

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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Heaton, the union labor candidate for congress will if possible, be induced to withdraw with the hope of defeating Tom Ryan and electing Overmeyer.

There are 1,500 Americans in Honduras engaged in mining. There was about \$1,000,000 of gold and silver taken out last year, chiefly from one mine, and this year the product will reach \$3,000,000.

Golden or rather tin days are coming for the Black Hills. The great deposits of tin ore in the region of Rapid City are soon to be worked. A company has been formed with \$15,000,000 capital; \$200,000 has already been paid out for claims, and as soon as proper railroad facilities are afforded, Deadwood will doubtless become a second Leadville.

A will lately admitted to probate in Philadelphia is that of a man who left all his property to his beloved wife. What lends a peculiar interest to the will at present is the fact that the husband was murdered by the beloved wife, who is now in prison awaiting trial for murder. It would have been more appropriate for him to have appointed her his executor.

Success in breeding depends quite as much upon close attention to all the details of management as upon anything else.

People who steadily drift along with "the crowd" are rarely ever able to foresee a change in the direction or volume of the current which bears them along.

It is narrated that at a celebration that took place within a few days at Vancouver, B. C., the leading team was decorated exclusively with American flags, while in almost all instances the Union Jack was simply accorded second place.

While Jeremiah Haley, a blacksmith, of Westerly, R. I., was shoeing a horse, the animal caught its foot in a rent in Haley's apron, and in struggling to free itself threw Haley upon the floor, trampling upon him and breaking his collar bone and badly cutting his head.

Three horses were shipped on a car from Birmingham, Alabama, the other day, and at a way-station some distance out, it was found that the door was open and but two beasts in the place. The odd part is that diligent search along and about the track failed to discover a trace of the animal.

A horse that would balk and kick terribly before the plow I cured at once by simply blinding him with a cloth for half an hour, says a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune. At quite long intervals this would have to be repeated. I have a very unruly fellow now that I can only keep inside an ordinary fence by fastening a hood over his eyes when turned out to pasture. I think almost any balking horse could be made to pull by simply covering his eyes for a short time.

As the farmer pays his two dollars extra for the barrel of flour, he will hardly relish learning that Addison Cainmack, the great bear operator in stocks, made a million dollars in the recent fluctuations in the wheat market.

Delegates to Framers' Congress.

Governor Martin has appointed the following citizens, delegates and alternates to the farmers' congress of the United States to be held in Topeka on November 14:

Delegates at large—A. W. Smith of McPherson, Matt Edmonds of McLouth, Alternates—J. C. Cusey of Lewisburg, J. J. Veach of Haddam City.

First district—B. F. Wallace of Effingham; alternate, T. J. Elliot of Morrill. Second district—L. W. Breyfogle of Johnson county; alternate, S. J. Stewart of Allen county.

Third district—A. P. Sanders of Labette county; alternate, W. H. Gibson of Chautauqua county.

Fourth district—Thomas M. Potter, of Marion county; alternate, J. C. Rankin, of Osage county.

Fifth district—A. P. Collins, of Saline county; alternate, T. Ingersoll, of Clay county.

Sixth district—A. P. Balch, of Jewell county; alternate, S. B. Farwell, of Osborn county.

Seventh district—R. E. Lawrence, of Sedgewick county; alternate, H. C. St. Clair, of Sumner county.

The national grange of the order of the Patrons of Husbandry and the Farmers' congress of the United States, both institutions in the interest of husbandry, and having for their object the educational, the moral, the social and material advancement of those directly interested in agricultural pursuits, will each convene in annual session in this city on November 14. The grange will continue in session about ten days, the congress about four days.

The Grange will be composed of delegates from at least thirty-five states, two delegates from each state, and sixteen officers distributed through out the country. In short, the Grange will comprise about eighty members.

The congress will be composed of delegates appointed by the governors of the several states, each state being entitled to as many delegates as it has members in both houses of congress; state boards of agriculture and agricultural colleges each being entitled to one delegate.

The Grange will meet in Representative hall and the congress in the senate chamber.

It is expected a large number of visitors from this and adjoining states will attend.

The sessions of the Grange will be secret except on Thursday the 15th, when a joint meeting or reception of the two orders will be held at Representative hall, at which speeches of welcome will be made by Governor Martin on behalf of the state; Hon. A. W. Smith, on behalf of the state board of agriculture; J. G. Otis, on behalf of the local Grange, and President Fairchild, on behalf of the State Agricultural college, and responded to by visiting members of the orders, to be selected by the orders. The meetings of the Grange will be open to the members of the order of course. Headquarters of the Grange have been established at the Copeland. The delegates to the Farmers' congress will have their headquarters at the Windsor, and the arrangements of the visitors at other hotels. These meetings will be very important to Topeka and the state and all interested in the objects which they have in view, the advancement in all directions of the interests of the people of the country engaged in agricultural pursuits, should do what they can to make them a success.

A heavy stock movement is in progress from the southwest. The Santa Fe has made up and started twenty-two stock trains from the Indian territory, Northern Texas and Southern Kansas, bound to Kansas City and Chicago within the past twenty-four hours. This is in addition to the stock shipped by the regular freight trains, which is considerable.

Information has been received at the office of the attorney general that two cases in which the state is interested, and which are now pending in the supreme court of the United States, have been set for December 17. They are known as "The Pullman Palace Car company vs. the State of Kansas," and "The State of Kansas vs. Willie Baldwin." The former suit is brought to restrain the authorities from collecting taxes from the Pullman company, and the latter is the well-known murder case in which the defendant was convicted of the murder of his sister.

The value of a newspaper is measured rather by the suggestions it makes, and by its statements of results attained under given circumstances, than by its dogmatic instruction.

The Romance of Dollard.

Some years ago the publisher of the Spirit was living in Danville, Ill., where he established the News of that city. Among the teachers of the city schools, was a Miss Hartwell, now Mrs. Catherwood, who now lives at Hoopston, a few miles north of that city. For some years past, Mrs. Catherwood has been writing very acceptable stories and other articles for leading papers and magazines. A new story of hers, with the above title, is to begin in the November Century. Of the way this story came to be accepted, a writer in the New York Critic, recently said:

I often hear people say that it is impossible for an "outsider" (I am not quite clear in my mind what constitutes an outsider) to get a manuscript accepted by any of the leading magazines. Having been unsuccessful in their own attempts, they give out that the magazines are edited in the interest of cliques, and that any one who is not of these cliques has no chance to sell his literary wares. Of course this is rubbish. It is the regular twaddle of the outs against the ins; but I never knew its absurdity more flatly proved than by a recent incident. A lady from the West visited the office of The Century a few days ago, with a manuscript novel in one hand and a letter of introduction in the other. The letter consisted of a few lines, merely saying that the writer knew nothing about the manuscript in question, but that it gave him great pleasure to introduce the lay, etc., etc. The editor received her politely, but when she explained her errand, he said jokingly: "We will read your manuscript, of course, but there is just as much probability of your being struck by lightning as of its appearing in the magazine. We have more manuscripts of novels in our safes than we can use in years."

"I shall stay in town until I get your decision," said the author, undaunted. "I am boarding at the Hotel, and I do not want to return to the West until I know the fate of my story."

The editor advised her not to remain in the city, as he believed she was simply wasting her time and money. He offered to take charge of the manuscript for her, and if it proved "not available" to try to place it elsewhere; but she was determined to remain, for she had faith in the story. Seeing her determination, he thought to save her the expense of a board bill by asking the reader of the house to send in an opinion as soon as possible. The opinion came within a few days, and was a very favorable one. Then the editor read the manuscript, and decided not only to publish it, but to publish it soon, and more than that, to publish it with illustrations. It may be imagined that the story was a particularly good one to win such instant recognition; but it is more than that, I am told, for it is conspicuous for its finish, and the evident determination of the author to do her very best to construct a beautiful work of art—a determination not always apparent in the work of some of our modern novelists.

Warner's Log Cabin Remedies—old-fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a "Sarsaparilla," "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract" for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

Keep a horse's bedding dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing in hot, fermenting manure causes thrush.

Jay Gould gives his young daughter \$25 a week for pocket money.

What Glycerine Will Do.

Few people realize, says the Scientific American, the importance of the uses of pure glycerine, and how it can be used and made available for purposes where no substitute is found that will take its place. As a dressing for ladies' shoes nothing equals it making the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact. Where they sweat, burnt alum and glycerine—one of the former to two of the latter—is rubbed on the feet at night, and a light som worn, the feet washed in the morning with tepid water will keep them during the day free from odor so disagreeable to those persons who are sufferers.

For bunions and corn, cannabis and glycerine, equal parts, painted on the union or corn, and bound around with cotton flannel where it comes in contact with the affected parts, will soon restore it to health.

As a face lotion, oatmeal made in paste with glycerine two parts, water one part, and applied to the face at night, with a mask worn over, will give in a short time, if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin.

As a dressing in the bath, two parts of water with two ounces of glycerine, scented with rose, which will impart a final freshness and delicacy to the skin.

In severe paroxysms in coughing, either in coughs, colds, or consumptives, one or two tablespoonfuls of pure glycerine in pure rye whiskey or hot rich cream will afford almost immediate relief; and to the consumptive a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, with proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine.

For diseased and inflamed gums two parts of golden seal, one part of powdered burnt alum, and two parts of glycerine, made in a paste and rubbed on the gums and around the teeth at night, strengthens and restores the gums to health, provided no tartar is present to cause the disease, which must be removed first before applying.

The coal mine operators at Bevier, Mo., refused to compromise with the striking miners.

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Never allow any one to tickle or tease your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment, and does not understand the joke. Never beat the horse when in the stable, as nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious.

GREAT IS TO-DAY

BY JOHN VANCE CHERRY.

Out on a world that's gone to seed!
The great tall corn is still a song in his seed;
Plant her breast with laughter, put song in
your toll.
The heart is still young in the mother-soil;
There's sunshine and bird song, and red and
white clover,
And love lives yet, world under and over.
The light's white as ever, sow and believe;
Clearer dew did not glisten 'round Adam and
Eve.
Never bluer heavens nor greener sod
Since the round world rolled from the hand of
God;
There's a sun to go down, to come up again,
There are new moons to fill when the old
moons wane.

Is wisdom dead since Plato's no more?
Who'll that babe be, in your cottage door?
While your Shakespeares, your Miltons, takes
his place in the tomb,
His brother is stirring in the good mother-
womb;
There's glancing of daisies and running of
brooks,
As life enough left to write in the books.
The world's not all wisdom, nor poems nor
flowers,
But each day has the same good twenty-four
hours.
The same light, the same night. For your
Jacob, no tears;
They see the Rachels at the end of the years;
There's waiving of wheat, and the tall, strong
corn.
And his heart-blood is water, that sitteth for-
lorn.

—The Century.

Peter Potter's Joke.

"You have made me very happy, Polly, and s'pose we set the day for Christmas."

Miss Polly Perkins looked lovingly into his eyes and answered affirmatively by leaning her head upon his shoulder.

They were sitting in the pretty parlor of a cosy cottage on the outskirts of Glenville. Their courtship had not been a long one—in fact, it had been short, earnest and decisive, and when Peter Potter parted with his betrothed that Sunday night he considered himself a very lucky man in securing such a prize as Polly Perkins, the prettiest lass in Glenville, who had eaten more philopenas and broken more chicken breastbones than any maiden for miles around.

True, she was only 20, while Peter was a bachelor away up in thirties; but he was a man of property and carried on a thriving grocery business in the village; and there were some girls in Glenville who would have felt very much "put out" if they had overheard the engagement words spoken that Sunday night. Christmas was now only two months off and Polly at once began to prepare her wedding trousseau. She was a poor girl who made her living by working in a cotton factory, and she had no relatives in the world except an old maiden aunt with whom she lived. She was a bright girl, somewhat pert in manner, and, on occasion, she could be as tart as vinegar.

Peter Potter was a queer mental compound. He was phenomenally unstable in his views on religion and politics; so much so, in fact, that he had won the nickname of "Peter Changeabout," and no one more faithfully observed the maxim "When you're among Romans do as the Romans do" than he. In politics he was an ardent Democrat; the next year he was a Republican, and once he figured as a bright and shining local light in the ranks of the Independent party.

Peter Potter was a man well liked by the people of Glenville. He was not stingy. He was foremost in his works of charity, and many a poor family, to which enforced idleness or sickness had brought privation, was the recipient of substantial gifts from his store. He was always a cheerful man, and no social party in Glenville was considered complete without his presents. He was very popular with the gentler sex. Moreover, he greatly enjoyed a practical joke, even if he himself were the victim of it. In this respect he could give and take with equal satisfaction to his risibilities in either case.

Now when the news got around that he had engaged himself to Miss Polly Perkins the gossips made all sorts of remarks about the matter not at all complimentary to Peter Potter.

"I'll bet a watermelon to a pumpkin seed," said Bill Jackson, the Postmaster, "that Peter Potter won't be on hand when the time comes. Of course he now thinks he loves Miss Perkins. But he's likely to be smitten with the charms of Sallie Tweedle next week, and with those of Susie Timkins before Thanksgiving comes. Poor Polly Perkins! She's too nice a body to be trifled with and made the jest and jeer of all the girls in town."

And this was the popular view taken of the situation, and some of the gossips were not directory in saying so much to Miss Perkins. Nevertheless, she had faith in her affianced, and received the tattle of the busybodies without allowing her good nature to be ruffled for a moment.

"Why," said she to a neighbor one day, "do you suppose I'm going to go crazy if he don't keep his word? Oh, no! There is just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, you know," and then she laughed most heartily and went tripping along the roadside humming a cheery air.

Of course much of this gossip reached the ears of Peter Potter, who, however, went about his business as usual and was not at all affected by the coldness which some of the mar-

riageable girls of the sewing society manifested when he met them on the street or at church. As for the gentlemen, those fellows who had declared that his engagement to Polly was merely one of his practical jokes—he said: "Let 'em have their fun. I'll show 'em a joke yet that'll make 'em laugh on the other side of the mouth."

Well, it was now within a week of Christmas. Invitations to the wedding had been sent out with the request that the recipients be at Miss Perkins' Aunt Betsy's residence at 3 o'clock of that day to witness the ceremony.

It was a conventional gathering of village society that met there that day. Even the gossips who had been most industrious in criticising Peter Potter were there. The Rev. Philip Thompson arrived a few moments before the appointed hour—he was to be the master of ceremonies—and when the old clock struck 3 there was only one absentee. Miss Polly Perkins, prettily attired in white silk, white kids, a white tulle veil and orange blossoms, was standing by a window in close conversation with Aunt Betsy. Ten minutes passed, and then low whisperings were heard from knots of guests in the parlor.

"I told you so," said Postmaster Jackson. "Peter Potter is still entitled to the nickname of Peter Changeabout." Now I renew my bet of a watermelon to a pumpkin seed that Peter don't be here. He's most cruelly jilted Polly Perkins, you bet."

These remarks were addressed to young Lawyer Tom Kent, whose conversation with a long-haired, bushy-whiskered and heavily mustached gentleman had been interrupted by them.

"It's too bad—too bad," returned the lawyer. "but here, Mr. Jackson, let me introduce you to my friend, Max Speller."

The bushy-whiskered man and the postmaster shook hands, and then the three entered into a whispered conversation about Peter Potter's non-appearance.

"He was a good fellow, um?" queried Mr. Speller.

"Oh, yes, Peter's a good enough fellow," said Mr. Jackson, "but you see he has always been a very changeable man—shifting from one idea to another about as lively as a flea—and he has long been considered the boss practical joker of this town. I reckon that this is one of his jokes," saying which the Postmaster looked over toward the bride that was-to-have-been, and then turning to Mr. Speller and Lawyer Kent he said, laying his hand upon Mr. Speller's shoulder, "pity that girl."

"He was von practikeel shoker, um, mein-heer? Dot musht haf mait'im a very funny fellow, um?" said the man with the bushy whiskers.

"Yes you can bet he was; and—"

At that instant the attention of the three was diverted to a group of young women who had surrounded Miss Perkins and were mingling expressions of sympathy for her with their denunciations of her delinquent betrothed. Polly's face was buried in Aunt Betsy's lap, and she seemed to be weeping.

"Mishter Kent, vill you acquaint-ance me make mit dot meenister?" said Mr. Speller.

"Certainly, with pleasure," said the lawyer, and the acquaintance was made.

Mr. Speller took the Rev. Mr. Thompson's arm and led him to a corner, where the two for several minutes held a whispered conversation. Then the guests—nearly an hour had now passed—were preparing to take their leave.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lawyer Kent, "as the friend and legal adviser of Peter Potter, permit me to request you to remain a little longer. He may have been unavoidably detained, you see."

It was now Mr. Speller whispered something in Lawyer Kent's ear, and the lawyer then said something in a low tone to the dominie.

"Mishter Shackson," said Mr. Speller, addressing the Postmaster, "I vill take dot pet about dot watermelon und dot punkin seed."

"But you'll lose, sure, said Mr. Jackson.

"Vell, den I loose—dot's all," said Mr. Speller, "und I pet you dot hoss I got in dot tavern staple against von tollar dot Mishter Potter vill we here—um?"

"Well, I'll go you, said the Postmaster.

"Yaw? und pefore dese vittnesses?" asked Mr. Speller.

"Sure," answered Mr. Jackson. There was at this moment a little flurry among the guests, during which Mr. Speller approached Polly and said, "Miss Perkins, vill you shepak mit me in dot hallvay von minute?"

With her handkerchief to her eyes, Polly arose and accompanied the gentleman to the hall.

"It's worked splendidly, Polly, dear," he said, "and I reckon I've taught 'em a good lesson. There, now," and he tore off his long hair and bushy whiskers and gave her a kiss that but for the noise made by the busy tongues in the parlor might have been heard there.

The next moment Miss Polly Perkins returned to the company leaning on the arm of Peter Potter, who was genteelly attired in a dress suit, and in every respect looked like a becoming and happy bridegroom. The guests were struck dumb with amazement when Peter placed his hand in that of Rev. Thompson and said:

"Vill you be good enough to make von of us two—nein, nein, I means

vill you make us two into von—um!"

"Well, the ceremony was soon over, and a right jolly wedding feast followed, and when the company separated the happy bridegroom said, as a parting remark to Postmaster Jackson: "Dot vos von great practikeel shoke—um? Und dont you forget dot watermelon und dot tollar."—*N. Y. Evening Sun*

Foolhardy Feat in a Menagerie.

An announcement made by the crier that a man named William Samuels, a local inn-keeper, and the champion boxer of Wales, would enter alone a den of lions at Messrs. Wombwell's menagerie, now at Swansea, caused considerable excitement in the town and drew a great crowd to the show. At 9 o'clock the band played "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and then Samuels, accompanied by Mr. Bostock, the manager of the show, walked up to a den containing a lion and about a dozen lionesses. A great crowd at once assembled round the cage. Mr. Bostock mounted a platform and informed the public that his old friend Samuels had volunteered to perform a deed of daring such as had never been done in the menagerie since its establishment in 1805. Mr. Wiltshire had, he said, recently at Cardiff entered the cage in company with Mme. Salva, the lion tamer, and had by his action caused a great sensation in South Wales. But Samuels was going to surpass this feat, for, though urged to let Mme. Salva accompany him, he declined to enter the den at all unless allowed to do so alone. This he now was about to do. The announcement was received with great cheering, though it was evident that, on the part of many present, there was a feeling of considerable anxiety and alarm. Samuels, however, seemed to share none of these feelings of uneasiness. Attired as a prize fighter, and with blue rosette on his breast, he appeared at the entrance to the cage, and cudgel in hand boldly entered it. The lions appeared in no way to relish this intrusion, and it looked as though Samuels would have a warmer welcome than he bargained for. Possessed apparently with nerves of steel, the man walked undaunted up to the end of the cage where the animals were huddled together awaiting only the slightest encouragement to spring on the intruder, and held his cudgel threateningly before the nose of the fiercest. Growls of rage greeted this act, but Samuels, in no way discomposed, walked among the animals and made them fly right and left before him. This he did several times, and on one occasion acted so rapidly that grave fears were entertained for his safety by those in charge of the exhibition. These—who, as a precaution, were armed with red-hot-irons—were ready to act promptly, when Samuels again obtained the mastery over his savage companions, and showed his fearlessness of them by firing a loaded pistol at their faces. Then, his courage maintained to the last, he went to the gate of the den and waited in a dangerous position while Mr. Bostock presented him, amid the cheers of those present, with a unique chain composed of spade and crown, and with a certificate recording the fact that he had accomplished his purpose. Immediately afterward the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and Samuels was borne in triumph out of the menagerie and through the streets.—*South Wales Daily News*.

Women Vote on Liquor Selling.

There is a popular notion that Arkansas is a "bowie-knife" state, a lawless and an ignorant state. I shared this before I went there. I cannot disprove the ignorance of the country districts. As I said, more money is needed to make the public school system effective. But in its general aspect the state is as orderly and moral as any. The laws against carrying concealed weapons are strict, and are enforced. It is a fairly temperate state. Under the high license and local option laws, prohibition prevails in two-thirds of the state, and the popular vote is strictly enforced. In 45 of the 75 counties no license is granted in other counties only a single town votes license, and in many of the remaining counties many towns refuse it. In five counties only is liquor perfectly free.

A special law prohibits liquor selling within five miles of a college; within three miles of a church or school; a majority of the adult inhabitants can prohibit. With regard to liquor selling woman suffrage practically exists. The law says that on petition of a majority of the adult population in any district the county judge must refuse license. Two women, therefore, without going into politics, sign the petition and create prohibition.—*Dudley Warner in Harper's*.

Unpublished Letters.

One of the London literary papers announces that twenty-two unpublished letters by Dickens, which were recently discovered in a curiosity shop in a London suburb, are about to be published in one of the monthly magazines. Apropos, London *Truth* remarks: "It would be interesting to learn whether the professor of the letters has obtained the permission of Dickens' legal representative (Mrs. Hogarth) for their publication. It is too often forgotten that a dead man's letters belong to his executors, and somebody, who not long ago proposed to publish a number written by Dickens, principally on private affairs, was decisively stopped in that enterprise."

"THE CITY OF DESTINY."

BY WILL VISSCHER.

This is the pet name for Tacoma, Washington Territory, from which place on this excellent 4th day of September, A. D. 1888, and of the republic the 112th, I write to you.

Tacoma is indeed a city of great promise, being the Puget Sound terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad, and the head of the navigation on the grand sheet of water mentioned. The city is beautifully situated, on raising ground, at the mouth of Puyallup river, and it was laid out by a famous landscape gardener. The streets which run north and south are a succession of terraces, and those running east and west climb the hill by easy grades. All of the streets are broad, and along those parts of them which are built up the structures are handsome, spacious and solid, and, altogether, Tacoma is an exceedingly well built city, for a place eight years old, and which has only had, in reality, four years of a lively existence. It is now growing with remarkable rapidity, and will doubtless be a place of 100,000 inhabitants in a very few years, though now its population is only 18,000.

"The Tacoma" is the name of the great hotel of the place, and it is one of the city's chief ornaments. Please observe that I am not and have not been, and expect not to be a guest of the establishment, and in writing of it simply do so as a distant admirer. It is a huge building, with walls of pressed brick, and is of a mixture of Elizabethan and Queen Anne architecture. It stands on a great bluff overlooking the mouth of the Puyallup and the head of Commencement bay, and from its long, wide porticoes at the rear, and one of the grandest views of land and water on the continent is obtained. Puget sound, with its many wooded islands, stretches far away to the north, and to the south Mount Ranier, snow mantled eternally, looms up like a great pile of fleecy clouds. "The Tacoma" is the property of the Tacoma Land Company, and was built for the purpose of entertaining the myriad purchasers of real estate in this region, as well as the traveling public generally. It has proven a brilliant investment, as it is always filled with guests, to its utmost capacity, and has now taken the character of both a summer and winter resort, for here is the climate of "eternal mildness," without heat in summer or cold in winter. Think of that, now, while in the east the dog-star rages in all his Sirius-ness, and think of it about January, ante and past, when "rude Boreas, blustering raider," is making himself so immediately forthwith.

Along the Puyallup for many miles above Tacoma, lies the great hoppers region of the Pacific coast, in which the fragrant "Siwash," the only name by which the Indians are here known, are employed, at the proper season, as gatherers of the brown bloom from which John Bull, and others, squeeze their "alf-and-alf," and from which arises a great profit, as well as much veal. All the country about here which has not been cleared is covered with mighty forests of the finest pine timber on earth. I have seen vast piles of this timber, on countless acres of land, burned to get rid of it, and it looked like a pity. Only today I saw among the timber thus being destroyed a tree four hundred feet long, without a knot or branch, being cut up and heaped for the torch, in a clearing. Such trees and thousands of others of approximate size, are being thus, burned by the mile every day.

The Northern Pacific road is building in Tacoma—in fact, has nearly completed—a structure for its own use, as offices, which is another of the striking edifices of the place. It is unique in architecture, colossal, and imposing, and that, together with other very expensive work in the way of grading, is an evidence that the road takes great stock in this city, and will help it to its flattering "destiny."

Among the work which the road is doing is that of removing a great hill, as high and long for instance, as five squares of Chicago, from Randolph street to Van Buren between Michigan and Wabash avenues. This is being done by hydraulics, and the dirt is going into a place where low lands along the bay are being reclaimed from the tides, for the purpose of making room for warehouses, wharves and road-bods, and which, when completed, will vastly improve, both in appearance and convenience, the water-frontage of the city.

Across the Puyallup on land, which is covered by water at high tide, a wealthy St. Paul and Tacoma company is constructing a mill for the purpose of making houses, in a "knock-down" condition, which may be taken anywhere and set up as you would, a bedstead. It will also manufacture furniture and all sorts of wood-work. The mill will cover seven acres of the land which is being reclaimed from the bay and will employ five thousand workmen. Such are a very few of the many promising features of "the city of destiny."

Altogether this is a wonderful country. Its resources in iron, coal and timber; its agricultural and commercial advantages, will give work and wealth to unborn thousands.

A betting man frequently finds it a cold day when he puts his money on the old horse.—*Times*.

PHOTOGRAPHING HIS LOVE.

A Man by a New Process Shows the Heart-Throbs of His Passion.

There is a New York young woman, whose name I am too considerate to put down here, who, according to a writer in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, received the other day the most curious photograph probably that exists. The young woman, it is needless to say—being a very nice young woman indeed—has an admirer. It would not border on exaggeration to say she had lots of admirers, but the gentleman in question is one of the dozen or two appreciative friends of his sex most in favor with the fair damsel. He has been devoting himself to her for two seasons, and his unfeeling originality. He never does any thing as other people do it, and lends a charm to trivial circumstances by his unique methods of dominating them.

In a recent conversation this very original young man took a brief recess from originality and told what is known as the "old, old story." "If I could believe that you really care for me," faltered the young woman, with deliberate coquetry. "I will show you how much I love you," declared the young man confidently, and would have said more, but a third party inconsiderately projected himself on the scene and spoiled his sentence. The next day this odd photograph, now in her possession, arrived, with the written inscription beneath: "This is the way my heart beats when I think of you." There is a very delicate instrument known to the medical fraternity which registers the beating of the pulse. It fastens on the wrist, falling and rising with the uneven tides of the blood, and a horse hair delicately poised on an upright wire records the rising and falling of the wire by tracing its course upon a sliding slip of glass which has been lightly smoked over a lamp.

This fine line runs along the blackened surface of the glass, and if the pulse has been even the line waves lightly up and down; but the action of the heart has been rapid and uneven if the line looks like the miniature outline of a chain of mountains. This instrument the young man had bound upon his wrist, and the slip of glass had been afterward photographed displaying a line that wandered all up and down the paper in the jaggedest and unevenest fashion. The young woman succumbed. This actual evidence of tumultuous emotions aroused by the mere thought of her was the final touch needed for conquest.

SENATOR CULLOM'S YARN.

He Tells Why One of His Friends Gave Up the Practice of Law.

Senator Cullom tells a good story—and not being given to practicing law much himself, says a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, I suppose he can afford to do so—of a prosperous storekeeper in a small Illinois town, the name of which has escaped me, who once practiced law, but who has long since abandoned it. Being met by an old acquaintance, he was asked for all the particulars of his giving up the profession.

"Didn't it agree with your health?"

"Oh, yes," answered "Uncle Joe," as he was familiarly called by his friends.

"Didn't it pay?"

"First-rate."

"Meet with sufficient favor from the courts?"

"All I could ask."

"Then what was it compelled you to quit?"

"Well, I'll tell you—I was too honest."

A loud laugh from the bystanders aroused "Uncle Joe" into earnestness, and he repeated the strange statement, and named it to his shop-counter with his huge fist. But his cross-questioner went on:

"When did you find this out?"

"In my last case."

"What was that?"

"One in which I was retained to prosecute a neighbor for killing a dog."

"And he was acquitted? So you lost the case and gave up your profession discouraged?"

"No, he was convicted."

"Then he was guilty?"

"No he was innocent."

"But didn't the evidence prove his guilt?"

"Certainly it did."

"Then why do you say he was innocent?"

"Because I had killed the dog myself a few nights before for trespassing on my poultry, and I came to the conclusion that any business that would aid a man to convict a neighbor of his own crimes wasn't the business for me, so I gave it up."

Freckled Beauties.

They've come from the mountain airy,
They've come from the shores of ocean.
And soon the shrewd apothecary
Will advertise his freckle lotion.
—Boston Courier.

A Big Field All to Himself.

"Yes, father," he said to old Mr. Hayseed, "I've graduated, and my education is complete. I s'pose I know about everything. Now I must choose a field where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field where I will have plenty of room."

"Son," replied the old man, "there is the ten-acre cornfield, and you kin have it all to yourself."—*Harper's Bazar*.

HE DRANK HASHISH.

The Sad Results of a Drug Clerk's Terrible Blunder.

A few miles from this city lives a man who was once as fine a drug clerk as there was in the city of Boston, says the *Manchester (N. H.) Union*. His name was Randolph R. Sanford, and he is at present residing with his widowed mother. Sanford is some over forty years of age, and is a complete wreck. His hair is as white as snow, and his left side has been paralyzed from the crown of his head to his feet. While mixing chemicals at the last place in Boston where he worked, an unforeseen combination ensued, and an explosion was the result. This explosion proved most disastrous to Sanford. He got the bulk of the living liquid in his face, and his nose was fairly eaten off. He was ill for a long time, and during his sickness his whole left side was paralyzed, as stated above. Within the last three years he has partially recovered the use of his afflicted side, and in the summertime manages to get around and do a little garden work, the Sanford place being noted for the quality of the vegetables raised and the beauty of the floral plants. Sanford is a most interesting conversationalist, and is full of stories regarding the life of a drug clerk. His experience with hashish is worth reproducing. Hashish is the foundation of the same powerful extract that figures in Monte Cristo. The name by which it goes among druggists is "extractum cannabis indicæ," or extract of Indian hemp. The liquid preparation resembles ink in appearance—a dark green ink. Its fragrance is of a narcotic odor, and in taste it is slightly warm, bitterish and acid. In Hindostan, Persia, and other parts of the east, hemp has habitually been employed as an intoxicating agent. The parts used are the tops of the plant and a resinous product obtained from it. The plant is cut after flowering, and formed into bundles from two to four feet long by three inches in diameter, which are sold in the bazars by the name of gunjah. The resin obtained is formed into balls by the natives, and is smoked like tobacco, with which it is said to be frequently mixed. An infusion or decoction of the drink is sometimes used as an exhilarating drink.

"Some eight or ten years ago," says Sanford, "I was at work for a prominent druggist in Boston. For some little time I had been suffering with dyspepsia, and the ailment bothered me so that life became unbearable. I at last mixed up a decoction that gave me great relief. I was to take it before meals, and placed the bottle on a shelf behind the prescription counter among other bottles which are usually found in this place. One noon I went to take my medicine. I took down what I thought to be the right bottle, and, disregarding the use of a spoon, I placed the bottle to my mouth and took a large swallow. Horrors! The taste told me that I had made a mistake! I looked at the bottle and—well, my friend, I had taken a large dose of Indian cannabis, or otherwise hashish. I knew what the results would be. I staggered back to the rear part of the store. How queer I felt. How light I was growing. Up, up, up I went, until my head bobbed against the ceiling. I was like a cork floating on disturbed water. I glided along, and could look down and see the huge bottles, each one with a hideous face laughing at me. The stools on the marble floor seemed to want to keep me company, and their click, click, on the marble floor sounded like thunder in my ears. Suddenly I was plunged into inky blackness. From the black nothingness flashed out bright balls of light. I reached the sofa and sank down upon it. My tongue seemed to swell, and I tried in vain to scream, but no sound issued. I seemed to know that there was a long, long hour before my fellow-drug clerk would be back from his dinner, and then he might not come into the rear room and discover my condition. The events of days and weeks came before my mind in all the details, and I saw faces—beautiful faces—angelic in their divinity, which seemed to beckon to me and then vanish with a hideous laugh. Again was I tossed to the ceiling and then thrown by some invisible force from one side of the room to another. I felt no concussion, but bounced about like a huge foot-ball. Then I fell back into dreamy contemplation and years seemed to pass by. Fantastic pictures were worked, my limbs felt weighted with lead, just the opposite to my experience of what seemed to me years ago. I heard somebody say: 'Why, Rolphie, old fellow, what's the matter?' Rolphie! Rolphie!" The words reverberated like thunder. My sleep-mate had returned. Again he tried to shake me to myself, and I never hated a man so cordially as I hated him at that moment. He got a doctor, and I tell you, my friend, they had no easy time to bring me to myself. Every word they uttered surged into my brain and seemed to jar me to pieces. I suffered from that experience long afterward, and it appears even at this day, when I think it over, that I have that feeling coming on, so powerful was the impression made on me at that time."

Scenes of Sensuous Beauty.

Hindoes, coolies, men, women and children—standing, walking or sitting in the sun, under the shadowing of the palms. Men squatting with hands clasped over their black knees, steadily

observe you from under their white turbans—very steadily, with a slight scowl. All these Indian faces have the same set, stern expression, the same knitting of the brows and the keen strong gaze is not altogether pleasant. It borders upon hostility; it is the look of measurement—measurement physical and moral. In the mighty swarming of India these have learned the full meaning and force of life's law as we occidentals rarely learn it. Under the dark forehead with its fixed frown the eye glitters like a serpent's.

Nearly all wear the same Indian dress, the thickly folded turban, usually white, white drawers reaching but half down the thigh, leaving the knees and the legs bare, and white jacket. A few don long blue robes and wear a colored head dress. These are babagees priests. All the men look tall; they are lithe, very slender, small-bodied, but the limbs are well turned. They are grave, talk in low tones and seldom smile. Those you see with very heavy full beards are Mussulmans; they have their mosques and the cry of the muezzin sounds thrice daily over the vast cane fields. Some shave—Buddhists or followers of Hindooism—but the children of Islam never. Very comely some of the women are, in their close-clinging, soft, brief robes and tantalizing veils, a costume leaving shoulders, arms and ankles bare. The dark arm is always tapered and rounded, the silver circled ankle always elegantly knit to the light, straight foot. Many of these slim girls, whether standing or walking, or in repose, present perpetually studies of grace; their attitude when erect, always suggests lightness and suppleness, like the poise of a perfect dancer.

A coolie mother passes, carrying at her hip a pretty naked baby. It has exquisite delicacy of limb; its tiny ankles are circled by thin bright silver rings; it looks like a little bronze statuette, a statue of "Kama, the Indian Eros." The mother's arms are covered from elbow to wrist with silver bracelets some flat and decorated, others coarse, round, smooth, with ends hammered into the form of viper heads. She has large flowers of gold in her ears, a small gold flower in her very delicate little nose. This nose ornament does not seem absurd; on these dark skins the effect is, on the contrary, pleasing, although bizarre. All this jewelry is pure metal; it is thus the coolies carry their savings; they do not learn to trust the banks until they become rich.

There is a woman going to market, a very odd little woman; is she a Chinablanco—a coolie, or a Malay half-breed? I do not know. She represents a type I have never seen before. She wears one loose, soft, white garment, leaving arms, ankles and part of back and bosom exposed, like a low-cut, sleeveless chemise, but less long. Her whole figure is rounded, compact, admirably knit, and her walk is indescribably light, supple, graceful. But her face is queer; it is an Oriental grotesque, a Chinese dream, oblique eyes and blue-black brows and hair, very high and broad cheek bones. Singular as it is, this face has the veritable *beauté du diable*; it is very young and very fresh face, and the uncommonly long, black, silk lashes give her gaze a very pleasing, velvety expression. Still, the most remarkable peculiarity she has is her color, clear and strange, almost exactly the color of a fine ripe lemon.—*Lafcadie Hearn in Harper's Magazine.*

The Light of Home.

When every star that gems the sky
In darkness hides its silvery ray,
And midnight shadows thickly lie,
Like sable curtains on the way,
One light remains to pierce the gloom,
One ray—it is the light of home.
That light where o'er undimmed it shines,
Unnumbered blessings sheds around;
Where fall its soft and tender lines
There truest happiness is found.
There is no light beneath the dome
So precious as the light of home.
Within its sacred circle blend
The purest virtues, true and strong;
Here friend deserves the name of friend,
And love resides, nor fears a wrong;
And when the heart meets pain and ill
That friendly beacon cheers it still.
For one afar its radiance streams
The proof of joy and hope and cheer,
And draws him with its welcome beams
To all he holds most prized and dear.
His heart is glad, his eye grows bright
As he beholds its faithful light.
And thus as we, with weary feet,
Life's dark and tangled mazes tread,
Let us take heart, for pure and sweet,
There is a light that shines ahead,
That leads us onward, while we roam,
To find in heaven the light of home.
—*Boston Journal.*

No Further Hope.

"All is over, darling," he said, in a tone of intense pain, and, leaning his head upon his hands, he writhed in anguish. "I see nothing before me but dark despair. We must part, and forever! I've just come from your father."

"Great heavens, George!" gasped the fainting girl; "did papa withhold his consent?"

"Ah, yes; until he has looked me up in *Bradstreet's*."—*Life.*

Not to Be Disturbed.

Millionaire (entering sanctum)—
Aha, old boy! how do you do to-day?
Editor (in a whisper)—S-sh! Don't speak so loud.
M.—Why not?
E.—The baseball reporter is writing his report in the next room, and he has just given me orders that he is not to be disturbed either by callers or noises.
—*Boston Courier.*

KING IN THE CANNIBAL SOUDAN

A Chicago Man's Most Unique Experiences.

One night just after the big Chicago fire three young men sat down in the ruins and talked about what would probably be their fate. These three men were H. G. Prout, a Mr. Boardman, and a newspaper man. Prout was a quiet sort of a fellow, whose home was in Riverside. His occupation was that of a civil engineer. His proposition was that they should leave the city, and the country and cast their fortunes with the Khedive in Egypt. They decided to go. In the midst of their arrangements Boardman received a flattering offer to go to New York, which he accepted, and the newspaper man received one to go elsewhere, which he accepted. Prout accepted his fate and started alone for a world he had never seen.

In time he reported to Gen. (Chinese) Gordon and became one of his most faithful and trusted aids. After a short service he had the title of governor-general of the provinces of the interior. His capital was Lado, a point 1,000 miles south of any white settlement. Here the young Chicagoan ruled and reigned in a sort of oriental magnificence—for that country—which makes his life one of romance. He had his courtiers, and couriers, who did him the homage due a potentate. Many of the manners and customs of the people of that land were retained by him. He had his troops and with them made invasions and conquests, and now and then discovered a race of beings of which history and explorations had made no mention.

In the fastnesses of one of the mountains he found a tribe of blacks who were giants in physique and more than the average of uncivilized in intellect. He gave dress parades before them and made such ostentatious display that they enlisted under his banner. He found their perception quick. They learned the evolutions of his tactics in remarkably short time, and everything he taught they grasped with eagerness, and made good soldiers. He was restless, and in consequence he pushed his invasions and came back loaded with the riches of some remote tribe. He had enough of the romantic in his makeup to adapt himself to the religious forms of the country, and his capital at times presented a strange appearance.

Next, Gen. Gordon sent Prout to London to buy gunboats. Having made his purchases in London he turned his face toward his native country. He reached New York, carried there one day, and went to Fort Leavenworth, where he married a young lady whose acquaintance he had formed before he had left the United States. They went to Paris on their bridal trip. The life in Egypt had made inroads on the constitution of Prout. He placed himself under the care of a noted physician, who told him that a return to Egypt meant certain death. He resigned his position in the service of the Khedive, and to day he is at the head of a big printing concern in New York city.—*Chicago Mail.*

The Old Flowers of Greece.

Looking back again two thousand years we might have seen at Laurium a certain yellow flower which must have flourished in the golden age of Greece and have faded for a while with the greatness of her people, says the *National Review*. For when the piles of rubbish and scoria were removed and the fresh air and sunlight played upon the soil below, we are told that seeds long buried revive, and a little flower unknown to the botanist of this country, sprang forth, and blossoms and lives as the flower of Lau. um. None who have spent happy days among the lovely mountains and valleys of Greece and who have enjoyed the hospitality of the kindly and intelligent race who inhabit them can fail to wish that even as that little flower once more

"Beneath the gentle dews of heaven
Blooms ever, day by day,"
the land which bears it may revive as it has done, and may answer to the aspiration of her own poet, who sang so sweetly of the "fair narcissus with its clustered bells," and "crocus golden-eyed," and "gray green foliage of the olive tree," which adorned her of old and adorn her still.

"So land, thus blest with praises that excel,
'Tis now thy task to prove these glories true."

In Need of Exercise.

Wife (ominously): "It must have been very late when you came in last night, John, for I didn't go to sleep until after 11 o'clock." Husband (fearlessly): "It was half-past 11, my dear." Wife: "And you kept muttering in your sleep. 'Set 'em up again,' 'set 'em up again.'" Husband: "Yes, I was playing ten-pins with Brown. I need a little exercise of that sort."—*New York Sun.*

Took Him Literally.

A gentleman was standing with his little son on the deck of a river steamer the other day watching a sailor climb the mast of a passing schooner. "I wouldn't climb up there for a thousand dollars," he said. His little son looked thoughtful. Pretty soon he asked: "Is there a thousand dollars up there, papa?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Eugene Field and Crowfoot Joe.

The generally accepted impression is that Eugene Field is a poet and a genius; that he had written some good poetry is a certainty, and thereby hangs a tale. In 1882 Mr. Field was in Denver working on the *Tribune*, and a number of his little spasms published in that paper had received an amount of recognition that was surprising to the author. Mr. Field was attracted one day into a saloon by the music of a band, having a newspaper man's desire for knowledge of what was going on, and as he sat at a table waiting for the music to cease, that he might make some inquiries, he strode a stalwart individual dressed in full western garb, slouch hat, pants in boots and belt containing the arsenal usually carried by these gentry. As the band stopped playing he walked up to the poet and bluntly asked him if his name was Field and if he was "the chap that writ that air story in the *Trib.*" Mr. Field answered the first query without hesitation and to the latter he replied that "he was happy to say a few of his effusions had met with public favor." "I don't know nothing 'bout your fusions," said the giant, but I do know I want some of that air po'try writ, and you are the chap whint's going to do it. My name is Slippery Bill, and I jest want you to sling together some of that jingling stuff about me and the fight I had with Crowfoot Joe down to Parks' tother night."

"My dear Mr. Bill, I should like to accommodate you, but it is impossible; I don't know anything about the fight, and, moreover, I can not write poetry without some time to think over my subject; really, Mr. Bill, you must excuse me," and Field tried to make his refusal as mild as possible, for he did not at all like the gleam of the stranger's eye.

"Excuse nothing," replied Slippery Bill, "you git down to biz now purty lively, and no fool-shing; thar's pen and ink and you git out your paper and begin them hen tracks," and Bill pulled a big revolver to emphasize his last words. A gleam of hope shot through poor Field, for he had no paper, and telling the would be hero of the "pome" that fact, started for the door. But the hero was not to be baffled of his will. Drawing bead on the unwilling writer, he yelled: "Sit down there, mister, or you'll need a shutter more than a chair! Sit down; I'll git the paper," and whipping out his knife he slashed into the drum that stood on the floor near by, cutting a sheet out of the head and, putting it before Field, said: "Now you write on that." There was no escape; the author was in for it; he grabbed the pen and dashed off a few lines.

"Say, mister, jest read what you have writ so fur, to see if it jibs with my notion," said Bill, and Field rattled off some stuff about "Slippery Bill was the toughest pill that ever went in for a fight; he licked Crowfoot Joe and laid him low, down at Parks' on Tuesday night." Bill was tickled all over and told him to go on. He did go on until seven verses had been written on the drumhead. During all this time there had been a room full of spectators, none daring to say a word. Some had come into the saloon during the pow-wow and some had gone out, and perhaps it was by reason of the latter that a change of scene was brought about. While Bill and Field were so industriously engaged another giant of the same general appearance as Bill had come quietly in and stood listening intently, his eyes gleaming and his hand clutching the handle of his gun. Just as the last line was written Bill turned and, with a start, noticed who stood near him. In a flash Bill was covered with the stranger's pistol and he held up his hands.

"Say, mister," said the intruder to Field, "that a r is purty good reading; you bet it is, but I happen to know that it is a lie, for my name is Crowfoot Joe. It sounds purty slick though, and Bill here seems to like it, so I guess he'd better eat it; hyar, take that knife, mister, and cut that up in chunks," and as Field obeyed he ordered Bill to pick up the pieces and swallow them. Bill had no alternative, and with many a gulp and choke he put them all under his belt. When the meal was over Joe backed to the door, and before leaving said: "Say, Bill, when you git hungry, jest git another pome writ about licking me, and I'll come and feed it to you; if the sheepskin don't kill you, another pome like that will for sartain."

Another Say So Marriage.

A marriage, not only without bridesmaids, best man, orange flowers, banquet and attendants, but also without any ceremony whatever was an unusual episode in the office of the register of wills yesterday. The contracting parties were S. W. Beemer, a well-known merchant of Taylorville, and Jennie D. Thomas, a very pretty and intelligent looking maiden of 21 years, whose home is in Scranton. All questions being answered satisfactorily they were given a marriage license, and announced that they desired to avail themselves of the provision of the law of June 23, 1885, by which simply declaring their intention of becoming man and wife and signing a marriage certificate attached to the license they become in the eye of the law as legally married as though the ceremony was performed by a clergyman before a church full of people. They complied with the provisions of the law on the spot, signed the certificate and left the office man and wife.—*Wilkesbarre News-Dealer.*

LARRY JEROME'S JOKE.

One That Came Out Differently Than Was Anticipated.

A Chicago man tells the *Chicago Tribune* a good story of the late Larry Jerome. Without being a fighter himself, Larry was a great admirer of manly art, and patronized so many pugilists that he well knew and could cleverly counterfeit their ways and manners. That he loved a practical joke goes without saying. One day Jerome stood with a party of friends upon the rear car of a New York Central passenger train that was pulling out of the station at Rochester. Standing by watching the outgoing train was a big, burly fellow with the jaw of a bulldog and the biceps of a prize bull. He looked every inch the fighter.

"Do you see that big slugger," exclaimed Jerome to his friends: "he is the boss pugilist of Rochester, and I am going to have some fun with him."

And immediately Larry hailed the big man and began abusing him. He shook his fist at the astonished stranger, called him a liar, a thief, a coward, a sneak, and dared and double dared him to come on and show what he was made of. As soon as he had recovered from his amazement the ugly-looking fellow did indeed make a few steps toward his enemy, but the train was going so fast that even had he been a sprinter as well as a pugilist he could not have overtaken it.

Larry and his friends enjoyed the joke hugely. As long as they could see the discomfited pugilist stood watching the train, with his fists doubled up and lip quivering with anger. Entering the car the party proceeded to make merry over another bottle.

But suddenly consternation seized them. The discovery was made that the train had stopped, switched over to another track, and was now backing into the station. They rushed to the platform again, and beheld the boss pugilist of Rochester standing in eager expectancy. A smile played on his lips, and his right arm was seen to be in gentle motion, as if it were being limbered up.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Jerome, with blanched face. "That man will eat me up. What shall I do?"

And as the Rochester slugger sprang for the now slowly moving train Larry fled from coach to coach till he found a brakeman who agreed to hide him in a safe place till all danger had passed. The pugilist now became a passenger, and rode some twenty miles, hunting the train from one end to the other for his victim. He found him not, and threatened to wreak his vengeance upon Jerome's companions, who remained meek and lowly, though snickering when they dared at their friend's predicament. Buffalo was well nigh reached before Larry ventured to emerge from his hiding place, and he did not then come forth till he had been assured over and over again that the man he'd been having fun with had left the train.

Vacation Victims.

Every year the vacation season claims its quota of victims. Many who have become somewhat enfeebled by long confinement and close attention to the calls of sedentary occupations rush away for a short holiday and endeavor by systematic overexertion to make up for the inactivity of the past months. Every year brings its sad warnings of this folly in a record of fatalities, while the experience of most practitioners shows yet more clearly that this overstrain is followed by prolonged illness. The circulatory and respiratory systems work hand-in-hand and rebel against any sudden disturbance of their ordinary routine. The danger is always greatest when, in the presence of any cardiac weakness, the exertion demands an arrest of respiration. In moments of intense nervous excitement the breathing is frequently unconsciously stopped, and the strain upon an enfeebled heart then becomes very severe.

The sad death of Sir John Rose appears to have resulted from this cause; he had already fainted twice at a stag, and when aiming a third time suddenly expired. Emotional excitement necessarily produces palpitation, and the fixation of thorax then adds to the difficulty at the moment when the heart is at its weakest.—*London Lancet.*

A Canal Across Italy.

An Italian engineer, Signor Victor Brocca, has just completed the survey of the proposed canal across Italy, the object of which is to save the very long journey round cape Leuca. This canal would begin on the western sea, near Castro, on the Tyrrhenian Sea, and reach the eastern coast of Fano, on the Adriatic. Its length would be about 180 miles, and its proposed breadth 110 yards, and its depth 40 feet. For the purposes of the canal it would be necessary to drain the two lakes Bolsena and Trasimene. The assumed cost of this gigantic undertaking is set down at £20,000,000.—*London Times.*

Keeping It a Dark Secret.

"Clarence, dear," said the girl anxiously. "what in the world do you suppose papa wouldn't say if he knew that you drank beer? You know how very strict he is."

"But he doesn't know it, darling," responded Clarence, reassuringly: "we had a drink together to-day, and we both took whisky."—*Life.*

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

October 27, 1888.

If Indiana goes democratic the republicans will tell cheap sure. But that little "if" is a big thing, quite as big as the democratic party.

Col. Frederick, democratic candidate for the state senate, is a regular built old fogey. He is stumping the county and declaring the prohibition cause a failure. Evidently the moss has grown down over his eyes.

Our democratic friends would make capital out of the fact that Geo. R. Wendling is speaking for Cleveland & Thurman. Can they tell us when the eloquent orator ever was any thing but a democrat.

The Secretary of the interior has made a righteous decision in case of one Sain of the Larned district, who jumped the claim of one Bell in 1884. Sain had been allowed to make entry by the land commissioner, and Bell appealed. In explaining his decision, the Secretary says the evidence goes to show that Bell was a young man, very poor, his right leg and arm were lame, he had been a cripple from birth, and he was unable to do hard manual labor. He settled on the land in July, 1884, made improvements such as his meager means would allow; he bought the lumber for his house on credit and bought a team of mules on credit, paying for them in installments with money earned by freighting. He was absent from the land only while actually engaged in freighting, and at no time longer than six days. "I am satisfied," says the Secretary, "that Bell's intention was to make the land his home, and I am inclined to determine that he was an actual settler." It is therefore ordered that Sain's proof be rejected and that Bell be allowed to make entry.

A Bright Outlook.

The cattle trade is improving and is safely returning to a dividend-paying basis in Texas. The high road to prosperity is open and some have been fortunate enough by having early fat heaves to get on to it. The majority of the rank and file who have stock cattle only and no heaves to speak of, have yet to find the road, but some have found it by sales of young steers. Anyway, we are in a position to assert that the decline in the numbers of cattle, commencing nearly two years ago, is beginning to show on the markets, although several months may elapse before the actual deficiency in choice beef will cause any serious thought in the country. The Chicago and Kansas City receipts of cattle are largely in excess of numbers received during some of the previous years but do not represent any increase in production on the part of farmers or ranchmen. Much of the cattle stock shipped into these great markets represents cattle sold heretofore on local markets now about closed up by the competition of the dressed beef operators. Heretofore these cattle were consumed without appearing on any market report receipts, but how far the supply of these large markets is unknown. We do know that the ordinary shipments by stockmen are not sufficient to assure the packers of continued receipts of good beef. New York buyers are invading Western territory, and Chicago buyers are shipping cattle westward in order to reach that market. We know further that the Pacific coast invasion for beef is getting deeper and deeper into the range country. As we look upon the country that represents the beef surplus of the United States we are not so sure that there is a surplus. Every range appears to be short on beef, not excepting the magnificent Cherokee country or the famous grass ranges of Montana. We have known four of the great Panhandle ranges to turn off more beef cattle in one season before that country was stocked than the entire Panhandle territory will put forth during the present year, and in August and September have seen constant streams of cattle passing off the Texas Pacific road where now there is but an occasional train load. In truth the ranges are short of the usual quantities of all classes of cattle, and despite the opinions and expressions of cattle buyers put forth in their own interest, cattle are a property having the great element scarcity behind it to bring back the old eighty-two and eighty-three prices in due time.

The owner of the Russian trotting stallion Kozzyr not long ago refused an offer of \$9,000 for the horse. Kozzyr was beaten by the American trotter Misty Morning in their last race. This is the mare that Jimmy Goldsmith gave a record of 2:21 last season, and if she is as good now as then she would be able to handle any thing in Europe, except Mollie Wilkes.

In the case of Arthur Black vs. the Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad for \$10,000 damages, on account of injuries received by plaintiff while stealing a ride on defendants road two years ago, the jury yesterday returned a verdict for the defendant.

Fall Preparation for Spring.

As a rule there is plenty of work to be done in the spring, and much of it needs to be done as early as the weather and the condition of the soil will permit. For this reason very often the work is so pressing that more or less must be delayed.

So far as possible it is good economy to prepare ahead as much as possible. There is usually many things that can be done in the fall that will aid materially to lessen the work in the spring, and if done now will be that much help towards getting the spring work done in good season.

Considerable cleaning up can be done, and manure hauled out and applied. By plowing the soil thoroughly now and then, applying a good dressing of manure, and harrowing in, the application with do more good to the next crop grown in the spring than if the manure is not applied until late in the winter or early spring. So far as possible, manure for the garden should be thoroughly rotted before applying. Not only will there be less weed seeds to germinate and grow to add to the labor of properly preparing the soil and cultivating the crops, but also to lessen the work of thoroughly incorporating with the soil.

Onions, lettuce and spinach can be sown now, and before the ground freezes a light mulch of straw can be applied that will protect the plants during the winter. They will start to grow and be ready for use much earlier than if the seeding is delayed until the soil is in a proper condition for work in the spring. This will lessen the work somewhat and also receive an earlier crop. There are a number of hardy flowers that can be planted now and will start to grow very early in the spring.

Good drainage can be provided, and well-drained land can be worked much easier in the spring. By cleaning up thoroughly and providing good drainage, plowing well, and applying the necessary manure, the soil can be worked earlier, and the sooner you can commence work in the spring, the better opportunity you will have of getting all the work done in good season.

News Notes.

It is estimated that upwards of seven millions of gallons of alcohol are employed in the arts annually.

George Bancroft, the great historian, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on the 3d at Newport, R. I. He received many congratulations.

Kansas is ambitious of coming to the front as a wheat producing country. It is reliably estimated that the acreage of the present fall will exceed the that of any previous year in the history of the State.

An enormous radish, measuring twenty-eight inches in length and weighing twenty-three pounds, is on exhibition at Naperville, Ill. The radish was grown in the garden of Mr. J. F. Benjamin.

The Indiana Farmer says: A cattle company, controlling new improved palace cars, propose to bring live cattle direct from Idaho to New York. They expect to make the run of 2,500 miles in 120 hours. The first shipment, made September 20th, consisted of 360 head of steers averaging 1,350 pounds.

The New York World's fund for the fever sufferers amounts to \$4,000 quite a golden lump and a big one for a single paper.

News comes from the South Seas to the effect that Robert Louis Stevenson is in much better health than when he left this country.

New York City is to spend \$55,000 this year in improving the buildings occupied by her charity charges and in providing them with more wholesome diet.

"Harry Hill's" is no more. Not a single brick of the once famous resort is now left standing, and soon a massive structure will be erected on the site of the old place.

In a letter to a New York friend, the venerable Oliver Wendell Holmes says that he has not felt to write any thing for the public of late, "but," he adds, "in the sweet by-and-by (if a by and by I am to have) I hope to please my friends by once more using my pen for them."

Snow fell in Boston, for the first time this season, on Tuesday afternoon Oct. 9. It melted as it fell, and left no trace. On the same day sufficient snow fell at North Adams to effect the color of Hoosac Mountain and the summit of Greylock is white. At Lebanon New Hampshire three inches of snow fell. At Waterbury, Vermont, it snowed all day and a driving north westerly wind made it more disagreeable. The storm began in the night at St. Johnsbury and continued through the following day. The storm was more severe in Maine, being quite universal, while the news from Montreal said six inches of snow making it the heaviest early fall of snow on record in that city.

A HUNDRED YEARS A HERO!

How Seth Warner Won a Wife and Became Famous.

Colonel Seth Warner, of Vermont, the famous hero, of the Revolutionary war, was a leading fighter for the Hampshire grants.

These titles were disputed by the State of New York, and its authorities obtained an edict of the King of England in their favor. The settlers were stung by the supposed injustice. This state of things brought Colonel Seth Warner, to the front. With Ethan Allen and others he actively opposed every effort to enforce possession, and finally he, with Allen and others, were outlawed and a price put on their heads!

To circumvent New York, it was necessary that some one should go into that state and gain required information. Col. Warner, assuming for safety the name of "Dr. Howard," undertook this perilous and romantic journey.

While on his way home he stopped at a country inn, where an old gentleman and daughter were storm-bound. The father fell ill and the daughter called upon Col. Warner, who, with his wide knowledge of simple remedies, successfully treated the "old man," and he finally won this devoted woman for a wife.

Such incidents were not uncommon in those years. When the doctor was not easily reached, months of sickness, and even life were often saved by some unprofessional friend versed in the use of simple herbs and roots. The health of early settlers and their powers of endurance convince us that such medicines did only good and left no poison in the blood to work as much injury to the system as would the disease itself.

In time of peace the colonel was in constant demand for his knowledge of simple remedies and their power over disease. But it was left to another of his name of the present age to give to the public what was then used with such positive success.

Warner for over a hundred years has shared with Ethan Allen the admiration of the American people.

Colonel Seth Warner belongs to a family of wide distinction; no less than eight members thereof won fame in the regular practice of medicine.

Looking to the adoption by the people of this generation of the old time simple remedies, his direct descendant, H. H. Warner, the well known proprietor of Warner's safe cure, for many years has been experimenting with old time roots and herbs formulae and, his search having been finally rewarded with success, he gives the world the result. These recipes and formulae in other days accomplished great things because they were purely vegetable and combined simply so as to cure the disease indicated, without injury to the system. In harmony with their old time character, we learn that he proposes to call them Warner's Log Cabin remedies, using as a trade-mark an old fashioned American log cabin. We understand that he intends to put forth a "sarsaparilla," for the blood, the sarsaparilla itself being but one of a number of simple and effective elements; "Log Cabin hops and buchu," a general stomach tonic and invigorator.

"Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic," a preparation for that universal disease catarrh, called "Log Cabin rose cream," "Warner's Log Cabin plasters," and "Warner's Log Cabin liver pills," which are to be used in connection with the other remedies, or independently as required.

Warner's safe remedies are already standards of the most pronounced scientific value in all parts of the world, and we have no doubt the Log Cabin remedies, for the diseases they are intended to cure, will be of equal merit, for Mr. Warner has the reputation connecting of his name with no preparation that is not meritorious.

If you are suffering from Malaria, ask your druggist for Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria. If he don't have it, and tells you he has something just as good, don't believe him, but send one dollar to Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Penn'a, and get the Antidote by mail. A few doses will restore you to perfect health. The medicine is in the form of pills, but is not a purgative. It not only destroys Malaria, but is an excellent tonic.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, Ohio. Wadsworth, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, Ohio. E. H. Van Hosen, Cashier, Toledo, National Bank, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Kansas News Gossip.

An exchange says: Butler county raises sweet potatoes big enough for children to sit on one end while the other is in the stove cooking.

Over thirty counties in Kansas have Republican clubs in every township. The ladies of Mound City have formed a Republican club with Mrs. Josephus Moon as the light of it.

A prudent young woman in Herington, wears her engagement ring on her toe.

The Garden City Herald reports a squash in that burnt up district that weighs 115 pounds.

The corner stone of Bethel college in Newton was laid on Friday last.

The Kansas City, Kan., board of education is considering the advisability of establishing a free evening school. Business men favor it.

The Social Science club of Kansas and western Missouri will hold its semi-annual meeting in Atchison, November 1 and 2.

There is room in Kansas for fifty sugar factories.

The first cadet appointed to West Point from Kansas was Lieutenant Sebree Smith, at present an artillery officer in the army.

The Kansas Baptist convention is in session this week at Fort Scott. It is largely attended by the leaders of the denomination.

A Salina man boasts in the Herald that it is the biggest society town in Kansas. Well, that is something, but what about business?

The farmers of Douglas county have taken steps to organize a farmers' institute, its object being to promote the interests of all farmers.

Two covered wagons loaded with overland travelers passed through Topeka yesterday on their way to Missouri from Washington territory. They have been four months on the road and expressed themselves as pretty well fatigued after their long journey. The party did not fancy the territory as a place of residence, preferring to live in Missouri or Kansas.

An Atchison father offers \$2,500 cash to any young man marrying his daughter, says an Atchison paper. It would be worth the money to marry some girls.

The Wichita Journal prints pictures of all criminals arraigned in that city. It seems that Wichita is determined to have capital punishment whether the rest of the state does or not.

Ottawa university opened with a larger number of students than at any other time during its history. There were one hundred present. The site for the new building has been chosen and the foundation will be laid this fall. A cottage for the young women is also contemplated.

Recent fires in Fort Scott are attributed to tramps. The Monitor says that while it is opposed on general principles to mob violence of all sorts, a little salutary hanging might not go amiss if people can't protect their property in any other way.

Rev. G. W. Puckett of Liberty was seriously if not fatally wounded by being shot by a wretch living near him who took a dislike to him because he is a preacher. The would be murderer, L. R. North, is in jail at Coffeyville. Puckett is still alive. If the neighbors had got hold of North before the deputy sheriff did he would not now be in jail.

In west Atchison, the skeleton of an infant wrapped in a mother Hubbard was found by some children and a foul crime is suspected.

A car load of sweet potatoes, raised on five acres and a half of land, was shipped from Rocky Ford last week, and netted \$550, or \$100. to the acre. Sweet potatoes are indigenous to Clark county, and still some persons talk about a failure of crops.

The Louisville Indicator says that a young lady from Lawrence, who started to teach school a few miles east of Belvue, in Pottawatomie county, showed symptoms of insanity at the close of her first day's work, and was immediately returned to her home, where she died three days later.

It is a wicked exchange which says that the salvation army is leaving Kansas because it can't compete with the union labor movement.

In Marshall county thousands of bushels of apples are going to waste, and yet the sale of tartaric acid for making cider is growing larger right along.

The Concordia Blade tells of a resident who raised more stuff on a lot of ground 50x85 feet than his family could use. Beans planted August 16 have ripened.

Charles Moore, one of the outfit that murdered Sheriff Cross, is said to have been concealed on Wyandotte street, Kansas City, for nearly two months.

The poultry which draws out a man's virtues is the sod that covers his grave. If you don't want all your virtues known too soon, regulate your regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood which gives sound health. Largest bottle in market 120 doses for \$1. Druggist.

Nutrition's Value of Oatmeal.

A writer in Table Talk says: It is nearly six centuries since Robert Bruce sent into England his army of 20,000 men with no provisions except a bag of oatmeal for each warrior; but the herculean feats which were performed and undergone by his hardy followers suggest that there must be considerable nutriment in that plain, simple food. Since those days our Scottish friends have advanced very materially, but while they have discarded many features incompatible with the spirit of the nineteenth century they have wisely held fast to that which is good, and they to-day rank "oatmeal" as a necessary part of their regular diet, and the hardy constitution of the Scotch, and their freedom from dyspeptic ills, should encourage a much wider and more frequent use of oatmeal. The best oatmeal of to-day, thanks to American ingenuity, is not only nutritious, but when properly made is very palatable. Children learn to like it very quickly when it is presented in this palatable form and if they become accustomed to begin each day with a dish of the best oatmeal they will be laying the foundation for a good digestive organization.

As there are many who are incredulous about the possibility of oatmeal being palatable, I subjoin the following hint of Mrs. Borer upon the subject, which appears in an earlier issue of Table Talk.

"Put four tablespoonfuls of finest quality Irish oatmeal, with one quart of cold water, into a double boiler; add a teaspoonful of salt and stir for a moment to mix, stand it over a brisk fire and boil it without stirring for two hours, or until the meal has consumed the water, and the mass has a thick jelly-like appearance; push it to the back part of the range, where it will steam over night. In the morning bring the water in the under boiler to a boil; then turn the oatmeal carefully into a large, deep dish. Do not stir or scrape with a spoon. If properly cooked it will turn out like boiled rice, each grain swollen four times its normal size, and no two sticking together. Serve warm with sugar and whipped cream, or with plain, thick, sweet cream.

Now is a good time to plant bulbs. Perpetual roses will not stand severe cold weather without protection. If grown the protection should be applied early in the fall.

A tree in Calaveras, Cal., is supposed to be 2,595 years old, and is supposed to be the oldest tree in the world.

The plum endures the cold better than the peach, and they are near enough related to be grafted or budded upon each other.

All things considered, the plum is the best variety of fruit trees to plant in the poultry yard. Poultry seem to love the curculio, and by allowing them the run of the plum orchard, they, as well as the trees, will be greatly benefited.

American apples are shipped to England, and the trade has been gradually increasing. Of late, however, there has been considerable complaint of the manner of packing. The barrels are faced up, that is, good fruit is placed in the bottom and top and the center filled with a much poorer quality of fruit.

It is time thrown away to plant trees or plants of any kind and then fail to care for them.

A good authority claims that the wild cherry is the headquarters for the caterpillar, and because these are allowed to thrive often along the roadside, a considerable injury to the apple trees in the direct result.

The New York World says Russell Sage is worth \$60,000,000 and that he spends but \$10,000 a year.

Mrs. Ella Stokes, wife of the editor of the Great Bend Democrat, has been nominated for the office of county superintendent by the prohibition party in Barton county. Her husband refuses to support her for that office.

The receipts of live stock at Chicago for eight months ending Aug. 31, were 1,599,030 cattle, 58,648 calves 3,343,951 hogs, 910,049 sheep 41,010 horses.

Look out for the chickens this have been roosting in the trees through the summer, the nights are too cold now and they must be housed.

While Topeka is becoming an important financial, trade and railroad center, it is quite as satisfying to realize that it is assuming equal importance as an agricultural and stock center. The herds of fine cattle, of all the choice breeds, the horse farms where some of the largest stables of imported animals may now be found, to say nothing of its sheep, hogs and poultry raisers, have given Shawnee county a reputation equal to that of any county in the oldest, or most enterprising of states. And the work is in its fancy.

When you want Job Printing or advertising done, call upon or send to the News office, 335 Kansas avenue.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Lecturer's Department National Grange
MORTIMER WHITEHEAD,
Washington, D. C.

The official year of the National Grange ends September 30th, and in that just closed the National Secretary, John Trimble, of Washington, D. C., reports that 193 new Granges were organized in all parts of the United States. This is just fifty more new Granges than last year. The new year, October 1st, commenced with two new Granges reported on that day. Besides these new organizations, hundreds of Granges that became dormant in the reaction that came after the first wave of excitement regarding the Order had passed over the land have been reorganized during the year, and in many States the net gain in membership in twelve months counts up into thousands. And all this in a year of Presidential election, when political parties employed every means to excite the people and draw their attention from their regular pursuits and interests. And, it goes to prove that farmers generally are coming to understand that themselves must protect their own interests, and that it can only be accomplished through a compact organization, such as they find in the Grange with its twenty-two years of experience. Every indication points the way to still larger growth in numbers and popularity for this oldest and best of farmers' organizations during the coming year.

Many farmers have but a faint idea of the influence and power that the class to which they belong possesses. They know that, single-handed, they are of little account in their town or county, and they apparently have no influence whatever. This being true, what influence could they expect to exert in State or National legislation, even if they should make an effort? The answer is, manifestly none. There are but few men of any class who possess ability or character enough to make them an individual power, and only in rare instances does this become dominant and never permanent. An injudicious act or sentence incautiously uttered, may turn the popular current in another direction, and the individual power and influence is gone. The strength of farmers is not in individuals alone, but in the concentration of energies that may be directed to specific purposes with such an effect as to ensure their attainment. When this is done, the farmers, although individually powerless, become a moving power in the land. Conservative, intelligent, law-abiding, engaged in an industry upon which all others depend, and embracing a majority of the voting population of the country, they should be enabled to make their influence felt in the enactment and execution of wholesome and judicious laws for the government of the people. How to effect this concentration of energies and consequent influence in this direction, and hold it in its proper place, is a very important question. For more than twenty years this problem has been before the people in a direct form, and during the last half period, and more especially for the past four or five years, it has seemed as if it might be solved in such a way as to produce the most gratifying results. It is the Grange.—Alpha Messer, Master Vermont State Grange.

Organization is the farmer's only hope. He cannot expect to cope successfully with other classes except upon an equal footing. The Grange, with its complete and symmetrical organization, not only places him on an equality with other classes, but by reason of the numerical superiority of farmers it gives him the opportunity for correspondingly superior advantages. Will farmers be wise and take advantage of these?

It requires an abundance of pluck to make a success of life under adverse circumstances, but when success has been gained its joys are replete with an inward satisfaction over victories gained which is totally unknown to those who have no struggles in this direction. As with life, so it is in a measure with the Grange. Success cannot be obtained without many discouragements. Some of the best Granges in the land, Subordinate and State, are those that have encountered severe trials during which their lives have almost gone out. But the pluck and energy of the faithful few kept them in existence and infused such new life and vigor as enabled them to become strong and abundantly prepared for future activity and usefulness.—Vermont Watchman.

In speaking of the marvelous growth and prosperity of Aroostook county, the Maine Farmer pays the following well-deserved tribute to the Grange in its part of the work:

The Grange has been a potent factor in the agricultural districts here, and its worth is recognized all over the State. The high standard of co-operation secured by the farmers of Aroostook, by which they are able to

pool their products and market themselves, has attracted the attention of members everywhere. It was a great pleasure to sit in the Grange at Maysville, note the systematic method of doing business and the careful observation of these little things that play such an important part in determining the worth of an Order, enjoy the exercises of the evening and make the acquaintance of the brothers and sisters. The wool combination has been in operation for several years, and the results are satisfactory. The members of the Order bring their products to a central station, where it is taken in charge by a committee who sell at once or hold as they deem best. Usually buyers are present and offer increased prices, because such large quantities are brought in, and there is no trouble or expense attending the purchase. The potato combination has also done a good work, though late in getting into the field last Spring. Sixty three carloads were shipped from Presque Isle, Fort Fairfield and Caribou, and the farmers will receive more than they would have but for the combination, while others outside secured a measure of benefit through the better offers made by buyers. The good work is to go on in the future, and as men become acquainted with the business better results will be realized by the farmers. In these ways we see what the Grange may be when farmers come together and combine as all other classes have.

While the Grange is nonpartisan, that is, not tied to the apron strings of any political party, yet it is a mistake to assume that it has no connection with politics. To succeed it must follow the methods of business men. They work with all political parties and so must we. They want certain measures enacted so they have lobbyists working for them in Congress, they write personal letters to their legislators and induce as many prominent men as possible to do the same; they draw up petitions, write communications to newspapers, pay editors to work for them and keep up an unceasing warfare until their ends are accomplished. Their forces are not as numerous as ours but they are better armed, disciplined and equipped. Until we fight in the same way, know what we want and ask for it unitedly we cannot expect success.—R. M. Edwards, Lecturer Colorado State Grange.

Education for Farmers.

Time was, and not so long ago, that all the education a farmer was thought to need was that obtained at the district school and in practical work upon the farm. The high school and college were sneered at as only taking up valuable time and wasting money, giving in return only a mass of "high toned" notions. In some respects this idea was correct. Much valuable time is lost in mastering useless studies, and much more money is spent than is necessary. On the other hand, a discipline of mind is given which is absolutely essential to all who would work under any sort of system. Yet the time and money hardly pay for this one item of discipline, if that be all. I confess that it is difficult for me to see the benefit to the farmer in being able to read Latin in the original, or translate Greek. It is next to useless.

The education of the farmer ought to be in the line of his chosen calling—chemistry, botany, geology, veterinary surgery, financing, banking, brokerage, commercial law, common law. Chemistry, to understand the composition of soils and manures; botany, to understand the relation of plants in his own locality; geology, to understand the manner of making soils, the relation of various classes of rock to the fertility of the soil of a given region; veterinary surgery, to be able to treat his own domestic animals in their ailments without going for the nearest neighbor, or a distant doctor at some critical time when moments are precious; financing, to understand the condition of the money market as affected by crops or any other cause; banking, brokerage, and stocks, to understand the moves in the markets, made by speculators on futures or margins; commercial law, to understand the law of exchange between merchants, or buyers and sellers, whether individuals or nations; common law, to be able to avoid litigation and still legally have all that is his own. Added to these a general knowledge of the use of wood working and iron-working tools, and you have a list sufficiently large to discipline the mind without resorting to Latin and Greek or the differential calculus.

The true American has a warm place in his heart for the old Log Cabin. It's not "English you know," but from the Log Cabins of America have sprung men in every respect greater than any from the grand castles of Europe. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is the best in the world.

Soldier township has a half dozen candidates for justice of the peace.

A Bad Break.

Both the Capital and Commonwealth came out this morning humorously illustrated. The entire first page of both papers was taken up with the same matter in English and Volapuk. At least much of the English showed that anarchy had been at the type cases. An examination proves that a mare's nest has been found. Anarchists have been hatched in Winfield. They have assumed control of the Union Labor party, and the thing looks bad. We really think our valiant contemporaries have been frightened at a spook. We are not sure but there is an organization of traitorous anarchists even in Kansas. It is quite probable there is. The fools are not all dead. But if all is true that this whole page of nonsense makes out, it is not a very serious matter. The most that it proves is that there may be real danger of the defeat of the republican party in this state, and if in this, then in other states that have not been considered doubtful. But when it comes to the idea that any such organization is really dangerous, and worthy of so much attention, it becomes simply ridiculous. It can bear no comparison to such secret societies as the Knights of the Golden Circle. Its treason cannot compare with that of the rebellion. And these could not long exist. The Anarchists can find no soil to enable them to take root in this country, and they can safely be ignored until they commit such overt acts as they did in Chicago, and then they will share the same fate.

The republican management could not have made a worse blunder than it did in permitting the publication of a ten column article, purporting to be, and perhaps being, a real exposition of secret labor organization in this state. Such a political order may or may not have existence. Let it be presumed that it has. Let it be taken for granted that it is as terrible as portrayed, or all that the imagination can picture.

What good is then to come to the party by its publication? Is the party in danger of defeat? Is the case so bad that resort must be had to heroic measures to save it?

Such is the legitimate conclusion. Such will be the inference, and it may be expected that the democracy will make the most of the scare. It is not reasonable to expect that persons who are in sympathy with the labor movement will be deterred from voting their sentiments by this tacit confession of danger. This is a campaign when men are positive in their convictions, and those who have made up their minds that they will vote against the republican ticket, whether their reasons are good or bad, will no doubt do so. The evil that is to come from this egregious blunder will manifest itself within the republican party itself. It has been implicitly believed that the party is invincible, especially in this state. This conviction will now be weakened and people will begin to ask questions and express doubts. This is the way we look at it from a republican standpoint. The blunder will cost Humphrey 20,000 votes. Possibly it may make as many, but it is doubtful.

Manhattan Industrialist: We hear much about hard times and the poor crops we have in Kansas, but J. C. Mayos an honest, hard working man went to the neighborhood of Clay Center eight years ago with almost nothing but his hands. He and his wife have made one trip to England costing \$600, have fed and clothed six children; and to-day have a comfortable home worth not less than \$8,000 and no indebtedness. All this has been won by straightforward hard work in Kansas that so many curse.

Prof. Shelton, of the State Agricultural College, is still satisfied that a pound of corn and cob meal will go as far as a pound of pure corn meal. But then the extra cost of grinding is about equal to the difference between the value of cob meal and cobs.

The largest shipment of cattle ever made from Rooks county was last week—590 head—mostly two and three years of age. The shipment of such cattle in so large numbers has advanced the price.

A grand wolf hunt is talked of in Atchison county, where the varmints are troublesome. The contemplated wolf hunt will embrace all the territory between Camp creek and Wolf river and will probably extend into Douglas county.

The Iowa Courier knows a farmer who planted corn on a piece of land from which he harvested oats in July which will yield twenty-five bushels to the acre.

There is every indication that Harrison will be elected president, and that Kansas will give its old time majority. In the presidential field this will result more from the divisions in the democratic party, than from the cohesion of the republicans. The forcing of the so called, but false and senseless protective issue, as has been done, was a mistake. It will not break the party this year, but will do it if repeated.

The Universal Exposition of 1889, at Paris, promises to be one of the largest and most successful of the world's fairs held in recent years. Elaborate arrangements for the reception and display of the exhibits are well under way, and unusual facilities both for the transportation of goods from this country and their care are assured. The French government extended a formal invitation to the United States to take part in the exposition. The invitation was accepted by a joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, and the Governors of the several States and Territories were requested to invite the people to assist in the proper representation of the products of American industry and of the natural resources of the country. The President was directed to appoint a commissioner-general and an assistant commissioner-general, to make all of the arrangements for exhibits and represent the government at the exposition. He was also directed to appoint nine scientific experts as assistants to the commission, each to be assigned to one of the nine groups into which the exhibits will be divided. Provision was made for the salaries of the commissioners and the necessary assistants, and the sum of \$250,000 was appropriated to be used under the direction of the Secretary of State to defray all expenses. The action of Congress was approved May 10, and the President has appointed General William B. Franklin, Commissioner-General and Mr. Somerville P. Tuck, Assistant Commissioner-General.

The Commissioners have established their headquarters in the Mills Building, in New York, and are busily engaged receiving applications and perfecting the details for a complete representation. The exposition will open May 5 and close October 31, 1889, and there will be no charge for space occupied by exhibitors. The commission will forward and return all articles received free of freight charges.

Goods of exhibitors who are unable to go to Paris or send representatives will be cared for free of all expense, except that of unpacking and repacking. There will be no duties to pay except on goods that are sold or consumed. The French regulations state that all objects exhibited will be protected against piracy of inventions or designs.

The Western Poultry Herald, Denver, Colo., says eggs could be contracted in Leadville at 40 cents per dozen the year through. This being the case there ought to be a chance for some one in Western Kansas or Colorado to make some money in the business. The Herald asks for some figures as to the cost of eggs. About five years ago I kept Brown Leghorns exclusively and kept an account with them for a year. With the free range the flock had the cost of keeping the flock averaged 55 cents a head for the year, and they produced an average of 179½ eggs for each hen. This is almost exactly 15 dozen each, and at market prices the eggs were worth about \$2.25 for each hen. It is said that the equivalent of one bushel of corn will keep a hen a year, but with me it costs more than this. At Leadville prices the eggs these hens produced would have been worth \$6.00 per hen, and the cost, even had it been multiplied half a dozen times, would have left a large margin for profit.

One small particle in the eye pains the whole body. Use Warner's Log Cabin Extract. It will cure many a pain.

We do not want a solid north against a solid south. We have had enough of sectionalism, and now we want a united country.

They have begun to mob third party prohibition meetings, which is the best evidence of their growth. Four years ago they were quietly ignored.

Every good citizen should vote against Frederick for state senator. There is something wrong with the fellow who attempts to resurrect the dead.

The republican party is not in so terrible a strait as the party managers make it appear by causing the publication of that anarchy stuff, or it was not before the blunder was made. Humphrey is still good for 50,000 majority.

A good many republicans express the same opinion that we do in regard to the publication of that anarchy stuff by the Capital and Commonwealth. If Chairman Booth is responsible for it, we again see how few people there are with judgment enough to manage a political campaign discreetly.

The Commonwealth folks owe Humphrey some grudge, and so are offering to the country press, supplements containing that ridiculous Anarch exposure. We beg of Chairman Booth to stop this folly if possible before it goes any further. This is not an expose of National Videttes, but a confession of republican weakness.

THE SAVAGE WAY.

How the Indian Treats an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school.

When the Indian receives an injury, he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and, with nature's aid, comes natural recovery.

Our rugged ancestors, who pierced the wilderness, built their uncouth but comfortable Log Cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "saddle-bags" with his physic, which quite as often killed as cured.

Latter day society has wandered too far away from nature, in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholesomer, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with nervousisms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change, to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature as remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preparations, made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past, so that those who want them need not be without them.

Among these Log Cabin remedies will be found "Log Cabin sarsaparilla" for the blood; "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," a tonic and stomach remedy; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," for strengthening and renewing the hair; "Log Cabin extract" for both external and internal application; "Log Cabin liver pills;" "Log Cabin rose cream," an old but effective remedy for catarrh, and "Log Cabin plasters." All these remedies are carefully prepared from recipes which were found, after long investigation, to have been those most successfully used by our grandmothers of "ye olden time." They are the simple, vegetable, efficacious remedies of Log Cabin days.

Fashionable north side society woman, at church social to young lad whose seat she would usurp, "Say kid, move up there."

Mr. Charles Wolff, the extensive packer and meat dealer of Topeka, is in the city looking up the meat inspection ordinances. The people of Topeka are greatly agitated on account of a proposition to exclude the sale of diseased meats shipped from Kansas City.—Atchison Champion.

The next crowd to come down upon this city will be the farmers, who meet next month—the national Grange, and the Farmers Congress. Both bodies meet at the same time the middle of the month, after the election craze has died out.

Some persons who feared the grand jury might indict them for some of their transgressions are out of the city awaiting the announcement of the names of the unfortunates. They will not know whether they are on the list unless they come back and take chances.

Secretary Mohler, of the state board of agriculture, is engaged in reading the proofs on his forthcoming crop report, which he expects to be able to issue some time next week. It will be a very valuable and interesting document.

The late terms of the United States court at Wichita and Leavenworth cost the government \$28,000 in cash, all the money appropriated for the purpose.

Topeka Sugar Grades Highest.

E. B. Cowgill, state inspector of sugar, was at the sugar works, this city, and inspected 413 barrels. More than half the lot graded 99 per cent, it being the nearest pure of any sugar yet turned out of any of the works, and as near pure as it can be made; so near, indeed, that it may be pronounced pure. The other barrels were branded 98 per cent.

The stock of cane will soon be consumed, but the concern will not shut down for several weeks, as there will be much left to do. The shut down will last, however, until about August 1889, when the next crop of cane will be ready to be worked. This year's product will reach one-quarter of a million pounds. The capacity of the plant for a season is 1,000,000 pounds.

The professor is much encouraged by reason of the results of the experiments to manufacture sugar from cane in Kansas. The Ft. Scott works' output will be close to one-half million pounds, and the quality of the article is so superior and satisfactory in color and flavor that confectioners have expressed a preference for it as against the refined or white sugar, because it is cheaper and stronger and answers their purposes as well as the fairer and higher priced goods. He feels confident the industry will in a short time become an extensive one, and continue to be a profitable investment. All the works will try next year to make as many pounds of sugar as their capacity will warrant as there will be no difficulty to find buyers for all that can be turned out.

The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

EUROPE and America are now connected by nine cables. There are thus 113,000 miles of cable employed.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, of Maine, has purchased an overcoat. This is a sure sign of an early and hard winter.

PATTI has not yet found a purchaser for her castle in Wales. It is cheaper for a man to build a castle in Spain.

LOUISE MICHEL, the Parisian anarchist, is laid up from overwork. With Boulanger absent Paris has a breathing time.

A RECENT paper by a noted French writer places the number of lives already lost through the Panama canal at forty thousand.

SCOTTISH pipers are coming into demand in this country through the efforts of some noted Americans who have introduced them from abroad.

ONE of the members of the incoming class at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., is Dan Rice, jr., son of the noted circus star.

FORTY-TWO acres of land near Omaha that he bought 21 years ago for \$600, are about to be sold by a Westminster (Md.) clergyman for \$100,000.

FIVE employes who entered into a conspiracy and robbed the New York wholesale house in which they worked have all been sentenced to Sing Sing for five years.

TWENTY-NINE million dollars worth of goods are made by the 45,000 convicts of the United States. This is estimated to be equal to the work of 85,000 free laborers.

A BOOM in poll-parrots is the latest thing in the circle of fanciers. Fabulous prices are paid in the East for birds that are accomplished, some bringing as high as two hundred dollars.

W. N. RIDDLE, John P. Beal, and M. K. McMullin, capitalists of Pittsburgh, have been ordered by the court to pay back to the Pennsylvania bank the sum of \$1,000,000, which they squandered.

THOMAS CONNERY, who recently resigned his position as secretary of the American Legation in Mexico, will, it is said, soon publish a book upon Mexico which he prepared while in that country.

WALL street, the center of finance for America, was originally so called because it was laid out along the line of the palisade, or fence, erected in 1644, and strengthened in 1653 until it was the city wall.

ASTRONOMERS calculate that the new comet discovered by Professor Barnard September 2 is 190,000,000 miles from the earth and 170,000,000 miles from the sun. It will probably reach the perihelion about December 10.

PRINCE EUGENE, youngest son of the king of Sweden, is studying art in Paris. The painter Gervex is his most intimate friend. Eugene is a good deal of a democrat, and has been nicknamed the "Red Prince." It is to be hoped that this is not because he is in the habit of painting Paris red.

HONORE DE BALZAC, the greatest of French novelists, was a close student of economic problems. Fifty years ago he wrote these weighty and wise words, as true now as they were then: "Manufacturing industry depends solely on itself; competition is its life. Protect it and it goes to sleep; it dies from monopoly as well as from the tariff."

LORD WOLSELEY says that one of the bravest men he ever knew is Lieut. Gen. Sir Gerald Graham, V. C., who was in chief command at the battle of El Teb. Graham is several inches over six feet in height and rather indolent physically. Many times Wolseley has seen him endanger his life rather than take a few extra steps in safety.

PASADENA and Los Angeles will be one city in a brief period, and form a continuous municipality from the Sierra Madre to the sea—an extent of thirty miles in length by at least six in width, with 500,000 people contained therein, and will be the capital of the richest state in the union. The claim of New York as the Empire State is already in dispute, but the dispute will soon be settled by the pre-eminence of South California.

IMITATION FLAVORS.

Wretched Substitutes Offered by Chemists for the Oils of Nature.

In the course of an elaborate article describing the manufacture of artificial flavors the *Popular Science News* gives some interesting facts showing at what a distance art follows nature in making substitute compounds. "In the wonderful laboratory of the growing plant, by processes of which we know almost nothing, the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen are made to group themselves into compounds which give to our vegetables and fruits the delicate flavors characteristic of them." It is the imitation of these compounds which the chemist essays, and the clumsiness of his work is readily apparent on comparing it with that of nature. It is true, that in the case of at least a majority of fruits, the natural flavoring can be easily extracted and readily used for all proper purposes, but the accursed greed for gain which dominates trade even in food, points out a cheaper way. The chemists' imitations, while they are less wholesome, are cheaper, and are therefore in more common use.

Some of the instances cited by this paper are rather startling. The artificial flavoring used as an imitation of the pineapple, for example, is composed of the acid of rancid butter compounded with ethyl, a constituent part of common alcohol. "The natural flavors of the peach, plum, almond, etc., are due to nitrogenous bodies containing cyanogen, the base of the poisonous prussic acid. With the exception of the almond, these flavors are not imitated, but a substance made from coal tar, known as nitro benzole, has an intensely strong taste and odor of bitter almonds and under the name of oil of mirbane is employed to a considerable extent as a perfume and flavoring extract. It is, however, a powerful poison and should never be added to food."

Vanilline, or the vanilla flavoring, is it seems, made in large quantities from the gum of the spruce and other trees. Many other artificial substitutes of a similar kind are noted, and it is declared that with the exception of nitro benzole they are all composed of three elements only, carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and that the wide differences in their odor and taste are due to slight variations in the proportions of these elements, and probably also to the positions in which their atoms are arranged in the molecules. For example, the only difference, chemically, between glucose and pineapple oil is that the latter contains four atoms less of oxygen. The article concludes with the sensible suggestion that artificial essences should never be used in the kitchen, where only natural fruit flavors have a legitimate place. Doubtless this reform may be carried out in domestic kitchens, but it is not clear how manufacturers can be forced to adopt such a rule.

What a Fool.

Abel, the philosopher, was walking along the street. He was weary and hungry. Days had passed since he had eaten. He was so learned that the common man could not appreciate him. As he walked along the street in an American city, he thus mused unto himself: "If I had only twenty-five cents with which to appease my hunger, I should be happy." Just then he saw in front of him, on the sidewalk, a crumpled piece of green paper, gradually unfolding. He hurried forward and with a pretense of unconcern placed his foot on the paper. He stood there firmly. Newsboys jostled him and policemen elbowed him as they passed along but he suffered no one to move him. Finally, when he thought no one had observed that his lingering was premeditated, he stooped, felt under his foot, took hold of a piece of paper, and, watching the passers-by, put it in his pocket. Then he walked hurriedly away. He felt as though the eye of a detective was upon him. He knew that he was innocent, yet he fancied himself a criminal. If I have only found enough money to get me something to eat I shall be happy," he mused. Then he shrank close to the wall, for he felt that some one was looking at him. "I don't ask for a dinner," he mused. "All I dare hope for is enough to keep me from being wild and craving."

He stepped into a doorway and waited for the crowd to pass. People carrying many choice things to eat hurried by him. "I will go up this stairway," he said, "and see what I have found." He shrank up the steps. The philosopher who was not afraid to engage learned men in discussion was afraid of timid women who skulked along with shawls over their heads. "If I have only found enough to get me a morsel to eat," he mused. "I shall praise God, for then I shall know that the philosopher has not been neglected." He shyly opened the paper which he had found. Two dollars—two immense, monstrous American dollars! "Ah, here is a feast," he mused. "Picked up two dollars in the street! Two dollars, surely, but why could not this note have as well been twenty, yea, fifty dollars? Why should I be confined to the finding of only two dollars? Is it not as easy for some man to lose fifty dollars as two? Well, should fate so discriminate against me? Here I am confined to two dollars, when I might just as well have found fifty, or one hundred, for that matter. The god of luck is

against the man who needs his favor. Here I am, in need, yea, hungry, and have only found two dollars. Fate is indeed cruel. The changing of the figures on this bill would make me happy, but here I am put off with only two dollars. Well, I must put up with it."

He looked again at the paper and found that, instead of a bank note for two dollars, it was only an advertisement, issued by a shrewd merchant. "I am completely undone," said Adeb. "Why could not this have been two dollars just as well as this worthless piece of paper? I am deceived on all sides. I was hungry, and thought that the means for satisfying my hunger was within my grasp, but I have been fooled. Now I must continue my weary walk. What a fool is man!"—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The newspapers tell us that the gifted woman who wrote that wonderful work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly," is lying upon her bed of death. I have just reread with interest Mr. Charles O. Stickney's article relating Miss Cushing's reminiscences of Mrs. Stowe at the time she was engaged in writing her great book, which I found republished in *The Traveler* from the *Detroit Free Press*. Mr. Stickney says that Mrs. Stowe had great difficulty in finding a publisher for the story, in book form, and that it "drew little attention from the public at large" during its original publication as a serial in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery paper published at Washington.

As to the first statement I know nothing, but the second I can only regard as incorrect. I have it upon the authority of the mailing clerk of the *National Era* at the time the story was published that it ran the circulation of that journal up from a few thousands to over thirty thousand, a great circulation for that day. That seems to me to be drawing great attention from the public, instead of little.

Moreover, the story was widely advertised by the discussion it aroused in the papers throughout the country. The southern papers generally and the pro-slavery papers of the north all attacked it, accusing it of presenting false or exaggerated descriptions of slave life. Of course the anti-slavery papers defended it. Out of these attacks grew the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," afterward published. The editor of the *National Era*, Dr. Briley, I think, instructed his mailing clerk to never refuse an exchange with a southern paper. He further directed him to examine these papers from week to week and to cut therefrom and preserve all accounts and advertisements of runaway negroes, and generally everything which would go to sustain the picture presented by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This task was faithfully performed, and from the mass thus collected the material was selected from which the "key" was wrought. Among the things used, I recollect, were a large number of advertisements of runaway slaves which were embellished with a cut of a negro with a bundle slung on a stick thrown across his shoulder, while he was supposed to be endeavoring to reach a station of the "underground railway," where he would take a passage to Canada. Then the slave's "happy land of Canaan."

The mailing clerk I refer to is still with us, a hale and hearty man, though now on the shady side of fifty. His memory of those days is good, was shown some years ago in a remarkable way. When he used to write the wrappers of the *Era* he always put the county on. About five years ago he happened to be present when a similar work was going on in behalf of a new publication. He found that upon the naming of any of the towns to which he had formerly sent the *Era* he could call the county it was in. He was tested with hundreds of names (in the northern states, naturally), and he was successful in every instance. He said that for many years, a quarter of a century, at least, he had not had occasion to use this knowledge and did not know that his memory still retained until accident demonstrated that it did. I can but regard this as a notable feat of memory, quite as much so in its way as some of those "Marvelous Memories" told about in *Welcome's* article, reprinted in *The Traveler* of September 8th.

Mrs. Stowe's physicians hold out no hope that she will ever recover. Before this note reaches the public, her spirit may have entered upon its journey to "that bourne whence no traveler returns." May her soul rest in peace.—*Diogenes Jones.*

Getting His Money's Worth.

Mr. Shentpershent (at hotel table, a summer resort)—Mein cracious! Isaac, you little vool! Vat vor you ask for bet?

Little Isaac—I vant bret mit my meat, fadder.
Mr. Shentpershent—Shust hear datt! He vant bret ven bret sell for only five cents a loaf, an' he gra'n't eat a kavater off a loaf, an' I pay five tollars a day at dis hotel. Here, Isaac eat dis bottle off olives. Day coast von tollar a bottle.—*Cartoon.*

She Had Made Some Impression.

Mother (writing): "Bobby, how many times did I tell you to stop that noise?" Bobby (reflectively): "Seven."
—*Time.*

SAUCE FOR THE TURKEY.

Prospects of an Abundance of Cranberries from Swamps in all Parts of the Country.

The cranberry crop usually precedes the fall turkey crop by about six weeks, but it is fully two weeks later than usual this year. The berries are now making their first appearance. They do not possess the bright red hue of the fully ripened fruit, but are pale in color, and scarcely up to the usual size. Instead of selling readily at \$3 to \$9 per barrel, therefore they are hard to dispose of at \$5 per barrel, wholesale. The cranberry is an American institution, and tickled the palate of the original inhabitants. It grew wild in the swamps of New Jersey and in several localities in the West. It seemed to be convenient to the hunting ground where wild turkeys and deer were plenty, and the earliest settlers learned to relish the tart berry as a sauce. Like many other institutions the cranberry has grown up with the country and is now a flourishing industry. The first attempt to cultivate the vines was made early in the forties. It took several years to educate the public taste to appreciate tarts, but the taste once established has grown stronger ever since. The consumption of the berry has grown so that thousands of acres of cranberry bogs are now cultivated, and an enormous quantity of berries produced.

The principal sources of supply are the Cape Cod region, the southern part of New Jersey, and a portion of Wisconsin. Reports from Massachusetts state that the crop at the Cape promises to be equal to last year, but there is danger of the quantity being materially lessened by frost. There were 80,000 barrels of berries from that section last year and a frost at this time would cause great damage. Most of the cranberry growers depend on the crops to bring them in enough money to live on through the winter, and the total or partial destruction of the berries would be a serious matter for them. Reports from Wisconsin state that a crop of at least 50,000 barrels is expected. The New Jersey bogs also promise a larger yield than last year. They are noted for the "Early Black" variety and seldom get a full crop from their vines. Last year the vines were flooded by high waters and when the waters receded the intense heat of the sun scalded the vines. This year the "firebug," the "spar-worm" and several other insects are reported as causing considerable damage in several localities. The cranberry men keep up with the times and have a "combine." It is known as the American Cranberry Growers' Association. They do not aim to limit the crop or form a corner in cranberries, but have organized for mutual benefit and to learn the best methods of checking the ravages of their enemies, the worms and bugs.—*Mail and Express.*

Trouble in the Press Club.

Last night the name of G. Worthington, late of Chicago and now on the *Chronicle*, was presented for membership in the Press club. The committee reported unfavorably on Mr. Worthington's application on the ground that he had been caught taking undue advantage of his fellow-reporters in a poker game.

Mr. Worthington gasped when he heard the report, and arose to reply. "Gentlemen," said the applicant, "I am in which surprise and indignation struggled for the mastery. 'do I hear right? Is it objected to me that I held four aces and gave a *Call* reporter a king flush? Permit me to explain. I was the stranger in the game and they took me in. After a long and arduous night of playing I found myself at 9 o'clock in the morning out of funds and owing money to the kitty. I skinned over the deck and found only forty cards there. I looked around and saw one player with cards up his sleeve, another with cards under his chair, another with cards under his coat collar. Then I raised a hand I had held for just such an emergency as is customary in Chicago, and played it from the shoulder. I won \$7, paid the kitty and had breakfast money left. That is all."

There being no further opposition, the gentleman was declared unanimously elected.

Not for Intrusive Eyes.

"As you can only be a sister to me," he said in broken tones, "will you let me kiss you good-night?" She shyly said she would. Then he folded her in his strong arms, and gently placing her head against his manly breast he kissed her passionately. "Mr. Sampson," she said softly, "this is all so new to me—so different from what I thought it to be, that if you will give me a little time to—think it over—I may—" But let us withdraw from the sacred scene.—*New York Sun.*

How Did He Know?

"Please, sir, give a few cents to a poor blind man."
"Are you entirely blind?"
"Yes, sir."
"Haven't got anything for you today."

"I suppose you think because you wear tight pants and have got your hair parted in the middle that you are somebody. You look like that man who was hung in Washington county last week, you long-legged galoot!"—*Texas Siftings.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

Big floods in Spain cause loss of life and property.

Turkey's fig crop is reported to be above the average.

A society of grammarians was formed at Rome as early as 276 B. C.

The California grape crop has been seriously injured by hot weather.

The fresh fruit crop of California this season has an estimated value of \$10,000,000.

The army bill, as agreed upon by both branches of congress, calls for \$3,973,000.

Roumania has a good wheat crop of 1883, and will be able to export 3,000,000 to 3,500,000 quarters.

The demand for Minneapolis flour from the United Kingdom and many Continent ports continues good.

An advance in dressed beef rates from twenty-five to thirty cents is expected from Chicago to seaboard.

Russia has a good wheat crop, but a rather deficient rye crop, but will be able to export 15,000,000 hectolitres, or 12,000,000 quarters.

England's short crop of hops in 1883 caused the price of American hops to advance to \$1 a pound and over. No such shortage exists this year.

A movement to reduce the grading of No. 1 mixed data in New York has been started in the Produce Exchange of that city, and meets with much opposition.

There are about 1,000 crates of peaches shipped from Milltown, Pa., daily. It is only about six years since peach culture was attempted in Juniata county.

Current estimates of the best authorities place the incoming Virginia peanut crop not above fifty per cent. of the regular yield, which is about 2,000,000 bushels.

Cattle are so cheap in Nevada that the present season will prove a very unprofitable one for stock raisers. Beef is selling at five to six cents a pound, with few buyers.

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

A strange cattle disease, supposed to be pleuro pneumonia, or Texas fever, has made its appearance near Mystertown, Pa. The attention of the state board of agriculture has been directed to the matter.

British Columbia Indians are coming over to Washington Territory to help gather the pop crop. The advance fleet of canoes contained about 300 men, women and children. The crop is extraordinarily large.

Press dispatches from Augusta, Ga., say the crops below Augusta on the bottom lands have been greatly damaged by the overflow of the Savannah river. The cotton on the uplands has been damaged by continuous rains, causing it to sprout in the bolls.

The exports of wheat and corn, including wheat in flour, from all American ports, and Montreal, from Sept. 1 to Aug. 25, were 93,080,000 bushels wheat and 25,235,000 bushels corn, against 163,225,000 bushels wheat and 40,000,000 bushels corn same time 1880-7.

The country to the east and north of Winnipeg produces annually many tons of blueberries. This year the crop has been a large one, and consequently blueberries have been in demand on the market in New York. Prices have ruled as low as four cents per pound.

The outbreak of yellow fever in Jacksonville is attributed to the uncleanly condition of the city. The authorities were urged last winter to clean up the filth, but they refused, on the ground that by so doing they would create alarm and check the real estate boom.

The *Northwestern Miller* says that the quantity of old wheat held over this year is below last, and there is good reason to expect a much larger demand. The wheat arriving from the middle and southern belts of Minnesota and Dakota is somewhat shrunken, but the kernel is otherwise sound.

The total packing of hogs in the West the past week has been 100,000 hogs, compared with 90,000 the preceding week, and 135,000 last year. The aggregate packing since March 1 is 3,925,000 hogs, against 4,240,000 a year ago. Decrease, 315,000. The quality of hogs is generally fair for the time of year, receipts showing more or less of stock from the grass fields, which is not desirable to packers.

This is reported as the greatest watermelon year the Georgians have had in a decade. A Savannah paper reports the number of carloads shipped from the state at 7,055. The average number of melons per carload is 1,100, making about 7,800,000 melons already shipped. The estimate for the remainder of the season is 35,000, making the total crop, beside home consumption, 7,835,000 melons, the total value of which is placed at \$1,500,000.

A gigantic wheat trust, backed by unlimited millions, is being formed in the northwest, the field of its operations being Minnesota and Dakota, and only the higher grades of this cereal are taken. The plan of this combination is to purchase as near as possible all the wheat delivered for storage at any elevator on a railroad. The organization comprises some of the leading moneyed men of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Brainerd, Duluth and Fargo.

Prof. Asa Gray observed that the reason which lies at the bottom of the general belief on the continent of Europe that lightning strikes the Lombardy poplar trees in preference to others is coming to light. Green herbage and green wood—sappy wood—are excellent conductors of electricity. A tree is shattered by lightning only when the discharge reaches the naked trunk or naked branches, which are poorer conductors. An old-fashioned Lombardy poplar, by its height, by its complete covering of twigs and small branches, and their foliage, down almost to the ground, and by its sappy wood, makes a capital lightning-rod, and a cheap one. Happily no one can patent it and bring it round in a wagon and insist upon trying it. To make it surer the tree should stand in moist ground or near water, for wet ground is a good conductor and dry soil a poor one. It is recommended to plant a Lombardy poplar near the house and another close to the barn. If the ground is dry the nearer the well the better, except for the nuisance of the roots that will get into it.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Level vs. Deep Cultivation.

Soil cultivation for this season is about over. Mistakes with the crop of 1888 will have to stand. We can only remember them and resolve that we will cut them away for the crop of 1889. One thing is sure. The effects of a good or bad system of cultivation will never be more plainly visible than they now are. How did you cultivate the corn? Read the following note from a western correspondent, and tell us what you think of it:

"Last season was as dry as a mummy. This one is exactly opposite, being as juicy as a melon. Last year most of the corn when full-grown stood 4 to 5 feet high, this season 8 to 12. There has been precious little time between showers for its cultivation, and the man who used light surface-stirring implements, and slashed along at the rate of six or eight acres a day, went over his fields three or four times and kept the weeds down until the corn was large enough to smother all that came up. Now his corn-field is free from weeds, the stalks are big and rank, and bid fair to yield an immense crop. On the other hand, the man who cultivated with the deep-running, horse-killing gouges managed to get over his fields about once, and the ground is matted with crab-grass, smart-weed and other trash, while the corn seems to be somewhat affected with jaundice, or some other liver complaint."—*Rural New Yorker*.

Selecting and Preserving Seed Corn.

Prof. E. G. Morrow, of the university of Illinois, writes: "In selecting a few bushels of seed corn with special reference to improvement of the crop, as well as having seed with strong vitality, I should prefer selecting in the field before the crop is fully matured, because this will enable one to judge of the stalk as well as the ear, and of the early maturing, of both ear and stalk compared with their surroundings."

"In preserving this corn, I should select the most convenient which thoroughly dried before severe cold weather, and then keep them dry—perfectly free from marked variations in temperature. Artificial heat in moderate degrees is helpful, but not often essential in this latitude with fairly early matured varieties."

"I do not attach importance to any one method. The old plan of 'brading up' the ears by their husks by pairs and hanging over wires, ropes or poles in a warm, dry place, is, perhaps, as effective as any. A patented cork-screw-like wire to put in each ear is excellent. Cutting off the tips of the ears, making a hole through them lengthwise, and then strung a dozen or twenty on a wire probably gives help in the thorough drying of very big ears. In all ordinary cases no trouble will come if the ears are spread thinly on the floor or in crates, if kept in a warm, dry place."

I do not think it has been proven that any degree of cold we have ever had here will perceptibly injure the corn which has been well dried before being exposed to the cold. Rapid drying in a high temperature I think objectionable."

Cutting Up the Corn.

It is gratifying to note that every year in Kansas the farmers cut up more of their corn stalks than they did the last preceding. Leaving stalks on the ground is slovenly farming, though a great many good farmers are guilty in that respect. If the number of their acres was less, they would take better care of what they raise. Corn leaves are first class fodder, good as timothy hay for cattle or horses, and a large quantity of them are produced on an acre of ground. In Kansas we have a great deal of wind, and as soon as the corn stalks approach maturity the leaves dry, soon become brittle, and are whipped off. If the stalks are cut up at the proper time, while the leaves are green, they can be cured well in shocks, making as good rough feed as any that is grown on the farm.

Another advantage of much importance is the gathering together of the stalks (while feeding stock) where they will be or may be made into first-class manure. A dry cornstalk, of itself, is worthless for any purpose except to assist in temporarily stopping washes on the farm lands; but when cornstalks are cut up in good season for saving the blades, and when they are daily mixed in a small space with animal droppings, and where the rain water can fall upon it and not run off, these same stalks rot into manure of good quality, and may be put into the ground and mixed with it, doing good in every foot of soil which it touches.

Still another advantage is, that by cutting the stalks and removing them the ground is left clear for subsequent tillage.

The only benefit to be derived from leaving stalks standing on the ground in any portion of Kansas is that in some instances they serve as a sort of wind-break, thus protecting to some extent wheat that is growing between the rows. If wheat-seed is sown at the proper time in good ground which is in good condition, the growth will be heavy enough to protect itself. When wheat is sown among stalks, if they were cut down and let lie on the ground, they would do more good as protecting agents, than if left standing."—*Kansas Farmer*.

Winter Eggs and Early Broilers.

The hen is a willing but a weak creature at best, and when the cold wave dashes on to the open shed it freezes her jowled song and there is no sign of eggs in the snow-drifted nest. But in the close poultry house, with walls lined with tar paper, smelling healthful and repugnant to vermin; with a clean, dry, sandy floor, well sprinkled with lime; a bright, sunny, warm air within, lighted through plenty of glass on the south front, and where well fed with warm-baked potatoes, hot corn, warm thick mush, abundance of broken fresh bones, and supplied with water slightly warmed and thus preserved from the wasting influences of the cold, she roosts comfortably with her companion at night, or is able to enjoy a walk into the fresh, brisk air on fine days and can remain within doors in stormy times, then the grateful lays gladden the heart of the busy housewife and profit the humane and painstaking farmer.

Disease finds no place in the clean, comfortable roosting house, especially when varied food and pure water are supplied and the fowls fed with judgment to avoid excess. Again, the early layers will be brooding early, and the warm house, cleanly kept, invites the motherly hen, always neat and clean herself, to take to her nest and brood sleepily but tenderly over her eggs. The young chicks, too, suffer no hardship; but if they are provided with a coop glazed in front and set facing the sun and protected at night with a mat or an old horse blanket, they will thrive in January and make valuable broilers for the farmer's table (deserving of every luxury of the kind) and for the city markets, greedy for these choice morsels, and for which 30c or 40c a pound is readily paid.

A great deal is said of incubators; but having tried them, my conclusion is that they are fit only for the professional poultrymen. The domestic, or farm flock, needs no such laborious and exasperating aid. But a brooder or small portable closet or box, heated by a tin box filled with hot water, is a great help to the early season, to nurse the young chicks through their first few hours in this cold world. This brooder is a box 16 inches square—it may be larger if desired—divided into a lower and an upper apartment. The door has the upper half of glass. It is lined with half-felt or pieces of blanket or carpet, and it is covered outside with thick paper to keep in the heat. The heater, filled with hot water and wrapped in a piece of blanket, is put in the lower part; the nest made on the slatted shelf is above; the heat rises through the nest and keeps the chicks warm. The heat is regulated to 80 degrees.

As the chicks appear, or the eggs are chipped, they are taken from the nest and put into the brooder, and kept there until the whole brood are out, when they are given to the hen in the glass covered coop—at that season set in a warm, sunny place in the house. If the chicks are more than twenty-four hours in the brooder they are supplied with food and water—some crumbs of soda biscuit, grains of oatmeal, or crushed wheat, and are taught to drink by dipping their beaks in the water, in a shallow plate. They need no teaching to eat. The use of this brooder saved more than half the chicks, for only one poor weakling was lost out of the whole number hatched by my flock of twenty Light Brahma hens, which under the management described, gave me a profit of \$121.07 from January 1 to December 31.—*American Poultry Journal*.

Farm Notes.

Super-phosphate is the best fertilizer to use in the fall for wheat. Fall wheat should be going in now. Plow the ground and make it fine. Pears do not become mellow on the trees. They should be gathered and stored in a dark place. The weeds are ripening their seeds now. Mow them down before the seeds are perfect. Spinach is one of the early greens. An application of very fine manure will hasten them and give a larger crop.

It is now time to be making the preparations for coupling the sheep. Only rams of the best breeds should be used. A cross-bred male can not be relied upon for producing uniform offspring.

Thought is necessary in breeding, and every improvement that a man makes in his stock is evidence of the improvement of his own mind. Breeding is an elevating and developing business. It broadens men, and it is only a broad man and a man of intellect that can keep up a herd. Try breeding improved stock as a means of keeping the boys on the farm.

The depth of drilling seed, such as wheat, can be regulated on the drill, and this should be carefully attended to in order to avoid getting the seed in too deep.

Radishes will grow during the whole of the growing season. A late crop can be put in for winter use. This vegetable can be had in abundant supply if successive crops are sown.

There is nothing more highly relished by hogs than charcoal. They will help themselves to it, and it will prevent disorders of the bowels. The best mode of giving it is when it is fresh, and if placed in the fire and heated occasionally it will be more serviceable. It corrects the acidity of the stomach, and as it is cheap, a supply should be kept constantly in each pen.

A pretty writing table is the inven-

tion of a woman furnishing artist. The top is composed of four flaps, folds into the shape of an envelope; the ink bottle is hidden away in a compartment; the writing pad has a special stand, the pen and paper cutter another. The little table is a bijou boudoir table, graceful in shape and delicate in coloring. Over the cream ground is spread a pretty painted pattern of wild roses and foliage.

The Household.

When you find a soap that is pure and suits your skin, continue to use it. Frequent changes are bad for the complexion.

Salt and water will prevent the hair from falling out, and cause new hair to grow. Do not use so strong as to leave white particles upon the hair when dry.

Very many attacks of sick headache can be prevented if those who are subject to them are careful about their diet and largely restrict the same to vegetables and fruits easy of digestion. They must forego meat, cheese, pastry, beer, wine, etc.; in fact, neither eat or drink anything which is stimulating in character and at all likely to tax the digestive organs.

Silk dresses should never be brushed with a whisk broom, but should be carefully rubbed with a velvet mitten kept for that purpose only.

If canned shrimps are used for salad they should be carefully looked over so as not to leave a bit of the shell, rinsed in cold water, and mixed with the dressing.

To restore crushed velvet, hold it over the spout of the teakettle and let it steam well, then comb up the nap.

In case of a cut, smoke the wound with burned red flannel on which has been placed a small quantity of sugar, then tie up, after sprinkling with sulphur, and it will heal immediately.

An excellent cough mixture is made of one ounce pressed mullin, half ounce hoarhound, one quart soft water; boil until this molasses; strain thin, add one pint New Orleans molasses; boil a few moments. Dose, one tablespoonful four times a day or after every coughing spell.

Keep salted provisions under brine always.

Never have a dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration.

In a severe sprain of the ankle immerse the joint as soon as possible in a pail of hot water, and keep it there for fifteen or twenty minutes. After removing it keep it banaged with hot cloths wrung out of water, or rum and water.

The Potato Bug.

Winter's frost, and summer's heat'll Sure as time each other follow, But neither decimates the Colorado Beetle.

By malignant fate he's chosen As a permanent abider, Equally prolific, fried or Frozen!

The insatiable slugs to wean, No device of chemist there is— London purple, fire or Paris Green!

No device or brain, or hand, or Any power that man can rally, Can exterminate this salt-salamander!

See, emerging, scores of dozens, Impatiently from their haunts, Sending forth their sisters, aunts And cousins!

Every vine and leaf is altered, Fifty odd to each potato, While the frenzied farmers pray to Be delivered.

From the pestilent afflictions! And their voices through the valley Echo with their sulphurous male-Dictions!

Seek again your native climate, Nauseating, sin-created, Sticky lumps of animated Slime!

Westward let your blighting shadow, Your retreating substance follow, Till you've reached the heart of Colorado!

Source of infinite confusion! What will kill 'em so they'll stay so! Bless the man who'll furnish a solution!

George Washington's Preacher.

A church of England parson, an ancestor of mine, lived in Virginia. This parson Moncre of Overton parish played a perfect game of whist. Once, while enjoying his rubber, a vestry deputation came to request that on Sunday he would pray for rain. "I will pray," said the good old man, "but—I lead trumps—it won't rain till the moon changes." This clergyman was George Washington's pastor in his cherry tree days.—*M. D. Conway in the Open Court*.

A Polite Truckman.

Old Mrs. Bentley: "I might have been run over to-day, Josiah, if a truck driver hadn't kindly stopped to let me cross." Old Mr. Bentley: "What! stopped for ye?" Old Mrs. Bentley: "Yes, an' said: 'Gwan accross, ye could bag o' bones!' I thought it was very polite in him." Old Mr. Bentley: "Yes, he must have been very polite."—*New York Sun*.

Took Everything Along.

Detective (to servant)—Is Mr. Boodler in?

Servant—No, sah; I heard him tel de missus dat he was off fo' Cannady.

Detective—Ah! Can you give me his address?

Servant—No, sir; I spees he tuk it wit him.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Took Her Place.

An old fellow in Georgia, stood leaning on the rail fence that surrounded his cabin. The expression of his face bespoke sorrowing concern. His under lip fell in a sort of hopeless way. His eyes were watery. A stranger came along, and, noticing the disconsolate appearance of the old fellow, approached him and said:

"My friend you seem to be in trouble."

"I don't know that I'm yo' frien'," the old fellow replied, "but I can tell you without any hesitation that I am in trouble."

"What's the matter?" the stranger asked.

"Oh, er keep is the matter."

"What's gone wrong?"

"Sal."

"Who is she?"

"My daughter."

"What is wrong with her?"

"She's married."

"Yes, but that is a result naturally to be expected."

"Yes, but I didn't expect her ter marry er blame fool."

"Has she?"

"World without end."

"What sort of a man did she marry?"

"Er singin' school teacher."

"That is pretty bad, but is there no hope for the fellow?"

"Yes, ther's er hope—er hope that I may meet him and shoot the life outen him."

"That's rather serious. But why do you object to him?"

"Cause he's er blame fool."

"Why do you think so?"

"Cause he looks like it."

"But don't you think that he can make your daughter a living?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Cause he plays the pian'."

"Does that keep him from understanding the necessity of work?"

"No, but it keeps him from doin' it."

"You loved your daughter, I suppose?"

"Yes, I did."

"You will never, then, get over your present trouble?"

"Never in this here world."

"Even if the fellow were to make her a living, you would still be disappointed?"

"Yes, you bet I would."

"Coming down to straight talk, you are plunged into a sea of grief."

"Yes, over head an' years."

"The future holds for you no contentment."

"None."

"You loved your daughter to such an affectionate extent that your after life is bound to be miserable."

"Yes."

"I am sorry for you," the stranger said. "As I came along I thought of making you a present of that dog you see smelling about the stump out there."

"Putty good-lookin' dog."

"First-class."

"Tree possums?"

"Best I ever saw at that business."

"Fight er coon?"

"Whip any coon you ever saw."

"Kill er snake?"

"None escape him."

"Catch er mole outen the ground?"

"The killing of moles is his special delight."

"Bark at er nigger?"

"Abhors the colored man."

"Track er rabbit?"

"Follow him all over the country."

"Eat much?"

"Very little."

"Shore he'll bark at er nigger?"

"I know it."

"No mistake erbout his 'possum business?"

"None whatever."

"Scratches moles right outen the ground?"

"Right out."

"Bark at niggers?"

"Barks at them."

"Good 'possum dog?"

"None better."

"Shore he barks at niggers?"

"Know it."

"Wall, stranger, jest leave him here and I'll let Sal go. Come here, wife. The Lawd has sent us suthin' to take Sal's place. Whoop! come here, old boy! Whoop! The Lawd ain't furgot His chillum yit!"—*Arkansas Traveler*.

A Landscape Gardener.

I was going over reminiscences to-day when I saw the finishing touches being put to the great marble terrace around the capitol building. This has been a somewhat costly work, possibly involving as much as \$1,000,000; but it has raised the capitol ostensibly to a height commensurate with its length, whereas previously it had the proportions of a train of cars, which are all length and no height. The grounds, too, have been thrown open and decorated in a modern landscape style, chiefly by the direction of one of the oldest continuous characters in our story, Frederick Law Olmstead. In my youth this man was writing books about landscape gardening, and visiting the sea-board slave states in Texas and the back country. His collection of letters still shed a great deal of light upon southern society before the war. He succeeded Andrew Jackson Downing, who, as our first landscape gardener, and it has been Mr. Olmstead's good fortune to lay out nearly every important park in the United States. Most of these parks demonstrate his good taste and boldness.—*Goth in the Enquirer*.

HINTS ON DRESSING.

Views of a Man Who Believes That "the Apparel Oft Proclaims the Man."

I heard a successful city man of business talk to his fifteen-year-old son about masculine dress one evening lately, writes the *Chicago Journal's* side-walk stroller, and there were several things said worth remembering. "I am older than you, my son," he began, "and carry in my old head a great deal of experience which I wish I could convey to yours for your own good, and what I have learned about how to dress successfully is one of them. It took me a long time to learn that it is hard for a top to gain the respect or confidence of his fellow-men who are not fops; but I have learned it in time to save myself and lay down a few of the rules of dress for a man who would win in the world. In the first place, business men like young men who dress modestly. They don't like 'showy' youths. In the next place, the average political leader and voter has no use for the dressy citizen who ventures into politics. Very plain and simple clothes are at a great premium in politics. Silk hats, silk stockings and silk underwear have to be worn very carefully, if at all, by a political candidate. The silk hat will go through all right on one condition—provided it is never brushed at all, or, if brushed, brushed the wrong way. So important is this matter of dress and its effect on the masses that I would lay down for you a few simple rules of dress which if you follow will bear me out in the assertion that every line of life worth entering they will prove a great aid to popularity and success. First, never be without one good black suit for Sunday, weddings, receptions, and funerals. This suit when no longer new can be worn for a day suit in school or business. Second always own one good, dark-blue suit for business, pleasure or general occasions not noted under the first head. It may also be worn by night, when it will look like a black business suit. This is all in the line of suits necessary for a man except a full-dress or Prince Albert for some extraordinary party, which I trust will not come very often in your case. You can in this way always look neat and never gaudy, being careful never to be guilty of owning a velvet coat, a pair of patent leather or yellow shoes, a dude cane, flashy neckties or load jewelry. To be a man among men should be your aim and never an esthetic nondescript among the lilies."

THREE BOXES IN ONE.

Scheme for Helping Small Retailers to Make a Good Display of Cigars With Little Cost.

"That is indeed an innovation."

A reporter for the *Mail and Express* was speaking of a cigar-box which differed from the ordinary box in its addition of three metal braces—two short and one long—on each side of the box.

"Yes," replied the dealer. "When a cigar store keeper buys cigars he has to exhibit the contents to invite customers. Now this is a marked improvement over the old style of package. When the box leaves the cigar manufacturer it represents a box holding one hundred cigars. When received by the retailer he has simply to break the stamp, slide the upper portions which are held by the metal braces backward, lift the cover, and he will discover that he has three boxes instead of one. The lowest box will hold fifty cigars of a medium shade, say Colorado madura, as this is the color which is in greatest demand. In the compartment next above may be placed twenty-five lighter cigars, while in the upper compartment can be displayed twenty-five darker ones. The retailer will find it necessary only to open one box to display three shades of the same cigar, or it may be three different kinds of cigars. If the retailer has only a small store, with little show-case room, he can make a better display of stock by this box than in any other way. The second compartment is displayed above and back of the first, and the third above and back of the second; being kept in place by the braces, and supported by one at the back. Thus with one box, each of five, ten and fifteen cent cigars, the retailer can display his goods to better advantage than he could formerly do with 500 or 1,000 cigars packed in the old style. The cigars can also be displayed by the open boxes in the store window, on the counter or on a shelf."

Motherly Dignity.

Ruth, a little, delicate, fair-haired girl, had been told she could go into the country with her mother next Monday. She immediately commenced to get ready. She took her immense rag doll called Victoria Marguetta, and with a piece of stick she began to play comb her hair, and in an authoritative tone she said: "Now, Victoria Marguetta, you can't go one step to the fresh air fund if you have dirt in your head, for they would send you right back, my lady; what do you think of that?" Then shaking Victoria Marguetta until her head fairly lopped, she exclaimed: "Now, of none you sniveling; 'sposen I did pull your hair a little, guess you can stan' it, when you are goin' out where eggs grow and where you can get apples what hain't got any cholera morbus in 'em—think of that, my child. Now go to sleep and let your mouth water, when you dream of egg trees and apple bushes—that's a good girl."—*Troy Times*.

The substitution of black stone or wood blocks in the paving of many of the cities increases the wear on horses' hoofs, and correspondingly shortens the period of their usefulness.

That favorite exchange, and that still dearer favorite family paper of our New Hampshire boyhood, the Massachusetts Coughman, has recently changed hands, vizing to the death of the former publisher. Under the new management of Lincolnton Darling, it is enlarged and improved until it has no superior, even if it has an equal, east or west. Published in Boston it is of especial value to the farmers of New England, but is full of meat for every home, east or west, in town or country.

One firm in Atchison has shipped eight thousand barrels of apples. Leavenworth is going to pave its principal street with a durable brick made at that place. Attica shipped a car containing 940 melons to the Grand Army Encampment at Columbus. T. A. Hudson, of Riley claims that he raised 2,625 bushels of oats on twenty-five acres of ground. An immense chub, said to be

mation for all who purchase the luxuries or the necessities of life. We can clothe you and furnish you with all the necessary and unnecessary appliances to ride, walk, sleep, eat, fish, or drink. We can go to church, or stay at home, and in various sizes, styles and quantities. Just figure out what is required to do all these things COMFORTABLY, and you can make a fair estimate of the value of the **BUYERS' GUIDE**, which will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents to pay postage.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

Robert Turner, of Ghent, Ky., formerly a large owner of Iowa farm lands, died a few days ago. In 1850 he bought two slaves at auction and made \$1,800 on the transaction, and now his will directs that amount to be divided equally among the four African churches in Ghent.

Chart Sent Free.

Fevers, Coughs, Inflammations.
Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Discharges.
Bots or Grubs, Worms.
Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
Cold or Croup, Whooping Cough.
Disarranging, Hemorrhages.
Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
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