, the portly representative ensconced himself, and soon he stated that he was "ready." At the word, the pages gave him a vigorous shove, and down he went with lightning swiftness, to the great delight of the assembled spectators. As with increased momentum he struck the lower terrace, the box parted, and, with terrific speed, he finished the trip, "all by himself." And he was still going when lost in the distance of the park! —*Edmund Alton, in St. Nicholas.*

## The Charm of Flowers.

When a whiff of fragrance floats up the stony, dusty street, and we thereupon meet a girl under a shady parasol, with a big bunch of violets at her throat, a sense of daintiness, of sweetness, of pleasure lingers with us that is not always suggested by far more costly attire, and is not even dependent upon personal beauty in the wearer. A woman who sets a cluster of marguerites or pale pink roses, freshly gathered, against the waist of her blue gingham dress, in the early morning hours, dresses that she has an eye for the rest of the soberest thoughts and things with a certain grace. —*Chicago Tribune.*

A man running a race looks not at the admiring w. tresses, but only at the mark. —*Y. M. C. A. Watchman.*

## BLENDED FACES.

What the Scientific Photographers Have Accomplished.

The scientific photographers have accomplished a wonderful thing. They have succeeded in producing an actual portrait of the man who exists and whom no man ever saw.

The assertion is not as fanciful as it seems. In the last issue of *Science* appear four portraits illustrating what has been accomplished. The method of composite photography, devised originally by Francis Galton, is simply this: Given a number of men or women, shadowy photographs of each are taken, and, from all these shadows a blended is produced a face. It is a face of no one of those who sat, but it is the face of a human being whose countenance expresses all their traits. This is the theory of the photographer. The face produced bears out the idea. It is a clearly-defined countenance with an expression of its own. It is something striking and fascinating. In one of the photographs printed twelve mathematicians have their faces blended in a new countenance. It is the typical mathematician. "Sixteen naturalists" faces form one, those of thirty-one painters another. There is a wonderful resemblance between the two faces thus produced. Naturalists and painters alike are students of form and color and outline. It is a new face produced by this queer process. No one of the original faces is reproduced. The remarkable device eliminates that source—so far as it appears in the face—of so much of our unhappiness and unpopularity, "the personal equation." Like the body after death, it disappears, but still exists, though, unlike the body after death, it is not dispensed through all nature but is condensed into one entity, a visible thing.

The striking thing about these composite faces is that the blending seems to bring out in bold relief of expression the dominant trait of the class. The one prevailing idea of the group shows in the combined face strongly. It suggests vast possibilities from the discovery of the photographers. The face shows the nature of a class, its strength and weakness, its degree of kindness and dignity, its faults and follies. It is the reflection of the soul of the group. What studies might be made on this idea, what social and political reforms suggested by its pursuit, and how curious and interesting would be the result of some combinations!

It is the fact that the central idea so protrudes itself in the developed countenance which makes the experiment attractive. It would be interesting to combine the faces of a score of prize-fighters to secure the resultant countenance, to mingle the faces of a city's ward politicians and get the face of a creature so crafty, and covetous, and unscrupulous, as to methods that it would be alarming. Would the faces of a dozen clergymen reveal one with a kindly eye for the sisters and a look betokening that a "call" would be felt for that place offering the largest salary? And what sort of a face would the combination of those of a dozen leading editors produce? There is a charm about the idea. What a face could be constructed from the money-makers, the men who steal franchises and live on indirect taxation of the public! How the mark would come out in that countenance, how foxy would become the nose of which in the individual we scarcely note the dishy, sideling indentation. And so might be made experiments with a hundred types.

Perhaps by a thousand tests, blending the faces of those with at least clean records, a picture could be produced which would tell a better story, which would be recognized without debate as belonging to the ideal man; strong, kind and wise. Unfortunately that man in the flesh could never be produced. Our system of blending blood in real life would not allow the ages upon ages of requisite stirpiculture.

Of course these are but fancies. Yet in Gaeton's discovery there is probably the germ of what will result in a thousand practical benefits. The average of forms is a frequent requisite of the artist and the naturalist. A use for the average of faces will soon come. —*Chicago Tribune.*

## NATURAL HISTORY.

Its Study and Pursuit a Healthy and Instructive Occupation.

There is no doubt that in England, as well as in France and Germany, the collecting of moths is a very general recreation as compared with the United States. That it is harmless is a negative praise; that a pursuit of its objects is healthful, and takes the man who works in the city out into the fresh country air, is a positive recommendation. But the labor is also instructive. Things have not changed very much since the days of Malpighi, and biology is a respected and necessary study. And throughout the world of animated beings it may be safely said that the growth and changes of life can nowhere be so easily and pleasantly observed as in the rearing of butterflies and moths from the egg. As to butterflies, it may be asserted that they are less interesting than their cousins the moths, who constitute the elder branch of the great natural group of scaly-winged insects, or *Lepidoptera*, to which both belong. The butterflies are less numerous in species, or kinds, and more uniform in habit and appearance. These gaudy and papery-winged day-flies have their own attractions and present their own scientific problems, but in number, diversity, soft and delicate colors, and patterns and unexpected modes of life, they can not hold a candle, to speak both figuratively and appositely, to the foolish but lovely moths. —*Prof. A. R. Grote, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Last March a party of twenty emigrants left Russell County, Virginia, for the West. One of the number sold a small farm before leaving. Recently they all returned on the money of the man who sold the land. —*Philadelphia Times.*

## CRUELTY IN SCHOOLS.

The Recompense That Follows Inhuman Treatment in the Public Schools.

Three instances of cruelty in the schools have at separate times come to us, with the recompense which followed. One was of a boy who was brutally whipped by his teacher, and who withdrew from school, and in time went into the war, where after long and brave service he returned home to die, of a wound. His greatest struggle in preparing for death was to forgive the tyrant of the school. Years had gone by but the memory of that wrong, when it flashed into his mind, sent the blood again to his brow, and he prayed and struggled against it. The teacher and all around knew about the dying youth's sorest temptation, and what regret and remorse that teacher felt, knowing that the sting of his cruel whip had tortured a poor soul even to his grave. Another case was of a little girl, through whose tender shoulders the whip cut and stained her dress with blood. She grew up with this same bitter recollection; and finding no other way to overcome and efface it, she became that man's benefactor through many a sore trait, though he seemed destitute of repentance or remorse. Another case was of a boy both of whose hands were bruised and lacerated, by a burly teacher, so severely that the discreet mother deemed it prudent to conceal the wrong from the father, lest worse violence should come of it. More than a decade and a half of years passed away and the teacher and the scholar met—happily surrounded by immediate social restraints. The situation in the school-room was now reversed. The fear and trembling, the bowed head and quailing heart were transferred to the tyrant of long ago, as he heard his cruelties and character in the years past minutely set forth to him—how he had brutally beaten and oppressed the children of the toiling poor who had no redress, and who would submit to almost any wrong for the purpose of securing a little education, and who were thus wholly at his mercy, or rather the reverse of mercy. In these and in other instances there is one consideration that should be remarked and deeply pondered. In the cases of the boys referred to, they said that the whole scene was more vividly impressed on their memories than anything in the experience of their lives. The cruel eye and brow, and the ferocious lips, as the blows fell, were branded in the memory, and were utterly ineffaceable. That countenance as it then was would be called up, vivid as life, by any associated memory, and the glare would set the blood on fire. It was not in either case a cherished revenge, but a dreadful reminder, a recurrence of the old scene of cruelty, with every minute detail, to the mind. Doubtless many, possibly all, of our readers have some such pictures of terror or pain, from one or another cause, in their memories. There is a profound warning in this fact, especially to parents, to beware of punishing their children in anger. If done in grief and love, the grief and love of the parent will never be forgotten, but be a perpetual influence for good to the corrected child. Much less if done in anger will the anger ever be forgotten. It is probable that the larger—perhaps nearly all—the element of revenge is preserved by those mental photographs. They are liable to obliterate the impression on the memory, because the impression on the excited mind is so much stronger than any other, and the wrong-doer stands forever, as he stood in that dire instant, an object of utter repugnance. Doubtless, also, this explains why the passion of revenge so dominates the savage mind, which has no restraints of principle, or culture, or Christian grace. Other wrongs make no such lasting impression. They are much more easily forgotten and forgiven. They have not the photographic energy of terror and pain. —*Chicago Interior.*

## Old Dartford.

On entering the High street of Dartford our attention is first drawn to an inn famous in the coaching days. The Bull Inn still preserves its antique architectural character, and is a worthy example of "past coachfulness" and present coachlessness. In ante-railway days the courtyard, with its quaint wooden balcony surrounding it, often presented a busy scene; and the bustle and excitement caused by the daily arrival and departure of seventy coaches formed a strong contrast with its present peaceful character. It was at the Bull Inn that George IV. was grossly insulted while changing horses, by a working cobbler, who thrusting his shaggy head into the carriage window and looking the King in the face, roared out: "You are a murderer!" in allusion to his recent treatment of Queen Caroline. —*Art Journal.*

## "Cousin."

"How's your cousin, mister!" asked a countryman who wished to appear well up in city styles to a city landlord. The landlord looked surprised, but replied that it was up to the standard, he hoped.

"That's what I pay my money for," responded the countryman. "None o' your snide cousins for me. I'll try some at breakfast."

"Ya-as," dubiously, said the landlord. "Do you like the big, round promontory, or will you have your cousin trimmed at the edge?"

"Who said anything about cousin?"

Your cousin, I said; that's French for cooking. I should think you ought to know, if you keep a first-class tavern."

"Oh, yes, our cuisine; certainly, certainly. Walk right in to breakfast, sir." —*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—One of the largest single electric lights ever constructed was placed on exhibition at Seneca Falls, N. Y., recently. It was of fifty thousand candle power, and was made in Ilion. The light was placed on the tower of a building at a height of seventy-five feet from the ground. It is intended to illuminate the whole village. —*Buffalo Express.*



## THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

TOPEKA, KANSAS

### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL

—Abraham Lincoln's largest fee as a lawyer was five thousand dollars in a railroad case.—*Chicago Herald.*

—"I would rather go a thousand miles to see a remarkable man than one mile to see a magnificent view."—James Anthony Froude told a California reporter who asked how he liked the scenery.

—Dr. Doremus, of New York, is left-handed from the fact that he was born without a right hand. He makes twenty-five thousand dollars a year from chemical analyses, mostly of patent medicines.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The President of Costa Rica lives in the finest house in the capital city, and his residence and the Palacio Federal, which is near it, are about the only two-story structures in the place. He receives house rent free, the use of two horses and a carriage, a salary of \$10,000 a year, and uses soldiers for his servants.

—Miss Lillian Smith, the wonderful rifle-shot of the Pacific Slope, is a plump little maiden only thirteen years old. At an early age Miss Lillian displayed a remarkable propensity to kill all that came within her reach, and at seven years of age she manufactured for herself a bow-gun, with which she slaughtered all the little birds about the house.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The late John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, left his children very large fortunes. The three best known are Robert, who is worth fifteen million dollars; T. Harrison, worth ten million dollars; and Mary, who has fifty thousand dollars a year. The oldest of the two sons named is not the eldest son of the late John W. Garrett, as generally supposed. The first-born of the great railroad magnate was mentally weak, and has for years been an inmate of an insane asylum, his existence being almost unknown save to a few intimate friends.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—At a recent wedding in the Savoy Chapel, London, the bridesmaids were very young children. One of these maidens, apparently two or three years of age, became rather tired of the service and began to ask questions of the bride as they stood in the chancel. Finding, however, that her prattle was unheeded, she very composedly seated herself on the chancel steps, facing the wedding guests, and emptying her basket of flowers, rearranged them to suit her infantile taste. She came in for a greater share of admiration than the bride.

—Franklin once attended a public sitting of the French Academy. He understood but little French, yet wishing to appear sociable and polite, he resolved to applaud whenever he saw a certain lady of his acquaintance, Madame de Bouffiers, give signs of satisfaction. When the meeting was at an end, his little boy said to him: "Why, papa, you kept on clapping, and louder than anybody else, every time they were praising you." The philosopher had then to explain the difficulty of his situation and how he had tried to get out of it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE"

—It is no indication that a cat knows the value of money because it always carries its paws with it.

—The Emperor of Austria, it is said, has a private circus. So has many a married man who isn't an emperor when he gets home late from the club.—*Boston Times.*

—"How long does this train stop for refreshments?" asked a traveler as he entered a railroad restaurant in Georgia. "It depen's on how hungry de conductah am," said the waiter.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Bossting of her industrious habits, an Irish housemaid said she rose at five and made her fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and made all the beds before any one else was up in the house.

—An Englishman, in looking down a list of American towns, came to those bearing the well-known names of Pawtucket, Shetucket and Nantucket. "Haw! haw!" he exclaimed. "Bless me, if the whole family didn't take it!"—*Golden Days.*

—She was in the kitchen—  
Hans fell in love with a shrewd little maid,  
And every night by her window he stood,  
And there he told her of his love and of his good.  
He spoke of his love and of his good,  
But vainly he tried once to rouse  
Her mind over her shrewd old house.  
He was play on her front of dot house,  
And she sleep on her little back kitchen.—*Carl Prezel.*

—A Pennsylvania school-girl astonished her teacher with the following composition: "George Washington the first President of the United States born in Virginia. In the year 1776 George was a little boy he would never tell a lie. Because he thought it was not nice. It is not nice neither. He studied all kinds of things to be a President."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—"There's a good deal of money in the house to-night," said the head waiter. "Nonsense!" replied the manager; "more than three-quarters of them are deadheads." "That's the idea I was seeking to convey," said the head waiter; "I supposed there must be a good deal of money in the house; I know that very few of them left any at the box-office."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Husband (at the dinner-table)—  
"It strikes me, my dear, that the new cook is not as good as the old one." Fashionable wife—"No, her cooking is very bad. For the last day or two poor little Fido has displayed signs of distress and I attribute it to her having eaten improperly cooked food. Unless the dear little thing improves very much within a short time, I shall certainly make a change."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—About one acre in a hundred of the arable land in the country is occupied by zigzag fences.—*Nashville American.*

### USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Cut warm bread or cake with a warm knife.

—It is much better to be a good farmer than a large one.

—A tablespoonful of vinegar in the pot will make tough meat of chicken tender.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Horses soon become very fond of sunflower seed, if fed to them in small quantities with oats.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The best preventive against insect enemies, remarks the *Western Rural*, is to keep all plants in a healthy, vigorous condition.

—For sugar-beets the ground should be well prepared, plowed deep and thoroughly pulverized. The roots require a deep soil, and the portion that grows underground contains the most saccharine matter; but none of the beet will grow above ground if the soil is mellow enough to permit it to penetrate it.—*Boston Journal.*

—Linen umbrella cases, either double or single, are decorated with etchings and mottoes. One of the designs for the top portion shows two childish figures, that of a little girl curiously holding a newspaper and questioning, "Do it say rain?" Among other mottoes are, "Take Me," "Wet or Dry, a friend am I," and "Weather Wise," in connection with an owl perched on a weather vane.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—When you are tired of plain boiled or fried eggs, try this way of serving them for breakfast: Butter a pie plate and cover the bottom with fine bread crumbs, then break enough eggs for your family and drop them on the plate and cover with a layer of bread crumbs, sprinkle pepper and salt over this and put some little lumps of butter over it. Bake in a quick oven for five minutes.—*Boston Budget.*

—Where only few cows are kept the cream-pot should have its contents stirred daily. This is partly to expose the cream to the air to allow it to oxygenize. This even ripening of cream will insure more butter, and with succulent feed will enable the owner of a dairy to make nearly or quite as good butter in winter as in summer. With cows long in milk, however, the butter in winter will come slowly.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Mrs. Edgar J. Bliss, who received the first premium for dairy butter at a recent fair, made the following statement of her way of making it: The milk is set in pans upon slatted shelves, and after twenty-four hours, skimmed and churned in a barrel churn at a temperature of sixty degrees. The butter at once put into a wooden pail with ice water, salted and washed, handled with a ladle only. This process is repeated twice and the butter packed or balled, as required, also salted to suit, but never touched by the hands.—*Chicago Journal.*

### ON THE FARM.

The Fuel Question—Oil Stoves—Vegetables and Fruits.

"It is a great saving of time, money and patience to get wood enough out for the summer and have it all nicely piled up in the wood house and door yard." Two of my neighbors are very similarly situated, each has a wood-lot and both burn wood through the summer. One prepares enough in winter to last the entire season, and one is obliged even in harvest time to stop and cut wood. Now if we observe the farming operations of these two men we shall find the same difference in their work throughout. We shall notice a foresight of coming necessities and a preparation for them on the one hand, and trusting to luck on the other. We shall find one has laid plans and provided for all the details, the other has simply decided what he will undertake to do without any definite idea of the best means of doing it, and without counting the cost. One will be in easy circumstances, the other hampered with debts he can not pay, and which he could have avoided with a little more judgment and foresight. As to the question of wood there is one point the thrifty farmer should learn as quickly as possible, and that is, it is folly to permit his family to do their cooking and other work over a hot stove in summer, when they can do so much cheaper and easier over an oil stove. It does not cost as much for the oil as the outlay of the wood is worth, on the supposition that the wood is already at the door, and four feet long. With a good oil stove a woman can gather breakfast while she is making the wood fire, and blow out the fire as soon as the cooking is done. This saves heating the house and the labor is much less.

This is a great invention and will be a great benefit to housekeepers generally. I do not believe the perfect oil stove is made yet, but there are several kinds that do very well, for I do not know which is best. I know I would not be without one for ten times the cost. On a farm there are many cases where a great deal of expense adds greatly to the comfort of a family. One of these is the supply of fresh vegetables and fruits through the season, and one reason for a deficiency of these is, the farmer does not think about it at the proper season. In most cases the farmer has green peas once through the season. He should have them many times. The farmer who has not at ready done so should prepare at once for sowing some of the earliest kind, and then sow at intervals through the season. Asparagus and pea plant should be on every farm. Raspberries, strawberries and currants are easily raised, and worth much more than they cost. It is the foolish man that says "I can't fuss with such things," and makes his family do without them. A good supply of vegetables and small fruits will make a large part of the living of a family. A farmer who fails to have a good bed of strawberries makes a blunder. The labor is very little. In making a bed set some but young plants, and these from a new bed. Do not get plants from some old bed because they cost nothing. It is cheaper to pay a trifle for plants that are right. On the other hand do not pay much for plants; it costs nothing to raise them, and they can be afforded at a cheap rate. The variety is not material, any cultivated kind will do to begin with, and they all have their merits.—*Christian at Work.*

### GOOD WORDS FOR SHODDY.

A Manufacturer's Views of Woolen Rags and Waste.

"Shoddy," said a well-known manufacturer, "is made of everything in the shape of woolen rags and woolen yarn waste. We get rags from the big ready-made clothing houses, from merchant tailors and from all kind of mills—jacket, cassimere, shirt, etc.—that make woolen goods or yarns. Woolen goods make waste in nearly all departments, and much of it is converted into shoddy. This waste is converted into coarse, fine, medium, etc., and also as to color, and whether all wool or free from cotton. It is necessary to do a great deal of dyeing to obtain the requisite amount of certain colors. After grading, etc., it is run through what we call shoddy pickers and then through woolen cards. It is graded, by the way, very much more closely than wool, so that each lot will run all through an even grade. After it is carded, it is packed in bags like wool—in fact is wool of many colors. A shoddy made from a certain quality of yarn will be as long staple as the wool the yarn was originally made from, but will be quite as long staple and very much finer than wools that would cost twice as much. A manufacturer can therefore, use coarse wool for the body of a material, and fine shoddy for the face. It may be likened, in some respects, to an old-fashioned piece of furniture, made of pine and covered with a thin veneer of some more valuable wood. It has a nice appearance, and the customer gets what he pays for. So it is with shoddy. It enables a manufacturer to get up goods that have a fine face and wear well at such prices that a poor man can afford to buy them."

"How about the wear of goods containing shoddy?"

"Well, they certainly wear as long as they should for their cost. Another point in favor of them, they utilize an immense amount of material that would otherwise go to waste. Manufacturers buy largely of the color they want to use, and to save the expense of dyeing. It sells for from five to forty cents per pound, but principally at from twelve to twenty-five cents. It is a business of itself, and the amount of it used is immense."

"Shoddy," said a large satinet manufacturer, "is used the same as wool, mixed with wool, and sometimes with cotton. Nearly all nice goods have some shoddy in them, particularly if they are backed. It does not necessarily follow because goods are shoddy that they are not strong and serviceable. Low grades of wools—what we call satinet—are printed, and look as nice as fancy cassimeres. I will show you some," producing a number of attractive patterns. "Now, this is a low grade of goods. Quite stylish, isn't it? We have to be more particular even than the manufacturers of cassimeres in getting up the styles for them. Very attractive patterns and novelties are what we are after. The printing is done the same as calico printing—with copper rollers. Before printing the satinet is all colors and shades, and worth from twelve and one-half to fifty cents per yard. The printing costs five cents per yard."

"What proportion of shoddy is there in this satinet worth fifty cents per yard?"

"Probably seventy-five per cent. But you must remember that there is as much difference in the quality of shoddy as there is in the quality of wool. If you want to buy goods at twelve and one-half cents per yard to make pantaloons you can not expect it to contain much wool, or even a very fine quality of shoddy. Personally, I question if there is any economy in buying cheap goods; but the introduction of shoddy enables a poor man to procure a good looking and serviceable suit for a very small amount of money. Many men can buy a suit for twelve or fifteen dollars that would be obliged to go in rags if they waited until they could afford one that cost fifty dollars. About two dollars and a half will purchase enough satinet to make a good, serviceable suit. All woolen goods, to make a suit that would last no longer, would cost three times as much. Now, here are some goods that were made by the first manufacturer that ever used shoddy in this country. This material was at first sent down South for the negroes. It is just as strong as cloth can be made. I do not care who makes it. It is made rather better now than it was at first, and is sold very largely to public institutions. It contains about seventy-five per cent of shoddy, and will wash and come out new every time. People look at shoddy very differently now from what they did in war times."—*Boston Globe.*

### Wire Worm.

This pest is a very provoking one, and excites many inquiries. We have two or three inquiries now in regard to it. It preys upon almost every crop that is grown. They do not trouble beans, peas and buckwheat, but we do not now think of any other crop that they sometimes do not injure. They resemble a worm and resemble wire, and hence their name is very appropriate. Remedies, so called, are to a large degree, unsatisfactory. Fall plowing is in the direction of a remedy, and so is frequent harrowing. This gives the birds in the fall and spring a chance at them. In England they practice burying potatoes early, and marking the place. The grubs collect on them to feed, and can thus be captured and destroyed. Both gas lime and salt are used to advantage in Europe, being placed with the seed at time of planting. Some advise the sowing of buckwheat the second year after the plowing under soil, should the wire worm be very abundant. The first year, one experienced farmer and gardener says, they seem to prefer the decaying grass roots, and buckwheat seems distasteful or poisonous to them. The same is but little less true, the same writer says, of beans and peas.—*Western Rural.*

—The salary of a lady in waiting to Queen Victoria is two thousand five hundred dollars per annum.

### RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Mrs. Livermore was the first woman to ever speak before a Harvard College assembly. She spoke there recently.—*Hartford Post.*

—During the last nine years France has spent nearly \$5,000,000 per annum on increasing and reorganizing her university institutions.

—The New York *Advocate* claims that the Methodist Church has had 40,000 persons added to its membership in the past three months.

—The Boston Latin School has celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It is spoken of as the pioneer institution of the public school system of America. It is a year older than Harvard.

—Fourteen States have now adopted laws requiring temperance instruction in public schools. The additions the present season are Pennsylvania, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, Wisconsin, Alabama, Maine, Missouri and New Jersey.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Although Costa Rica is burdened with a public debt of about ten dollars per capita of her population, the Government supports a university and public schools in every city and village. The schools are free, except an enrolling fee of two dollars for each pupil annually, and teachers are paid from thirty-five to fifty dollars per month.

—The Roman Catholics claim about 100,000 colored members in the United States, two-thirds of whom reside in the States of Maryland, Kentucky and Louisiana. The St. Joseph's Missionary Society began systematic work among these people about nineteen years ago, and held its first general chapter at Baltimore ten years ago.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A clergyman desiring contributions for a special object, fitted up an ox horn at the church door. Upon this he inscribed his aspirations to this effect: "This 'orn was once on the head of a hox, and now hit his missionary box." It might have been the old Englishman's seal, or no fitting emblem of the two, but certain it is that this special missionary box attracted contributions in an extraordinary manner.—*Chicago Times.*

—Prof. Blackie is not the only eccentric master the young men of Edinburgh University have had over them. Prof. Christison—whose son became eminent in Edinburgh Medical School—once having caught a student winking in his Latin class, ordered him to stand up and spoke as follows: "No smirking, no smiling, and above all, no flapping of the winks; for such things are harmful to yourselves, harmful to the republic, and will bring down the gray hairs of your parents with sorrow to the grave. Hum! by the way, that's a very pretty sentence; turn it into Latin, sir."

—The Chautauqua (N. Y.) Literary and Scientific Circle, recognizing the demand for education in the practical pursuits of life, and encouraged by the wonderful success of its former efforts, has decided to add to its great school another branch, to be called the Chautauqua Town and Country Club, and to be devoted to the practical study of agriculture. The most novel feature of the club will be the programme of work. All members will be expected to select from a prepared list one or more pieces of work to be done on the farm, in the garden or in the house; to perform the work carefully and thoroughly, and to send in a written report of the work.—*Buffalo Express.*

—A Western citizen who had been worried in a tight 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.*

—As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent, for there is not any man, either so great or so little, but he is yet capable of giving and receiving benefits.

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