

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XIX.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, JUNE 23, 1888.

NO. 11.

WEEKLY EDITION.

EIGHT PAGES, FORTY COLUMNS.
Subscriptions, 75 Cents a Year.
Second Copy to send away,
Fifty cents a year,
ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.
G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.
Paper discontinued when time paid for has expired, therefore no claims for unpaid subscription are ever presented.
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.
Job Printing of all kinds done in the most artistic manner, and at lowest prices.

John Brown's body and Jim Blaine's Spirit, are the two popular songs to be heard in Chicago this week.

Senator Plumb endorses the Kansas delegation which did well to object to a railroad attorney for presiding officer. But why object to a railroad man?

Mr. Blaine will arrive home near the first of August. That will give him quite as much time as he ought to devote to the campaign and more than he can put in profitably.

The Leavenworth Times says "if we make Indiana, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut certain for the republican ticket" they can snap their fingers at the whole party. Well, yes, we should say so.

Not less than 20,000,000 bottles of somebody's sarsaparilla will be sold in this country this week. At least there will be that number of people who will want to get rid of a tired feeling after the Chicago convention.

Some one writing of the construction of billiard tables, says the legs must be so fastened as to be perfectly firm and not liable to be thrown out of adjustment by atmospheric changes. The legs of those who use them are not always so secure.

The Mormons have bought an immense tract of land in Mexico, and it is supposed they will move there, bag and baggage. The Mexicans say they can practice polygamy to their hearts' content.

The republican campaign is evidently to be a double ended. It will be an American campaign—protection to American industries. A change will be rung on protection and the American idea. This, perhaps, will be the heavy end of the campaign, but the bloody shirt will still occupy a prominent position.

We doubt if there ever existed in the history of this country a time where so little attention has been given to matters of political principle as at present. In the selection of a candidate for president, the only question asked, has been, "who can secure the most votes?" The availability of the man has been the only question considered. The nomination of Cleveland was, of course, a foregone conclusion, but in selecting a candidate for vice president, the question of policy was the only one taken into account, although, fortunately, their candidate was one of the best men in their party. In the republican convention which fairly represented the party, there was no protest against the most unrepudiated monopolists in the land—no protest against the most gigantic corporations, represented by millionaires

manufacturers or monied interests. While homelies were declaimed upon progress by such men as Fred Douglass, the men who cheered the loudest only took into account those measures and those men that will secure the most votes. For instance it was openly said, that every railroad man, whether democrat or republican, in the state of New York would vote for Depew, and this was urged in favor of his nomination. It might be excused perhaps, in a party in the condition of a drowning man to catch upon anything that would afford a temporary support, but it is painful to see great republican party confessing itself in a position where it is to catch at straws.

On a farm, as everywhere else, work should be properly divided, so that the weight of the burden should be borne by no one person. There must be some deviation from the plan after it is made, but the endeavor should be to leave no work for everybody and all work for somebody. It seems to be everywhere the case that some will perform no labor unless forced to do so, while others are looking for work to do and performing the tasks for others. In this way important matters are neglected—some should-be workers are permitted to become shirks, some others are made drudges. The several tasks to be done should be daily assigned by father and mother with the most perfect justice, avoiding giving the disagreeable tasks invariably to the child that has no choice but obedience, and who cherishes in his heart, "When I am a man I'll get out of all this, I will go as far from a farm as possible." On the other hand as carefully refusing to perform all disagreeable duties personally to save the child.

It is necessary to be just in assigning work to hired help. It should be generally understood that the agreeable and the disagreeable tasks are each to be justly shared, and the moment that is done, trouble is at an end. Each feels that it is fair that he should perform his share of those duties that he dislikes doing, and each knows that tasks agreeable to him are equally so to others and gladly divides his pleasures. If there is to be anything like an uneven division, let the shirks fare the worst. Always making certain that it is not a natural taste for a certain kind of work that cannot be overcome, or an avoiding of labor, because of real lack of health and strength. No where else is there greater need of the "pull all together" principle than on the farm. Success is assured only when the mutual interest and responsibility is felt and each takes his share of the work, performing it cheerfully.

Albert Griffin, as a delegate to the republican convention in Chicago, has, as usual, proven a flat failure. He consented to be muzzled and ham-strung by Kansas delegation and was then permitted to have a place upon the committee on resolutions. It was a position that no man with any self respect would have accepted, but Griffin seemed to take it as the best thing he could do, the same as he accepted the saloon regulation where he could not get endorsement for prohibition, for which he set out with such hurrah.

One of the heaviest rains for years fell last evening. Reports from nearly all parts of the west bring information of copious rains, such as we have not had before for years.

Professor Blake got caught this time on the right side. We believe that he is satisfied that this part of the state will have enough rain for the week ending June 23 although his predictions was there would be a short supply.

Concerts, festivals and socials are all drowned out and postponements have been the order of the day.

The boy travelers have been heard from; Edgar Arnold writes from Manhattan that they managed by ditching round their tent to keep dry. He caught one fish which almost broke his fishing pole and made a meal for the crowd. They are thoroughly enjoying their trip and are following the Republican river.

The Social at Heywood, under auspices of Presbyterian church ladies, is indefinitely postponed. Reason is obvious to all.

The railway commissioners met yesterday and listened to the petition of the Santa Fe to remove the passenger train running from Leavenworth to Topeka. Objections were raised by Leavenworth and by Oskaloosa, and the matter goes over for further evidence on the part of the taxpayers.

The telegraph editor of the Capital needs to look up the scriptures when he gives Professor Wendling as giving a lecture at the Ottawa assembly on "Saul of Tarsus." There was once a noted character in Biblical history called Saul or Tarsus, afterwards called Paul the apostle who is the subject of Professor Wendling's lecture.—Commonwealth. Wherein is "Saul of Tarsus" better than "Saul of Taurus." Is one more of a "bull" than the other? We suggest to our amiable contemporaries that they end this Taurus fight, and compromise on "Saul of Tarsus."

Ten car loads of machinery for the sugar mill are on hand and more coming. It will all be placed in position soon in the new building.

A traveling man has been arrested for selling onion bulbs for hyacinth bulbs.

A case just heard by the Supreme Court of Georgia involved only eighteen cents.

A dog was sent over Niagara Falls in a barrel June 10 and survived the descent.

A skilled mechanic's daily wages at Astoria, Oregon, will buy a sack of flour.

Within a year the price of diamonds in London have fallen from 22 to 18 shillings.

It now appears that the negroes have been among the principal slave holders in Brazil.

Millions of grasshoppers are raising havoc in Minnesota.

Stephen Gleason died at Fall River June 10 of the age of 102.

Walt Whitman the poet is seriously ill at his home in Camden, New Jersey.

If children are busy at school they should have some play as well as work hours at home.

A beer brewery has invaded Alaska.

Two hundred years ago the bushels used in England weighed eighteen pounds.

Work should be continued as steady as possible while in the field. Rest should be enjoyed at the house at noon or evening.

The winter snow crops in Germany are said to be quite backward but otherwise not especially unpromising. The season been cold and late.

An acre of sorghum will on the average produce twenty bushels of seed, as good as corn for fattening stock or feeding horses, with the addition of bran.

W. W. CURDY,

419 & 421 Kans. Avenue.

IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

4TH OF JULY GOODS,

AND SAVE DOLLARS.

Our June Clearings of Summer Goods,

Is of interest to consumers of merchandise. Prices reduced on everything that must go. We never carry over goods from one season to another, but make prices that will insure a clearance of everything.

35c French Sateens closing for 19c.

White Goods, Lawns, Batistes, &c reduced in price.

All summer clothing.

Shoes, low cut. Etc., " " "

Gent's Nobby Hats and Fine Furnishing goods, Straw Mattings, Carpets and Curtains, Parasols, Fans, Laces, and Embroideries, Straw Hats, Fine Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Suspenders, and Every thing to make Fourth of July interesting and comfortable at

W. W. CURDY'S

Dry Goods, Carpets, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Etc.

Are You Intending to Build a Home?

If so send us your address and a 5c postal note for our new book containing over Fifty different styles and plans of houses, costing from \$200 to \$3,500 suitable for city, town or country, arranged by the best architects in the United States and Europe. The book gives pictures and plans of each house, showing just how they look when completed. Any carpenter can build from these plans. If you ever intend to build a house, write at once, as this advertisement will not appear again in this paper. Address F. C. Shepard, Evansburg, Pa.

Death in a well.

H. H. Miller, of Rossville is sinking a well. On Monday he had reached a depth of sixty-five feet. In the afternoon while one of the employees, a young man named Grant McCoy, was being lowered in a bucket into the well, and before he had descended a distance of more than ten feet, he suddenly loosened his hold on the rope and fell to the bottom of the well and was instantly killed. The accident is thought to have been due to foul air which had collected in the well, and which overcame him and caused the fatal fall. Up to a late hour his body had not been taken out owing to the fears of the neighbors to descend into the foul air of the well. Efforts however were being made to grapple it with ice tongs, but at the latest accounts they were fruitless. McCoy leaves a young wife to whom he had been married but a few months.

The amount of pensions thus far paid at the Topeka agency during the present quarter is \$1,065,766, which sum has been distributed among 30,947 pensioners.

There are some things that teachers may learn, or reporters, and one is to avoid the extravagant use of Language. For instance it is said that yesterday, "In the grammar classes, Mr. Larimer strongly impressed on teachers the fact that a familiarity with the forms in English grammar is one of the essentials. Many persons, he said, were thoroughly conversant with Latin conjugations, but could not conjugate a single verb in their native language."

The Sultan of Zanzibar has a German wife.

Clover makes the very best hay. The June weather is atoning for May.

Do work well and make each motion count.

Boston Cooking School. QUENELLES.

Rub one half cup chopped raw meat from the breast of a chicken through a sieve. Boil one half cup cream and one quarter cup stale bread crumbs and one quarter blade mace together in a thick paste. Take out the mace, add one tablespoonful butter and white of one egg beaten stiff; salt and pepper to taste; cool. When the forcemeat is cold, shape with a wet teaspoon and drop into a buttered pan, cover with hot stock, cook 10 minutes without boiling. Serve with cream sauce.

The above is a very delicate dish. When the recipe is followed and the mixture ready, put it in a pan and set it on ice to cool. The mixture can then be formed into balls or the shape of a teaspoon. Before using the teaspoon dip it in hot water, then drop each spoonful into a pan, then pour the hot stock over and cook slowly.

CREAM SAUCE.

Melt one tablespoonful butter and two tablespoonfuls flour, and pour on slowly one pint hot cream. Season with one tablespoonful salt and pepper. Add one half can mushrooms chopped fine.

STUFFED OLIVES.

Stone one dozen olives; cover with cold water and heat to the boiling point. Pour off the water and cover with cold water; stand two minutes, then drain; stuff with the above forcemeat, cover with hot stock and simmer 20 minutes. Served hot or cold. Select the largest olives and, if possible, get the stones out without cutting the olives.

BROILED GROUSE.

Singe and pick out pin feathers. Split down the back. Flatten with a potato masher. Wash and wipe. Dredge with salt and pepper. Rub over with salt butter. Broil over a clear fire 15 minutes. Season with salt, pepper and butter.

BROILED STEAK.

Wipe and trim. Grease the gridiron and broil over a clear fire, turning often. Serve with Maitre d'Hotel Butter.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY FRANK PEMMON.

When first I started out in life
I had with me the thought
That I could mold my future course
To what'er shape I sought.

I'd be a strict monogamist—
One wife for me—no more.
But now I've buried three of them,
And I'm looking for Number Four.

I'd never care for money—much;
I hated the dross of gold,
But now I am a millionaire,
And I am scarcely forty years old.

I started writing poetry,
With a fervor very intense;
And I can't give it up—and why?
Because I lack common sense.

I thought that all the ladies fair
In love with me would be;
But that is where the difference lay
Between the fair and me.

I thought that I'd live many years,
So well am I insured,
To sickness. But that hope I've lost—
Because I'm well insured.

I thought that when my death was known
The news would cause a thrill—
Perhaps it will, to all the friends
I've mentioned in my will.

It's just the same with all of us:
We think that we can do
What'er we choose, and quite forget
That fate is working too.

—Yankee Blade.

Geoffrey and I.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

I was loved by two brothers, Leon
and Geoffrey Lamar; but, of course,
could only give my heart to one of them.

Leon was tall, dark, and of forbidding
mien; his restless eyes inspired me
with anything but tender passion.
"You must love me!" he said to me
one day after he had been pressing his
suit in vain. I intend you shall!"

"No!" I answered, vehemently. "I
shall not, so there!"

"Why not?" he asked, biting his lip
in ill concealed anger.

"Because I hate you!" I replied, hot-
ly, rising and standing before him,
flushed and excited.

"You love some one else, then; tell
me who?" he demanded, insolently.

"As if I should!" said I, mockingly.

"You need not; I'll find out;" and he
left me.

A fortnight later, he came to me, his
handsome face fairly contorted with
rage. "I know whom you are silly
enough to adore," he said threateningly;
but little good will ever come of it!"

"Whom do I love, Mr. Lamar?" I
asked carelessly.

"Geoffrey!" he hissed from between
his white even teeth. "But you will
wish you had loved me instead. You
are not aware, I presume, that all this
fine property is mine, and he is penni-
less, unless I choose otherwise?"

"Yes; I do know all that," I answered,
contemptuously, "but I am not influ-
enced by wealth, and I shut the door
in his face."

I lived in Brooklyn, and it was my
custom to spend a part of each summer
out of the city, on account of my health,
which was none of the best. And as
the Lamars were old family friends,
and lived at Rose Hill some miles up
the Hudson, it was perfectly natural
that I should spend my vacations there.

The family at Rose Hill consisted of
Leon, Geoffrey and their mother, all of
whom made me welcome in a very cor-
dial manner at their elegant residence.
It was during one of these fateful vaca-
tions spent at the lovely country
seat that Leon Lamar fell desperately
in love with me before I was aware of it.

Geoffrey was as unlike his brother as
one could imagine. Of medium height
and fair complexion, with winning
ways and soft persuasive voice; it was
hard to bear in mind that they were
brothers.

But Geoffrey had told me his love
and won my heart long before Leon be-
came aware of it; and my preference
for his brother had never entered his
mind, I presume.

Perhaps that was why he became so
furious, and ground through his mur-
derous looking teeth, that day, that it
was "Geoffrey." I felt, however from
that day on that Leon would do some-
thing very wicked, without a scruple,
if he thought it would bring pain and
sorrow to either of us—Geoffrey or I.

In view of such a possibility, I con-
fided Leon's threat to my lover, telling
him also my fears. He said but little,
and pretended that he did not mind,
although I knew by his looks that he
felt uneasy for a long time afterward.

I saw but little of Leon after his
threatening interview, as he was away
a good deal on business, and I seldom
visited at Rose Hill after our disagree-
able "scene."

Geoffrey ran down to my home in
Brooklyn occasionally; and one morn-
ing in May I expected him, as he had
promised to accompany me to an enter-
tainment.

I busied myself with the plans of
the entertainment all the forenoon,
not noticing how the time was flying,
until the bells chimed midday.

"Noon!" I ejaculated, "and Geoffrey
not here? Why! What—?" and a
dozen calamities thrust their possi-
bility on me, as I thought of Leon's
threat.

"Oh, Geoffrey!" I choked down the
words and hurried down stairs. A
servant handed me a letter, and, as it
was laid on my outstretched palm, a
chill of terror froze the blood in my
veins.

"I expected it," was all I said to
mother's look of anxious inquiry; then

I sped away to my rooms. Once there,
I opened the letter and read:

"DEAREST: As I am called away on very
urgent business this morning, and cannot
find time to run down to tell you, I beg to be
excused and forgiven for disappointing you
so. I will call, however, as soon as I return.
Yours till then, GEOFFREY."

"Strange," said I, "that Geoff.
couldn't write more than that when he
is generally on the verge of being prolix."
Turning the note over, it struck
me that it was not my lover's writing.
I hurried to my esbretaire and com-
pared the chirography with that of a
half dozen letters he had written me.
The handwriting was not the same, and
the difference could easily be detected.

"It isn't Geoffrey's note," I said,
with quivering lips and rising fears.
"Something else keeps him away, and
this is Leon's work."

Like a break in a levee it grew, this
feeling of doubt and distrust, until,
like the powerful crevasse, it flooded
my whole soul with suspicious dire.

"Leon Lamar," I cried excitedly,
"you have written this falsehood, and
if aught has happened Geoffrey, I shall
recompense you, so help me heaven!"

Geoffrey's absence was enough to
augment my fears; I thrust the note in
my bosom and went down stairs again.

"I believe I will visit Rose Hill this
evening," I said, as calmly as possible
to the family, which took it for granted
that good old Mrs. Lamar had sent an
invitation.

I was greeted warmly by Geoffrey's
mother on my arrival there, who said
she "knew I would come, even when
Leon was writing the note. You got
it today, didn't you?" she asked, pleas-
antly.

"Yes," I replied, feeling that there
was something wrong somewhere.

But the mystery deepened, when she
continued, with solicitude, "I am so
glad, too, that you are to stay with me
while Leon has gone to Geoffrey; he
isn't so very ill, of course, but it seems
right that Leon should go, even if his
business suffers."

"Geoffrey ill?" I asked, in a choking
voice; "and where is he, Mrs. La-
mar?"

"Oh, then Leon didn't mention Geoff-
rey's illness to you in the invitation?
He dreaded to worry you, I suppose.
Why, he's at his uncle's in Albany;
went a week ago. But don't look so
frightened, Miss Delaney; Geoffrey isn't
at all dangerous."

"No," I said; but darker and strang-
er it all grew. I compared the lan-
guage of the note to Mrs. Lamar's
statement; it was evident to me that
Leon did not want my presence at
Rose Hill, for, instead of penning the
supposed invitation, he had written an
excuse purporting to be Geoffrey's,
thinking that would satisfy me until—
when I did not know.

That night I could not sleep. I tossed
restlessly until nearly dawn, when
I sank into a troubled dream, and I
thought I was descending a steep de-
cline; then, in a disconnected way, I
saw Geoffrey's white, anguished face,
and after all I seemed to stumble over
a basket in which were parcels and a
can of coffee.

I awoke frightened and bewildered,
to find it hardly dawn. I had not slept
ten minutes, but I was not sleepy and
rose to dress.

"A hill; a hill!" I repeated; "and
Geoffrey's white face; dear, it certainly
meant something. Father in heaven,
show me the way!" I sobbed, up
against the window pane.

Suddenly I remembered having once
taken a walk with my lover in the
wood east of the house; in that stroll
we had gone down a little steep and
visited a sort of a cave, long unused,
and further up the ravine.

But this could have no connection
with Geoffrey's white face, I thought;
still, it might, and I shuddered and
cried out in an agony of soul, "Heaven
help me to find Geoffrey!"

That forenoon, the servant, Thekla,
busied herself preparing various pack-
ages and parcels. She eyed me
suspiciously whenever I looked at her,
though I had no motive in doing so,
outside of idly wondering what she in-
tended doing with them, until she pro-
cured a large can of coffee and packed
it with the rest in a basket.

Then strangely familiar looked the
receptacle. A curious sensation crept
over me, as I realized that this, too,
was a part of the mystery. I had
recognized the basket as the identical
one of my dream of the morning.

"Aha!" I thought, "there is some-
thing in it." I kept quiet, however,
and wandered about listlessly, yet all
the while watching her narrowly. She
had an evil face, and I was certain,
could be bribed into doing anything.

Mrs. Lamar was in her room, so I
walked out on the veranda and sat
down to think. I believed I could find
the way to that lonely cave alone; I be-
lieved I should try and see what would
come of it. Leon might have killed
Geoffrey in a fit of jealous passion and
have hidden the body there!

"But no; there went Thekla, with
that basket on her arm. Great heaven!
they had made him a prisoner some-
where, and those parcels were for him.
I rose quickly and, slipping quietly
along watched the servant, who was
in a wonderful hurry. Keeping some
shrubbery partially between us, I
crept after her until she passed from
sight in the edge of the woods. Hiding
close to the path I resolved to wait her
return, and then go to the end of the
winding way, let it lead to Geoffrey, or
some one else she was carrying [pro-
visions to.

I had not long to wait; she came
back presently, and the basket was
empty. After she had passed on to-
ward the house I flew toward the
woodland. The path grew quite in-
distinct as I entered the woods, but I
searched the dry leaves, and threaded

my way until I came to a steep de-
scent.

"Oh!" I cried, "I am coming to it."
I slipped down the steep and followed
on a few yards further up the ravine
to the cave. But how different it
looked from the old tumbledown
affair I had seen before. A stout door
of heavy oak shut up the lower part
of the entrance while above was a grating
similar to prison bars, and a great
lock hung from the door. "A jail!" I
whispered, aghast.

Looking through the bars I could
see nothing but darkness; feeling that
I was terribly disappointed, I waited
helplessly. "Oh! Geoffrey, where are
you?"

A low, glad cry from within, and in
an instant my lover came to the grat-
ing.

"Oh! Geoffrey, how came you here?"
I asked, wildly, as he drew my hand
through the opening and lavished
kisses, warm and tender, on my
trembling fingers.

"I do not know exactly," he an-
swered, all the joy at seeing me dying
out on his fair, pale face, at the re-
membrance of his incarceration, and
the fiendishness of his brother.

"I awoke from a bad dream, one
day, to find myself here," he contin-
ued. "I suspect Leon drugged me,
and conveyed me here while I was
helpless. Oh! how I have wanted
you!" he added, passionately, "and
have prayed for deliverance." He
leaned his head against the bars and
great tears rolled down his face. "Oh!
that a brother could do this!" he said.

I was maddened at his grief.
"Don't! don't for heaven's sake,
Geoffrey!" I begged; "I will release
you."

"Leon hates me because I love you,
Cecil,"

"Curse him!" I replied, vehemently,
"to make you suffer so; may all the
evil he wishes you fall on his own
soul!" I ended in an agony of venge-
ful prayer.

"Don't say such things, Cecil, dear-
est," he begged.

"You don't know how he has lied,"
I resumed, "to his mother and me,"
and I handed him the note Leon had
sent.

He read it and looked grieved. "That
is why you came to find me."

"Yes; it was not your handwriting,
so I considered it my duty to investi-
gate," I said. "And your mother
thinks you are ill at your uncle's in Al-
bany, and that Leon has gone to take
care of you; also that I came on invita-
tion. 'All this, my dear Geoffrey, is
Leon's deception, and now good-bye
until I come shortly.'"

"Good-bye, darling!" he said, soft-
ly.

I talked to Mrs. Lamar in Thekla's
hearing, of the beauties of the orchard
in its grab of leaf, and bud, and blossom,
and dwelt at length on the loveliness
of the lake to the west. All this to
make the servant believe I had been
elsewhere than in the woodland.

To break locks was an offense, I
thought, but how else should I release
Geoffrey? I had no key and I could
not procure one. A happy thought
struck me like a heavenly inspiration.
I would take the door off its hinges! I
had noticed them—great bars of things
—on the outside; aha! I could do
that.

Fortunately I knew where the tool-
house at Rose Hill was, and I hid me
hither, while Thekla was indoors. Pro-
curing what tools I thought I needed, I
sped away to the little ravine.

"Here I am, Geoffrey," I exclaimed,
all out of breath with haste and excite-
ment.

"God bless you!" he said, fervently.
Then he waited to see what I intended
doing. "How are you to remove the
lock?" he questioned, presently.

"To tamper with locks is a bad busi-
ness," I answered, jocosely, while my
heart was full of hatred for the absent
brother, "and I shall not meddle with
this one; I intend to take the door off
its hinges."

"Can you?" Geoffrey asked, dubious-
ly.

"Certainly," said I, kneeling down
to begin on the lowest hinge. There
were four of them, similar to those
used on shop doors; but fortunately
they had not been there long enough
to become rusty. And although it was
the hardest task of my life, I resolved
to do it or die. By faithful application,
I soon had the pleasure of seeing the
great screws withdraw, and finally the
very last one was ready to drop.

"Do you really think you can remove
them?" asked Geoffrey, anxiously,
peeping through the bars in doubtful
fear.

"Geoffrey," said I, "as if I couldn't;
what is to hinder me?"

"I don't know, I am sure," he re-
plied more hopefully.

"Neither do I," I answered, with
emphasis, as I gave the last screw a
jerk and let the miserable prison door
sag.

"Now, push, Geoffrey!"

"You'r out oh! Geoffrey! and I
threw my arms around him in raptur-
ous relief.

He took my reddened and blistered
hands in his and said a great deal
which perhaps would sound foolish
elsewhere than at that time and place.

"Come, Cecil," he said, presently,
"let us go up to the house; you said
Leon was absent."

"I think I know where Leon has
gone," he said thoughtfully.

"Where?" I asked.

"To get me smuggled into an insane
asylum, Cecil."

"Oh, Geoffrey!"

"Yes; a dark deed to be sure; but
Leon is capable of it. I hope I may
be mistaken, however," he added, fer-
vently.

Thekla looked as if she hoped the
earth would open and swallow her into

oblivions depths, when she caught
sight of us.

"You had better keep perfectly quiet
about this matter," said Geoffrey, as
we passed her in the hall.

She shrank back, white to the very
lips, and did not utter a word, while I
looked the triumph I felt.

"You may find mother, now," said
Geoffrey to me. "Tell her I have re-
covered and have returned, but that
Leon remains away a day or two long-
er. Don't breathe a word of Leon's
villainy to her please; she is our
mother."

"I understand," said I, going in
search of Mrs. Lamar.

Late in the evening the doorbell rang
violently, and Geoffrey answered it
himself. I followed him into the hall
fearing something, I hardly knew
what.

A courier stood there bowing low.
"This is Rose Hill, is it not, and the
home of the Lamar's?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Geoffrey, quiet-
ly; then the man handed him a tele-
gram, received his money and was
gone.

"Dead! he is dead! Leon is dead!"
said Geoffrey with ashen lips, handing
me the paper.

"Killed in a railroad accident this
morning, on the New York Central,"
was what I read.

Since then, too, the world has gone
well with us, and no shadow has fallen.
There are none, I ween, any hap-
pier than Geoffrey and I.—Yankee
Blade.

"WAIT JUST A MINUTE!"

Some Things that Little Minute
Means.

"Well, well, don't fret, I'll be there
in a minute!"

But, my friend, a minute means a
good deal, notwithstanding you affect
to hold it of no consequence. Did you
ever stop to think what may happen in
a minute? No. Well, while you are
murdering a minute for yourself and
one for me, before you get ready to sit
down to the business we have in hand,
I will amuse you by telling you some
things that will happen meantime.

In a minute we shall be whirled
around on the outside of the earth by
its diurnal motion, a distance of 15
miles. At the same time we shall have
gone along with the earth, in its grand
journey around the sun, 1080 miles.

Pretty quick traveling, you say? Why,
that is slow work compared with the
rate of travel of that ray of light,
which just now, reflected from that
mirror, made you wink. A minute ago
that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, over all the world,
about 80 new-born infants have raised a
wail of protest at the fates for thrust-
ing existence upon them, while as
many more human beings, weary
with the struggle of life, have opened
their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your
ear can catch has been made by 990
vibrations; while the highest tone
reached you after making 2,228,000 vi-
brations.

In a minute an express train goes a
mile, and a street car 32 rods; the fast-
est trotting horse 147 9-13 rods, and an
average pedestrian of the genus homo
has got over 16 rods.

In each minute, in the United States,
night and day, all the year round, 24
barrels of beer have to go down 12-
096 throats, and 4,840 bushels of grain
have come to bin.

How about natural finances? Well,
sir, in the same way, each minute,
night and day, by the official reports
for 1886, the United States collected
\$639 and spent \$461, or \$178 more than
necessary. The interest on the public
debt was \$96 a minute, or just exactly
equal to the amount of silver mined in
that time.

The telephone is used 595 times, the
telegraph 136 times. Of tobacco, 925
pounds have been raised, and part of it
has been used in making 6,673 cigars,
and some more of it has gone up in the
smoke of 2,292 cigarettes.

But I am afraid you will forget that
we are talking about a minute, 60 sec-
onds of time. No? Well, then, every
minute, 600 pounds of wool grow in
this country, and we have to dig 61
tons of anthracite coal, and 200 tons of
bituminous coal, while of pig iron we
turn out 12 tons and of steel rails three
tons.

In this minute you have kept me
waiting 15 kegs of nails have been
made. 12 bales of cotton should have
come from the fields, and 36 bushels of
grain gone into 159 gallons of spirits,
while \$86 in gold have been dug out
of the earth. In the same time the United
States mints have turned out gold and
silver coin to the value of \$121 and 42
acres of the public domain have been
sold or given away.—Cleveland Press.

Too Smart.

"Mrs. Cæsar, I have not seen your
Sam at school for some time. Is he
sick?"

"O, no, missus, but he was gittin' too
'farnal smart, an' so I took him out
Rooken larin' hain't good fer dat pick-
aniny no how."

"You musn't entertain such ideas,
Mrs. Cæsar, with a fair education he
might become President of the United
States."

"Sho, now, I don't keer whedder dat
chile is President or not. When I axes
him if he drank up dot quart of milk, I
don't want him to say 'nop,' when I
seed him do it with my own eyes, an'
then have dat brat eggspain dat he
drankit down an' not up. Next thing
he'll be telling 'round dat my old man
stole an armful of wood when he only
borrowed it. No, missus dat chile can't
go to school no more."—Detroit Free
Press.

PERTINENT POINTS.

The statement that "all's fair in
love" is repudiated by the brunettes.—
Binghampton Leader.

Congressmen are willing to work
sixteen hours a day to pass an eight-
hour law. Labor vincit votes.—Wash-
ington Critic.

It is a queer thing that in the ethics
of kinship a man usually rushes for
his uncle after bidding good-by to his
ante.—Tid-bits.

The proper way to go up-stairs is to
step leisurely and hold the body erect.
A better way is to take the elevator.—
Washington Critic.

Impecunious and embarrassed bride-
groom (to wealthy bride): "With this
ring I thee wed, and—with all thy
worldly goods I me endow."—
Fuchs.

"Pa," said Bertie the other day,
"Why do they call a ship 'she'?" Be-
cause, my son, she is always on the
lookout for some of the buoys."—
Judge.

A certain fat man within ten miles
of Burlington, has a very thin wife.
The boys have nick named them
"enough" and "too spare."—Burling-
ton Free Press.

Boston says Sullivan was over-
trained. This is like John Randolph's
description of some Virginia land—
"poor by nature, and ruined by culti-
vation."—Baltimore American.

Visitor (to convict): "What are you in
for, friend?" Convict: "For taking
cold, sir." Visitor: "For taking cold?"
Convict: "Yes, sir. I nipped a freezer
full of ice-cream."—Drake's Magazine.

A prize-fighter can get along all
right with a broken arm or leg, but if
his jaw should happen to be fractured
or his tongue cut off what in the world
would become of him?—Minneapolis
Tribune.

It costs \$2,000,000 a year to maintain
the imperial family of Germany. This
statement leads us to believe that the
imperial family must keep at least two
girls in the kitchen.—Somerville
Journal.

Crossing-sweeper to dupe with young
lady: "Please, mister, gimme a cent."
Dude (angrily): "Aw, go away, boy;
I haven't any cents." Young lady
smiles and dude doesn't know why.—
Washington Critic.

So it was "just for fun" that Hood-
lum Carey murdered the inoffensive
Chinaman, Moy Ny Ding, was it?
Well, Sheriff Matson should now be
permitted to have his little fun with
Carey and a piece of rope.—Chicago
Times.

George Gould says he cannot tell
much about the Blackshear railroad
wreck—it came about so suddenly. This
is about what happens when his father
sets out to wreck a railroad. All the
victims know about it is that there is a
crash and several millions of dollars
have gone from their pockets into Jay
Gould's.—Binghamton Republican.

"What is an assessor?" asked Rollo.
"He is a man," replied Mr. Holliday,
who goes around and guesses at the
value of people's property." "Does
he guess pretty well?" "Ye-es," re-
plied Mr. Holliday, "he strikes a
pretty fair average. He guesses two
low on men of his own party and too
high on the property of the opposition,
and so comes out about right." "Is
he a sworn officer?" "Indeed he is;
he is sworn at."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Rubbing Pet.

Men have made pets of all sorts of
creeping things. Even fleas have been
so domesticated as to work for their
trainer's profit. A noted Frenchwoman
seeks amusement in the society of
a pet lion, who, being young, is allow-
ed the run of her departments.

An Englishman, sojourning in
Northern Australia, found, one day,
a black fellow at his quarters, with a
young alligator in a sack, which he
was anxious the white men should buy
for a pet. The

FARM TOPICS.

The Guinea Hen.

There is no better way to keep hawks from the fowls than to have a small flock of guineas. No hawk can come in sight of them without being greeted with a squalling that is always sufficient to scare away any thing that there is any possibility of scaring. The guinea is a native of Africa, where there are at least five varieties, two of which have been brought to this country, one of which is the common fowl found on the farm. The white guinea is a sport from a common or pearl guinea, and it is much better than the original as a table fowl. Its flesh is white and fine grained, with much more of a game flavor than any other of the domestic fowls. Both varieties are good layers, but the eggs, though finely flavored, are small. They hide their nests, and if the eggs are removed will desert them and make others. By leaving a dozen or more eggs in the nest, however, the hen may keep laying.

A Good Gardener.

A proper diet is one of the highest considerations in the care of our bodies—it is a fountain of health, and an improper diet is the source of most of our ills under whatever form they may appear. Ripe fruit and fresh vegetables occupy the highest rank among the articles of a healthful diet, and these may be the products of your own garden. Why should not the table of every family, at least of every country resident, be well supplied with the choicest fruits and vegetables the year round? There are few places in this country where it might not be so. If such is not the case it is because of inattention to the garden, and this may be the result of ignorance, or thoughtlessness or willful negligence.

If the reader should discover himself in either of these classes, it is to be hoped, for humanity's sake, his own included, that he will start a reform, and begin it now. Let the garden be visited at once. If the necessary work cannot be performed by the members of the family, let a competent man for it be engaged. If the family is small and the garden small, it will take but a portion of a man's time, and neighbors' gardens will keep him busy. With a large family or a small one, there is no better investment than the wages paid to a capable gardener.

Training Your Trotters.

Hardly ten years have elapsed, says the *Live Stock Record*, since most of the stock journals were filled with articles against training and handling trotters; now they are filled with marvelous records made by yearlings, two, three, and four and five-year-olds. We have always advocated and contended that early handling and training is beneficial, as it develops the form, size and action, and brings the youngsters to maturity much earlier. It is the excess of training, and not the training itself, where the injury arises. A few races do not hurt a youngster, but it is the lengthened preparation for a fast performance and the desire of many drivers to see the colt go faster with each move. We do not approve of excessive driving of young trotters, but there is a happy medium which most of the best handlers have adopted. A majority of the most sensational young trotters in the last few years have improved their records with increase of age, which is the best proof that early training did them no perceptible injury, but was really beneficial.

The wonderful performances of the California and Kentucky bred young trotters in the last few years have about silenced the batteries of the opponents to handling youngsters, and the most interesting and attractive trotting are the stakes and classes for colts and fillies.

The Value of Succulence.

We have known of merino ewes having lambs in the winter, fine, strong lambs, and not a drop of milk to nourish them. Five were born one very cold night and all saved by an all night vigil, only to die the next day from starvation. That experience was years ago and before the importance of succulent food was known. Last winter merino sheep bore half-blooded Oxford-down lambs and had abundance of milk. It was a question of food. In the first instance the sheep were well fed and were in fine condition, but their food consisted of hay and grain, probably corn. Afterward other merino sheep were fed hay and oats, and when their lambs came the older ones had milk enough. Our experience teaches us that to rear lambs successfully in winter the sheep should have plenty of bran and roots of some kind. Turnips are the cheapest, and good enough for the purpose. Beets are excellent, and will make more milk than the turnips. If nothing else can be had feed potatoes. There is always more or less of these which are two small for market, and they will insure milk if fed liberally to the sheep. These suggestions apply to any breed of sheep, but are more of a necessity to the merinos. These sheep give very rich milk, and not so much as the downs or the coarse-wooled kinds. Sheep should never be stinted in food. Unless well fed the lambs will be weak and the fleece light. It is always a pleasure to feed and care for sheep, as they respond so promptly and return a double income for the trouble and outlay.

Facts for Farm Folks.

Work is hard to drive, but if you

will put yourself ahead of it, it will follow without trouble.

Milk keeps from souring longer in a shallow pan than in a milk pitcher. Deep pans make an equal amount of cream.

The hog is not naturally a filthy animal, and can no more thrive in filth than can the steer, while pure air and water are very necessary.

Grasses hold a place in the first rank of the crops of the stock and dairy farm. Beef or milk is most chiefly produced when the chief, often where the main, food for the animal is grass.

There is just as much in knowing how to feed hens as there is in the feeding of any other farm stock. This is the next important item to look after as soon as good houses are provided.

A cow needs a volume of water in her body in proportion to the volume of milk she gives. Hence if the water is so cold that she will not drink it, the natural result comes—shrinkage of the volume of milk.

The evening's milk of cows is said to contain more solids than the morning's milk. Such being the case, it shows that milk should not be mixed with that of a previous milking, and the food may also cause a variation in the solids.

Cauliflower can be grown successfully by some amateurs, though it is generally left to the experienced gardeners. Strong, stocky plants are needed. The culture is the same as that of the cabbage. At least a row will be needed, and this will take seventy-five plants.

A crop may be had on water-soaked land, but never a first-rate one, for it can not be got in early, and it is liable to the drawbacks of delayed growth, mud in wet weather, clods in drought, weeds at both times and want of a chance for clean, mellow culture at all times.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The Household.

Buttered Apples—Peel, slice and core one pound of apples; put into a frying pan about two ounces of butter; add the apple and cover with two ounces of pounded sugar; put them in the oven until done. A very nice dish for children.

Another Desert—Cut up three-quarters of a pound of crystallized fruits, removing all stones and stalks; boil them in a little syrup, scoop out the center of a round cup cake, fill the cavity with the fruits and pour the hot syrup over the cake; put whipped cream around it.

Indian Suet Pudding—Three-quarters pound suet, chopped fine; half pound molasses, one pint milk, an egg, meal to make a very thin batter, teaspoonful allspice, ditto ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, a few currants or chopped raisins. Boil or steam three hours. Serve with melted jelly or butter sauce.

Wheat Gems—Stir two and one-half cupsful of fine granulated wheat slowly into a liquid formed of one cupful of water and one cupful of milk, seasoned with a salt-spoonful of salt, then beat rapidly until the arm is weary, and fill hot iron gem pans well buttered, giving the batter a beating while filling, and bake immediately in a hot oven.

American Muffins—Take one-half pound cerealine flakes, three ounces sugar, one-half pint milk, one-half teaspoonful baking powder, three eggs, one-half ounce salt, ten ounces flour. Mix together the eggs, sugar, and hot butter; then add the cerealine flakes, milk and baking powder. Pour well-greased molds half full of the batter. Put into hot oven.

Strawberry Cream—Is very easy to make. Pass about half a pot of strawberry jam, or one pound of fresh strawberries, through a sieve, whip up a pint of cream, add the strawberry juice, sweeten if necessary, dissolve a half ounce of isinglass in a little milk, mix with it, stir well together, turn into a mold and let it set. In warm weather it will require ice.

Lamb Pot Pie—Take some cutlets from the upper portion of a leg of lamb and cut them into pieces about three inches long and wide; season slightly with salt and pepper. Let them stew in a very little water for half an hour. In the meantime prepare a delicate paste, with butter and lard in equal quantities, adding water gradually enough to make a dough; when in readiness, the upper crust should be the thickest. Put in the stewed lamb with its gravy, some blades of mace, add a few sliced potatoes and boiled turnips, cover the meat lightly with some chopped boiled celery and pieces of butter, or for the boiled celery may be substituted cauliflower seasoned with nutmeg.

Public Hangings.

I asked the warden of old Newgate prison if he did not think that the system of private execution was much better in deterring people from crime. He said: "Most assuredly I do. Every public execution in front of Newgate in the past was occasion of the wildest kind of rioting. I have known a thousand people to take their stand in the Old Bailey the night before an execution and fight for twelve hours for the best places. Windows opposite were let at fabulous prices. Fashionable people would hire windows to amuse themselves with the spectacle of the crowd below and the punishment of the scaffold above. It was always a most hideous sight. The bloodthirstiness of the crowd and their savage exultation over the death of a prisoner were most revolting."—*T. C. Crawford, in New World*.

At the Panorama.

A tall man stood on the circular dais in the panorama of the battle of Gettysburg and gazed long at one point of the picture spread around him, says Fred Nye in the *Obama World*. He wore a slouch hat, a faded blue overcoat, a straggling gray beard and an air of melancholy wisdom. A sleety rain was falling outside and people were passing around him, but the tall man did not appear to hear the storm or see the other visitors. For almost a half hour he stood there gazing with what might have been the abstraction of retrospection upon the one point in the picture.

Presently a short, thick-set man detached himself from the crowd, and paused by the side of the tall man. The short man had a stubbled face, gray eyes a wide loose mouth and a more than adequate chew of tobacco. He appeared to be about forty years of age. He stood close to the tall man, joining his silence to that of his companion, for five minutes or more. Then he said:

"Howdy, stranger?"

The tall man looked down rather solemnly but not displeasedly. "Howdy yourself?" he replied.

"Purty far pictur," remarked the short man casually.

"You bet!" said the tall man.

"Ever seen it afore?"

"You bet!"

"Reckon maybe you fit in the late war?"

"You bet!"

"Confed?"

"You bet not!"

"I wuz?"

The tall man didn't answer for some time during which he seemed to be reflecting deeply. Finally he drew a long breath and said: "All right!"

"Wuz you thar?" inquired the short man, indicating the picture in a general way.

"You bet said the tall man.

"Whar queried the short man.

"There!" said the tall man, pointing toward the spot which had seemed to rivet his attention for so long a time.

"When?"

The tall man showed signs of animation. "Say stranger," he began, "it 'pears to me you was mighty curious like. What 'f I was there, an' what 'f I wasn't? What 'f I was there one day, an' what 'f I wasn't there another?"

"The short man laughed good-naturedly. "Wall," he answered, "nothin'.

Only I was thar, too."

"You?"

"Me!"

"Where?"

"Thar!" exclaimed the short man, pointing to the exact place before designated by the tall man.

The tall man looked closely at his companion, and then the fascinating location in the picture. "That there's Round Top," said he, at once asserting his own information, and inquiring into the validity of the other's.

"Exactly," asserted the short man.

"That thar's Round Top?"

Neither spoke for a minute or two.

Then the tall man turned again from the attractiveness of Round Top to the consideration of his companion.

"Looky here," said the tall man, slowly, "I want to tell ye somethin' I fit at Gettysburg on the day 't S. kes an' Longstreet's men was raisin' the dewce to git a hold of that there little ridge.

I was with Sykes. I'd been laid off a while sick, but I got to work 'fore Gettysburg. Looky here if I ever killed any one 'twas at thar Round Top. I hadn't been in no other battle to speak of, and hadn't never shot to kill anybody in particular, jes' lettin' fly in a general way 's you might say, but that day durin' the charge I seen a little drummer boy, a reb, he'd got hold of a gun some way, an' he was a pintin' 't me 'close range. I let him have it first, an' he rolled over nigh unto a stump and ketches there, an' I got just one glimpse into his big gray eyes fillin' with tears and heard just one little sob from his white throat, which you could see on account of the bustin' open of his shirt, an' then the charge come right up onto me an' I was lifted clean offen my feet an' I never seen the boy no more. No I never seen him more. But stranger, I can't git that boy out o' my mind. I'm always dreamin' of his eyes an' his throat with the sob into it an' always wondering if he died. If I'd killed more of 'em it wouldn't bother me so much, but to think of a feller goin' to a war an' killin' just one poor little gray-eyed drummer boy—say stranger, I'd give thousands 'o dollars, 'f I had 'em, to know 't that kid got well!"

The short man had listened with keen interest at first—afterward with the quietness of one who knows exactly what his companion is going to say. When the tall man concluded he looked up.

"Yaas," said the short man, "you've got it all right. You shot me in the lung, an' though it took me a right smart while, I pulled through. So I kin fergive ye, don't ye see? 'Taint as if I'd died. I don't git no pain from it, neither. Yes we can fergive you all now."

The tall man's face beamed. "Is it true?" he cried. "Be you the drummer chap?"

"Sure!" said the short man.

"Come!" commanded the tall man.

"Whaf?" asked the short man.

"Le's liquor."

"No, stranger, I don't drink. See you all later."

The tall man vanished with tender reluctance. The short man staid a while longer, and as he passed out he said to Captain Barney, the manager

of the panorama: "Who was the old veteran I wuz a talkin' to?"

"Oh," said the captain, smiling, "that is Pete Sampson, a sort of crank who hangs around here and lies. He has lived in Omaha for the past thirty-five years. All the old timers know him."

"Wuz he in the war?"

"Never," said the captain—"during the war he ran a grocery on Farnam street. Are you a comrade?"

"Not perzactly," replied the short man. "I was in the south afore the war, but I went to Australyer durin' it. Right smart picture that!"—*Arkansas Traveler*.

ENGLISH HARRY.

The King of Tramps Who Made a Judge Apologize.

"Do I know English Harry?" responded the old flagman. "I guess I do, and I like him, too. What do you want to find out, anyway? You can't get me to say a word agin him, now I tell you. Who be ye, anyway?"

It did not take long, with the use of Mr. Alden's name, to convince the sturdy fellow that no harm was intended Harry, and then the history, or part of the history of one of the most peculiar men that ever trod to soil was told. No pen can do justice to the looks and words of admiration given out by the old flagman, nor can the story be told in his own words, but it is in substance as follows:

"English Harry" is the son of an English nobleman. Whether he is an elder son who has been cut off with a shilling whether he be the illegitimate son of the head of some royal house, or whether he be a younger son dismissed from home or account of wild ways, will never be known. Certain it is that he has as splendid education, is a fine civil engineer, a good pianist and musician, and adds to these accomplishments a handsome face and head. He is as straight as an arrow, over six feet in height, and although he dresses all the time in cast-off army clothing, he is as neat and clean as any gentleman in the land. It is said of him that every day he seeks some brook, pond or stream and there takes a bath, declaring it was part of his daily life when a boy and that he cannot exist without it. When he first made his appearance in Maine no one can tell, but the flagman had known him for twelve or fourteen years, and when Harry comes by his gate he is sure of a welcome and a good "square" meal. Many are the stories told of Harry among them the following:

On one occasion Harry, with four other tramps, was brought before a justice near Waterville. Evidence was put to show them to be tramps and then, before sentence was passed, each one was asked if he had anything to say. The companions of Harry remained silent, but he addressed the judge in his own behalf. In a low and musical tone he drew a picture of the war; a man forsaking all for his country; of his return as an invalid; of struggles to keep warm from the door, and related how, finally driven to it, he had started from home in search of work. As he talked he grew eloquent, and as he stood there dressed in his army clothes the judge saw or thought he saw, that a great mistake had been made, and it is said that the court actually apologized to Harry for the wrong done him. His companions looked on with amazement as Harry walked away, but never "squealed" on him until after they reached Augusta.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Coinage for Canada.

Canada has no gold coins, and all the silver and copper coins are made in England under the supervision of the officers of the Royal Mint. In British Columbia it is thought the time has arrived when we should commence the coining of our own money. It is understood, indeed, that Victorians are not averse to the establishment of a mint in their midst. A correspondent of a British Columbia paper suggests the opening of such an institution and the coining of guineas to represent \$5, and half guineas to represent \$2.50. It is proposed that the Queen's head be stamped on one side of the coins and on the reverse "the Niagara River, with beavers quietly at work felling trees under the safe protection of a noble lion couchant on the British side, who is regarding somewhat earnestly the approach of a screaming American eagle, who from the American side of the river seems to wish to molest the Canadian beavers." To make the picture historically accurate the beaver must be represented as laden with heavy weights, and the movement of the trees after they have fallen must appear to be impossible.—*Toronto Mail*.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Husband—"Wasn't it very late last night when young Sampson left?"

Wife—"Yes, very."

Husband—"And Clara is not up yet?"

Wife—"No, poor girl, I thought I would let her sleep."

Husband—"I wonder if that young man really intends to propose to her?"

Wife—"I think he has done so already. I noticed this morning when I came down that one of the legs of the large easy chair in the parlor was broken."—*Epoch*.

Jay Gould may know how to play poker, but nobody can teach him anything about the game of freeze out.—*New York Morning Journal*.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The water of 6,800 wells is in use in Cleveland.

The latest ice cream is made of condensed milk.

Three sets of twins attend a Vienna (Ga.) school.

The Indians in Northwest Canada are dying of starvation.

An ostrich farm of 250 acres is projected near Red Bluff, Cal.

The "newspaper women" are rapidly increasing in New York.

It will be fifty years next Fourth of July since Iowa was organized as a Territory.

Stephen Webb, of San Luis, Col., has advertised for a "wife who can milk a cow."

C. Day, of Bertrand, Mich., aged ninety-four, has just decided to ask a Mexican pension.

There are said to be several Gypsies in New York city who are worth upward of \$100,000 apiece.

Maiden Lane jewelers are selling amulets, said to contain a crystallized tear from the eye of Cleopatra.

A ladies' relief society, of Fargo, Dak., has disbanded because it could find no needy people to relieve.

The new local option law in Michigan goes into effect in the prohibition counties on the first Monday in May.

Garters with solid gold mountings representing various insects, with eyes of rubies, diamonds or emeralds, are the latest fad.

Six different men named Wolf have had their names changed by the New York Legislature, but the Lyons and the Foxes seem well content.

Under the laws of Maine you can borrow a man's horse, keep it for a year and one day, and then settle for twenty cents per day for every day the animal was used.

Two Pennsylvania miners played toss and catch with a dynamite torpedo. It was a rare display of nerve, but the compliment didn't do 'em any good. They couldn't be found.

A Georgia man put up 5,000 acres of land at auction, and it was knocked down to the highest bidder at \$58. He didn't care much about land, but he did want money mighty bad.

Certain creameries in New England have discovered that buttermilk and soda make a substitute for cream, and that consumers will use it about three months before beginning to kick.

An Illinois woman attempted suicide because her husband sold a calf for \$2 less than what she thought the animal worth. She was probably depending on that \$2 for her Sunday bonnet.

They are trying to excuse a defaulting Ohio county treasurer on the ground that he was impulsive; and yet he was two years doing his stealing. A little impulsive work by the jury will be in order.

A walking match, or a fake of almost any sort worn out in the provinces, will catch on in New York and make a barrel of money, and that's why almost every dead-beat gravitates toward the big city.

"Kentucky jeans" is not to be allowed to drift out of the vocabulary as a familiar term. Louisville is making five yards to-day where she made one five years ago, and Kentuckians are just as proud to wear the goods.

A Maine fishing schooner, the Josephine Swanton, while anchored off New Ledge the other day, was struck by a big black whale. It was seen first some distance from the vessel, and evidently saw the schooner, for it dived, and shortly afterward came up with a crash against her bottom, raising the stern six feet clear of the water, knocking down the crew who were on deck and shaking everything up in a very startling fashion.

Azoturia, a disease which generally attacks horses immediately following severe weather, about this time of the year, is one of the consequences of the blizzard. The disease generally attacks horses which have been steadily worked, but on account of the storm were kept in their stables and given the same amount of food as though on regular exercise. The disease is generally fatal, but so long as a horse can be kept on his feet there is hope of his recovery.

The seahorse is a curious little creature. It is not an animal, but a fish. It is bony, has tufted gills and belongs to the pike family. It grows from six to eight inches long. The snout is prolonged and the head elevated posteriorly, very much resembling the head of a horse, the ears being represented by a spiny coronet on the occiput. The tail is long and whiplike, and without a fin. It is with the tail that these fish submerge themselves to seaweeds and other submarine objects. The eyes are prominent, and can be moved independently of each other and in opposite directions. In swimming these fish always assume an upright position.

Judge Foster, of the Maine Supreme Court, who lives in Bethel, Me., was awakened by a large crash in his kitchen the other night. He hastily and scantily dressed and ran into the kitchen to find the dishes and other things disarranged and some broken. He looked around to ascertain the cause of the trouble, and saw the dog in one corner of the room trembling with fear. Judge Foster immediately seized him, administered a severe thrashing, and then retired to bed again. The next day when the Judge went down street every one he met asked him if he felt or heard the earthquake last night, and on comparing time he found it was precisely the time the dog was whacked for upsetting things.

At Meadville the other morning a coop of Antwerp carrier pigeons, sent there from Philadelphia to make a flight the length of the state, were set free at 7 o'clock. In less than two minutes after gaining their freedom the birds had taken their direction and started on their long journey to their home in the Quaker City. A telegram received from Mr. Stein, one of the owners, sent from Philadelphia at 8:35 p. m., stated that Old Silver and one other of Mr. Stein's birds struck their loft at 12:55, making the flight in 5 hours and 25 minutes. Four other birds arrived twenty minutes later, while two were still on their way. The rate of speed, even of the slowest, places the best time ever made by an express train at a considerable discount.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

June 23, 1888.

Once in eight years is often enough for a presidential election.

A horse would not make a good race without joints, but Kansas can best get along without them.

This will be a tiresome week, and the country will feel a relief when Saturday night shall come.

Our colored brethren are getting to be badly divided. It will require a heap of work to get them again into the traces for the next election.

If the democrats nominate Judge John Martin for governor, it will be a hard thing for the republicans to find a man who better deserves the votes of the people.

It may seem a small matter, but the recognition of the one cent coin, in the south is significant of the great change that is going on in the thought and business of that section.

The wheat crop is now about secure. With copious rains which nature promises, Kansas will simply stagger under its crop of corn, and were it not for the usual depression that comes from politics, these presidential years, the state would have a tremendous boom. It will have it any way.

John MacDonald is one of the most valuable schoolmen that we have in the state. We doubt if his superior can be found when it comes to practical, common sense school work. And he is the man who should be made state superintendent of public schools.

A. W. Smith is not the man for Governor of Kansas. He is a representative of the greatest industry in the state, and that is the trouble; he is too small a representative for so great an industry. Smith is a man of narrow breadth. His mind is not comprehensive. The great agricultural interest better have no special representative, than one that will belittle it.

St. John says Cleveland will be elected this year, but that in 1892 the prohibition party will triumph. This is probably good judgment as to Cleveland, and, if he means a prohibition triumph in 1892, he may be correct again. But the present prohibition party is not to become a national triumphant party, although its leading principle is to win.

It is too early to set the political pots a boiling. The farmers are too busy looking after their wheat and corn, to pay much attention to politics—all except Farmer Smith. It is one of the tricks of the trade to have these conventions come off at a time when the farmers are the busiest. There will be a revolution however, when the farmers do get their hands on the political plow.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, and for a gambler to play fair, than it is for a politician to do full justice to an opponent. The records are full of appreciation of the private worth of Judge Thurman, as well as of his high character as a statesman. But the small politician goes back to a past age and tells us he was not in sympathy with Abraham Lincoln, and he is called a Copperhead. Mr. Thurman differed from some others as to matters of policy. Even if he was wrong then it does not follow that he is wrong now. If he is now in error let him be condemned for what he is, not for what he was. If all the men now in the republican party who were rebels and copperheads were to be condemned and denied the privileges of citizenship, and if all the loyal soldiers who fought for the Union now in the democratic party, were to be forced from it because of an apparent political inconsistency, it might be more pleasing to the old fogies, but we doubt if it would be any better for the community at large. Why is it that we struggle so hard to contract our political horizon, when it would be more healthful to enlarge it?

Plenty of wholesome fruit should be always on hand to supply the farmer's table.

Advance a Step.

Heretofore it has appeared as an unwise thing for the republican party to give any recognition to the anti-saloon movement. Unwise we mean from the standpoint of present policy. The failure of the democracy, however, to recognize the saloon in the remotest manner, contrary to all precedent, puts a new face on the matter. The democracy does not announce itself as an enemy of the saloon. But it does not endorse it as heretofore by indirection. Not being for the saloon will be taken by the whiskey league as against it, and that is just what it is coming to. No party in this country can live as the champion of the saloon.

There are two men who should by all means be defeated if either one should be nominated by the republicans. They are Blaine and Sherman. If there was any danger to these might be added the names of Ingalls, Foraker and Alger, Cleveland is to be preferred to any of them.

The North Topeka News thinks Ingalls and Foraker would make a good "song and dance" president ticket. The Chicago convention, however, will not give a minstrel performance this year.—Capital.

The News never intimated anything of the kind. Such a ticket would be a burlesque indeed.

Our friend Shannon, the Lawrence post-master, does not favor Judge Martin for governor, on the ground that the Germans will not favor him. The time has past for ignoring our best men because Tom, Dick, or Harry don't like them. But there is not a democrat in Kansas whom good men of all degrees, respect more than they do Judge Martin.

The farmers should be interested in securing good roads.

Men are chopping down trees in Alaska, standing in snow up to their knees and pausing now and then to brush away the mosquitoes. This seems a queer statement.

Some fiends in human form, sprinkled Paris green mixed with salt along the roadside at Frankfort, Indiana. Many cattle ate it and died.

A very little time and cere, comparatively, will give people having a little land in the country what their city friends cannot purchase at any price, namely, fresh fruits and vegetables.

The organization of the Agricultural Experimental station at the State Agricultural college, February 8, under the "Hatch Act" undoubtedly marks the beginning of an enormous amount of careful experiments, if no great revolution in Kansas agriculture should result. The bill appropriates \$15,000 per year to be expended at the station in experiments in the various lines of agriculture and horticulture. The station has erected an experiment laboratory which will be used mostly in connection with the entomological department at present.

In connection with this is a large building fitted up with propagating pits. The agricultural department has purchased many implements, such as harrows, cultivators for various kinds of cultivation, lists, with a view of testing their value for use on Kansas farms. The horticultural department has purchased a \$300 microscope, for use in entomological study, and several minor things, the experiments with which will be described in future bulletins of the station.

A blacksmith shop on the farm for attending to minor repairs will be a great help.

The nutmeg hickory of Arkansas is said to be the strongest wood in the United States.

In New Zealand cats are in great demand, as they have proven the best rabbit exterminators.

Valuable machines should be housed over night, lest a sudden shower should permanently injure them.

The premium list for the local agricultural fair should be posted conspicuously now. It is none too early.

Little chickens will relish hot milk if given them early each morning, and be improved thereby.

Working teams should be given a period of rest, and water in the mid-forenoon and mid afternoon.

Let plenty of sunshine into the house these days. It is cheaper to fade the carpet than pay the doctor.

Under the city of Hutchinson, lies enough salt, it is said, to supply the entire world for a century.

The democrats steered clear of Gray and Black. A brighter color took their fancy—the red bandanna.

Love's labor is lost. Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Livermore and other suffragists repudiate Belva Lockwood and Mrs. Love, as a suffrage presidential ticket.

If Kansas gains five members in Congress after the next census, it is expected they will be democratic. Rebellion is already prevalent in the western part of the state.

During the war there were democrats who called the stars and stripes a dirty rag. Now we will not say that even of the bandanna. Our best efforts shall be to have a clean campaign.

Sol. Miller of the Troy Chief, is lugubrious over the democratic ticket, and predicts that it will go in a "kit-in." We, too, expect the thing will fly well. It was made on correct principles, with the tail the heaviest.

The ten thousand fellows who go to the national conventions, may be compared to the small boy who goes to the circus without a cent, and can only sit down on the outside and listen to the band, and groan when he hears the shouts of the spectators within. It is all the same, however, when he gets home and he tells how he went to the show.

The Wichita Republic is one of the papers that has cut loose from the old parties. It has not been able to get over its prejudices against the south, or its antipathies toward men who fought on the Confederate side. Until one can get beyond that he is useless for reform work, especially on the labor and prohibition line. The war was fought a long time ago. A new generation has grown up. Those who fought on both sides have enlarged views. New issues are presented. It matters not where men stood twenty years ago.

A glance over the pages of the brilliant new literary enterprise, Woman, for June, shows how, under skillful management, that magazine has already attained to a foremost position in the periodical literature of the day. Its contributors comprise many leading writers of the country, its pages are embellished with engravings of the highest merit, its typography is excellent, and the heavy paper upon which it is printed imparts a sense of substantial gratification to the holder. The illustrated features of this issue comprise the second installment of Olive Thorne Miller's series on "Representative Women's Clubs," which discusses specifically the New England Woman's Club, the prototype, and, by about one month, the predecessor of the famous Sorosis, of New York, and concludes with an account of the Wisconsin Woman's Club of Milwaukee; an essay on the important subject of "Physical Culture for Our Girls," by Charles Richards Dodge, representing pictorially a variety of forms of physical exercise adapted to women; the second of Helen Campbell's thrilling account of "Prisoners of Poverty Abroad," in which the hard experiences of the London working poor are graphically depicted; a charming descriptive sketch of Scotch scenery, by Sarah L. Roys, entitled "Through Ayrshire with Burns"; another installment of Edgar Fawcett's brilliant society novel, "A Demoralizing Mr. Cragg"; besides a variety of minor articles which bring into service artistic adornment in the shape of tasteful tail-pieces and quaint initial letters. Special mention should be made of several important papers in this issue, such as Emma Haddock's discussion of "Women as Land Owners in the West," and Ella Rodman Church's valuable recommendations on "Harmonious House Interiors," which is replete with practical and wise suggestions. In similar manner the several departments of the magazine are also commended to our readers' attention, comprising "The Household," "The Table," "What to Wear," "Societies for Christian Work," "Temperance," and other themes, the significance of which is patent to every family. A graceful story, entitled "Irene," inspires a wish to be better acquainted with the author's identity than is permitted by her modestly vouching only the initials, "E. A. D." Several melodious poems go to make up the contents of the June Woman, of which the headings we have cited constitute only a part, and the varied excellence of which will impart gratification to thousands of households during the delightful season which it represents. \$2.75 a year. Woman Publishing Co., New York.

Indianapolis supports more than two hundred butcher shops.

Very encouraging crop reports come from Oregon and Washington.

Missouri is increasing its attention to cattle raising and milk farming.

Wheat middlings, oats and corn meal make excellent feed for a pig.

California is sending fine cherries to the Eastern markets at \$1.25 a pound.

If sheep do not prove a direct profit they certainly assist in keeping up the land.

The habit of putting each tool where it belongs as soon as it has been used, will help much in these busy days.

Land that has been affected by corn "smut" or ergot had best be seeded. It is the most effectual remedy.

The guns of the plume hunters are said to be destroying vast numbers of the beautiful song birds of Southern Florida.

The flowers and the carriage rides are better given to living and more appreciated than if saved until the funeral day.

Glanders prevail in the northern part of Macon County, Illinois. Extreme means are being taken for its extermination.

Poverty is inexcusable in this country where land can be bought so cheap and made to yield a living at such small expense.

Don't try to keep a garden and hens in the same place. Give separate places to garden and poultry and fence one or both in.

Because of a glut of Southern vegetables in the New York market, May 23, thousands of crates were emptied into the harbor to make room for fresh arrivals.

It is best always to own one's tools, but if forced to borrow care should be taken to return everything in as good condition as when lent.

A tumbler of milk heated as hot as it can be drunk is said to be satisfying to those addicted to alcoholic stimulants, and it is strengthening and healthful.

A timely article in July Century is "Disease Germs and how to Combat Them." It will be accompanied by a frontispiece portrait of Pasteur, who has made disinfection and fermentation a longer study than hydrophobia, although it is with the latter that his name is more intimately associated in the public mind.

The reunion at Gettysburg will be remembered in the July Century by the publication of a short article descriptive of the reunions of the Blue and the Gray which have taken place within the last few years. A poem by an ex-confederate soldier, entitled "The High Tide at Gettysburg," will be printed in this number.

Strawberries require deep, rich soil in order to grow well.

J. J. Oliver of Silver Lake wants it understood that the Oliver house is not a whiskey joint as was reported, but that is some other fellow.

A little son of Dimond the second-hand dealer in everything, went in swimming Sunday afternoon and was drowned. The boy was about ten years old, and ventured into the river just above the Rock Island bridge where there is a strong current, and was drawn down. The body was obtained about half an hour later below the bridge.

It you use city water, the only safe way is to steep the disease germs before taking. Happily North Topeka has good wells. The south side sufferers have our sympathies.

Policeman Currin denies that he has any domestic trouble. If he had considered the source of the charge against him he might have saved the trouble of an answer. An ignorant, responsible, illegitimate press is always a curse to a community. Mr. Currin well wishes to avoid a controversy with such. A blackmail press is to be let severely alone.

Our Silver Lake jointists fare the same as burglars and counterfeiters. For a time they may cover their tracks, but they are sure to be brought in. William Cochran of the Peyton House is the latest victim. Several gallon jugs and several bottles of whiskey and other liquor, were found at his place when he was arrested last Friday for crime against the good people of the state. Horse stealing and rum selling are not safe lines of business for one to follow.

Some Topeka girls think of starting a paper to be called "The Gum Chewer." It is thought they will chew up some of the smart young men about town.

Prof. Baily of the state university, and Prof. Lovewell of Washburn, say the city water is pure. White City chemist Church says it is full of typhoid, malaria, and diphtheria germs of the most dangerous types. Now what are we to do? To drink or not to drink that's the question.

Contractor Evans, of the state house, has just completed a fine family burial vault at the Topeka cemetery for Colonel H. H. Stanton.

Times are not hard. The flambeau club thinks nothing of shooting off \$200 worth of Roman candles in one evening just for pastime, and the campaign has not begun.

Ray Manly, a youth of 16 or 17, fell with a scaffolding at one of Mrs. Metcalf's new houses on Monroe street, Saturday forenoon and was considerably bruised. He had a bad cut over his right eye and another on his chin, and his left leg was injured. The accident was the result of a weak board in the scaffold.

WHAT

WARNER'S

SAFE CURE

Cures

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

BACKACHE, Bladder Troubles, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, Nervousness, Indigestion.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

CURED

WITH

Warner's

SAFE CURE.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.

Ask your friends and neighbors what Warner's Safe Cure has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. Warner's Safe Cure will cure you if you will give it a chance.</

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

June 23, 1888.

Some one intimates that a bandanna is a fit emblem for the great unwashed.

Every democrat will now be expected to carry a buckeye in his pocket for luck.

It is hoped it may be said of the republican convention "It builded wiser than it knew."

Democrats expect to use a bandanna to wipe out republicans with, but they are only flirting with it.

The Alger boom has made a rifle. It is not expected that many persons will know what the Alger boom is.

Whatever ridicule may be made of the bandanna, it will still remain a good thing for democrats to blow on.

The news of the death of the Emperor Frederick, while long expected, will be received with profound regret.

The Gazette and Star of St. Marys do not seem to dwell together in unity. Now the Naws is at peace with all its contemporaries that have a legitimate existence.

It is not very encouraging to say that Gen. Alger alone saved Michigan in 1884, to the republicans. If Michigan was so doubtful then, it may be lost this year.

It will not be considered a violation of Civil service reform for one of President Cleveland's republican appointees, David T. Littler, for instance, to take active part in the republican convention. In working to overthrow the power that appointed him he would not be abusing his office.

Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, who contributed an article to the June number of the Forum "What Negro Supremacy Means," has another article in preparation for the same review, which will be a statement of what Mr. Cleveland's Administration has done towards reuniting the North and South and nationalizing the Southern people.

See to it that the farm hands do not abuse the teams they are using in cultivating your crops. The lash is a poor substitute for oats, and a kick will never take the place of a curry comb. Men should quit field work in ample time to care for the team. It does not pay to ruin a \$150 horse in order to grow an extra acre of 40 cent corn.

Mississippi has some fine farming land, and as a fruit-growing State is rapidly coming to the front. Apples, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, quinces and figs grow to great perfection. The finest peaches in the world are raised there, and the crop does not fail there once in ten years. Almost all kinds of small fruits grow there, especially strawberries.

Never before in the history of legislation has such a pressure been brought to bear upon Congress to enact laws for the protection of producers and consumers against the adulteration of food products as is now being brought by the farmers of this country. The success which has attended their efforts in the past gives them courage to believe that at the present time their appeals will surely be heeded. It is most fortunate for the country that the Grange has taken hold of this matter with such vigor, and is pushing it in every possible way. Letters and petitions from the membership and arguments by representatives of the Order are directly presented to members of Congress, showing the alarming extent of the frauds which are perpetrated, and asking that simple justice be done. We do not ascribe all the work which is being done to the Grange. Individual farmers and other organizations are important factors in the work, but the Grange, by reason of its wide extent, character and standing, has taken the lead in the matter and will not relax its aggressive spirit in this line until its purposes are fully accomplished.—Rural Vermont.

No farmer can afford to miss raising plenty of vegetables.

Horse Notes.

The Chicago Stable has purchased from Curtis & Nepper, for \$10,500, the five-year-old bay horse Egmont, Enquirer, out of Melita. He will start in the Kentucky handicap.

With the close of the St. Louis meeting the vast majority of the Western horses will come to Toledo Park, Kansas City, the meeting opening here on June 12th and concluding to June 21st.

If you want a trotter or road horse, do not breed a draft mare to a Hambletonian, nor a road mare to a Clyde horse, but take your road mare to a trotting stallion, whose conformation is strong in the weak spots in the mare.

The horse disease known under the various names of influenza, epizootic, contagious catarrhal fever and pink-eye, says Rural World is causing some alarm among the horsemen of St. Louis. Its spread has not been rapid but steady, and seems to be of an aggravated form, and a number of deaths are reported.

The Sponge.

Few people who use a sponge in bathing know that they are dousing themselves with a skeleton. For a long while sponges were thought to be vegetables, but they are now known to be animals. They are fixed to rocks at the bottom of the ocean, and are gathered by divers. When first taken out a sponge is a dark-colored, jelly-like substance, resembling a beef liver, with a frame work—tough fibers, forming a great many large and small holes. When the sponge is alive these fibers are covered with the jelly-like substance. Its construction is adapted to permit the water to wash through it, from which it obtains its food.

When the sponge is secured it is usually buried in dry sand till the jelly part decays, after which it is put into a wire cage and left in sea water till it is washed clean. The finest sponges come from the Mediterranean.—[Exchange.]

Prof. J. M. Bloss left yesterday for an extended trip in the far west. He will go direct from here to Salem, Oregon, where he will deliver an address before the teachers' convention. He will visit points of interest in California before returning.

3328 columns of choicest reading for the family furnished in the Kansas City Weekly Journal per year. The best paper in the west. No regulated household should be without this valuable adjunct, meeting as it does all matters of interest throughout the country.—The latest news—Miscellany, interest letters—Market reports, etc., etc. Subscription one dollar per year, postage prepaid. Send for specimen copy. Address Journal Co., Kansas City, Mo.

One must commend the courage of any corporation that will build a \$100,000 bridge over the Kaw, only one block from the present one, expecting to make the interest from tolls. But let the bridge be built and perhaps the county will buy it. The bridge is needed.

The social entertainment at the Reform school last evening was a delightful little affair, the musical portion of the evening's entertainment being especially good. A. W. Lacey, Miss Partridge, Miss Hattie Stevens; the Reform school band and others took part and an excellent programme was very excellently rendered.

The literary and musical entertainment for the benefit of the Kansas avenue M. E. church in the church last evening was an event of no small importance. The programme comprised recitation and instrumental and vocal selections demanding the best culture from those who took part. The arrangement of the programme was in the charge of Topeka's worthy musical conductor, Miss Addie Jewell, who deserves the best praise for the smoothness and general excellence which characterize its rendition. The "Handsome Four" created a furor of enthusiasm in their several parts on the programme. Miss Jewell's two numbers were received with the greatest delight and the entire performance received the applause that it merited.

There are four county officers to elect this fall, viz: county superintendent, probate judge, district clerk and county attorney. There promises to be a lively contest over the office of county attorney.

Colonel Stanton is having the band stand in the Union Pacific park repainted a giddy white, with brown trimmings and red roof. The colonel promises some band concerts as soon as the stand gets on its new garb.

A gentleman came in on the afternoon train from Silver Lake yesterday with a sprig about three feet long, cut from a blackberry bush at the lake. The branch was simply covered with berries, several of which were already tinged with black. There must have been sixty berries on the stem. The gentleman says the bushes are heavily loaded this year, the crop being unusually large.

F. P. McLennan is getting more notoriety than usually falls to the lot of one poor human. It takes a restraining order to keep him down.

A good many people from the country round about come to Topeka every day. Many of them come through North Topeka, and a lively north side reporter who takes them on the wing can get a rich bag of game.

M. C. Holman furnished the carpet for the church of the Good Shepherd which the ladies have had put down.

The editor of the Stockton Eagle says he could write a volume about the glories of Topeka, but he didn't do it. He only filled a column or so. It is agreeable to know that our editorial visitors were pleased.

The Leavenworth Times thinks the Leader is greatly improved since it threw out its Hebbard department. We understand the Leader to be third party paper.

The publishers of the Democrat have sued out an injunction to restrain the city from entering into a contract with the Journal to do the city printing. The city should accept the News bid it being the lowest responsible one.

A rich treat is in store for the lovers of the legitimate drama. Frederick Warde, the eminent tragedian, will be at the Grand June 29 and 30. His present season has been remarkably successful and closes with his engagement here. Mr. Warde will appear in "Viginius" on the 29th followed by "Galba." The Gladiator." Saturday afternoon he will be seen in a new play.

Yesterday forenoon, as Howe's London Circus company was passing up Kansas avenue three colored boys attempted to have fun with the clown, the attempt proving somewhat of a boomerang. The clown was seated in a chariot driving a team of ponies and made a very attractive spectacle. Just as he got in front of the post office one of the colored boys, all of whom were in a lumber wagon, grabbed the clown's whip and pulled it out of his hand. It took the agile circus man about three-thirds of a second to jump out of his chariot, into the wagon, and on the colored urchin, whence all, but him had fled, the other two having, made their escape. The clown administered a very artistic and thorough thrashing to the young man and then rejoined the parade. It was as good as a circus. The crowd demanded an encore, but it was not given.

The police court is either becoming unpopular or the city has become intensely moral this hot weather. Only one drunk and that a boy, was up yesterday morning. What other city of 40,000 can show such a record for sobriety and good behavior.

Real estate transfers in the country are increasing although now numbering about 300 a week.

Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria destroys the cause of disease, which Quinine and other remedies do not pretend to do. It effectually neutralizes the poison in the system and thus prevents the chill. It contains no arsenic or poisonous ingredient of any kind, and may safely be given to infants. Sold by Druggists.

Prof. Blake in the Kansas Farmer makes the following predictions of rainfall in Kansas for seven days ending June 23: The northwest quarter and the west half of the southwest quarter of the state will have about enough rain, with a little less in the northeast quarter, and least for the week in the center of the south half of the state. Prof. Blake has been quite successful so far in his predictions this summer.

"Pansy's own magazine (The Pansy) for June is here. Of special interest are two descriptive letters from missionaries in the far East.

The magazine is filled with choice literature for young folks from eight to fifteen, and many illustrations. Pansy, Margaret Sidney, Faye Huntington, and other favorite writers contribute to its pages. The Pansy will specially meet the wishes of that class of our readers who prefer that their children should read something having a religious tendency, but one dollar a year. The publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston, will send a sample copy for 5 cents—or samples of all their magazines (four) for 15 cents.

Yesterday was the hottest day of the season, the thermometer having reached 94 degrees. A fine rain in the evening cooled the atmosphere, and made the farmers happy. Reports received indicate that there was a very heavy rain in the southeast.

The board of railroad commissioners yesterday made a trip over the Leavenworth, Topeka and Southwestern to Leavenworth.

Asiatic fowls all mature slowly and late.

The war against insects must be waged continuously.

Brahmas are a year old before they attain their full size.

SILCOBS OIL

FOR HORSEMEN.

Hon. ODEN BOWE, Ex-Governor of Maryland and President of the Maryland Jockey Club: "St. Jacobs Oil acts most satisfactorily." "I use St. Jacobs Oil on my horses, my men and myself. It is a sovereign cure." Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.

To Bridge The Kaw.

The Quincy Street Bridge company of Topeka filed a charter in the office of the secretary of state yesterday. The object of the company is to construct and maintain a bridge across the Kansas river on Quincy street in the city of Topeka. The term for which the corporation is to exist is thirty years. The directors and trustees for the first year are the incorporators: C. K. Holliday, Samuel Dolman, Thomas Page, W. W. Gavitt, H. P. Dillon, J. H. Moss and George W. Veale. The capital stock is placed at \$100,000.

Colonel Moss, one of the incorporators, said yesterday to a reporter: "There is no doubt but the bridge will be built. We expect to commence work as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, probable within a few weeks. The superstructure will be built of steel, forty-five feet wide and paved with cedar blocks or asphalt. It will be supported by strong stone piers 100 feet apart and will be built something after the style of the Rock Island bridge, only wider. There will be nine piers. It will be built exclusively by home capital. There will be two foot paths, one on each side. It will be a toll bridge."

The contractors hope to have the walls of the main capitol building up before the republican state convention meets. If the iron work can be kept out of the way, there will be no difficulty. When all the walls are up to their full height, the magnificent proportions of the building will be fully appreciated. The work is carefully inspected at every stage, and only first-class material is used and first-class work is done. The entire structure will be a credit to the state and to those doing the work and supplying the material.

The new electric lights were turned on last night. They did not work perfectly, some of them not showing at all, but that they were in proper order were perhaps superior to anything we have yet had. It is evident that in a few nights more they will give eminent satisfaction.

The Rock Island yards in this city are filling up with coaches and sleepers by which the large number of patrons of road who attend the Chicago convention will be transported.

Farmers from Rossville and thereabouts say that the wheat yield will average from fifteen to twenty-five bushels to the acre, and will be ready to cut next week. Oats will be ready in a couple of weeks and look well.

At about 3 o'clock yesterday noon while workmen were employed in hoisting the heavy iron girders for the third story of the state house, two of the girders weighing half a ton, which has been nearly raised to the desired position at the top of the wall, and directly over the walk leading from the east to the west wing, slipped through the noose which had held them and went crashing endwise through the upper floor walk below, crushing the railings on either side like pipe stems. Fortunately no one was under the spot at the time the accident occurred or they would have been instantly killed. Within the space of five minutes from the time of the first accident, while the large derrick, on the north side of the building, 100 feet in height, used in raising the huge blocks of stone to the upper walls, was being moved to another position on the temporary track built for that purpose, one of the guy ropes slipped and the immense structure fell with a crash to the ground, utterly ruining it. Only an instant before a team and wagon had been driven across the place where the derrick fell. The loss to the contractors, Messrs. Evans & Co., will be about \$150. Both of the foregoing accidents were due to the gross carelessness of employees.

FACT AND FANCY.

The Salvation army has invaded Vicksburg, Miss.

A white ewe is on exhibition at Mount Vernon, O.

The pay of circus clowns ranges from \$20 to \$50 a week.

Forty-eight charcoal ovens are in operation at Decatur, Ala.

The school population of Hot Springs, Ark., is two thousand.

There are said to be thirty thousand blind people in England.

The corn crop of Mississippi is estimated at thirty million bushels.

Fig trees are bearing a second crop of fruit near Tallahassee, Fla.

The Gila and Salt rivers, in Arizona, are reported to be very full.

Dressed frogs sell at \$2.50 a dozen in the San Francisco markets.

Twenty cotton compresses will be operated in Mississippi this year.

The landlords of Birmingham, Ala., have raised rents 50 per cent.

The sum to be raised by taxes in New York city this year is \$31,803,174.

Monkeytown is the name of a new postoffice in Yazoo county, Mississippi.

A tree planted to the memory of Charles Darwin in Cambridge was recently stolen.

The October exhibition at Little Rock, Ark., will embrace exhibits from seventy-five counties.

The Indians of the first canton of the state of Jalisco must begin wearing pantaloons after Sept. 1.

A mill-owner at Ripley, Tenn., ships weekly 800,000 feet of poplar and oak lumber to northern markets.

The Salt Lake Tribune thinks ground will be broken for the railroad into Nevada within twenty days.

One of the sights at Coney Island recently was a bulldog wearing a linen collar and flashy necktie.

The melograph is an invention by which persons can improvise on a piano and have the music recorded.

There is a movement in France to declare the day of Joan of Arc's entrance into Orleans a national holiday.

It has been discovered that eight out of every ten boys in Dayton, O., carry a revolver, dirk, or slingshot.

What is the difference between a high churchman and a Baptist? The one uses candles and the other dips.

A dispute over 25 cents ended in the death of Jesus Leon at the hands of Filomeno Ruiz at Tucson, Nev., Sunday.

One million bushels of edible oysters, it is estimated, were caught in the waters of Long Island sound during the past year.

The water from the Daniel spring, Georgia, is said to be a natural hair dye. Bathing gray hair with it will change the color to black.

The martins at Martinsville, Va., have made systematic war upon the English sparrows, and completely driven them out of the place.

A cashier takes the bookkeeper's place at Warren, O., after serving five years in the penitentiary for stealing \$100,000 from the bank.

The less business a California town has in these times, the more it feels the want of a board of trade, says The Virginia City Enterprise.

In a Hebrew school: Teacher: "What crime did Joseph's brother commit in selling him?" All the pupils in chorus: "They sold him too cheap."

The night watchmen of the city of Queretaro, Mexico, struck for back pay last week. The strikers lost their positions, and were locked up in prison.

Reports from Lake county, California, state that the hop crop in that vicinity is greatly damaged by hop vermin, and in many cases the picking has been abandoned.

A watermelon weighing sixty-two pounds was among the crop of big melons raised on mining slickens ground on H. B. Nichols' ranch, Nevada county, California, and without irrigation.

Funeral director is the name now given to the undertaker. A call has been issued, so it is said, for the assemblage of all of those in Richmond in September to form a state association.

A church member in Oakland was rebuked for doing a real-estate transaction on Sunday. He excuses himself by saying that if land, like bread, will rise on Sunday it must have attention.

Newspapers are so fond of praising dead men that any man of prominence gets a good notice the moment he departs this life. In this way some mighty mean men may possibly get to heaven.

French toy manufacturers are complaining of the crushing rivalry of the Germans, who are charged with making false custom house entries to secure low duties, and with imitating French goods.

The amount of bacon used in the American navy floats up over one million pounds per year. How fifteen or twenty men manage to get away with so much is none of the business of foreign nations.

So much trouble is experienced by Boston business men in handling telephones and with district messengers that they are talking of going back to old and sure methods of transacting their business.

A Tennessee 5-year-old was taken by his mother to witness a hop at a hotel for the first time in his life. Noticing an elderly musician playing on a lute the youngster looked into his mother's face, saying, "Mamma, is that David?"

A little 6-year-old, doubting a statement by her uncle that the moon is made of green cheese, was advised by the divine to ascertain for herself. "How can I, grandpa?" "Get your bible and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at the beginning." "The I begin!" "Begin at the beginning, and came back to the stars and the animals, and came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery. 'I've found it grandpa!' It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

THE *Detroit Journal* offers a prize of \$500 in gold to the man, woman or child, (Gen. Greeley not excepted) who will name the three hottest days in the year of 1888.

THE Prince of Wales, according to the *London Times*, has an "unfortunate weakness which has led him to patronize American cattle-drovers and prize-fighters."

MAJOR GENERAL TERRY will soon make application for retirement, on the ground of ill health. It is said that President Cleveland will comply with his request.

THE lightning rod, says the *Electrical Review*, is a relic of superstition, and will eventually be regarded on a house in the same light as a horse-shoe over a door.

THE nickel five-cent piece may be used as a unit of measure in calculating by the metric system. It is exactly two centimeters in diameter and weighs five grammes.

THE oldest man in Germany, and probably in the world, is named Wapniarek. He lives in the village of Hutta, near Gnesen, in the province of Posen. He was born in 1764. He is therefore 124 years old, and still shows no sign of being in any hurry to die.

JOHN JONES, once an employe of the New York Central railroad, has been engaged by a railroad company in China for the past three years. He is to hire 500 engineers, firemen and brakemen to run trains on the American system in China. It is said the engineers will be paid \$250 monthly, firemen \$175 and brakemen \$125. All those engaged will have to sign an agreement to remain five years with the company.

MR. WORTH, the fashionable dress-maker of Paris, recently remarked to a reporter: "I find that every country produces beautiful faces, graceful figures and lovely dispositions, as well their contraries. I suppose Russian ladies are the greatest dancers in the world; English women are justly proud of their perfect complexions; the French lead the world in real elegance, and the American ladies impress me by the easy way in which they wear gorgeous gowns. Nothing overwhelms them."

THE belief that human beings should sleep with their heads to the north is said to have its foundation in a scientific fact. "The French Academy of Sciences has made experiments upon the body of a guillotined man, which go to prove that each human system is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head, the other by the feet. The body was taken immediately after death and placed on a pivot, to move as it might. After some vacillation the head portion turned toward the north, the body then remaining stationary. One of the professors turned it half way around, but it soon regained its original position, and the same result was repeatedly obtained until organic movement finally ceased."

STARTING with the idea that the hand varies sensibly in size with the amount of blood present in it at any moment, Prof. Musso, the Italian physiologist, has made some interesting investigations. In his first experiments the hand was placed in a closed vessel of water, when the change in the circulation produced by the slightest action of body or brain, the smallest thought or movement, was shown by a rise or fall in the liquid in the narrow neck of the vessel. With a large balance on which the horizontal human body may be poised he has found that one's thoughts may be literally weighed, and that even dreams or the effect of a slight sound during slumber turn the blood to the brain sufficiently to sink the balance of the head. When the brain of the balanced person is relaxing from thought, the flow is toward the feet, with a corresponding oscillation. The investigator has continued his studies of the circulation until it seems he may almost read one's thoughts and sensations. A tracing from a single pulse-beat shows him whether a person is fasting or not; two beats serve to determine whether the subject is a thinking or a heedless one, whether asleep or awake, cold or warm, agitated or calm. The changing pulse even told him when a professional friend was reading Italian, and when Greek, the greater effort for the latter duly affecting the blood-flow.

IN A TURKISH CEMETERY.

Mrs. Gen. Lew Wallace Describes Oriental Graveyards.

Some Interesting Inscriptions on the Tombstones of the Faithful—The Story of Rose-market—Curious Sparks of Fire in the Old Burying-Grounds.

Flowers fade, leaves wither,
But the constant cypress is green forever.
—Greek Song.

When we are told that the largest cemeteries in the world are in Turkey the words give no suggestion of the immense spaces crowded by the bodies of those who have died in and about Constantinople. Four miles of continuous graves skirt the ancient walls; four miles of cypress forests point the resting-place of unnumbered thousands. The trees shape like our Lombardy poplars—tall, slender, taper as a plume. In the spring the foliage is almost black, contrasting with flowery terraces and gardens glowing with color like a dreary fringe bordering some splendid garment. Thus they darkly shadow the Asian shore on the heights beyond the hospital where Florence Nightingale taught us how divine a spirit may wear mortal form and minister to men.

The piny smell of the evergreen and its resinous sap destroy the miasma of graveyards, and the far-reaching roots absorb poisons from decayed and decaying human bodies. Not only without the walls appear the graves; in nooks and corners of the venerable capital are dense clumps within fenced spaces protecting antique sepulchres. Among the gay villages, kiosks and palaces that sparkle on the banks of the Bosphorus, the mourning-tree waves its funeral banner, teaching the old, old lesson: "In the midst of life we are in death." There ringdoves coo and murmur ever of love, and pigeons nest undisturbed by the Moslem, who never fails in pity for the "dumb peoples of the wing and hoof."

Turkish tombstones are narrowest at the base, and soon lean and topple. Many lie prostrate, making seats for the living who are free and fearless neighbors of the dead. Some of the cemeteries are used as pleasure grounds for the soldiery; the crumbling stones mend highways, repair walls, and repeatedly I have seen a handsome slab stop a hole to keep the wind away or serve as doorstep to a tumble-down hut. Children play in sombre alleys, wash-women hang clothes and stretch lines on the headstones, and ladies with veils of snowdrift and mist, drawn close by he henna strained fingers, picnic and sprinkle sweet basil, for remembrance, above the beloved who have passed from sight. There is a soft air of resignation in their manner—the virtue which Mahomet taught is the key to all happiness—and they wear no mourning. Sinful it is to show sorrow for the loss of friends. It is believed that children of over-mourning parents are driven out of paradise and doomed to wander through space in darkness and misery, weeping as their relatives do on earth.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FALLACIES. Christians are mistaken in supposing paradise is denied to Oriental women. Their tombstones are carved with flowers, blazoned with texts from the Koran in blue and gold, and with such epitaphs as the one we copy from the grave of a young girl in Pera:

The chilling blast of Fate caused this nightingale to wing its course to heaven. It has there found merited felicity. Zababa wrote this inscription and offered up a humble prayer for Zeinabeh. But weep not for her; she has become a dweller in the fadeless gardens of Paradise. 1223.

Epitaphs commence with an invocation to Allah, "He, the Immortal," or "Alone, the Eternal."

Upon a tomb near the Ok Maidany we find:

God, the imperishable.
Pardon me, O Lord, by virtue of Thy resplendent firmament and the Koran's light. Approach my happy bed of rest, write the date with a jeweled pen and breathe a prayer for my soul. Rivers of tears cannot efface the dear heart's image from the sight of a sorrowing husband. 1140.

A peculiar and unique inscription is to be read upon a plain stone by the Rose-market. It may be translated:

He, the Immortal.
The hands of a cruel woman caused the death of the blessed and pious Hadje Mohammed, the engraver. Pray for him. 1120.

The story goes that the devout and sanctified sufferer did not come to his end by sickness or battle, famine or accident. He had a vixen wife who persecuted him day and night till she literally worried him to death. Feeling sure his hour was come the engraver engraved his modest epitaph and resignedly gave up the ghost, doubtless consoled by thought of the long revenge he had on the virago. The sweet mother, the fair daughter, the young wife, Gul Bahar, Rose of Spring, rest near. Their memories are forever dear to those who loved them. The gentle dust of White Violet, Tulip Cheek, Forget-Me-Not Eyes, was precious to their survivors. As we stroll among the mouldering stones, written over with moss-grown records, we feel the human heart is the same in all ages, wistfully yearning for its kindred. And again we ask, where be the bad people buried? For none but the lovely lies here. Nearly all graves have a stone at the head and feet and upon them the dread angels, Nakir and Munkir, will fold their livid wings and stand when they descend to judge the world at the Last Day.

A BARREN JEWISH CEMETERY.

Beyond the Golden Horn is a vast

Jewish cemetery, which is desolation itself. Bays of verdure, leaf or tree, the stones that lie flat, as though pressing down the restless feet of the scattered, wandering and persecuted race that is even in the sepulcher denied the right of an upright memorial.

The grim nakedness of this necropolis is so forbidding we turn from its oppressive gloom to the cheerful burial grounds, where roses scatter bloom and perfume and the acacia reddens the footpath of the pious Osmanli, telling his rosary beads of amber and murmuring the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah. When ten thousand voices call to prayer from ten thousand minarets and the green stillness echoes the thrilling chant he will slowly wend homeward.

What thinks he? Of cool pavilions under the palms in the golden pleasure fields kept for the faithful! Of soft arms and white hands beckoning to bowers of bliss, where he shall recline on green pillows and drink of the happy river, in the light of the great white throne! His faith knows no variableness, and among the sleepers he seems a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions. Should he enter Stamboul late and the watchman challenge he will rise from quietude, give his name in answer, and reverently add, "There is no God but God." A creed which may be written on the finger nail; a dread battle-cry, and the confession of faith to nine thousand millions of worshippers since Radjah knelt with the prophet in prayer and said: "I will be thy first believer."

On the gravestone of the laborer is traced some symbol of his craft. In the long lines of ruin and neglect we have signs of the work left unfinished. Here is the lancet, there the adze, an oar, an inkstand, a lance, and on each stone is a little hollow space to hold water for the doves, whose brooding notes of peace are more stilling than silence. Even the unresting birds of the Bosphorus, *les ames dantes*, seek shelter in the cypresses. When storms sweep from the Black Sea, they shrilly scream and flap their white wings, fleeing like frightened ghosts. Only on such tempestuous airs are shades of the lost allowed to revisit their buried bodies.

STRANGE SPARKS OF FIRE.

In summer eves sparks of fire rise and vanish among the boughs of the trees—phosphorus from the decaying bones, popularly supposed to be spirits of the departed hovering about the scene of their earthly prison-house, reluctant to leave it till the judgment day. Common tombstones are kept in masons' sheds. Better monuments are made to order and books of epitaphs are ready for the bereaved to choose the tender verse or holy text which expresses his feeling. In the death-fields of the forgotten an imposing column is a reminder of the many who die to win a victory for one. A small plot enclosed by a railing, a pillar in the center surmounted by a large turban, around it lesser columns, represent a Pasha, Bey or high magnate lying in the midst of his family. Stately mausoleums guard the ashes of Sultans, and members of the royal house repose in kingly magnificence. Chief among them in the temple of Mahmoud II, close to his mosque. The conqueror is alone in his Palace of Peace—a splendid composite of Greek and Italian architecture, exquisite in proportion and detail, rich as a jewel case. The interior is brilliant with tiles of vivid color, blue and white arabesques, and the lettering of the Koran in gold. Priceless mosaics inlay the floor beneath rugs like brocade silk. There is no earthly smell—no ghastly suggestion in the light and lovely chapel. The raised bier points toward Mecca, and instead of a pall is draped with Persian shawls bright as feather-work. Candles in great silver standards cheer the pleasant place, lustres depend from the ceiling and ostrich eggs swing from gilt ropes, emblems of death and life undying. In the long sleep Mahmoud is not stretched on the warrior's "steel couch," but lies as we fancy a princess might slumber, softly pillowed in her luxurious chamber, awaiting the call of the Angel of the Resurrection.

MEMORIALS OF TURKISH WARRIORS.

Across the Golden Horn, beyond Eyoub, rises a high plain, once a military camp, where the legions raised the new Emperors on their shields. There many Turkish soldiers have memorials; they died for the faith and are martyrs whose scimitars have opened the rose-door of paradise. Their prowess is celebrated in aerial traditions and ancient war songs, and in the moonlight their tombs stand like sheeted specters. A large proportion of the stones are broken at the top, the turbans carried away—a dishonor imposed on the Janissaries by Mahmoud the Reformer after the massacre of 25,000 in revolt.

The view from this city of the Silent is unspeakably beautiful; to attempt portrayal would be folly. Glittering white as snow on the sixth hill of Stamboul is the airy minaret of the mosque of the Sun-and-Moon Sultana, built by her from the sale of the jewels set in one slipper. This was done in the long gone era when heroes with bodies of iron and nerves of steel wore the sword of Osman the Bonebreaker, and the winds of the Marmora and Euxine wafted wealth from the continents into the fireless harbor of Constantinople. At Eyoub is a mosque resplendent, mysterious, to which only the Moslem is admitted. Hallowed is the soil, envied the repose of him who goes to dust near the relics of the Prophet, whose tomb at Medina is covered with the splendor of unceasing light.

In this holy of holies are the mantle of Mahomet and his green standard, woven when the man, who, beyond all men, has had the greatest influence on

the human race, was a handsome boy in Arabia. Sleepless sentinels are on duty day and night, and once a year the flag is unlocked from its rosewood coffer, incrustated with pearl and precious gems, and is removed from its forty silken coverings and exposed to the adorning gaze of the faithful. Under a lofty palm-tree is the mausoleum of the standard-bearer himself, who fell with the first army before Byzantium. His body, found eight centuries later by the conqueror, was placed in this august sanctuary dedicated to him. Five times a day did he prostrate himself in prayer, and the archangels stretched forth their arms to anoint him as he knelt. Converted to the life he lived, and the death he died. As the long shadows slant at evening a great silence possesses the illustrious shrine, whose sanctity is never profaned by the thread of Giaour or unbelieving Jew.

To the musing traveler the dim æolian sounding overhead are as sweet as organ peal or funeral march, and when night winds blow across the fields of mortality the swaying cypresses vibrate in low, melancholy music the saddest requiem ear ever heard.—Susan E. Wallace, in *Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

Spring.

The joyous birds sing all about,
And earth and heaven are fair;
The young leaves sprout like whiskers out,
The green grass grows like hair.
And may no wintry blast come on
To smite them, cold and rude,
Like heartless lather cast upon
The moustache of the dude!
May no untimely storm arise
Within these skies of blue,
To fall upon the flowers, in fierce,<
Tempestuous shampoo.
Yes, let the trees bud fresh and sweet,
Nor Storm King's razor gash,
And let the flowers grow prim and neat,
As any waxed moustache,
—*Yankee Blade*.

Why Rain Does Not Fall Equally in All Places.

We have learned that rain is caused by the cooling and condensation of the moisture in the air. Bearing this in mind, let us study the surface of our country and see why the rain does not fall equally on all parts of it; instead of falling very abundantly in some places, as in New England and some of the Gulf States, and very sparingly in many parts of the West, as in New Mexico and Arizona.

The winds which blow to this country from the south and east, being warm tropical winds, can hold much moisture, and are full of this invisible vapor of water which they have taken up from the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean. Coming to the cooler land, they gradually become cooled. Their moisture, therefore, falls as rain while they pass over the land, till, by the time they reach western Kansas and Colorado, the moisture being gone no more rain can fall. But the winds which come to this country from the north and west are colder than the land, and, as they sweep over it, toward the south and east, they gradually become warmer; so that instead of giving up their moisture in the shape of rain, they are constantly taking up moisture from the earth. It is for this reason that our north and west winds are dry winds, and mean fair weather; while the south and east winds bring rain. For this reason, also, the Eastern and Southern States have an abundance of rain; while the Central and Western States are often dry.

And there is still another point to be considered. We already have noted the fact that at great heights the air is cooler. Hence, when a warm wind full of moisture comes blowing across the country and strikes a mountain range, it bends upward and rises high in the air to pass over. In doing so it becomes cooled, giving up its moisture, and passes over to the other side a dry wind. It is for this reason that some islands, like the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific Ocean, where the winds blows almost always from the same direction, are subject to almost continuous rain on one side while on the other rain is exceedingly rare. This also shows why California, west of the Sierra Nevada mountains, receive sufficient rain to make the soil fit for cultivation; while Nevada, on the east, is nearly rainless and barren. The moisture coming from the south and east is all condensed by the Alleghany, the Rocky and Wahsatch ranges; while that from the west is cut off by the Sierras. Hence, the great extent of country known to geologists as the Great Basin—which reaches from Oregon on the north to Mexico on the south, and from Colorado on the east to the Sierras on the west, comprising an area of not less than 200,500 square miles, which is nearly equal to the whole of France—receives over a great part of its surface an annual rainfall of not over four inches, and is therefore a desert.—George P. Merrill, in *St. Nicholas*.

How to Cure Hiccoughs.

A boy suffering from an aggravated case of hiccoughs entered a Fulton street market. "What's the matter?" said the marketman. "I—hic—got—hic—the—hic—hiccoughs." "You have, eh? Where's that \$2 bill that was on the desk when you went out this morning?" angrily inquired the butcher, for the boy had been in the market earlier. "I didn't see no \$2 bill," answered the boy, who began to turn pale. "Let me see your pockets?" The boy emptied his pockets, but there was no bill there. "I guess I have been mistaken about that bill," said the marketman with a smile. "How's your hiccoughs?" "They're gone," replied the boy. The cure had worked to a charm.

OSTRICH FARMING IN AFRICA.

The Business Is Not Prosperous—Something About the Big Birds.

Ostrich farmers in South Africa are at present suffering as much from bad times as our agriculturists at home. Feathers that were formerly worth £25 now only bring thirty shillings, and a pair of birds that could not be bought some years ago under several hundred pounds would not at present fetch more than £12. Some time ago a gentleman "prospecting" was looking over a fence into a camp when an ostrich spied a diamond in his pin, and in an instant picked at and swallowed it.

A sort of court-martial was held, the relative values of the bird and the diamond being accurately calculated. The ostrich was worth £100 and the pin £90, so the ostrich was spared. The verdict would now be most decidedly the other way. The only redeeming feature in ostrich farming nowadays is the amusement to be got out of studying the ways of these weird birds, which look as if only by some mistake they had survived the deluge, and that they would be more in their right place imbedded in the fossiliferous strata of the earth than racing about on its surface. Ugly awkward and brainless as these birds when full grown, there are few young animals prettier than an ostrich chick during the first few weeks of its life. It has a sweet, innocent, baby face, large eyes and a plump, round body.

All its movements are comical, and there is an air of conceit and independence about the tiny creature, while still scarcely able to stand, that is most amusing. Instead of feathers the chick has a rough coat of as many shades of brown and gray as a tailor's pattern-book. This is striped with shreds of black, the neck being covered with what resembles the softest silk plush. One would like these delightful little creatures to remain always babies, for with their growth they lose their prettiness, their bodies become angular and ill-proportioned, and a crop of course, wiry feathers replaces the parti-colored stripes which form their baby clothes.

The chicken feathers are first plucked at nine months old, and look only fit to be made into dusting-brushes. In the second year they are little like the ostrich feathers of commerce, but stiff and narrow, and it is not till the third year that they have attained their full width and softness. During the two first years the male and female birds are alike, but at each moulting the male becomes darker, until the plumage is all black, except the wing and tail which are white. In each wing there are twenty-four long feathers. During the breeding season the bill of the male bird, the large scales on the fore part of the leg, and sometimes the skin of the head and neck, assume a deep rose color. After a good rain ostriches begin to make nests. At this time the male becomes savage, and their "booming" becomes savage.

The bird inflates its neck like a cobra, and gives three deep roars, the two first short and "staccato" the third prolonged. When the birds are savage it is impossible to walk about the camp unless with a "tackey," the name given to a long, stout, thorny branch of mimosa. Fortunately, only one bird will attack at a time, and only on the territory, which by some tribal arrangement, is considered his exclusive property. Thus, during a morning's walk through the camp, the owner will be attacked by several vicious birds in succession, all determined to have his life if possible yet all held completely in check by a vigorous use of the "tackey." When an ostrich challenges he sits down, and, flapping each wing alternately, inflates his neck, throws his head back, rolling it from side to side, and with each roll striking the back of his head against his bony body with so sharp and resounding a blow that a severe headache seems likely to be the result. It often happens that, in self-defense, these vicious males (generally the first birds) have to be killed.—*Saturday Review*.

In Bondage.

You weep, my Lill, above the page
That tells the "ancient wrongs"
Of captives' tears and tyrants' rage,
And weak oppressed by strong:
Your Poet knows a sterner thrall,
A harder yoke he sings—
The bondage of the Very Small,
The Tyranny of Things.
And truly ours is hardest fate,
Our lot more hopeless far,
Who scarcely feel our lost estate,
Or know what slaves we are.
Slaves to Life's thousand small demands,
Its toil, its fret, its care;
Slaves to our homes, our goods, our lands,
Slaves to the clothes we wear!
Slaves to the cherished things we fold
In careful closets shut,
The plate we store, the books we hold
Too choice to read—or cut!
Slaves—ah, to what a host of things!
Poor Gullivers would quake
Beneath a web of threads and strings
We knew not how to break!
Give place, O "Tamberlane the Great,"
Sesostris, Ptolemy!
I sing the bond to whose hard weight
Your chains were liberty:
The yoke more strict than despot's thrall,
More stern than rule of kings—
The hardest tyranny of all,
The tyranny of things!
—Robertson Trowbridge, in *The Century*.

Does It Work Both Ways?

Mother—Johnny, did you ask your employer if you might get off to-day?
Son—No; the boss never speaks to me about it when he goes.—*Judge*.

HE FOUND A POT OF GOLD.

Treasure Trove Unearthed By a Virginia Farmer in a Place of Skeletons.

Lorenzo Mears recently exhumed a large and valuable treasure on an old farm in the southern part of Accomac County, Virginia. Mears is a tenant on the farm, situated on Nandua Creek, belonging to the heirs of the late John Pitts, of Baltimore. A tradition in the neighborhood says a large amount of money was concealed on the farm during the American Revolution by its Tory proprietor, who, having gone to England during the war, died without fixing the spot where he had buried the money. Not many years ago some of the descendants of the old Tory proprietor came over here and spent several hundred dollars in making excavations in a fruitless search for the money. All the ground around the old house was thrown up and deep trenches were dug around the yard, signs of which still remain.

It is said that these Englishmen brought over with them an old colored man, who had been a servant of the old revolutionary proprietor, and who professed to know where his master had buried the money. The Englishmen finally gave up the search and went back to England. Nothing more was ever heard of the treasure till a few days ago, when it leaked out that Lorenzo Mears had accidentally struck upon it while planting some fence posts around the yard. It seems that Mears tried to keep the matter a secret, but a little boy who lives with him went to the neighboring village of Pungoteague and let the secret out. He informed some persons there that "Uncle Renzi" now had piles of money, having recently dug up an iron pot full of gold and silver, which two stout men could hardly carry. Mears is said to be reticent on the matter, and, while admitting that he had found a buried treasure, says that the quantity is not so large as has been reported. He has shown several of the gold coins to some of his neighbors.

These coins are reported to be old English money, some of them being stamped with the image of Charles II., others with that of George III. The affair created considerable talk here, and the story is generally believed by those who have had the amplest opportunities for investigation and are best acquainted with the locality and its old traditions.

The place where the treasure is reported to have been found is one of the oldest of the eastern shores of Virginia. Two hundred and fifty years ago it was the seat of the Queen of Nandua, an Indian beauty who ruled over the savage tribes inhabiting that region. Near by is the burial ground of the Nandua Indians. The creek has cut away the earth till many of the skeletons are exposed to view, and as the bank caves in from time to time the bones fall down into the water and drift with the ebbing tide out into the bay. Some of the skeletons are of giant size, and many of them are buried in coffins that were hewn out of solid logs. These whitening skeletons as they protrude from the side of the cliff present a grim and ghastly spectacle, and rarely can the belated negro be seen in that haunted region after the sun has gone down and the shades of night have fallen on the earth. —*Baltimore American.*

White House Pets.

Nellie Arthur had a spotted Indian pony for the apple of her eye.

Mrs. Pierce was very fond of the black nag that her husband rode.

Mrs. Monroe brought the first white rabbit to the national premises.

Harriet Lane had a large stag-hound that was presented to her in England.

"Dolly" Madison's particular pet was a fine saddle nag. At Montpelier she had a pet sheep.

Mrs. Adams had a great goldfish and one of a bluish tint, sent her by a New England sea captain.

Mrs. Hayes had a magnificent imported Japanese cat that was presented to her by a naval officer.

Martha Washington's chief pet was a beautiful green parrot. Mrs. Washington was also very fond of a fallow deer.

Mrs. Grant had a "Strawberry roan" cow that was a superb milker and supplied her table with milk and cream.

Mrs. Bliss, President Taylor's daughter, who presided over the White House until after her father's death, had a splendid white owl.

Miss Cleveland's pet while at the White House was a beautiful rose which she found in the conservatory and which now bears her name.

An eagle occupied a cage at the mansion for a part of President Fillmore's term, a gift from a political admirer, and the noble bird was often fed by Mrs. Fillmore.

Mrs. Jackson never presided at the White House, but a large black and white coon that had been caught when young and trained by one of her faithful slaves had the run of the household.

He Could Bet on Nancy.

"I know it," said the bereaved widow, gloomily, to a friend who was trying to console him; "no amount of grieving will ever bring her back. Nancy was allus terribly sot in her ways." —*Chicago Tribune.*

Bank's Flirtation.

Mr. Banks and Mrs. Banks had had a falling out. She said that he didn't spend enough of his time at home, and he told her that she was too much taken up with society to make home pleasant. That morning they agreed to separate and he slammed his hat on the back of his head, and left the room telling her that she could keep the house and furniture and do what she pleased with it. She was just vowing very sharply that she didn't want anything to do with the old trash, when the front door slammed and he was gone. Then Mrs. Banks swallowed a few sobs that insisted on coming out, paid the hired girl and sent her away, and went up stairs to pack her valise so as to catch the next train which would take her to her mother's home.

Banks went down town whistling dance tunes, breaking here and there into an abstracted quaver which made them sound strangely mournful. He sat down in his law office, and tried to work on a case, but it was of no use. He put on his hat, took up his cane and went down town. A huge poster met his eye, and informed him that rates to a town near Barnesville were very low. As he had an old college chum at Barnesville he concluded to take the opportunity to go and see him and talk it all over.

He boarded the train and found the usual excursion crowd on it. Some ladies too, who seemed very much out of place, and full of regret because they had ventured to come, were there. One especially attracted his attention. She was dressed entire in black and wore a heavy veil. She was struggling up the steps with a heavy valise as the bell gave warning that the train was about to start. Banks gallantly came to her assistance and taking the valise out of her willing hand helped her on the platform, and found a seat for her. She thanked him merely with a nod, but she seemed to have a sort of fascination for Banks. He kept near at hand and was constantly tendering little services. She was apparently averse to acquaintances formed in this way and indicated very plainly by her manner, that his attentions were not pleasing.

In the course of a half hour the conductor came around for tickets. The little woman in black put her hand in her pocket and withdrew it, in evident consternation.

"It's gone," she said in a dismayed tone.

"What's gone?" asked the conductor.

"My pocketbook and ticket too."

Banks stepped up and said politely, "I trust you will permit me to offer some assistance in this dilemma," at the same time taking out his pocket book.

"Never sir, never," and she said it with an air that meant plainly that she would have a scene rather than accept his offer of help. "I will get off at the next station."

"Very well," said Banks. "Here is the station now. I think I will get off here too."

When they reached the waiting room, which was empty, Banks handed her her valise which he had picked up and carried for her. She lifted her veil and looked him fiercely in the eye and said:

"Now sir, I have discovered you in the midst of your perfidy. You had no idea that you were pursuing your own wife with your wicked attentions, had you?" Here she burst into tears.

"O just to think that I was scarcely out of the house before you commenced trying to flirt with some other woman. I didn't think it of you."

"Didn't you tell me this morning that I might forget you just as soon as I pleased?"

"Yes—yes—but I didn't mean it that way."

"And you didn't want me to forget you after all?"

"No; of course not."

"Well, look here, Clara, there's no use of crying about it. It's all right."

"Don't come near me any more."

"But I knew it was you all the time."

"Don't try to deceive me. You could not recognize me."

"No, but you see, I recognized my own name on your valise."

The next train took them back home and he went out that evening and told the servant girl that she needn't consider herself discharged. —*Merchant Traveler.*

Useful Knowledge.

A bag of sulphur kept in drawers or presses will exterminate red ants. Lemons will keep best in a jar of cold water.

A marble dropped in a kettle will prevent the contents boiling over. Carriage varnish is an excellent cement for china.

Castor-oil beans dropped in mole-hills will drive away the moles.

Whole cloves sprinkled among woolen goods and furs will preserve them from the depredations of moths.

A good cement for mending broken pottery can be made of starch, plaster of Paris and glycerine.

A thick mixture of glycerine, yolk of an egg and starch, is an effectual remedy for a burn. Common baking soda, spread on thick, is also good.

Mustard plasters made with white of an egg will not blister the skin. If mixed with molasses, mustard plasters will remain moist a long time.

To mend small holes in plastering, take one part of plaster of Paris and three parts of fine sand, and mix with cold water.

A plaster of common soap and brown sugar applied to a wound made by a pin or other poisonous articles will draw out the soreness.

Vinegar and sugar mixed will cure hiccoughs.

HIS WIFE SENT HIM.

A Man Does Some Shopping For His Better Half.

Into a large Sixth avenue store a gentleman entered holding carefully in his hand a small woolen sample of a fashionable shade of blue. He spied looming above the fluttering crowd of femininity a tall and massive muscular form, who inquired: "What can I do for you, sir?"

"I want some braid," said the man, boldly, thinking his troubles were over. "Yes, sir. Just step this way, sir," and in stately procession the luckless man was marshaled to a remote counter, where the floor-walker proclaimed: "No. 14, forward! Some braid for this gentleman!" and turning left him to his fate.

No. 14 was just telling No. 15 what Jim said last night on his way to the ball and what a perfectly awful creature he was anyway, and she paused to conclude the thrilling narrative and to receive a sympathetic response before she came forward and inquired negligently, "What color?"

The gentleman proudly presented his sample. No. 14 took it to match, and he had an opportunity to scrutinize at his leisure the well-fitting back of her tasteful costume as she knelt upon the floor and opened box after box in the search. Presently she returned and presented for his approval a compact little round bundle of braid, saying briefly, "That's as near as we can come to it."

"I don't know," stammered the helpless man, "as that's quite or, just—or do you use that to trim with?" "Oh! you want trimming braid," said the young lady, casting down his sample despairingly, "why'n't you say so? That's at the trimming counter," and she, too, left him to his fate.

Without guide or compass, by devious ways, with much inquiry and deep inward profanity, he finally hunted down the trimming counter and again presented his request and his sample. The saleslady produced a maddening profusion of braid from a quarter of an inch to a quarter of a yard in width, and of all shades and patterns. The man gazed upon them stupefied. His reason was evidently tottering on its throne. The saleslady stuck her pencil through the soft twist on top of her pretty head and gave her mind to assisting him in his decision. As they consulted together a flash of resemblance lighted his countenance, which had been fast sinking into imbecility. "I'm afraid," he said, "these are not quite—or just—or. She said it was all made up in a pattern ready to sew right on."

"Oh!" said the young lady, sweeping the pile of cards from the counter, "you'll find that at the passementerie counter."

The man's spirit was completely broken. Meekly he picked up his sample; patiently he started on his weary quest for the passementerie counter. When he finally captured a saleslady he handed her the thumped and battered sample, and said sternly: "Madame, I want some braid to put on a frock like that. It must be sewed up ready to put on both sides of the body, just like that, on Hattie's green silk. I want two yards and a quarter, and I want it right away, quick!"

The young woman saw that she was dealing with a desperate man. She cut off expediently what she thought was proper, he paid for it and went. What his wife said about it when he took it home, and what he said in reply would make an interesting postscript to this narrative. —*New York Sun.*

The "Bullhead" Nut.

"Are those things made of ivory or ebony?" asked a reporter, while looking at what appeared to be highly polished miniatures of a bull's head, arranged on the counter of a Broadway fruit store.

"Neither. If you handle them you will see they are too light to be formed of either material."

"What are they then?"

"They are nuts. They can be kept twenty years if desired. They come from Japan, India and other parts of Asia. They are called the traps, and in shape are not unlike the iron instruments used by the ancients to impede the movements of the cavalry. The plant grows in the water. After flowering the lobes of the calyx harden, and from two to four horns appear on the top of the fruit, giving it the appearance of a bull's head, or that of the Rocky Mountain goat. The plant is a floating one, with long jointed root stalks. Tufts of hair-like roots strike out from the joints, and are surmounted by radiating clusters of triangular toothed leaves, with swollen boat-like stalks to buoy them up."

"Are the nuts edible?"

"Yes; the nut is full of starch, and in Asia is eaten for food. In many places it is often ground into flour and made into bread. A population of 30,000 persons in one part of India is maintained five months of the year mainly by the food procured from this nut. One of the Indiana rajahs received a revenue of \$60,000 a year from the sale of this nut. In Japan it is also eaten for food, and as it comes at a time when other cereals are scarce, it has been classed as sacred, as manna was when found by the Israelites on their journey through the wilderness." —*Mail and Express.*

Who says poker is losing ground in Europe? Florence, Italy, proudly boasts that she will hold four queens. —*New York World.*

The Idyl of a Spring Lyre.

"Yes, sir," he said, as he was talking to a knot of men in a tobacco store on street; "I am aware that such things are almost incredible, but I can vouch for the truth of this story, and my veracity has never been questioned."

"It was quite early in the spring, soon after the ice had broken up, and the little mountain streams were full of fish."

"In passing along the banks of one of them I picked up a small cake of ice in which a large beetle was imbedded in a state of perfect preservation."

"After examining it a few minutes, I carelessly tossed it out into the brook; scarcely had it touched the water when an immense black bass leaped half way out of the stream with the piece of ice in his mouth followed by another, equally as large, which immediately gave chase."

"Round and round the pool they went fairly lashing it into a froth and terrifying the little fish until many of them leaped out of the water and lay flapping upon the bank."

"Finally the pursuer gave a quick bound and closed his jaws upon the piece of ice which the other still held in his mouth, and soon, after a desperate struggle, they both lay exhausted upon the surface of the water."

"It blank astonishment, I waded out to where they were still struggling faintly and found that in their eagerness to seize the beetle they had imbedded their teeth so firmly in the ice that it was impossible to open their jaws, and there they lay, helpless and at my mercy."

"What you say is not in the least improbable," remarked a rather rough looking individual who had been listening attentively. "I am fully prepared to corroborate your story."

"I remember on one occasion I procured from the balsam fir a quantity of gum, which is quite transparent, and imbedded it in a number of flies, beetles, crickets and other insects of which game fish are very fond."

"Whenever I wished, I simply attached a long line to a piece of gum and throwing it into a pool where fish abound I would easily procure all I needed; the advantage being only the larger specimens would be caught, as they only have strength enough of jaw, to imbed their teeth firmly in the gum."

The first speaker quietly handed a coin to the proprietor who silently passed the box of Havanas to the crowd. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Keely's Motor.

While Chicago honors as a citizen the inventor of the telephone, and Boston owns the more fortunate investigator who seized the invention, Philadelphia, forgetting Ben Franklin, puts her Keely on a pedestal such as only the statue of Liberty should mount, and, giving to Keely the entire weight of her guarantee, demands that the world should believe on him.

Keely is Keely—like Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler. Keely never had a given name. In fact, he rarely appears in the nominative or objective English literature. He is generally possessive. The form is Keely's—Keely's motor. When it is nominative, it is Keely demanding another assessment. When it is objective, it is the stockholders paying another assessment to Keely.

There have been some odd combinations of men in this world. The twelve jurors of Brooklyn who had never heard of Beecher's trial, stood 6 to 6 on the question of Beecher's sin, furnish one conspicuous group. The stockholders of the Keely motor another. For fifteen years these credulous men have believed that Keely would eventually get herculean force from a drop of water, yet time and expense have done their certain work even on the Keely stockholder. Now comes Bennett C. Wilson, one of the believers, who asks Judge Finletter, of the Court of Common Pleas, to order that Keely permit the stockholders to inspect the unspeakable machine that has cost so much money. This order at once issues, and unless the stockholders cozened in some new way, the public will soon have at full exposure at the hands of the incensed victims.

There is one thing that the Keely motor did, beyond all cavil. It made the mare go. —*Chicago Herald.*

New Way to Beat a Gambler.

"Did you ever hear the story of how a Baltimore gambler was knocked out by an operator? No. Well, a night operator in a railroad office was and is yet an inveterate poker fiend. One night he invited the gambler up in the office to have a game. No one else was present except a brother operator, who volunteered to look after the other's duties. For the first time in his life the gambler's luck did not come to his aid, for his opponent won on nearly every hand. Finally, the latter having four kings made a small bet, but the operator calmly laid down, refusing to call. The gambler reached over and looked at the other cards. To his surprise it was a full—three queens and a pair of tens."

"What did you lay that hand down on a \$2 bet for?" he exclaimed, adding, "I guess I've got enough."

This closed the game, but the secret of the operator's luck was that the other operator, sitting where he could see the gambler's cards, had telegraphed each card as it was picked up, thus enabling his friend to know when to raise, call or lay down. It was pretty smooth, wasn't it?" —*Telegrapher in Baltimore Herald.*

HERE AND THERE.

Gen. Crook is the senior brigadier general. Chicago belles are cultivating an inaudible laugh.

Senator Ingalls has the smallest foot in the Senate.

A pound of seeds yield about 10,000 sticks of asparagus.

Mrs. Garfield has an annual income of upward of \$20,000.

April 27 has been selected as the Pennsylvania Arbor Day.

It is now a penal offense in Alabama to participate in a raffle.

Toronto will try to get the next Pan-Presbyterian council, in 1892.

There are 261,160 persons in New York city who do not speak English.

The new Empress of Germany has a personal income of \$80,000 a year.

Prof. Sumner thinks marriage regulation the first step toward the millennium.

The annual rush of immigrants has begun. The great majority are from Ireland.

The Mormon establishment or church in this country comprises 163,383 persons.

It will be fifty years next Fourth of July since Iowa was organized as a territory.

March has been the most disastrous month the railroad companies have ever experienced.

The late Barghash Bin Saed, Sultan of Zanzibar, leaves 27 widows and 233 children.

Emperor Frederick and Queen of Prussia will be crowned King and Queen of Prussia at Konigsberg in June, if alive.

Judge Gresham owns a handsome farm near Indianapolis, and takes delight in looking after his crops and live stock.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller invented the bloomer costume. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton wore it for two years and Mrs. Miller for six.

Mrs. McElroy, of Texarkana, gave birth the other day to two girls and one boy—her third set of triplets in a little over four years.

A party of six gentlemen, who propose to make a tour of Europe on bicycles, sailed from New York for the Old World the other day.

King Kalakaua is going to settle down to hard work and become a coffee planter. He finds that there is more in it than being a king.

The town of Mason, Me., has thirty-four voters. The name of twenty-one of them is Bean. One year every town office was filled by a Bean.

A Bradford (Pa.) preacher announced to his flock that "Amen's" were all right at the proper time, but that they did not rattle in the collection basket.

The unusual phenomenon of snow falling from a clear sky was witnessed recently at Livingston, M. T. The nearest clouds overhanging the mountains, five miles distant.

In the pocket of a man frozen to death in the Dakota blizzard was an article cut from a newspaper, signed by the dead man's own name, giving five infallible indications that the winter would be warm and open, with not enough snow in Dakota to cover the wheat.

At Birmingham, Ala., an Italian fruit dealer placed \$400 in bills in a cigar-box and put the box in the stove while he waited on some customers. Forgetting the money he ordered an assistant to build a fire in the stove, which was done, and the money was burned to ashes.

A pleasant-looking and smooth-tongued straggle came to East Baltimore, looked at the sawmill that was unused and in litigation, had the machinery removed to a junk shop and sold for \$700, invited the drayman to dine with him, and left without paying for dinner or dray.

At Lebanon, Ky., a man named Godkin fired a shot from a repeating rifle at a muskrat swimming in the water. The muskrat was not hit, but the bullet struck the water, glanced upward, then flew across the pond and killed a young colored man who was watching the sport.

An insane woman escaped from a Michigan asylum, and to prevent being captured she climbed a tree. All efforts to persuade her to descend failing, the tree was chopped down and eased to the ground by the attendants. Its burden was then seized and taken back to the hospital.

A man who has been in the fish trade at Port Clinton, Ohio, says that the fish caught there are so strongly impregnated with oil that it is hard for the dealers to get rid of them. Many people will not eat them. The oil is washed from the Wood County fields down the Portage River.

Near Millersburg, Ohio, Noah Umstead, an employe in a saw-mill, was struck by a piece of iron called a frog, which fell into the saw while in rapid motion and was thrown with great force, striking Umstead a glancing blow, taking off his nose and destroying one eye, besides inflicting other serious injury about the head.

In a little town in Oregon lives a beautiful young lady, nineteen years old, who is web-footed. She wears a small shoe, and, except in the matter of the webs between her toes, she has a remarkably shapely foot. When a child she was never so happy as when wading in the water, and she is now an expert swimmer.

S. M. Bishop, widely known as "the fattest man in the world," died at Petersburg, Va., on Wednesday, of intermittent fever. He was twenty-five years old and weighed 550 pounds. He was born in Prince George County, and has been on exhibition ever since he was an infant. When a mere youth he tipped the beam at 380 pounds.

A party of ladies and gentlemen started to explore a cave near Clyde, Ark. About nine hundred yards from the mouth of the cavern they encountered an immense army of rats. The rats were vicious and made a savage attack on the explorers. Two of the ladies fainted and had to be carried. Hundreds of the animals were slain by the men.

Of 600 tornadoes of which record has been made in the United States, not more than seventy-five were east of the Allegheny Mountains. The warm air tempestuously driven from the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi Valley is caught by the polar wind and driven in gorytorian tornadoes across the prairie. The Appalachian range serves on the Atlantic slope as a barrier against storms of that sort.

There is war in western Kansas. Deluged with rain, we have been for a week.

Albert Griffin is sure the party can float into port on an anti-saloon plank.

Judge Guthrie displayed a good deal of tact in dodging the city printing question.

The red bandana terribly irritates the republican bull. It should be ruled out of the ring.

There seems to be very little sympathy for Mr. Blaine, and he may be again put upon the rack.

Kansas is not the poor man's home. There is no state in the Union where the people are more free from poverty.

The testimony from Chicago is that the Kansas City Flambeau club, cannot hold a candle to the Topeka club.

We would like to see John C. Fremont made President of the United States, but probably Cleveland is in for another term in spite of fate.

The most insignificant looking of all who aspired for nomination at Chicago, is William Walter Phelps of New Jersey. Yet he has power.

Jonathan Perriam, an old and able agricultural writer and editor, has taken the management of the Chicago Prairie Farmer, in place of Orange Judd.

Over 5,000 Kansas people went to Chicago, 50 of whom got into the convention, and the rest gazed wistfully, and indignantly from without the walls, but will return with sea stories of the wonders they saw, and of the marvels they did.

Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Merriweather are determined to be heard before the republican convention, and say they are ready to be snubbed as they were by the democrats. The ladies are ably assisted by Mrs. Isabel B. Hooker and Mrs. Crook. So they are bent upon being heard by Hooker Crook.

If the trouble about the city printing shall result in a thorough revision of the whole matter of city, county and state printing by the next legislature it will be the means of doing much good. This whole system of pensioning off poor political relations by making fat jobs for them at the people's expense, needs to be changed.

Albert Griffin's plank against the saloon which he wanted incorporated in the republican platform was about as injudiciously worded as it would be possible in the English language. The sentiment is right and might even be stronger, but it is put with no regard to the feelings of those not so well along as the republicans of Iowa and Kansas.

John S. Wise and Gen. Ma have cut a prominent figure in the republican convention. They were not just like Thurman during the war, but were rebels in arms. We enter no complaint against them for that. It would be pleasant however to read their confession. That is we suppose they had to make their humble confession, in order to give them standing. We are lead to believe this because no rebel democrat who fought as they did, can be tolerated by his opponents, unless he has openly repented and made confession of his great sin in fighting for his section. And there are those not republicans who even think the Prohibition candidate for Vice President, should do the same, and of course all republicans think so.

Sperm oil is excellent as a dressing harnesses.

As an instance of the pay of men and women in the government departments, it was shown not long ago that the men in the Dead Letter Office receive on the average one dollar a day more than the women, and this notwithstanding the fact that the women do most of the work.

George Kennan's Siberian paper in the July Century will be called "The Steppes of the Irish," and it will include an account of a long ride in an out-of-the-way part of Siberia, among the Kirghis and the Tartars.

How to Act in Emergencies.

If an individual is endowed with common sense and can exercise self-control when necessary, a slight knowledge of physiology will enable him to act in an emergency, says a writer in Good House-keeping.

A boy is brought home with a severe cut on his arm. The blood spurts out of the wound showing plainly that an artery has been severed. It is fortunate if a member of the family can come forward and bind two pieces of cloth tightly around the limb directly above and below the wound, the blood will cease to flow and even if there should be unavoidable delay in the arrival of the doctor he will be able to save a life that certainly would have been sacrificed if the prompt treatment mentioned had not been resorted to.

A whole family were thrown into a state of excitement by the youngest child rushing into the house, and declaring that a big black snake had "bited" him. The mother swooned, the father paced the floor frantically, while the rest of the family embraced the child and cried over him. A sensible neighbor, hearing the excitement, came into the room, and taking the child in her arms, murmured words of encouragement, then turning toward a member of the family she asked for carbonate of soda.

Moistening a small portion of the soda with water, she applied it to the wound; when the soda became dry she moistened it again and at that expiration of an hour was overjoyed to see upon the white surface of the application unmistakable evidence of snake virus.

Rusty nails make ugly wounds, which if not attended to at once, may cause great suffering—perhaps death. Smoke the wound with wool or woolen cloth; fifteen minutes in the smoke will remove the worst class of inflammation. Bleeding at the nose frequently causes extreme prostration. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, pass the finger along the right jaw until the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it for five minutes and the bleeding will stop.

A child who has a morbid propensity to force buttons, beans, etc., into his nostrils keeps his family in a state bordering upon terror, for they never know at what precise moment they may be called upon to perform an operation upon Master Harry's nasal appendage. Presture against the empty nostrils and quick, strong breathing into the open mouth will dislodge the foreign substance and send the suffering youngster upon his way rejoicing.

Notes.

Don't blame an obedient animal for a mistake made through stupid action on your part. Your brain not your body should be held responsible.

Don't forget that there is no danger of raising too much good fruit. It is the poorer quality of fruit that usually over-stocks the market and sells at low prices.

After the orchard is well established, whatever cultivation or stirring of the soil is given, should be done shallow. The roots should be disturbed and injured as little as possible.

It is strongly recommended to sow a few lettuce seed among the strawberries. This is upon the idea that cut worms prefer lettuce to strawberry plants, and by sowing the lettuce the strawberry plants will be saved.

Hellebore is a specific for currant worm. It can be applied as a powder by dusting on, or it can be sprayed on by taking two tablespoonfuls of hellebore and a sufficient quantity of water to form a paste; then add two gallons of water, stirring until thoroughly mixed, and then apply in the form of a spray.

Economy in use, as well as liberality in production, is the bases of success in agriculture.

The farmer who carries a note book in his pocket and jots down his mistakes as well as his successes in his farm work will have a very interesting and profitable book for reference next season.

It will pay to take the time to go to the house and change clothes when caught out in a rain and thoroughly soaked. It may add as many years to your life it takes minutes to do it.

Plant Small as Well as Tree Fruits.

There are few who do not recognize the importance of setting out a good orchard of tree fruits. But at the same time fail to see the importance of securing a supply of what are termed small fruits. There is this decided advantage with small fruits, and that is they come in earlier. Even with good sized trees it will require several years before we can expect to secure anything like a yield of fruit. With small fruits results can be secured in a much shorter time.

Strawberries set out this spring or early this fall, and given a good start to grow, will bear a crop of fruit next year, if the conditions are favorable. Blackberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries will all give a part of a crop next spring, and a full crop afterwards. And you can enjoy at least a partial supply of fruit before the tree fruits will come into bearing. One of the surest plans of management on the farm is to make calculations in purchasing a supply of small fruits, rather than be bothered with raising them, but in a great majority of cases, depending upon purchasing is equivalent to doing without.

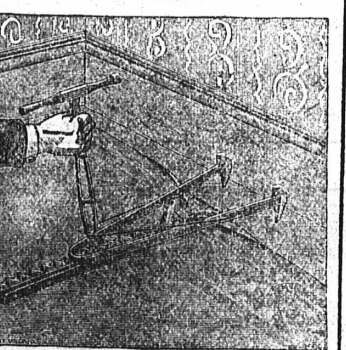
There is no necessity for doing without fruit until tree fruits come into bearing. A few vines of different kinds of small fruits will furnish a full supply for an ordinary family, and it will only be in exceptional cases that fruit can be purchased at a less expense than the farmer can grow them, while they will come in earlier and be of considerable benefit in a short time.

Hungarian grass and millet are mid-summer crops, and they require that the ground should be thoroughly warmed through, before they will thrive. They are of the same nature as pigeon grass, which does not appear until June, though it has already been sown the year before, so you cannot prepare the ground early and sow the seed, expecting to get an early crop, for it will not mature for hay until the last of June, if you choose, then there will be ample time for the crop to mature and make good hay. It takes ninety days for either to grow for this purpose. Twelve to fourteen quarts per acre of either is the usual amount to grow.

There are a thousand honest ways to get into debt, but only one to get out.

A little "elbow grease" and a few cents' worth of lime will add a great deal to the appearance of the surroundings of the barn. Don't expect the boys to do the whitewashing, through, while resting at noon. Take a half day when work is not pushing, and do it right.

KEYSTONE CARPET STRETCHER



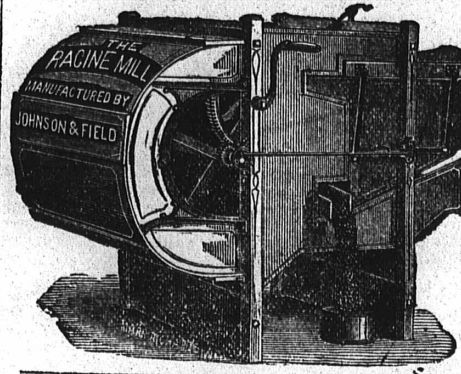
BEST ON EARTH!
The Most Perfect, Complete and Durable Stretcher Made.
FURNISHED with draw-heads, which drive into the floor at the base board, and a clamp by which a firm hold is taken on the carpet without the least danger of tearing or marring. It is stretched to the desired place by using as a lever stretched to a complete hammer, sufficient for all purposes in putting down a carpet. The only stretcher that draws the carpet close to the base board and into the corners.
Manufactured of malleable and wrought iron, making a tool that will last a life time.
Each set is packed in a neat wooden box, with directions for using. Sample sent on receipt of \$1.00. Special prices to dealers on application.
Pickett & Rogers, Warren, Pa.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, Poultry.
500 PAGE BOOK on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES—Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, A. A. Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever, A. A. Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism, C. A. Distemper, Nasal Discharges, D. H. Bots or Grubs, Worms, M. A. Coughs, Hoarseness, Pneumonia, F. A. Colic or Gripes, Colic, S. A. Miscarriage, Hemorrhages, B. A. Thrush and Kidney Diseases, J. A. Scabious Diseases, Mange.
Stable Cough, with Specifics, Manual, With Hazel Oil and Mediator, \$7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

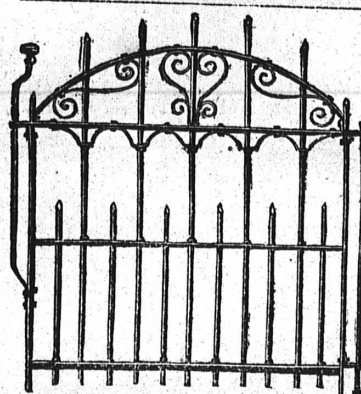
LESS THAN ONE CENT A DAY
Secures 12 Complete New Novels, besides Essays, Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, etc. Each number is complete, and a volume in itself. One year's subscription makes a book of **NEARLY TWO THOUSAND PAGES**—the choicest works of the best American authors. Among the Complete Novels which have already appeared are: "Brutons' Bayou," "Miss Devereaux," "The Land of Love," "The Red Mountain Anchor," "Apple Seed and Elder Thorn," "The Tattered Coat," "From the Banks," "Check and Counter-Check," etc., etc. The subscription price of this "King of the Monthlies" is but \$1.00 a year. Sample copy sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. Address: LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, PHILADELPHIA.

JOHNSON & FIELD,

Racine, Wisconsin,
MANUFACTURERS OF
"THE RACINE" FARM AND WAREHOUSE FANNING MILLS
DUSTLESS GRAIN SEPARATORS AND LAND ROLLERS.



These Mills and Separators have long been used by the Farmers, prominent Millers, Grain and Seed Dealers throughout the United States, who highly recommend them as being the Best Machines ever made for cleaning and grading Wheat, Barley, Oats, Corn, and Seeds of every description.
They do the work more thoroughly and have greater capacity than any other machine. They are strongly built of the very best material, highly finished, and are made in six different sizes, two for farm use and four for Warehouse, Elevator and Millers' use. The Land Rollers are the most durable, new and complete in the market for the money. Warranted to give satisfaction. Send for illustrated circulars and prices before buying.
We can vouch for the reliability of the firm—Editor.



DO YOU WANT A FENCE?
IF SO, SEND FOR NATIONAL WIRE & IRON CO'S Illustrated Catalogue, Detroit, Mich.
Wrought Iron Fences, Roof Cresting, Jail Work, Wire Signs, Bank & Office Railing, Window Guards, Wire Lathing and every description of Wire Work.

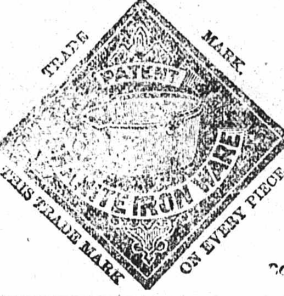
IMPROVED ANTHONY WAYNE WASHER.



MOST PERFECT ON EARTH.
THOUSANDS IN USE.
WASHES IN A QUARTER OF THE TIME THAN BY HAND.
Is a health saver, the easiest machine to work ever made, will not injure the most delicate fabrics, easy to clean, no wash board needed to complete washing. Can be operated by a child 12 years old.
GUARANTEED to be well made and do good work if used according to directions, or money will be refunded.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
ANTHONY WAYNE MFG CO., FORT WAYNE, IND.



GRANITE IRONWARE.



FOR BROILING, BAKING, BOILING, PRESERVING.
IS LIGHT, HANDSOME, WHOLESOME, DURABLE.
The Best Ware Made for the Kitchen.
Manufactured only by the
St. Louis Stamping Co. St. Louis
For Sale by all Store, Hardware and House Furnishing Dealers.
Look Book and Price List Free on Application. Be Sure to Mention this Paper.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE?

Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use **PARKER'S GINGER TONIC** without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and disease arising from impure blood and exhaustion. The medicine is sold in many cases recover their health by the timely use of Parker's Ginger Tonic, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. It is invaluable for all pains and disorders of stomach and bowels. 50c. at Druggists.

CURE FOR DEAF

PARKER'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position. Not invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Write to F. HISCOX, 849 Broadway, cor 14th St. New York for illustrated book of proofs FREE.

Walter's Patent Metal Shingles

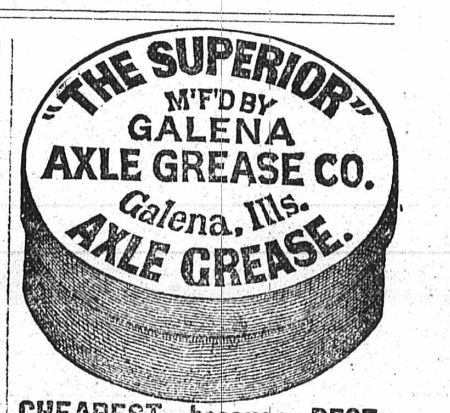
Without any exception the easiest applied. Absolutely PROOF Durable and Ornamental.
Illustrated catalogue and price list free.
NATIONAL SHEET METAL ROOFING CO.
512 East 20th St. New York City.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 800 pages 8vo, 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jeweled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. box 1505, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office No. 4 Bulfinch St.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

1,001 Important things you never knew or thought of about the human body and its curious organs. How life is perpetuated, health saved, disease induced. How to avoid pitfalls of ignorance and indiscretion. How to apply Home Cures to all forms of disease. How to cure Croup, Old Eyes, Rheumatism, Phlegm, etc. How to make, by happy means, a happy home. Send for this new book. Send ten cents for new book. **MEDICAL REMEDY AND WONDER**
A mélange of wit and wisdom 96 pages, half of them given in new illustrations. Medical "cheats" and Doctors' tricks; "not too primary" but just "plummy enough" to cure your doctor and his medicine. Try the Lath Cure.
WATKINS PUBL. CO., 129 E. 29th St., N. Y.



CHEAPEST because BEST.
WILL NOT FREEZE Gun in cold weather, when wagon is not in use, freeze or melt.
FREE from gritty substance, mineral substance, from friction.
GUARANTEED to do the work with less quantity than any other axle grease and with less wear or friction.
Also a fine remedy for cuts and bruises on man or beast.
and if not as represented money refunded.
Ask your Dealer for **"THE SUPERIOR."**

