

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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What do you think of this paper for 50c for this year?

Don't you want it?
Call and see us 835 Kans. Ave.
Or send by mail.

By a tariff to protect industry, is not meant a tariff in favor of monopolies. Nor would such a tariff prevent free trade in many things. There needs to be a little common sense about tariff, as well as about black-smithing.

All Kansas is this year going into the advertising boom business. All the railroads, real-estate agents, town companies, newspapers, stump speakers and traveling men, all are going in to lift Kansas to the clouds, if not to the seventh heaven. Gallagher, let'er-go!

When impecunious politicians talk of the benefit of low prices as a result of free trade, it is well to remind them that it is not so much low prices that help a poor man, as it is the ability to earn money. It is not what a dollar will buy, but what so much work will buy.

The National Prohibition party declares in its platform in favor of such tariff regulations as will foster American industries. The republicans declare for the same thing, and the majority of the democratic party believe in the same policy. It would savor of lunacy for a sensible man to believe in any thing else.

The greatest and keenest reproach ever heaped upon the men of this country was when a considerable number of women felt that they should participate in the elective franchise. It was saying that the men had not been true to their privileges, nor true to woman whom they claimed to honor.

It does not seem to make much difference whether the country has a republican or democratic administration. A mixture seems to be good for Kansas, for it has never had such prosperity as it has had under a democratic president and a republican governor, unless it was under a republican president and a democratic

In the case appealed to the Wisconsin Supreme court, involving the right of woman suffrage in that state, outside of school matters, the court in a long opinion decides against the extension of the right as claimed. The decision is no doubt in accord with the spirit of the law.

In another place we give the position of the Grangers on the tariff. It is essentially sound. That a revision of the tariff is needed is admitted by all parties. The true national policy of the question is one that will foster our many industries, protect those who produce raw material and those who manufacture it, to a reasonable extent, but not to a degree that creates monopolies. The error comes in with those who would open our ports to the entrance of all sorts of productions and goods because for a time we might buy a little cheaper, blindly overlooking the fact that the wrecking of our own manufactures and the ruin of our labor, would ten-fold outweigh all benefits received.

Farmers and the Tariff.

We take the following from a circular by Mortimer Whitehead, the National Lecturer, which indicates the position of the National Grange, the most intelligent and the strongest industrial organization in the country:

The subject of the Tariff is now more prominently before the people of the whole country than any other; and it will doubtless be agitated through the press, in Congress, and otherwise for several months to come. No doubt there is a necessity for some legislation that will either judiciously distribute the surplus in the National treasury among the people, or prevent its undue accumulation, with all its threatened contraction of our money in circulation, and consequent hard times. Tariff reform has been advocated by both the great political parties, and under two administrations, and singular enough, both have advocated that the reform be made by taking off the Tariff upon "raw materials." Now, all the products of American farms are "raw materials"—wool, hide, flax, hemp, sugar, etc., etc.—and the farmers should see to it they are not unjustly and unfairly dealt with in this direction.

The National Grange, at its annual sessions several years past, has, without dissenting voice or vote, placed itself squarely on record as opposed to the removal of Tariffs on raw materials produced on American farms, while the present high Tariffs remain upon the more than two thousand protected manufacturing industries of our country. A number of State Granges have, year after year, endorsed this action of the National Grange, and it may be considered to-day as the Tariff policy not only of the Grange but of thousands of farmers not members of the Order. The exact language of the resolution adopted (unanimously) at the last session of the New Jersey State Grange reads as follows: "Resolved, by the New Jersey State Grange, in fifteenth annual session assembled, That we reaffirm our previous record, that we are opposed to the admission, free of duties, of all raw materials that can be produced in this country while the present high Tariffs remain upon the manufactured articles."

Can any American farmer, or American citizen, find fault with the position of the Grange on this question? Is it not in line with everything that is American? What said the signers of the Declaration of Independence?—"God created all men free and equal." They pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to sustain that principle of equality, and after winning the battles of the revolution, established in our National Constitution, and since then it has been incorporated into the Constitutions of the States, that, "all citizens shall be equal before the law." Equal ballots, equal powers, equal burdens, equal taxes, and, of course, equal Tariffs. Farmers must see to it that the Tariff is not all "reformed" off their "raw materials."

To the above may be added the following from A. N. Brown, Master of the Delaware State Grange:

"The methods proposed by which the revision of the Tariff shall be effected is objectionable, and savors of that species of class legislation which in its effect oppresses the people of our calling. That the Tariff should be revised, and the revenue reduced, so as to stop at once the accumulation in the National Treasury of a greater sum than is required for legitimate expenses of government, and thereby lessen the burdens of an already overtaxed people, is clearly manifest; but that such revision should remove the Tariff on raw materials, and not on manufactured goods, is a discrimination that is unwarrantable and unjust, dangerous in precedent, and dis-

astrous to that industry which forms the stability of the country. We should therefore exert our influence that in this revision of the Tariff our interests are not wholly placed at naught."

Pittsburg has recently turned out the largest steel gun ever cast by direct casting process. The total finished weight will be five and a half tons.

The question of prohibition in the District of Columbia is stirring up immense interest in Washington. Every where the waters are exceedingly troubled.

We predict that Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire will end his political career in disgrace. He is a very smart small-bore politician and not much of a statesman.

The Journal is a temperance paper in most things, but it would prohibit all sumptuary laws—Wichita Journal. Will the Journal study up and then tell us what is a sumptuary law.

James F. Legate, of Leavenworth contributes to the Times in which he takes ground against the constitutional right of the national government to secure prohibition in the states.

Whiskey and tobacco do more harm to labor, and the laborer, than all the combined monopolies of earth. But in stating this fact we are liable to be classed by many as an enemy of labor.

Kansas has three hundred national banks with \$50,000,000 of capital and the state would be better off without them. No national bank note ever was so good a greenback and they are more expensive to the people.

It does not appear to be very puzzling for a modern independent paper to be at all independent. One may read the Washington Gazette, which calls itself an independent republican, and it reads mightily like a democratic organ.

No one who has not seen an ice gorge in the Mississippi at St. Louis with great river steamers in its embrace, slowly, steadily, grinding and crushing them like egg shells, can have an idea of its cruel and magnificent power. It is at St. Louis or ly, gloating as it were over its one, two or three million dollar victims. Just now it can be seen there in its terrific grandeur.

The last number of the Scientific American illustrates quite fully the foundry of the Syracuse malleable iron works. An extensive description of the works sets forth the great and growing importance of this industry, which is one of quite modern introduction. The whole gives one an idea of the vastness of the field that is to be covered by such works, and indicates the high place such an institution would take in Topeka. Nothing that we have secured, or that is in contemplation, compares with such a manufactory as we would have in the wheel factory in combination with this.

It is said on the authority of the New York Times, as between Blaine and Cleveland, with an extreme republican tariff platform, that Roscoe Conklin will take the stump for Cleveland.

It is now almost certain that Cleveland will be the next democratic candidate. It would be idle to question the strength he will have. The late blunder of Governor Hill has effectually taken him out of the field and in doing this it has added to the popularity of Cleveland.

As between the tariff views of the two men, those of Cleveland come quite as near meeting the popular idea as those of Blaine, although neither are founded on a correct basis.

There is no need of the present high tariff, neither for revenue nor protection. But the trouble in adjusting a new tariff rests as much with one party as the other. There are no party lines on the question, and the mugwump factor of this years campaign bids fair to be more of a factor than it was in 1884.

Politicians can say what they will, but the nomination of Blaine by the republicans, will insure the re-election of Cleveland. This is the probability.

The country is by no means ready to abandon the theory of protection to its industries, but Mr. Blaine does not represent the popular idea on the question.

The immediate demand is the reduction of the accumulating surplus in the treasury, which would result by the removal of the tariff on certain articles that would not jeopardize any industrial interest. Either this or the use of the money for the reduction of interest bearing debt, or in such other manner as will benefit the people at large, instead of capitalists, national banks and other monopolies.

On the New York Central railroad, between Buffalo and Syracuse, there were several live stock trains when the storm came on. Nearly fifteen car loads of cattle and hogs destined for Boston and New York were frozen to death near Palmyra and several car loads at other points.

In a week or ten days the farmers of Southern Kansas expect to begin their plowing. The recent snow has been very favorable, and altogether the new settlers in the southwest are said to be as chipper as spring birds.

From Vick's magazine it is learned that there is a curious law in vogue in Switzerland which compels every newly married couple to plant trees shortly after the marriage ceremony. The trees ordered to be planted on wedding days are the pine and weeping willow. On natal days the suggestive birch tree is selected.

In this connection County Superintendent McDonald asks if it would be interfering too much with personal liberty to enact such a law in Kansas? Or to go a step farther, would the inalienable rights of the teacher be disturbed if he or she were required to plant a tree on the first day of the term? Shall we go still farther, and require each school officer to plant at least one tree during his term of office? Or, going to the outermost edge of inquiry, shall we—but here it will be prudent to stop, lest we get lost in the woods.

MONDAY WAS Blaine's birth day.

It begins to look a little as if those Russian soldiers had crossed the Rubicon.

A Topeka man named Huling has an idea that T. V. Powderly and Henry George had the power if they had used it, of inducing Governor Oglesby to exercise executive clemency in the case of the Chicago anarchists, and applies the epithets infamy and shame to them for not doing it. Both will probably survive, meanwhile it may be said that the said Huling manifestly knows less of Governor Oglesby than of anarchy.

Last week John E. Rastall, of the Burlingame Independent, was going to come to this city to publish a new third party organ. This week he is going to move to Argentine, and make his paper straight republican. There seems to be a general breaking up of the Richardson-Van Bennett third party. Well, the thing has been going to pieces for the last two years, and about all who are left to the party are old democrats, now hieing to the old fold, or republicans who got so far from home that they don't know the way back.

GOVERNOR HILL positively declines to be a candidate for governor of New York. He has recently closed a still hunt against President Cleveland in which he came out with colors down. Hereafter the fight between Hill and Cleveland, for the presidency, will be open and mostly waged by Hill. In the fight sympathy generally will be with the president. Cleveland has developed many admirable qualities, and the people regardless of party prefer him for another term, to any known democrat.

Congressional Items.

By the action of congress yesterday, an investigating committee with full powers, will be appointed to inquire into Pennsylvania coal mining and railroad troubles.

SENATOR PUGH favors the Blair educational bill.

ATTENTION has been called to the amount of smuggling going on between the United States and Mexico and means will be taken to prevent it.

Seed Catalogues.

James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. Floral Guide as unique and reliable as ever. A great family favorite. Illustrated with colored plates, 136 pages, price 10 cents. To patrons free.

John A. Salzer, La Cross, Wisconsin. Plant and Seed Catalogue, 66 pages, very attractive, illustrated cover. Doubtless the most complete house, garden and farm manual ever published in the west. A marvel of illustrations.

Northrop, Braslan and Goodwin, Minneapolis, Minn. Vegetable, flower and farm seeds. Two large illustrated pamphlets, 24 pages each, presenting advantage of northern grown seeds.

Gregory's Illustrated Catalogue, J. J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass. Large double column, 56 pages, presenting a choice variety of standard and novel seeds with valuable information.

RISE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The First Message that Ever Went Over a Wire.

Reminiscences of Professor Morse Given to the Public by One of His Earliest Friends.

Pathetic pictures, says *The New York Times*, have been given by writers galore of the saddening experiences that were Prof. Morse's in the early days of his telegraph's inception—scientists grimaicing and politicians sneering, earnest endeavor rebuffed, proffered evidence scouted, hope kept ever forlorn and halting. And the tale is twice told even to school-boy ears now of how, through these crowding trials and trooping disappointments, genius finally came to its reward and gave to the brave old man the glory of a hero to whom all human kind are debtors.

But has the story ever been told of the day when for the first time his visions were materialized in public sight, of the day when for promises he offered proofs, when the people, forgetting all their derision, hurried for him in the streets because of the wonder of his accomplishment?

Certainly it has not been told, in print at least, by the one man now living who best may tell it—a man who was officially close to the hopeful inventor in dark days, and who was beside him on the eventful afternoon, unchronicled in passing histories, when expectation bloomed finally into rapturous reality and huzzas chronicled the conversion of popular opinion.

A glimpse of it came out a night or two ago, when, in easy-chairs up in the Gilsey house, half a dozen friends—men of consequence in this town—discussed the past and the present.

"What wonders have been worked since Morse's day!" quoth three or four of the company at once.

Then the gray-haired man,

JOHN W. KIRK,

noted in telegraph circles these many, many years, broke his silence.

"I knew Morse," he said, "knew him intimately, and was with him during the days that were most trying to him. I saw him stretch his first working telegraph line, helped him encounter the rebuffs that made up much of his experience just before he was finally and completely successful, and on the day that that final and complete success came I was in his company still."

"Story! story!" ran the ejaculation round. "Story! story!" And there was no escaping the call. The grizzled and gray old gentleman dropped into reminiscence, and for an hour or more attentive listeners ranged around delighted. They heard much that was new—certainly much that before had never been said, except through suggestion of scant gossip.

Back in the winter of 1843-4 Mr. Kirk was taken from Ohio to Washington to look after bids that he and his business associates had made to carry the mails over stage routes to the west—as the towns of Pittsburgh, Wheeling, and Cleveland were then described. His business was not the task of a single day; it had months of waiting in it, and Mr. Kirk settled down in the congressional presence for the season. The postoffice department saw a good deal of him before the winter was over. When you expect a big contract you are apt to be gracious; and if genial, young, with spare time on your hands—as Mr. Kirk's case was forty-four years ago—an odd enterprise isn't likely to shock your tastes. Thus came Kirk to know Prof. Morse.

John A. Bryan, second assistant postmaster general at that time, was one of the cleverest Ohio politicians of the day, a man of attainments in many departments of learning, but inclined to all the cautiousness of the keen political leader and withal excitable when affairs were not to his personal liking.

"SEE HERE!" he cried one morning as Mr. Kirk entered his office. "See here! There's on an omnibus scheme to ruin me—ruin me, sir!" The gentleman's language was a little more ornamental than type permits, as he proceeded to make clear to his friendly caller that superior officers had plotted to sacrifice him by putting in his hands the duty of handling the thirty thousand dollar appropriation which congress had voted in its haste to adjourn at a previous session, had voted for electric experiments by Morse. "To be identified with such foolishness," declared this officer, was to commit "political suicide," for, of course, the end of the whole business would be that Morse would be recognized as crazy, and men consorting with him would be looked upon with suspicion, as the assistant postmaster general seemed to think, they deserved to be. "You must help me out of the scrape," he said to Mr. Kirk. "I want you to undertake the duty of looking after Morse. If he puts up wires you see that its all right and I'll pay the bills—only, you see, I really can't afford to have any closer connection with the thing."

Morse had possessed himself of a little room in the east end of the capitol, and there, abstracted but active, the new attaché of the postoffice department found him, a thin spare, careworn anxious man, in the midst of confusing heaps of wire and pots and apparent debris. The worker paid little heed to his visitor. He was on the eve of a test whereby he hoped to satisfy official doubters. A congressional committee

was on its way to see him and examine in practical operation the machine which he had promised would transmit intelligent messages between points miles apart. The line which started toward Baltimore was built about five miles without the Washington limits, and the "metallic circuit" (before the day of ground wires), was in good working order. The committee came. The inventor was in high spirit. Enthusiasm made him almost a young man again. The time was arrived, he felt, for a signal victory. No longer would anybody question his claims. Now for proof not to be gainsaid. The statesmen approached his instrument cautiously, as if suspecting that it might suddenly get into an exploding fit. They lifted their feet high and swiftly over stray lines of wire crossing the floor, fearful of shocks. Their skeptical countenances would have driven the original Doubting Thomas wild with envy. But finally they ranged themselves as closely as they dared beside the animated electrician and

AWAITED HIS EXPERIMENTS.

"Now, gentlemen, what shall we send over the wires?" ejaculated the old man. "Pick out your own message and I'll show you how simple this whole thing is and how it accomplishes everything that I've claimed."

The gentlemen were hardly expecting a challenge like this, but finally congressional genius asserted itself, and one of the party proposed that this startlingly original information be flashed along:

Mr. Brown of Indiana is here.

Prof. Morse bent over his instrument and pegged away. Tick, tick, tick-tick-tick went the electric tapping, and then a moment later came the same rattling line of signals upon an adjoining machine—the indentation Morse register.

The old man grabbed the slip of paper as it came released from the instrument, scanned it eagerly, and then with the air of an emperor whose crown is self-won, he thrust the fluttering white scrap forward. What to the congressmen appeared a confused collection of unintelligible dots and dashes stretched along the paper. It was the telegraphic alphabet, explained the enthusiast.

"See!"—and he displaced another sheet on which his dot and dash sign manual appeared—"See! Take this for a guide and you'll find printed there the very words you asked transmitted."

The delegation did as directed, and sure enough they spelled out the sensational goings-on of "Mr. Brown of Indiana."

Converted? Those congressmen converted? Well, hardly. This is the recollection of Mr. Kirk: "One of them hunched me and winked in a superior and knowing sort of way, while another whispered: 'That's what I call pretty thin!' and a third remarked right out loud: 'It won't do! That doesn't prove anything.' Poor Morse's heart was almost broken. His triumph was turned all to bitterness. Every one of his visitors went away MORE SKEPTICAL THAN EVER."

The public or so small a portion as took any interest in the matter, generally attributed the results that Morse obtained to diabolism, or (when the more intelligent and scientific minds considered it) to merelegerdemain.

"Everybody," continued Mr. Kirk, "thought it a good joke on me and I had to stand lots of chaffing around the capitol. It wasn't long before I saw that Assistant Postmaster General Bryan had a pretty level head as a politician in not wanting to be mixed up with what he called 'Morse's foolishness.' But I held on. The truth is, I had fallen in love with that resolute old man battling against such odds as prejudice kept piling up against him."

Morse worked only the harder after his failure to convince the wise men from congress by the test of his five-mile loop. Day by day more poles were set and more wire was stretched, and Annapolis junction—half way to Baltimore—was just about reached when the whig national convention of May, 1844, opened in Baltimore. Here, at the suggestion of Mr. Kirk, Morse saw opportunities beyond any that had come to him before. On the morning that the convention organized he was able, by dint of work by night as well as by day, to get connection through to Annapolis junction from his little Washington machine-shop. He had placed a bright young fellow at the Annapolis junction, and with instructions to get information of what the convention had done just as soon as the afternoon Baltimore train arrived at the junction and telegraph it at once to Washington.

Of course the capital was in a ferment; every citizen was anxious for the news from Baltimore; but till trains should arrive from the scene it was recognized that nothing could be known.

THE EARNEST OLD FELLOW

spent that eventful afternoon all alone, save for the companionship of John Kirk. Anxious even to excitement, he had fully succeeded in getting a satisfactory message from the junction that all was right at that end of the line and ready for the transmission of the news as soon as the expected train should arrive. It was an experience to leave life-long impressions, and it isn't wonderful that Mr. Kirk still vividly recalls that strange, remote room in its forlorn trappings of wire and pots and chemicals, set in its center with the old man, nervous, eager, verily gasping, for the realization of his life's chief hope.

Suddenly there came an animated clicking. He who was most interested bent forward as if intent on fairly consuming the strip of paper that crept out from the register. There was almost agony in his face, as, snail-like, the pa-

per halted and hesitated, spurted a little, stood still, made false starts and then spurted more till—the message completed—Morse rose erect, looked proudly about him, and said as grandly as though he were distributing kingdoms:

"Mr. Kirk, the convention has adjourned. The train for Washington has just left Annapolis junction. And the ticket—"he hesitated, holding finally proof of his victory beyond all disputing—"the ticket—the ticket is Clay and Frelinghuysen!"

"You are quizzing us," was the quick retort he heard when this was proclaimed outside. "It's easy enough for you to guess that Clay is at the head of the ticket, but for Frelinghuysen—who the devil is Frelinghuysen?"

"I only know," was the dignified answer, "that it is telegraphed me so from Annapolis junction, where my operator had the news five minutes ago from the train that is bound this way bringing the delegates."

IN THOSE DAYS

the twenty miles from Annapolis junction to Washington made up a trip of an hour and a quarter for the exceptionally fast trains, such as that which was bringing the whig delegates to Washington. Long before the journey was over the newspapers—enterprising even in those days—had extras on the streets, and the newsboys were crying lustily the chronicle that Morse had caught flashing through the twenty miles of air. A great crowd of people was at the station. The extras, with their cabalistic legend "By Telegraph," had whetted public curiosity to keener edge. Out of the jammed train came the delegates piling, each anxious to be foremost in sending abroad to friends the inspiring news that fortune was with Harry of the West. And how dumfounded they were, finding in very few before them the story they had believed exclusively their own. Certain they were that no railroad train had preceded their own. How but by a miracle could the news have gained such headway? "By telegraph," so they read in the headlines of the journals. "By telegraph! That pestiferous Morse!" They had seen the wires stretching along the track all the way from Annapolis junction to Washington; they had seen it, and they had joked about it glibly. Phew! It was hard to realize. But—but—but what can a man do when he can't do anything? The doubters and scoffers became enthusiastically dumb.

S. F. B. Morse had won. When he next appeared in public the people showered him with huzzas.

He was no longer a dreamer; he was a doer; and there were honors for him unstinted. Yet he bore all meekly, once in a while the calm of that strong face given way to a radiance seen there but seldom in the later years.

A STRANGER.

who had been seated close to the little company attentive to this reminiscence arose as Mr. Kirk halted, offered his hand, and said: "This is a great big treat to me, sir, and I hope you'll pardon my intrusion. My name is Plumb—Col. Ralph Plumb they call me out home in Illinois, where they elect me to congress. I just want to add one word to the story you've told. I know something of it myself. I was a delegate from Ohio to that Clay convention. I was on that first train to Washington. I remember the little shed at Annapolis Junction, where we stopped on our way. I saw the man there who was ticking away on a little brass machine; I saw him and I talked with him. I wanted to know what strange thing he was doing, and he said he was telegraphing to Morse in Washington about our convention, and he pointed toward the wires overhead running in that direction, the first wire ever put up for telegraphing. In common with all the rest of the real wise ones of the day, I hailed the affair as a huge joke, till, when we landed in the Washington city station, sure enough Morse had had the news an hour or more ahead of us and the whole city was informed of the fact that we had put a dark horse on the ticket with our hero Clay. The evidence couldn't be upset, of course; the most prejudiced of us couldn't presume to suggest that Morse's work was guessing—for no man alive would have imagined that Frelinghuysen could be made the nominee for vice president. Yes, I'm downright glad to have met you, Mr. Kirk; you make me feel young again with the tale you've told. Now, can't you come down to Washington before this winter is gone? I'd mighty like to buy you one dinner."

When the gentleman from Illinois had said good-night, leaving behind rather remarkable sensations, so strange was the coincidence he had pointed, Mr. Kirk told something of experiences connected with the early advances of telegraphy.

"When I went west from Washington that spring," he said, "I took along with me samples of the indentured strips of paper as they came from the telegraphing instrument. An enthusiast, I talked of telegraphy to everybody I met. In Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and other western centers I met college professors, business men, and other people ranked high for intellect, knowledge, and common sense, and all, or nearly all, were pronounced skeptics as to the practicability of Morse's ideas. And I am putting it a little mild, I think, in saying that the impression wasn't long in getting abroad that I was 'a little off.' I meant well, but I didn't know. The last I remember of some of my friends out there they were still pitying me."

"I was in Indiana in the autumn after congress had made a thirty thousand dollar appropriation to Morse for his experimental line. The congressman of that district was up for re-election. Poor, deluded man, he had unfortunately voted for that appropriation. He had been for years the political pride of the district. The people out there would give him anything he'd take if they had the giving of it. Of course he didn't doubt that he would be re-elected as if by acclamation; but before election day he saw things differently. A young man whom nobody had ever heard much of before got an opposition nomination, and went stumping all over the district, and before long the fight became very warm. 'I have not one word to say against my opponent,' so the young man always began his speech. 'He's a gentleman; his character cannot be impeached; he is honest, reasonable, well-informed, a good neighbor, and a real n'oe man. But, gentlemen, while he was in congress he voted your money away upon clap-trap things like this,' and the nominee, producing a congressional document, proceeded to read the text of the bill which appropriated the \$30,000 for Morse's experiments. 'Thirty thousand dollars!' he would exclaim. 'Thirty thousand of your hard-earned dollars, gentlemen. For what? Whv, to settle—listen to the bill, gentlemen,—to settle the practicability of sending messages by electricity over wires stretched long distances. What do you think of it, gentlemen? Yes, my opponent is a good man; he means well; but really, has his residence in Washington helped him any? If he had staid here at home with us, would he ever have voted our money away for such a crazy purpose? Still, if you think it right to vote for a man who can be fooled in this way, gentlemen, all right, but—'

"The old man was defeated."

Mr. Kirk told this further incident, that from an irresponsible source would sound much like a romance: Just after the first telegraph office was opened in Washington, occupying a little room over the city postoffice, a member of the cabinet entered one day in a flurry and, handing in a bulky document, directed the operator to "telegraph it over to Baltimore right away." It was closed with a great seal, which the operator proceeded to break, much to the astonishment of the statesman, who, objecting, declared that the paper contained a state secret, and of course must not be exposed to any unofficial eye.

"But I can't telegraph it without I read it," insisted the operator.

"Well, then, you can't send it at all," and the high official left, excited and threatening. He believed he was being trifled with. His idea was that the telegraph was a sort of aerial express for the whisking of packages through air—probably by hitching them on to the wire by a good tough piece of twine.

EARNINGS.

Here is entertainment in a transcript of the earnings of that original Washington telegraph office for the first week—in April, 1845,—that it was open for regular business:

April 1, 2, 3, and 4.....\$ 01

April 5.....13 1/2

April 7.....60

April 8.....1 32

April 9.....1 04

Total.....\$3 09 1/2

And there were no deadhead messages in those days.

Now while congress is getting ready to debate propositions to establish a government telegraph system, involving the expenditure of millions on millions, it is instructive to recall the urgent but futile endeavor that Morse made to sell out his entire claims and profits for \$100,000.

The first corporation in the country to extend any courtesies to the telegraph in its early days was the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, its directors voting that Prof. Morse might have right of way "for development" along their tracks to Baltimore from Washington, "providing that nothing be done to interfere with the operation of the railroad."

A Sound Decision.

There is a story of Counselor McFarland, of New Jersey, in regard to an opinion given by Judge Depew, says the *Albany Argus*. The counselor was too much given to "looking upon wine when it is red" and to being "overcome with strong drink," and in the latter condition he one day addressed the court: "Your honor, I wish to make a motion." "The Court cannot hear you to-day," was the response. A minute later he ejaculated: "Your honor, I have an important motion to make." "Sit down, Mr. McFarland," said Judge Depew, "the court will not hear you to-day." "Your honor, I have been a member of the New Jersey bar for thirty years, and I would like to know why I can't make a motion now." "Well, if you insist on it," said the judge, "the Court will inform you, you are intoxicated." McFarland crammed his papers into his hat and started for the door, saying: "Correct. That is the soundest decision you have given in a month."

A Shrewd Man.

"Are you the lady of the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is the servant lady in?"

"Yes."

"Would you request her to step to the door a minute?"

"Why do you want to see her?"

"I would like to know if she will permit your husband to sell this house and lot."—*Lincoln Journal*.

STRANDED ON A LUNCH-BAR.

An Ex-Editor of the Old Regime Now in Adversity.

A man hastily gulping a free lunch in a swell bar-room—not with the easy confidence of a cash purchaser, says a New York letter to *The Philadelphia Press*. Twenty years ago few men in America were more powerful than he.

John F. Coyle was the editor of *The National Intelligencer* in Washington. On the dark Friday in April which saw the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth wrote to his friend, John F. Coyle, a letter in extinction of his proposed crime. He handed it to his fellow-actor, John Matthews. The latter, ignorant of its contents, placed it in a pocket of his coat and then forgot all about it. Matthews was upon the stage of Ford's theater when Booth's bullet sounded Lincoln's death knell. He rushed to his dressing-room, hurriedly picked up his every-day attire, and ran across the street to his boarding-house. As he was jumping into his ordinary garb, the letter fell on the floor. At that time he knew who the assassin was. He tore open the envelope and read the president's ante-facto confession. The words seared his brains so indelibly that he can recall them even at this day. Suddenly there flashed upon him the appalling fact that if that letter was found in his possession the lives of himself and John F. Coyle, to whom the missive was addressed, would surely be forfeited. He tore the note into small pieces, threw them into an open grate and stirred the red-hot coals over them. Then he fled from the house. Five minutes later the bleeding body of Lincoln was carried into the room in whose fire the ashes of John Wilkes Booth's letter was still smoldering. And there Lincoln died.

Andrew Johnson became president of these United States. The John F. Coyle grew into prominence. As editor of *The National Intelligencer* he was the power behind the chief executive. He wielded an influence that is almost incomprehensible in these times of independent newspapers. But when Johnson dropped from power and Grant entered the white house the days of administration organs were numbered. *The National Intelligencer* dropped and died, and from that day until this the republic has not been vexed with a presidential mouthpiece. Coyle drifted downward until finally he became Samuel J. Tilden's private secretary. In 1876, when this country was subjected to the severest strain that ever free government experienced, Coyle sold to *The New York Tribune* the famous cipher dispatches, although he was still in the confidential employ of the Safe of Gramercy park. Inexorable fate has followed ever since. He has gradually sunk lower and lower, until now the once powerful man of national affairs is a supplicant for charity.

He was the man I saw last night tremblingly devastating the free lunch.

Divorce in Michigan.

"What man hath joined together, man may put asunder," so holds a Western Justice of the Peace, who has recently granted a divorce after the manner of a dissolution of partnership. A man and woman in Michigan, after a short wedded life, recently walked eight miles to the justice who married them and demanded a divorce. After a command to "Unfite hands," the justice proceeded to administer an oath of mutual renunciation to each party. Then stepping to the door he loudly proclaimed the divorce. Receiving no objection, he pronounced the marriage annulled in the following words: "Then by virtue of the power in me vested by the Legislature of the State of Michigan and my official oath, I hereby declare the partnership hereto existing between the parties of this suit to be this day dissolved by mutual consent. All claims against the firm will be paid by John Henry Lawson, and all outstanding accounts owing the firm will be paid into this court." This summary proceedings seems to be fully the equal of any of the expeditious methods recently unearthed in New York.—*Boston Advertiser*.

Maj. Reno Asks For Work.

Says a Washington dispatch to *The St. Paul Globe*: "I am in need of money and am not ashamed to work for it." Thus at one time spoke Ulysses S. Grant, when he was an ex-army officer and indigent. The same language was to-day used by Maj. Reno, the man who failed to march to the relief of Custer on the Little Big Horn in time to prevent the massacre. Poor Reno—how he has fallen ever since that campaign. Gradually, step by step, he has come from his splendid position in the regular army, until now he is an employee in the pension office. The indulgence in alcoholic drinks has not tended to lift him to a more elevated plane. His rooms at the National hotel have long since been given up. The handsome turnout has disappeared. The sturdy figure has been seen lately as a pedestrian and not as a graceful driver of a fiery steed. Always sold er in bearing, with a head and face so strong that it has attracted attention on every hand, he has walked from proud position to penury. Hence, as he reported for duty today to an excellent veteran general officer of the volunteer arm, he said: "General, I am in need of money, and am not ashamed to work for it." Poor Reno!

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Timely Hints for Soil Tillers.

Dishorning Cattle—Be Humane—Raising Calves—Notes and Hints.

Dishorning Cattle.

In reply to the inquiry, I give in detail, says a writer in the *Country Gentleman*, the method that I used in dishorning my cattle. I am not an expert, and this was my first attempt, but it proved a very successful one. I followed closely the advice of a friend living in another part of this state who was familiar with the business, which was to saw the horns off as close to the head as possible, even wetting or oiling the hair near the horn so that it could be pried back out of the way of the saw. I dishorned the first one that way, but it was turning cold very fast, a strong gale blowing from the northwest and a little snow falling, and the mercury already below the freezing point. I thought on this account I had better tie the stubs up. I found considerable trouble in tying them up when sawed so closely. So the remainder were sawed off about an inch from the skin, which enabled me to tie them up easily. I made a paste of tar and clean lard and daubed on the stubs freely, and then tied them up securely with cotton rags. I used a stiff-backed tenon saw, oiled before each operation with castor oil, and very sharp. I would not advise that the operation be performed in extremes of weather, either very hot or very cold, but in mild weather. Use the same discretion that you would exercise with any other wound. (The most difficult point is to get the animal securely confined and the head steady. I used a "chute," a V-shaped pen made very strong, getting the animal in the narrow end and fastening the head against one of the posts by means of ropes wrapped around both, and the loose ends held by strong men. Four men can perform the operation very fast after a little practice, dishorning an animal in five minutes. Do not be scared if some of them bleed freely. My old ones bled the worst; some of them bled a small stream in a few minutes, but it did not last long, and they all did well. I am more than pleased with the result.)

Rule by Kindness.

There is no vice more detestable in man than cruelty in any form to any being. The crime is sometimes punished but seldom does it meet adequate retribution. The man who mercilessly uses his power to punish any creature under his control is a disgrace to his kind, yet how many of these whom "each kindred brute might blush for shame" there are in the world. There is no animal having equal claims upon our consideration and kindness with the horse, yet none suffer as greatly as the horse from human persecutions and wrongs of every degree. To the honor of our kind be it said that, perhaps, in the majority of cases where our horses are ill used, it is more thorough thoughtlessness than through wilful cruelty. But this does not make it any the less an outrage against our best servant and friend, and it is as much the duty of true horsemen to point out where ignorance is responsible for ill usage as to prevent intentional cruelty.

One of the most lamentable things in life is to see a young colt being "broken" by an ignorant and incompetent "breaker." His ignorance is excusable if he is kind, but your average breaker does not believe in the power of "moral suasion" in the equine kingdom. His motto is, "I'll break his spirit or I'll break his heart," and he generally succeeds. The colt "breaker" is a colt killer, and he must give way to the colt educator. A successful educator needs unlimited patience, a sweet temper and a good stock of ingenuity or tact. The happy mixture of patience and firmness that will not be mastered by the horse, but will master him without harshness, is the kind of nature that copes successfully with a wild and foolish colt, whose wildness and foolishness are merely exuberance of spirit "unballed" by education. A horse educator must be a thinker.—*Wallace's Monthly.*

Feeding Cornstalks.

I want to tell your readers how I am feeding my corn fodder, although it may be a little contrary to Professor Stewart's advice. However, I have learned much from Professor Stewart and other good writers through the *Country Gentleman*. I feed the stalks to the cows whole, all that they will eat over well. What is left is taken from the mangers and run through the fodder cutter, and the meal mixed with that instead of mixing it with the whole. If there is not enough left by the cows to make, when cut, about half a bushel for each, twice a day, I take sufficient stalks that have not been eaten over and cut them and add to the above. By putting the meal on so small a quantity of the cut fodder it is made richer and all the butts are surely eaten, to say nothing of the extra labor of cutting, wetting and mixing the whole to the feed when you have only a hand cutter to do it with.—*Jacob Engle, Jr., in Country Gentleman.*

Raising Calves Without Milk.

The calf is taken from its mother at two days old, taught to drink, and fed two weeks on fresh milk from its own mother. Skim milk is then added until, at the end of four weeks, the fresh milk is all taken away, and a

little flaxseed jelly is added to the skim milk. The calf at four weeks is thus taking about two gallons of skim milk with two tablespoonsful of jelly added, and is kept in a box stall with other calves (which are tied), and is also tied after three or four weeks, by which time it has learned to eat dry food with the others. When it is tied, feed regular bran and oats, what it will eat, before feeding milk. Always keep clover hay in rack before it. When it will eat well, which is at the age of about eight weeks, milk is entirely taken away; bran, oats and oil meal is fed dry three times a day, with plenty of clover hay in summer. They must have water always before them in winter. Twice a day they are let out to exercise and drink; the smaller ones will follow the larger ones to the water trough. A little salt is added once a day to the feed.—*William Fisher, in Country Gentleman.*

Scours in Calves.

The letters of N. B. W. and Jonathan Talcott on this subject recall to mind a very simple remedy which costs very little, and there are no risks in its use. It had been a satisfactory remedy before it came to my notice. When a calf is discovered with symptoms of scouring, it should be removed from its mother, and fed small quantities of milk—two or three quarts at a time, four or three times per day, and to each feed of the natural milk add from one teaspoonful to one tablespoonful of lime water. If taken in season no other medicine need be given to effect a cure in most cases. The lime water can be procured at any drug store, or it can be prepared by placing a piece of unslaked lime in a pail of water; allow it to stand and settle, then decant the clear liquid, which will be ready for use as above.—*Frank E. Emery in Country Gentleman.*

Farm Notes.

For warts on teats touch warts three times a week with nitro-muriatic acid. Dry cows and old oxen require less water than cows giving a liberal flow of milk, but all should have an opportunity to quench their thirst.

Dogs seldom attack sheep with cattle, unless in the case of some old rogue, and then only when the sheep are found at a considerable distance.

Do not be economical with the bedding material. There should be enough to completely absorb all the liquids, as they are worth more than the bedding material.

A Connecticut dairyman tried warming the water for his cows to drink in winter, and the increase of butter in ten days paid the expense of piping the trough.

Sheep here do not pay as great profits as those in England. Everything depends on the mode of management. Our farmers compel sheep to forage, while in England they are treated as carefully as cattle.

It is said that 1,000 sheep kept on a piece of ground one year will make the soil capable of yielding grain enough over and above the capacity of the soil without the sheep manure—to support 1,035 sheep an entire year.

The improved mutton breeds of sheep cannot be kept in the manner usual with common sheep. They demand good pasture, liberal feeding and attention, but they pay well for the care bestowed. There is a great demand for superior mutton.

The advantages of putting butter in small packages that there may be no exposure between the producer and customer is becoming more apparent each year. This, whether producer delivers the butter direct to customers or through dealers.

A cleanly kept cow will yield sweet milk, with an agreeable, sweet odor, and quite free from any taint or injurious quality whatever. That such milk is very rare is simply because such cows are rare, and this is the reason why the very best purely flavored butter is rare, too.

Published tables of short-horn sales in Great Britain during the year 1887 giving the following results: 1,353 animals sold at thirty-seven sales for £37,373 13s. 6d.; average, £27 12s. 6d. In 1886 the return was—2,037 animals sold for £62,040 16s. 6d.; average £30 9s. 1d. In 1885—1,750 animals sold for £65,703 3s. 6d.; average £37 10s.

Household Hints.

Remove fruit stains from white goods by pouring boiling water directly from the kettle over the stains.

To have poached eggs look very nice, cook each egg in a muffin ring placed in the bottom of a saucepan of boiling water.

Sugar drop cakes—One pound of flour, three-fourths pound of sugar, one-half pound butter, four eggs, and one gill of rosewater; bake on paper. This will make sixty drops.

When fine feathers have been strewn over the floor dampen the carpet slightly; you can then get the feathers together with light sweeping and take them up in a wad.

Feather cake—One cup of sugar, well beaten, with three tablespoonsful of butter, one-half cup of milk, one egg, three-fourths cup of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder; bake in a quick oven.

Sweet cream cookies—One cup of sweet cream, two cups of sugar, two eggs, three pints of sifted flour, three teaspoons of baking powder sifted with the flour, and a little salt; flavor to taste.

Gingerbread—One teaspoon each of sour milk and molasses, one egg, one tablespoonful of soda and ginger, one heaping tablespoonful of butter or level

tablespoonful of lard. Flour enough to make a stiff batter.

After buttering the tin for boiled pudding dust it with pounded bread crumbs; baking pans can be treated with flour in the same way and the cake will never stick.

Stewed potatoes—Cut in small pieces enough cold boiled potatoes to fill a vegetable dish, put with them one pint of milk, half a cup of butter, salt and pepper to taste; thicken with one teaspoonful of flour; stew five minutes and serve.

To preserve eggs for winter use you will require one pint of fresh slaked lime and one-half pint common salt to three gallons of water. Use a ladle with which to put them into the crock, cover with an old plate and keep in a dry place.

Fried apples—Slice the apples without removing the skins, and put in a frying-pan, in which has been melted equal quantities of butter and lard. Stir often, and when nearly ready sweeten to taste and add a half teaspoonful of cinnamon.

Cold water pie—A good substitute for custard pie when milk is scarce. Two tablespoonsful of flour, level, two tablespoonsful of sugar, heaped, one egg, a lump of butter the size of a hickory nut, nutmeg to taste, and a good half-pint of water. This makes one pie.

Self-Protection.

The number of accidents from awkwardly discharged firearms does not seem to diminish. Each of the multitude of instances is followed by warnings against touching the dreadful things. The mothers of the land lecture their youthful offspring about gunpowder with the same frequency observed in teaching lessons of cleanliness and godliness. Yet accidentally explosions are to be read about in every morning's paper.

It might not be a wholly unprofitable experiment to see what a radical change in the treatment of the evil would do. We have tried to prohibit without much effect. More guns and pistols are sold now than ever. Almost every house has at least one revolver, and generally there is about one to every male member of the family above the age of 15 years.

Why not adopt a rule that everybody should be trained to handle firearms? There is really not much more danger about a pistol than a box of matches if it is handled with approach to skill. The modern cartridge can not be made to go off without being struck rather sharply in the right place or thrown into the fire. It is as harmless as a lead pencil until conditions necessary to a discharge are applied. The modern rifle, pistol or shotgun is a strong, well adjusted machine which never performs unexpected antics on its own account. It follows exact and simple lines of conduct. A child of 6 years would hardly hurt himself or his sister if he were taught the way to hold, handle, load and unload the weapon. If his mother knew the article as well as she knows her sewing machine the enterprising infant would keep the barrel from pointing from another as scrupulously as he keeps his arm from getting broken in the seductive driving wheel of the machine.

There are a great many advantages in knowing how to use a revolver rapidly and how to shoot straight without waiting to close one's eye and wiggle the weapon around over three-quarters of the horizon before letting it off. It has been said that gunpowder is the great equalizer. It is not as a matter of fact, because there is no attempt made to teach its use, and the people who need most some equalizing agent are least able to take advantage of it. The foot-pistol rather enjoys the feel of a pistol held away in the recesses of his victim's pocket, and the crack of a policeman's big 45 does not often suggest to the hearer a killed or wounded crook. Woman dare not touch the rubber or pearl of a pistol butt, though the chamber is removed. It is reasonably sure that if the American gentleman, the American lady and the American policeman could handle firearms quickly and accurately, the business of robbers, bullies and lustful ruffians would suffer a depression.

The gallery would be as useful a resort as the dancing school, and in the moral aspect of the case it ought to be clear that self protection diminishes crime almost as effectually as the law's protection.—*Kansas City Times.*

The Cunning Crane.

"It was about fifty years ago," said Dr. J. M. Kendall, of Bowdoinham. "I was a youngster and playing on the bank of the Kennebec. I shall never forget in my life how neatly I saw a crane get a pickerel dinner. They were driving logs down the stream. I watched a crane acting sort of funny standing perched on one of the logs near the shore. I made up my mind to see what he was about, and hid in a clump of bushes. The crane had a bug in his bill and he kept dropping it into the current till it floated past him and then grabbed it again and repeated the same performance. He looked to me as if he was going to sleep. The old fellow kept the bug floating in front of his log for half an hour, when, all of a sudden, a big pickerel came up to the surface and made a dive for the bait. The pickerel was down the crane's throat in less than a second and Mr. Crane flapped his wings and flew away. He took the bug in his bill, though. They look sleepy enough, but they know more than a good many people—how to get their bread and butter."—*American Angler.*

About the World of Mars.

Mars being one-sixth the size of our earth, what would a man weighing 200 pounds here weigh there? What is the pressure of the atmosphere there? What effect would it have on our theology to discover inhabitants there similar to ourselves? Given a much lighter weight and less density of air, how would people differ from us? J. S. D.

In order to ascertain how much a body would weigh upon any planet we must consider both the planet's diameter and its mass. The mass of Mars is about one-ninth as great as that of the earth, while its diameter is about 53-100th of the earth's. Since the attraction of gravitation varies directly as the mass of the attracting body, its at the surface of Mars would be one-ninth as great as at the surface of the earth, if mass alone determined it. But we know that gravitation varies also inversely as the square of the distance over which it is exerted, and since a sphere attracts as if its whole mass were concentrated at its center, it follows that the attraction at the surface of a sphere will depend upon the radius of the sphere as well as upon its mass. Now, the radius of Mars (that is to say, half of its diameter) is 53-100ths as great as the radius of the earth. Squaring 53-100ths we get 5899-10000ths. Inverting this fraction, since, as we saw above, it is to be taken inversely, and multiplying it into the one-ninth, which represents Mars' mass compared with the earth's we have the fraction 10000-25281, which represents the force of gravitation at the surface of Mars as compared with that at the surface of the earth. Reducing this, and using only round numbers, we get two-fifths very nearly. Consequently, a man transported to Mars would weigh there about two-fifths as much as he does upon the earth. A 200-pound man would weigh 80 pounds.

If Mars had the same amount of air as the earth, its pressure at the surface would be two-fifths as great as that of our atmosphere, but it would reach to a much greater height. But we know very little about the atmosphere of Mars, except that it has one, and that it is probably less dense than ours.

Inhabitants of a planet having a slighter force of gravitation than the earth would, very likely, be much larger than terrestrial men. Any dimension of their size, such as height or thickness, would vary inversely as force of gravitation, so that upon Mars a man might be 15 feet tall, and yet not less agile than a 6-footer upon the earth. The rarer atmosphere would of course, render some variations in physiological structure necessary, for in such an atmosphere as Mars we would gasp and die like a fish out of water.

We can not say what effect the discovery of inhabitants of Mars would have upon our theology. The famous Dr. Chalmers thought the knowledge that there were many inhabited worlds beside the earth ought to enlarge and ennoble our ideas of the power and goodness of the Creator. In our opinion Dr. Chalmers was right.—*New York Sun.*

Wanted to be Called Ladies.

The Catholic Church of St. Paul in Philadelphia was presided over some years ago by Father Sheridan, since deceased. Now the good father, while as tender-hearted a man as ever lived, was very brusque in his manner and usually called things their right names. It was his invariable custom, when addressing the female portion of his congregation, to speak of them as "women." Some of them went to Bishop Wood, who is also dead, but who at that time Bishop of Philadelphia, and complained that Father Sheridan always called them "women" when he spoke to or of them. Some time afterward Father Sheridan paid the Bishop a visit and the Bishop took occasion to mention the matter of the "ladies" having called on him, saying to the good father it would be as well for him to humor them in the matter, at the same time reminding him that a little politeness cost nothing, and so on. Some weeks after this Father Sheridan called on the Bishop again on some parochial business, and when the customary greetings were passed said to the Bishop:

"Well, Father Sheridan, how are the people of your parish; how are the good ladies getting on?"

"Some of them are getting on very well," said the father, "for I saw a policeman wheeling one of them to the station-house in a wheel barrow when I was on my way up here."—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.*

An Old Negro.

Old Uncle Martin Ewing, colored, died last Saturday night near Dalton this county. He was, perhaps, the oldest man in the state, and as to that matter, the oldest that ever lived or died in the state. He was the nurse of General Ewing, father of J. J. and S. P. Ewing of this county. Colonel Ewing, if alive to day would be 112 years old. Martin was a plow boy and was taken from the plow as a nurse for the colonel. The old-fashioned wooden mold board was in use at that time and a boy was not able to do much handling till he was 14 to 19 years of age. Put him at 14 when he began to nurse and he would be 128, and he is thought by the Ewings to be older than that. The old fellow had chewed and smoked ever since he was a boy and had no recollection of ever having taken any medicine. He had been married eleven times and had no idea how many children he was the father of. Dr. H. H. D. Moorman made an autopsy upon his body and reports his vital organs in good condition. He died of pneumonia.—*Keytesville (Mo.) Courier.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Ohio girl is wearing mourning for a faithful dog.

Two hundred thousand infants under 2 years old are believed to be farmed out in France.

The latest idea in Florida is a subtropical exposition, which will be opened on the 12th inst. and continue four months.

A fund is being raised at Jacksonville, Fla., to be used in advertising the advantages of that state as a place of permanent residence.

The Baldwin locomotive works in Philadelphia during 1887 turned out more than two locomotives for every working day in the year.

There are nearly six thousand porters engaged in carrying provisions to Henry M. Stanley around the cataraacts of Stanley pool.

The British postoffice service employs three thousand women. Competitors for places have to be over 18 and under 30 years of age.

The British postoffice service employs three thousand women. Competitors for places have to be over 18 and under 30 years of age.

The air current produced by a railway train drew a 6-year-old New Haven boy toward the track, and he was hit by a car step and killed.

Picrate of ammonia is used in treating malaria at the Punjab medical stations with reputed success. Half a grain is the average dose.

Buffalo skins have become so scarce that the earl of Dunmore is going to try how the shaggy highland cattle will thrive on the western plains.

Over four thousand jugs of whiskey were shipped during the holidays to prohibition counties in Alabama and Mississippi from Mobile. One boat took 2,500 in a day.

A spotted dog that follows the delivery wagon of a carpet store on Market street, Philadelphia, wears an oil cloth cover on which is printed an advertisement of his owner's wares.

It does not do to fool with a scientist. One of the Cornell faculty caught a speculating student the other day by means of an electrical contrivance invented by himself. The student confessed and returned the funds.

The minister of mines in Victoria, Australia, Mr. Gillies, has calculated that Australian gold to the value of £2,710,613 was mined last year, at an expense of £2,885,680. The profit in gold mining is as small as the profit in other things.

The latest London rogue device is to drive a hansom, and from that elevated position to pick out from the roofs of four-wheelers such articles of luggage as seem most promising. These he places on the roof of his own cab and drives away with them.

A farmer in Ingram township, North Carolina, has a wife that he is really proud of, and with reason; she can split two hundred fence rails a day, and has done it time and again, and he says that it is a common thing for her to dip seven barrels of turpentine a day.

A southern paper suggests that Mr. Blair insert a clause in his education bill to provide uniforms for the children who are to attend his new schools. This is so that the poorer children may not feel the difference in appearance between themselves and their richer schoolmates.

The new railway under the Thames is rapidly approaching completion. It will tap a number of congested thoroughfares, and though only three miles in length, will be of immense service to the population of London. It extends from near the north end of London bridge to Clapham common.

A regular industry in Paris is said to be the tasting and inspecting of dishes at private houses by professional cooks. One comes when ordered to a house where a great dinner is under way, looks, smells, tastes of, orders a little salt in this soup, a bit of sugar in that sauce, a flavor of onion in the other saline, and goes off to the next customer.

The experiment of giving half-penny dinners at the Birmingham schools has been so successful that farthing dinners have been tried, and nearly succeeded. Two hundred and twelve thousand farthing dinners were given last year at a cost of less than 39-100 of a penny. The attendance at the school has been greatly increased, and the good effect upon the temper of the children has been astonishing.

Twenty odd years ago a kind-hearted old Philadelphia merchant caught the office boy pilfering. He talked to him, prayed with him, gave him another chance, and in time the boy was promoted step by step until he became the most trusted employe. A few days ago it was discovered that the young man had been appropriating \$20 a day for twenty years. Some true stories don't seem to have any moral. This one hasn't.

A monkey exhibited at a museum established at Tacubaya, Mexico, was condemned to be shot under judicial sentence, for having bitten a man and caused his death. The family of the deceased brought complaint before the judge, who instituted criminal proceedings against the monkey. The manager of the museum succeeded in obtaining a change of the sentence to imprisonment for life. The monkey is now behind the bars of an iron cage at the museum serving his imprisonment.

Some wealthy young men of St. Louis recently put \$300,000 into a mine in Mexico on the representation of a promoter and the proof given their own eyes by the glitter of masses of free gold which stood out on the sides of the workings. But, alas! when the promoter had received his cash and the most expensive machinery had been put in operation, it was discovered that the mine had been both "salted and rained." Nice little nuggets had been put in there, and the gold amalgam had been laid on thick.

A fearful case of cruelty against a boy was brought to light at Vienna, Austria. The widow Rosa Brand lived with a lover of hers, who objected to the son of Rosa, a boy of 12 years, being in the same house with him. The mother locked the boy up in a dark room without a bed or any other furniture and kept him there for more than a year, when a denunciation against her was brought by neighbors. The judge had no right by the law of the land either to punish the woman or to take the boy from her. He could only remove her and threaten that the boy would be taken from her if she repeated the offense.

SPiRiT OF KANSAS

Advertising \$2.00 an inch per month.
Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for
transmission as second class matter.

Saturday, February 4, 1888.

It is as cold in St. Paul as in St. Petersburg, and North Dakota is about equal to Siberia.

Of course the telegraph companies are opposed to any postal telegraph system. It was to be expected, and congress does not want to be influenced by their protests. The people want the cheapest and most convenient means of communication, and that without paying tribute to any wall street Caesar.

It is said that a new weekly paper is to be started in Topeka, in the interest of the prohibition party, with J. E. Rastall as editor. Every thing that has been demanded by the prohibition party has been secured in Kansas. Governor Martin's administration has done just what this party, through its representatives in 1884, asked of him. What more do they want?

Whether the common French draft horse is a different breed from the Percheron is a question that is almost a wearing to the vitals of stock men as the tariff is to the politician. We declare for the Percheron. We will have nothing common in ours. It was a Percheron that Henry of Navarre used to ride, and it was from a Percheron that the first Bourbon learned that when he put his foot down he put it down to stay.

The almost universal confidence that exists in regard to the future of Topeka, and especially the north side is not to be disappointed. It is more than probable that the future growth of the city will be greater in proportion, on the north than on the south side. We have here the natural sites for manufactories. Coal fields are certainly more convenient. Our facilities for transportation are better, as we have connection with every road leading to the city, or that will probably come, while the south side has not. The lands on this side are not so broken, and are better adapted in every way for manufacturing industries and for the homes of employees. Then the best agricultural sections of this region are on the north side of the river and farm products are cheaper. The north side is all right.

Kansas Products.

Major William Sims, of the agricultural department, has issued his quarterly report showing the product and value of crops for the year 1887. He prefaces the report with the following remark: "The drought for the year just closed has been general and severe throughout the great corn-producing states, and as will appear by the following tables, the most unfavorable known to Kansas farmers since 1874. The product of our principal cereals, though small as compared with former years, will, it is believed, when properly distributed, about meet the requirements of our people."

The reports show that Barton county was the banner wheat county; it produced 454,315 bushels of winter and spring wheat; next is Doniphan with 387,240 bushels. The heaviest yield of spring wheat was in Norton county—50,328; next is Decatur county with 49,542 bushels.

There are in the state 684,037 head of horses, of which 15,385 are in Cowley county. There are 692,858 milch cows, of which Lyon county has 16,189. There are 588,767 head of sheep the largest number being in Osborne county—31,800. There are 1,847,394 head of swine, of which 66,535 are in Jewell county, the largest number in any one county. During the year the following number have died of disease: Horses 16,461; mules and asses, 1,357; milch cows, 12,904; other cattle, 47,576; sheep, 24,887; swine, 402,067. There are 180,625 dogs in the state, of which Cowley county has 8,606; Shawnee next with 3,396.

The value of the animals slaughtered and sold for slaughter was \$30,447,801.

The wool clip was 2,664,319 pounds, valued at \$479,577.42, of which Butler county has 363,833 pounds.

The product of cheese was 496,604 pounds, valued at \$59,592.48. The product of butter was 27,610,000 pounds, valued at \$4,323,403.84. Sumner county leads in butter.

The Tariff Question That Few Care About.

If there is one question, of business or politics, about which the average newspaper knows little, it is the tariff. If there is one question that troubles nine readers, out of ten, less than any other, it is the tariff. If there is any newspaper reading duller and drier than a patent medicine advertisement, to nine readers in ten, it is the column editorial on the tariff.

This paper will not inflict much of this stupidity upon its readers. The right of free and unrestricted trade is one of the primary rights of mankind. In this broad view free trade is as correct in theory, as the right to personal liberty. In society it may be necessary to arrest both, to suspend the right to free trade, and to abridge personal rights.

In political society the rights that pertain to the individual must be modified, or made to yield to the welfare of the whole. Not only the right but the policy of a nation to enact tariff laws for its own protection, has been acknowledged and practiced as long as there has been active commercial competition among nations.

When England was not the power it now is, it complained bitterly of the protective laws of the Netherlands, then the most enterprising and prosperous of nations. Afterwards England itself became quite as restrictive as the Dutch had been, and notwithstanding all that is said about British free trade, to-day, there is no nation on earth that enforces the theory of protection to home industry, so vigorously as England has always done and is doing. Where British interests are best served by free trade there it is advocated, and when the most stringent tariff laws promote British interest there they are to be found.

There is no particle of principle involved in the English theory of the tariff. It is simply a question of cool policy, of pure self interest.

That there is a collision between the British theory of free trade and the American theory of protection to American industry, follows as the natural and inevitable result of the difference in existing conditions as seen in the two nations.

It would be just as rational to attempt to make Blaine's glove fit on Cleveland's foot, as to attempt to adapt the British idea of free trade to American institutions. British manufactories were built up under protection. The great Dutch manufactories were established under protection. The silk industry of France, to say nothing of other industries, was built up under protection, and through one of the most bitter struggles known in commercial history.

American manufactories are not only new, but the other conditions are such as are unusual. England needs free trade, where she needs it at all, because she does not produce raw material. The United States is not dependent on any other nation for its raw material. It produces or can produce the material for nearly all its manufactures. A policy that will keep our wealth, developed and that to be developed, to ourselves is the true American policy of protection as advocated by two of our political parties—the great republican and the new and vigorous prohibition parties.

It would be a very unwise thing for the republicans to nominate for governor a man of narrow ideas, and who cannot control a full vote, so long as there are other men who are abler and less objectionable. The party cannot afford to nominate McPherson Smith.

It is a fact that considerable cotton was produced in Kansas last year. The report of the secretary of the state board of agriculture, just issued shows that in the year 1887 1,639 acres of cotton was planted, and the product was 409,750 pounds, valued at \$32,780. Chautauqua county seems to be the great cotton county, as it had 687 acres, the product being 171,750 pounds.

The pope blesses Cleveland and so do many postmasters.

More Migration Maneuvers.

The colored people of our state do not seem to be satisfied. It seems that they do not know what to do with themselves. For years they have been working schemes for emigration to Liberia, without knowing much about the country. The report of Minister Taylor, recently from that part of Africa, was not favorable, and so George Charles and his son Charles Charles, of this city, and W. E. Gladstone of Dodge, left yesterday for Liberia, to see for themselves.

Meanwhile, another move has been started by John M. Brown, who is best known as a perennial aspirant for any office within the gift of the people. With him are other leading colored men, Winn, Harris, Watkins, &c, and the object is to set on foot a great migratory movement to South America, which shall result in a general exodus of the entire colored population of the United States to the Argentine Republic of South America. The organization is known as the Central and South American Immigration Association and Equal Rights League, and under this name has been incorporated. It held a meeting Thursday evening at which John M. Brown was elected president, S. W. Winn secretary, and J. P. Berry treasurer.

The burden of the speeches was the wrongs of the race. Mr. Brown said:

"The colored people are given no opportunity to develop their ability. If there is a land anywhere in which our people may be free, then we must band ourselves together and look for it. In the Argentine Republic there is land enough for all, and we can have an equal show with all other classes of people."

S. G. Watkins said: "I am in favor of going to a country where the colored man is not known by his color, but by his merit; in this country, the doors of nearly all the professions, the doors of commerce and the avenues of trade are closed to the colored man. In this South American country to which we propose to go there is no difference on account of color."

Mr. Anderson was the next speaker, and said: "The elements that make up true manhood are the elements that should be recognized in a man, not by the color of his skin, or the texture of his hair. This movement will not only give an avenue by which our people may accumulate wealth, but they will there be recognized by their merit."

Elder Jackson, who has been a missionary in Africa, said: "This movement is one that the world will endorse; centuries ago people banded together and because of oppression went forth to other lands, where they could enjoy freedom. I love this land; it is the land of my nativity, and the land of my ancestry, and would to God that we had the rights that are given to other men. I have two little boys, and hundreds of times I have asked myself, what is there open to them?"

The constitutional amendment has passed both houses in the Massachusetts legislature.

An Illinois judge has ruled that counties are not obliged to furnish stationery during court for the use of attorneys who may wish to use it for writing affidavits, or others purposes.

Reports regarding cattle from all points in Montana Territory are very favorable. The loss of range cattle will be very light. The lesson of last winter proved beneficial to cattlemen, a majority of whom put up feed.

Nearly an entire herd of cattle have been found frozen in a field at Fountain Green, Hancock county, Ill., and many are reported lost at LaCrosse. Hog cholera and pink eye are seriously affecting stock in that county.

The historical address of Judge J. L. Eldridge, delivered before the State Baptist association recently held at Salina, on the "Progress of Prohibition in Kansas," is being printed in pamphlet form by his son for distribution in the east. Governor Martin and others have endorsed it as a strong document and one that would do good in other states.

The Negro Exodus.

The move to organize a colored emigration society will meet with no opposition in this city. The negro question is one not yet solved, and if the colored people in Kansas wish to try their fortunes in Liberia or in South America, it is well perhaps for them to do so.

Mr. Anderson, one of the speakers at their meeting, a few days ago, stated a simple truth when he said that "the elements that make up true manhood are the elements that should be recognized in a man." It is not true, however, that these elements are not generally recognized in this country.

The simple, plain truth is the colored people have no real reason to complain of the treatment they have received at the hands of the people. The have been as highly favored as any class, and every field of industry is open to them.

It was a political mistake to give them the universal right of suffrage, at the time it was done, for the reason that they were not able to exercise the right intelligently. The same is true of many foreigners who have been made citizens. It is not their fault, but the fault of the politicians. The colored people have made remarkable progress in twenty-five years, but many of them have a good deal of progress yet to make.

It is a well known fact that there are, to-day, in this city, and are every winter, able-bodied colored men, who allow their wives and mothers to take in washing for their support, while they decline to work, and when starvation comes appeal is made to the city.

A few of these cases are enough to alienate popular sympathy, and there are few neighborhoods where just those conditions are not known.

These are not the elements of true manhood to which Mr. Anderson referred. They are not the elements of merit to which Mr. Watkins referred, but they go further to foster a prejudice, already too strong, than all the talk of Brown and Winn and Watkins can undo.

The greatest enemy of the colored people, in our city, is the politician and the worthless black loafer who sponges his living by gambling, and trickery. There is not a colored man in Topeka who is industrious, sober and honest, who has not the respect of the entire community. The steady, saving colored barber, shoemaker, or blacksmith, who attends to his business and supports his family, is more highly regarded by the community, than the low white bummer who idles away his time with other street loafers, white and black.

It is a fact that many a poor colored woman of Kansas wishes she was back again in the south. There are hundreds in Topeka who will say this to-day. They would return if they were able.

John M. Brown declares that the colored people are given no opportunity to develop their ability. It is not true. They have all the field possible. One of them carried off high honors at the state university a year or two ago. Where one can do it, a score can do it if they have the ability. The field is free. If the opportunities are not given, let them make opportunities. That is what ability does.

The unvarnished truth is that John M. Brown is a sharp fellow who wants office. He has politics on the brain, and is willing to sacrifice the interests of the colored people—his own race—to secure position for himself. It is unfortunate that the politicians of this city, and county, will use him for their purposes and so encourage him to bob up for office before every election by such recognition as persuades him to bob back again in time to prevent mischief to the nominees.

A Call to Another Field.

The Rev. Percy C. Webber, at present in charge of St. John's Episcopal church, has received a call to the deanery of St. John's Cathedral, Quincy, Ill., and also to be rector of the Grace church, Elmhurst, N. J. He is also urged to continue as a missionary in which capacity he has acted in conjunction with his charge here. Of his work in Kansas, Bishop Thomas writes: "Allow me to thank you for the good work you have done in Kansas. In every instance where I have followed you I found that you have won friends for the church and given a great impetus to church life. Your missions have been marked for their broad mindedness and discretion."

Cumberland Presbyterians.

There is a prospect that Topeka, which is already known as "a city of churches," is to have another acquisition to her temples of worship. Rev. N. D. Johnson, who located here some time ago with the intention of organizing a Cumberland Presbyterian congregation and building a church, has recently made a trip over the state in the interest of the later object and received subscription to the amount of \$2,695. There are quite a good many Cumberland Presbyterians in this city, enough to sustain a good church, and Mr. Johnson hopes to have little difficulty in raising the balance of the money necessary to build the church. It is expected that a church costing about \$8,000 will be built, and it will be located somewhere in the western part of the city.

Matters Discussed by the Council.

City council met last evening. Committee reported favorably on claims amounting to \$8,157.86. Report adopted and claims ordered paid.

Claim of A. J. Hutton for \$325 for damages to a span of horses running into an excavation, at which both horses were killed, which had been referred to committee of whole council, was referred to committee on ways and means.

Claim of Kansas Street Lighting company, \$1,137.50 for 200 gasoline lamps from September 15 to January 1, was the subject of considerable discussion. One-half the claim allowed, and investigation made as to the balance.

Claim of Charles W. Kruger for \$2,000 falling into excavation in city park, referred to committee on finance.

Resolution offered by Councilman Marshall for the appointment of J. W. Rigdon, Edwin Brazier and J. N. Henry appraisers to assess damages, if any, in consequence of the appropriation of certain private property for the purpose of opening of Fairchild street in the first ward was adopted.

City engineer read specifications for electric light works, sufficient for 120 lights, providing for lamps suspended over the center of the street, with 2,000 candle power each.

Several representatives of the electric light companies were granted permission to discuss the specifications, and at their suggestion some alterations were made.

Decided to accept the invitation of the Jenny Electric Light company to visit Indianapolis and inspect the works of the company at that place. The date of departure was set for next Sunday afternoon. Several other points will be visited and other systems investigated.

It is decided that all bids for electric lighting must be in by 7 p. m. on February 6, to which date the council adjourned.

G. W. Findley, state mine inspector, has been visiting Topeka for some days, examining the coal prospects of Shawnee county. He gave an instructive address at the last meeting of the north side board of trade, and he seems to have no doubt about there being excellent coal measures in Shawnee county. He said yesterday: "I leave to-day for northwest Kansas to inspect a few mines in Republic and other counties. I have not yet visited the mines west of Topeka, but will do so before my annual report is out. Cherokee county has until the present year been the leading coal county of the state, but Crawford county now stands first. This is because several large shafts have been sunk this year in Crawford. The Santa Fe, the Missouri Pacific and the St. Louis & San Francisco have sunk shafts."

A gentleman who was formerly in business in this city, yesterday received the following letter from a former clerk who now resides in Wichita: "When I was working for you, you thought I stole a large sum of money from you. I did steal some money from you. At times I took 25 cents, other times 50 cents and one time I took as high as \$5, but altogether I did not take more than \$100. I took it believing that you 'was not paying me as much as I earned and I thought I was justified in taking it. It has been preying upon my conscience ever since, and I desire to repay the amount." The gentleman who received the letter, says he was always satisfied that the clerk had been stealing from him and he thinks the amount was a great deal more than is named in the letter. He never could obtain any proof that his money was being stolen, hence he could not prosecute him. He says he will allow the clerk and his conscience to settle the matter. This all occurred ten years ago. The clerk is now one of the leading business men of Wichita, and a prominent member of the Methodist church.

Bishop Vail, and assistant Bishop Thomas are both absent in St. Louis, where they went to attend the consecration of the Rev. Abel Leonard of Atchison, as Bishop of Utah and Nevada. Bishop Vail officiated at the services, which took place yesterday, and were very imposing. Bishop Leonard, and Bishop Talbot of Wyoming and Idaho, are the only two western born men who have ever been so promoted. These two men were born in Fayette County Mo. and have always been companions, have both been prominent members of the Episcopal church, were married the same day, and by each other, they were school boys together and afterwards class mates in Dartmouth College, in the New York Theological Seminary, and now are bishops in territories adjoining.

The committee on permanent reunion grounds for the state department G. A. B. met in this city yesterday and last night went to Minneapolis, where they will examine the grounds offered them, and from thence they will go to Ellsworth.

Joel K. Goodin.

At the late meeting of the State Historical society one of the most interesting addresses was made by the Honorable James F. Legate, of Leavenworth. Extemporaneous as it was, it was full of eloquence, fine thought and justice. We take the following allusions to one historic character, now living in Ottawa, but at most unknown to the present generation:

"I have often thought how little known and little remembered are the real powerful actors of those days. I recall one. I knew him but little until 1855, first knowing him by meeting him at the Big Springs convention, down here in Douglas county. That was an important convention, and gave to the world the purposes, the designs, and the hopes of the free-state party of Kansas. Great men were there; good men were there; men who will be preserved in history. That convention created an executive committee. One upon that committee was the brain power and the ruler of them all. He caught the crude thoughts of others and moulded and fashioned their thoughts with his own for the world to read, and by which we were guided and others controlled. He was the man of power and executive ability of that committee. Lane and Robinson and George W. Brown were in perpetual warfare. But this man ever stood as a judge, and was always guided by that higher sense of right by which all good men are guided. He led us through the dark ways by the light of his brain. And yet though the thoughts were his, though they were formulated by him, they came from the executive committee, and he individually remained unknown. This executive committee was the Moses that led us through the sea of oppression.

There was also a large convention held in the fall of the year 1855, at Topeka. This same man was a prominent actor there. His counsel was always sought, his judgment always relied upon. He was placed upon the executive committee created by that convention. And, as on the other, was the soul and the brain and the executive power of that committee.

Later on there was another convention at Grasshopper Falls. He was a powerful factor in that convention and was again placed upon the executive committee created by that convention, and there he did his full duty.

When triumph crowned our efforts and we had elected a Free State territorial legislature, he was made secretary of the council. And he was more than any member of the council, was the legislator there. The morning while attempting to pull down a window curtain, which had become fastened some way, he stepped in a rocking chair and the chair moved, throwing him the floor on his shoulders.

Dr. M. B. Ward is circulating a petition asking the city council to establish a city hospital in the city. The petition is receiving the signatures of all the physicians of the city.

Mr. John Mulvane has had a very fine Bermuda lily in bloom this week. It is a very rare flower and has attracted a great deal of attention among lovers of flowers in the city.

Congestive chills would be impossible if a fulsome of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria had been taken once a week during the summer and autumn. Malaria often accumulates in the system until enough is gathered to overwhelm the vital powers. Shallenberger's Antidote destroys its power for evil. The medicine is entirely harmless, and could be taken daily as safely as bread. Sold by Druggists.

Major Oliver M. Wilson is to appear in Topeka on Tuesday night next, under the auspices of Lincoln post, and deliver his great lecture, entitled "Soldiers' Life, in March, Bivouac and Battle." He was in Winfield on Monday evening last, and the eloquent lecture is spoken of in the very highest terms of praise by the Winfield papers.

Mr. Joseph C. Caldwell died yesterday morning at nine o'clock, at his residence six miles north of Silver Lake. The cause of his death was an abscess on the back of the neck. The funeral takes place to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock from the Baptist church in the vicinity of Menoken Cemetery. Mr. Caldwell was fifty-two years of age, and was a brother of Mr. James Caldwell, of North Topeka.

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Prof. Swenson, of Ft. Scott, arrived in this city yesterday, to attend the meeting of the sugar mill directors. He visited the site in company with Geo. W. Watson and others. No business will be transacted until the arrival of Mr. Parkinson, who arrives in the city to-day. At the meeting of the directors to be held on this afternoon, the bids for the construction of the buildings will be opened and the contract let.

C. F. Moore pleaded guilty before Judge Foster yesterday to the charge of violating the prohibition law, and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and serve thirty days in the Montgomery county jail.

fied the air, the rain that swelled the tide, the sunshine that opened the rose that adorns the Garden of Eden.

We talk about the newspapers having made Kansas! It is a mistake. It is the men and women that God Almighty made and sent here that made Kansas and keep the newspapers alive. The newspapers, as my friend has said, may lie; they doubtless do. I knew they use to when I edited a paper. But the lie they told to-day about Kansas and each other they are ashamed of as they seek their couch at night. And they awake in the morning regretting, not that they had told a lie, but that they had not told half the truth of the morning.

Let us stop this theory of detraction, and hunting the bad things that men have done, remembering only the good they have done, and Joel K. Goodin and all the rest will occupy their proper places in history. But it is getting late. You are tired, I have said enough. I will stop. Good night."

Lent begins early this year—the 15th of February.

Since Christmas the police court of Topeka has averaged just one drunk

The assembly gave one of their pleasant dancing parties last evening.

Interesting services were held last evening at the Lutheran church.

J. R. Garrett, sheriff of Coffey county, was a visitor in the city yesterday.

A plaster cast of Judge F. Adams, executed by W. M. Van Ness, is on exhibition at T. J. Kellam's.

The brotherhood of carpenters and joiners of this city decided that hereafter nine hours will constitute a day's work.

One of Jesse Smith's big plate glass doors was broken out yesterday by two young men scuffling in the house and one of them shoving his arm through it.

Min. Fulton and Eugene Clark are expected home from their trip to the West Indies to-day. The boys have visited all the cities of any note in the south.

John Griffith and Wm. Grace, the contractors from the Rock Island depot, arrived in the city last night from Chicago, where they have been for some weeks.

The farmers living north of the city say that hay is getting very scarce, and they think that hay will go up to \$15 a ton in the next two weeks.

Simon Greenspan returned yesterday from Ohio and Illinois. He says that thousands of eastern people are preparing to come to Kansas. He does not think that Kansas is well enough advertised in the east.

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G. T. Bolman, representing the Dun mercantile agency, has been in the city the past few days in the interest of the company, which is desirous of establishing a branch office.

Rev. Edward C. Ray, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, last night delivered his lecture, "Humors of a European Trip," to an audience of several hundred persons. The lecture was of a humorous nature and was highly interesting, recalling many humorous incidents of a trip made by Mr. Ray through Scotland and England.

Mrs. C. F. Tompkins, residing at 1133 Monroe street, met with quite an accident yesterday as she was drawing a bucket of water from the cistern. Her foot slipped, spraining her ankle severely and narrowly missed a fall into the cistern. Mrs. Tompkins called the neighbors and they assisted her in the house.

Mrs. Judge Horton, Mrs. Arnold and all members of the Y. M. C. A. auxiliary committee desire to express their most hearty thanks to Miss Ellen Parkhurst, our talented and capable pianist, Mrs. James Russell, always so charming in her vocal selections, and Mrs. Will Comer, so pleasing and taking in recitations, for their very helpful services on this occasion. The highest praise from the Y. M. C. A. was bestowed upon all the exercises by the above named and urgent requests made to come again.

The First ward committee of the city past, the publishers will continue to advance, extend, and improve this periodical, dealing with every problem in American history from the most remote period to the present hour; and while no attempt will be made to catalogue its brilliant features for the future—its practice being always to do rather than promise—it is prepared to furnish many a delightful surprise to its cultivated and appreciative readers, through its constantly increasing resources, historical and artistic, and the most eminent historical writers will continue to contribute the fresh results of careful research and profound study to its beautiful pages. While aiming to make this monthly interesting for the general reader whose desire for information is hardly less than that of the specialist and antiquarian, fancy will never be indulged at the expense of historical exactness and symmetry; and no efforts will be spared to render this unique magazine of permanent and priceless value.

There are two elegant volumes in each year, beginning the January and July; and with each successive volume an elaborate index is carefully prepared and added. Subscriptions for the MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY may begin at any time, and all booksellers and newsdealers receive them, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers. Price, 50 cents a copy; or \$5.00 a year in advance.

The price of the bound volume is 3.50 for each half year, in dark green levant cloth, and \$4.50 if bound in half morocco. Address Magazine of American History, 743 Broadway, New York City.

The Ladies' auxiliary, as well as the Y. M. C. A. return hearty thanks to all who kindly assisted at the All Day entertainment yesterday. Miss Ellen Parkhurst, Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Will Comer of the Northside, very ably assisted in making the musical and literary a decided success. Miss Parkhurst as pianist, Mrs. Russell, soloist and Mrs. Comer, in her recitations. The "Engineer's Story," by this talented lady, moved some to tears, but the "Minister's Tea-table" brought the house down. All were delighted with Mrs. C's selections, and many expressed a desire to hear her often.

The songs, "O! let me dream," "When Jack is tall and twenty" and "Oh! come again Jamie," sung by Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Arnold, the composition of Prof. J. B. Campbell, formerly of Topeka, and brother of Hon. M. T. Campbell.

Superintendent MacDonald has visited the Half-day school and found Mr. Jordan doing excellent work and his system very satisfactory. It seems that there has been a quarrel in the neighborhood for some time and they have tried to get Mr. Jordan into the quarrel. Their efforts being unsuccessful, they determined to bring matters to a crisis, and hence the trouble. The whole thing is to be deplored, as Mr. Jordan was getting along nicely. He has given thirty days notice, as that will give them time to get another teacher. The visit was made in the morning and in the evening a number of patrons held a meeting and tried to get the teacher to stay. MacDonald gave those who made the disturbance a piece of his mind. No charge has been made against Mr. Jordan other than that his methods were not satisfactory to some of the parents. It seems that the teacher has the support of almost all the community, and the better class of farmers.

Last September Marshall's military band, ably assisted by Topeka's citizens held one of the grandest musical festivals and fairs ever attempted this far west, and which proved successful beyond the expectations of nearly all concerned. The object of this voluntary benefit was to equip our band with a uniform more becoming their station, and it was proposed to raise \$2,000 for that purpose. The uniforms were ordered, however, and \$800 borrowed to meet the deficiency. It is now proposed to cancel this debt by at least three paid concerts before the summer season opens, when the band will inaugurate its regular series of open air concert. The first of these is announced for Saturday evening, February 4, at the Grand opera house, when the new uniforms will be worn for the first time in public. They are handsome, substantial and will do credit alike to our crack band and the capital city. The programme of the evening concert will exceed any former production, and with the assistance of Miss Addie Jewell and Mr. H. V. Hinckley, it is proposed to present to Topeka's musically inclined people a Glimmer concert.

The Magazine of American History.

The current December number completes the Eighteenth Volume of this admirably conducted illustrated historic monthly. The Best Historical Magazine in the World. The rapidly growing interest among the reading communities, of the United States in the former politics, affairs, and events which have contributed towards making our young nation one of the foremost among the nations, is a matter of pride and congratulation to this periodical—which, as is universally conceded, was the very first in the land to popularize American history. No magazine in this country has achieved a higher reputation abroad than the Magazine of American History. "It is the Magazine of the world," recently remarked a prominent English librarian, "and we treasure it as one of the most valuable of our possessions." This Magazine aims to have no superior in all points of excellence; its papers are delightfully animated and picturesque, and its authentic and trustworthy information, in all its various departments, it is presented in clear, vigorous, and attractive style. It is spirited, educating and progressive as well as popular; and superbly illustrated it holds the highest rank in the current literature of the time. It is warmly commended by the ablest scholars and historians in all countries and climes.

On all matters where difference of opinion exist, both sides will be presented without prejudice or partiality. The present condition of the public mind shows that there is no lack of appreciative intelligence and good taste in America, and promises well for the culture of raising generations.

During the coming year, as in the past, the publishers will continue to advance, extend, and improve this periodical, dealing with every problem in American history from the most remote period to the present hour; and while no attempt will be made to catalogue its brilliant features for the future—its practice being always to do rather than promise—it is prepared to furnish many a delightful surprise to its cultivated and appreciative readers, through its constantly increasing resources, historical and artistic, and the most eminent historical writers will continue to contribute the fresh results of careful research and profound study to its beautiful pages. While aiming to make this monthly interesting for the general reader whose desire for information is hardly less than that of the specialist and antiquarian, fancy will never be indulged at the expense of historical exactness and symmetry; and no efforts will be spared to render this unique magazine of permanent and priceless value.

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The price of the bound volume is 3.50 for each half year, in dark green levant cloth, and \$4.50 if bound in half morocco. Address Magazine of American History, 743 Broadway, New York City.

Boston brown, cream, graham and rye bread at Jones's.

Mrs. Clark at 1429 Van Buren Street, desires to get plain sewing, children's aprons and underclothing to make. Parties in need of such work, by giving it to her will be sure of having it well done.

In the case of Stark for shooting Thompson, last September, Judge Guthrie, in sending him to the penitentiary for ten years, said:

The evidence shows that several others of the persons present at this party armed with pistols, and so far as the evidence shows, there was no possible lawful purpose or excuse for carrying arms. Nothing but a wanton disregard of law and decency induced yourself and others to arm yourselves. Every person who was present on this occasion armed with a deadly weapon was violating the laws of this state, and should be punished for such act. I want on this occasion, to admonish all who are present that good citizens do not arm themselves with deadly weapons on an occasion like this. If you had left your fire arms at home on the evening of this party, Thompson would not have been shot, and you would not stand before the bar of this court. You will be required to be confined for long years at hard labor, not for the sake of punishing you, or to gratify the man you sorely injured, but for the purpose of admonishing others that they must have some regard for the lives of others. Society must be protected against acts of violence. Every man has the right to demand from society the protection of his person and property. It is to secure this end that people bear the onerous exaction of taxation. I sincerely hope that this occasion may be one of profit to the entire community and especially to yourself. I regret that the occasion requires of me the discharge of an indelible duty. The law commands me perform this duty. I cannot sentence you to a term in the penitentiary of less than one year or more than ten years.

The jury has found in your case that had Thompson died from the effects of your shot you would have been guilty of murder. This finding I approve, and this finding, in view of the fact that there was no quarrel, or hot blood, or occasion for a quarrel, must control my judgement.

W. J. Loyd, who owns a fine stock ranch in Wabanssee county, has been in the city several days on business.

Marshall's band will give its grand concert on February 4th.

The ladies will serve dinner and supper to-day at the Y. M. C. A.

Revival services will be held in the English Lutheran church this evening.

We cannot tell a lie. The Leavenworth Times is not so good a paper as it used to be.

Have you seen the well filled weekly News? If not you do not know what you have missed.

Mr. Baker of the firm of Baker and Warden, jewelers 727 Kan. Ave. had a light stroke of paralysis yesterday.

Mrs. Fannie Rastall, of Burlingame president of the W. C. T. U., was in the city yesterday.

Mr. O. H. Hay was suddenly taken ill last evening while at church. At a late hour, however he was resting easily.

The board of health was informed yesterday that a case of scarlet fever had made its first appearance at 706 Lincoln street.

Kansas raised over nine million bushels of wheat, and takes the cake. It raises over 3000 tons of broom corn and sweeps the field.

It is reported that there is a big, fierce black dog at large in the first ward, which has decidedly warlike proclivities, attacking everything within reach.

The interesting series of meetings at the United Presbyterian church still continues and much good has been accomplished. Rev. Coulter, of Winchester, preached an able sermon last evening.

Over forty loads of hay were weighed by Weighmaster Carter yesterday. Good prairie hay is selling for \$7.50 to \$8.00, and tame hay for \$11 per ton. Corn in the ear brings 50 cents per bushel and oats 33 to 35 cents.

It is reported that there is a joint company in North Topeka looking for a location to establish a sorghum factory. This company have their plans drawn up for a \$10,000 building, and if North Topeka will offer inducements sufficient they will stop on this side.

The Lincoln Post relief board has paid out over \$2,000 this year for the relief of old soldiers and their families.

A. Nash, of the Y. M. C. A., has returned from Washington, Kan., where he conducted a revival service.

Judge W. L. Parkinson, of the Fort Scott sugar works, will arrive in the city in a few days, when the bids for the construction of the sugar mill will be opened.

The second annual ball of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners' local union 158 was given in Musid hall last evening and was a pleasant and successful affair.

One afternoon last week there was a novel occurrence at the Bank of Topeka, two Potawatomi Indians cashing checks and paying a note for borrowed money. Louis Peanish, the principal one, was a federal scout for five years and now receives a pension of \$60 a month. He was accompanied by George Cheno. They were dressed in citizens clothes and looked not unlike other farmers of Kansas.

The ladies will furnish a good entertainment at the association this evening.

From ten to fifteen tramps, on the average, nightly find shelter at the police station.

It is stated that the Santa Fe railroad will furnish seed corn to the needy settlers along its line.

John M. Brown will be satisfied with his South American scheme if he can become president of the proposed new republic.

John Scott, who escaped from an officer when arrested in a gambling house some time ago, and who was afterwards captured, was yesterday fined \$25.

The name of C. L. Hayward is mentioned for alderman from the first ward.

The men who are working up the Rapid Transit are doing the public a service.

It will be a great relief to see that vacant block north of the Methodist church become the site of a market house.

The Rock Island railroad will construct a switch to the cotton mill to be erected this spring in Potwin Place.

John Atkins, of Hoyt, was in the city for several days, at the guest of his friend, Jonas Lukens.

Joe Cuthbirth and wife, of Silver Lake, were in the city yesterday calling on friends, and shopping.

William Callahan, the contractor who lost an arm in the recent Rock Island wreck, is able to sit up.

Among the enterprises of North Topeka do not put the daily News as one of least. The News was foreordained to be to the north side what the capital is to the south side. And don't you for get it.

Next time Dr. Phillips will keep on his thinking cap. He was summoned as a witness in the Stark case and forgot it. The court was delayed and the doctor fined \$5.00 for his forgetfulness.

The following is a summary of the county superintendent's quarterly reports made to the state superintendent for the quarter ending October 1, 1887: Visits, 6,542; number of teachers' meetings attended, 387; number of lectures delivered, 1,002.

James Harlan has a piece of cottonwood which was found at a depth of twenty-five feet by workmen engaged in digging a well on the premises of John Forney on Leland street.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

THE word beer originally meant a well.

JACK roses are \$15 a dozen in New York.

PHOTOGRAPHY at night is now done by the instantaneous flash.

SLICES of limberger done up in tin-foil are a Philadelphia novelty.

THE Utica Herald puts a death notice under the head of "Exports."

ONE of the odd New York charities is a fair in aid of one-cent dinners.

THE marriage fees of some New York clergymen are said to amount to more than their salaries.

THE Japanese have voluntarily contributed over \$2,100,000 to provide for the defense of their coast.

TEXAS continues to collect a tax from drummers, notwithstanding the decision of a Federal court that such a tax is unconstitutional.

A NEW cab company just started in New York bases its claim for patronage on a patent hansom with a top that lowers to suit the occupant.

THE Chinese journal, *King Pan*, was founded in 911, or 976 years ago. It has a morning, noon and evening edition, and is edited by six members of the Academy of Science. It costs the reader a half-penny.

LORD Salisbury recently sold his property between the Thames embankment and the Strand for \$1,000,000. By the increase of value of house property in London, he is now one of the richest men in England.

A MAN who is said to look almost exactly as Mozart did is making money in London by exhibiting himself at fashionable parties and musical entertainments. He also appears in tableaux of the great musician's life. The man charges \$50 an evening.

THE subscriptions to the "National Purse," to be given to Edward Burgess, the designer of the Puritan, the Mayflower and the Volunteer, has reached \$10,175.25, and a check for that amount has been sent from New York to Mr. Burgess at Boston.

PROBABLY the best lookout point or natural watch tower in the world is Caddo Peak, in Johnson County, Tex. It is a beautiful truncated cone, rising 300 feet above the level of the surrounding country, and from the top of it, on a clear day, one can see a distance of 400 miles up the meandering Brazos River.

In a Spanish paper printed at Manzanillas, Cuba, appears the following advertisement: "Photographs of the most beautiful woman in the world, Senora Frances Folsom de Cleveland, the lady of the White House, the idol of 60,000,000 people, the wife of the President of the United States. Call for the 'El Rayno Verde' cigarettes."

In Sir John Lubbock's recent London lecture on "Savages and Their Manners," he gave an amusing instance of the way in which writing is puzzling to savages. "In South America, on one occasion, a native was sent by a missionary to a friend with a note and four loaves of bread. The native ate one loaf on the way, and was amazed that the note discovered his theft. On the next occasion that he was sent with four loaves he sat on the note while eating one of them."

FERRETS, the lithe, sharp-toothed little animals which are trained to hunt rats in New York houses, get their first lessons in vermin killing at the age of three months. It is their nature to hunt and kill. Trainers consider a ferret's first encounter with a rat of the utmost importance as touching his future usefulness, so they provide a half-grown rat for the first fight, or pull the teeth of an old rat in order to give the ferret a sure victory. If defeated, the ferret is timid ever afterward.

INDICATIONS now point to the existence of a submarine volcanic crater between the Canary Islands and the coast of Portugal. From a cable-laying steamer in 39 degrees 25 minutes west the water was found to measure 1,300 fathoms under the bow and 800 under the stern, showing the ship to be over the edge of a very deep depression in the ocean bottom. The well-known great inequalities in the bed of the sea of Lisbon are thought to be due to a submarine chain of mountains.

THE BIG RAFT.

A Naval Officer Says a Few Interesting Words on the Failure of the Experiment.

A Washington correspondent of *The New York Evening post*, writes: One of the most experienced navigators in the navy department, speaking of the big raft, the remains of which Commander McCalla of the *Enterprise*, seems to have found says:

"The raft could have been brought from Newfoundland to New York city, but not under the circumstances reported in this case. There were two radical faults connected with the attempt, so far as one can ascertain from the published accounts: First, there was inadequate towing power. Second, there was a lack of provisions and, perhaps, of oil. There was only one vessel assigned to the task of towing this tremendous raft, and this vessel was not well adapted to towing, and was not strong enough. There ought to have been two towing vessels, both adapted to the work, so that if an accident happened to one, the other would be at hand to assist. The second fatal difficulty was that the vessel was supplied with only three weeks' provisions, while it ought to have had provisions for three months. If the vessel had had sufficient quantity of provisions the captain would not have left the raft. He would have placed lights upon it, and obtained tackle after a while from some passing vessel, which would at least have enabled him to have towed the logs into the nearest port. But he had to choose between leaving the raft or starving. Probably when he abandoned the raft the captain did not have an adequate idea of the terrible dangers which he was leaving in the track of vessels; he understood that better now. Everything connected with the experiment of towing this enormous raft to New York was too cheap. The owners or the contractors, or whoever is really responsible, will endeavor to place the responsibility for the loss of the raft upon the captain of the vessel. They will say that, if he wanted more provisions or supplies he should have said so. But one familiar with the merchant service knows that if the captain had asked for three months' provisions, instead of provisions for three weeks, he would have been informed by the owners, or other responsible persons that his suggestion was absurd, and that if he could not go without such an equipment they would find a captain who could. I do not doubt that rafts can be successfully towed long distances at sea, but this must be attempted under circumstances different from those which seem to have existed in this case."

Novel and Ingenious Inventions.

A decoy duck with a variety of detachable heads.

A combined rocking chair and cradle (indescribable).

An air pump to force oil from a tank on a ship over a stormy sea.

A balloon which carries a lightning rod high in air over an oil tank.

A church pew that looks like a pew, but has comfortable armchairs within.

A fan rotated by the wheels of a baby carriage to keep the flies off the baby.

A nose protector (Idaho invention) by which a woolen pad is snugly carried on the end of the nose in cold weather.

A monster bicycle with places for two men in a basket swung below the axle, who operate the machine with levers geared to the axle.

A device which will prevent the most restless individual from kicking the clothes off the bed. It is the invention of a Chicago woman.

A combined kitchen ventilator and clock winder, being a device for connecting the ventilator wheels commonly placed in windows with the family clock.

A small, round, rubber man, with little spikes all over it, on which the cashier drops the silver change, and from which the customer easily picks it.

A new gun with a battery in the stock, and cartridges which have coils of platinum wire where the cap is. Pressing the trigger connects the coil with the battery.

A cheese cutter, consisting of a swing knife by which the grocer can, with certainty cutten ounces from the cheese whenever the customer orders half a pound.

A rubber funnel which may be fitted over the head, big end up, so as to enclose all the hair while the barber shampoos a customer. A tube hangs down behind, so as to carry away the suds, while a hose for flushing out the hair, funnel and tube is provided. It is the invention of a German barber.—*Cincinnati Times*.

Where Ignorance Had Been Bliss.

A near-sighted man, who lives not far from Kingston, had never worn or looked through a pair of glasses until a short time ago. One day a peddler called, and among other things, he offered eyeglasses for sale. He persuaded the man to "try on" a pair. After the farmer had adjusted the glasses, he looked at objects in the room with astonishment. Finally his eyes rested upon his wife. He took a long look at her and then exclaimed: "Jane, Jane, I never would have married you if I had known you were so homely."—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman*.

Scientific Miscellany.

An English chemist has devised an economical process of reclaiming soap from washing solutions.

In Germany very nearly twelve pounds of sugar are now made from a hundred pounds of beets, the cost of the product being only two cents per pound.

In visits to nearly forty tribes of American Indians, Dr. J. S. Newberry has found twenty-three kinds of native vegetable products included in the Indian dietary, besides a great variety of nuts and vegetables.

At a French agricultural school wheat is soaked in acetate of lead solution six hours before sowing. The seed is said to germinate more quickly and grow more vigorously than wheat subjected to any other fertilizing treatment.

Progress of Dental Caries.—Russian observations have shown that teeth decay in a quite regular order, the lower third molar being the first attacked, then the upper, then the lower fourth molar, and so on, the lower incisors and canine teeth being the last affected. Upper teeth as a rule are more durable than lower, right than left, those of dark persons than those of blondes, those of short persons than those of tall.

Parlor Physics.—An astonishing experiment may be performed with no apparatus but a piece of string five or six inches long. A person's hand being held over his ears, this string is passed around his head by another person, who holds both ends in one hand, and by drawing the fingers or nails of the other hand over the cord, produces upon the tympanum of the subject impressions of almost startling intensity. Sharp peals of thunder, changing into a distant and prolonged rumbling, are effects that may readily be given.

Diamond-Bearing Meteors.—Carbon has now been yielded by meteorites in three stages of development. Uncrystallized graphite has long been known as a constituent of meteoric irons and stones, and graphite crystals were recently found in a meteoric iron from western Australia, while the report has just been made that small diamond corpuscles have been obtained from a meteoric stone which fell in Russia in 1886. It is suggested that these discoveries may point out the road to the artificial production of the diamond.

Petroleum Formation.—The theory is held by Prof. Mendeleef that petroleum is not of animal or vegetable origin, as is generally supposed, but it is produced by water which penetrates the earth's crust and comes in contact with the glowing carbides of metals, especially of iron. The oxygen uniting with the iron, while the hydrogen takes up the carbon and ascends to a higher region, where part of it is condensed into mineral oil, and part remains as natural gas to escape wherever and whatever it can find an outlet. If this assumption is correct, and a sufficient store of metallic carbides is contained in the earth's interior, petroleum may continue to be formed almost indefinitely and yield a supply of fuel long after the coal has become exhausted. Prof. Mendeleef supports his views by producing artificial petroleum in a manner similar to that by which he believes the natural product is made.

Lost Opportunities.

A gentle gracious old lady of seventy lately told the following incident to her grandchild. We give, as nearly as possible, her own words.

"I drove out one day, when I was a young girl, to the park. Some trifle had occurred to irritate me; a disappointment, probably, about a dress or a hat. I left the carriage, and, bidding the coachman drive on, sat down on a bench near the river.

"Some children were playing under the trees, their nurses looking on. I remember that their noise annoyed me, and I tried to control my own ill-humor. But, I thought, why should I not be ill-humored if I choose? I was alone; it could harm nobody.

"A man stood near me, leaning against a tree. He attracted my attention, because his clothes were of fine quality, though worn and ragged. There was something about his air and manner, too, which betokened gentle breeding. He turned and saw me looking at him, and apparently following a sudden impulse, came up and asked me for work.

"I was not frightened, for his manner was perfectly respectful, but I was angry at being annoyed by a stranger.

"What work could I have for you?" I said.

"That is true," He bowed and turned away. I sat by the river for a while, and then went to meet the carriage, which was returning.

"The man again stopped me. 'You are young,' he said. 'You ought to have more mercy than the world. I am a very wretched man. If you would use your influence, could you not get me work?'

"His voice was so hoarse I thought he had been drinking. I hurried on, without speaking. The coachman threatened him with his whip, seeing that I was annoyed. I went home, but the man's pale face haunted me all that night.

"The next morning my father read from the paper: 'The body of a man was found last night in the river above the dam. It proved to be that of a Virginian, named Hall, who had been struggling with poverty and ill-health in the city for months.'

"He had been starving the day before and had applied for work to every man he met. His last appeal was to me. A kind word from me would have saved him.

"It was a terrible lesson. Fifty years have passed since then, but even now I wake at night with that man's face before me."

The consequences of our careless neglect of the poor are not often brought home to us in such a way. Yet we may be certain that every time we draw away from a needy brother, we leave him to evil influences which we might have changed into good ones.

Every beggar, every creature hurt or hungry in body or soul that comes in our path, is an opportunity given us by God to make ourselves like the Master in His compassion and kindness.—*Youth's Companion*.

Precocious Children.

There are few parents who are not pleased when their children show unusual brightness. Such children attract the notice and admiration of others, and minister to the vanity of a father or mother, but precocity in a child is a thing to be regretted rather than encouraged.

Few precocious children rise above the average in adult life. Rather the tendency is to fall below it. During early childhood, say the first seven years, the brain is imperfect both in form and substance, and any strain put upon it then is at the expense of future vigor.

One trouble is that the brain of such tends of itself to dangerous activity, and another is that the fond parent is almost sure, sometimes unconsciously, and sometimes purposely, to push it to the limit of its power.

What the parent should do is to hold the child away from schools and books and exhibitions, from talk above its years, and from admiring friends, and to keep it down to childish mates and sports, and simple outdoor activities. If it should not learn its letters until eight years of age, so much the better.

The constant and serious aim should be to draw away the tendency of blood to the brain, to build up the material organization, and give the brain a chance to build itself up for the solid work of life—the furnishing of the working force for every organ of the body, as well as of the mind.

The Washingtons, the Waylands and the Websters have not come of precocious children, and our present knowledge of physiology and pathology would have enabled us to say beforehand that they were, on the whole, rather duller than their young mates.

The following, from the *Popular Science Monthly*, we earnestly commend to the attention of our readers:

"As a rule, the precocious child is of a scrofulous diathesis, with a fair, brilliant complexion, blue eyes and golden hair, beautiful to look on, according to popular standards. He is delicately sensitive to mental impressions, and alive to the conversation of persons much older than he.

"He generally goes on in his unique career, outstripping his brothers and sisters, as well as his schoolmates, in the committing of tasks at school, as well as in the reading of books far beyond their comprehension.

"This generally goes on until the age of puberty, when he begins to falter. The hectic flush is seen upon the fair cheek, the eye becomes more brilliant, and the finer and more spiritual elements come out with almost supernatural intensity.

"By and by a slight cough and phthisis tuberculous has laid the foundation of a premature death."—*Companion*.

The Man With a Patent.

"Want to make \$50,000 this winter?" queried a hawk-eyed man with a lop-shoulder to a shoe-dealer on Michigan avenue yesterday.

"Of course."

"Then buy my patent."

He unrolled a package and brought to light a shoe, a tin funnel and a quart of wood ashes.

"What on earth is it?" asked the dealer.

"It is Bronson's Patent Safety Shoe. Here's the idea: In winter our side-walks are dangerous from ice. By sprinkling ashes on ice you produce decomposition and render travel safe. Do you follow?"

"But—?"

"Of course you don't, but I'll explain. This is a double-sole shoe. There is a space between the two-soles, and the toe and heel ends are open. You fill this space with ashes and as you walk it flips out in advance of you."

"The idea!"

"Yes, I worked twenty-two years on the idea. This funnel fits into the heel of the shoe, and is used to load up with."

"But the ashes?"

"Oh, you hire a boy to follow you with a pail of them. When the shoe is empty you whistle and he loads it up again. There's nothing like it. I can walk twenty miles a day over a perfect glare of ice. Will you give me an order?"

"No, sir. It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of."

"It is, eh? You'll see whether it is or not before the winter is over. I'll sell enough to buy you out and throw your stock into the river."

An hour later he was arrested for being drunk and hilarious, and as he went down in the wagon he was explaining to the officer:

"You put on 'er shoe, you know, an' you put in 'er ashes, you know, an' you walk on 'er ice an' 'er patrol wagon comes 'long an' gives you sleigh-ride."—*Detroit Free Press*.

PITH AND POINT.

It is generally "all up" with a man when he begins to go down hill.—*Boston Courier*.

The wear and tear on contribution boxes is a very small item of church expenses.—*Life*.

Mastodons once lived in Florida. Their place is now supplied by the winter hotel keeper.—*Macon Telegraph*.

Tobacco men will find no difficulty in turning over a new leaf at the beginning of the new year.—*New Haven News*.

The dudes are practicing on their large canes until they get strong enough to lead a dog again.—*Albany Journal*.

Nature is full of wise provisions. Wives do their worst cooking when they are young and irresistible.—*Oma-ha World*.

Nature seems to have ordered all things well. The blockhead fortunately never needs a frame of mind.—*Duluth Paragapher*.

The people in the audience who talk continually during the progress of a play should learn the deaf and dumb alphabet.—*Boston Gazette*.

The average club man cares very little about music. If he can only strike the key of the door with reasonable accuracy he is content.—*Burlington Free Press*.

In Massachusetts they impose a small tax on dogs, but give the proceeds to the public libraries, so that you can support a litter at your option.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Ruskin says "man should resemble a river." We do not know what he means, but suppose the reason is that in order to amount to much in society he should own a couple of banks.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Keely's new force, he says, is "vibratory sympathy." Now when you kiss your best girl, and she responds, there is vibratory sympathy, but we never heard of its running a saw-mill.—*Newburyport Herald*.

"What are you making such faces for?" said Mr. McGilder to Mr. Dago. "There ain't anything the matter with that cigar I gave you, is there?" "No, I guess not, Flip," replied his friend. "Do I stay here, or do I go out in the yard to die?"—*Puck*.

If Edison perfects his phonograph the young men of the coming generation won't dare to go courting Sunday night for fear that one of the instruments may be concealed in the parlor. It would be difficult to overcome the evidence of the phonograph in a breach of promise trial.—*Boston Globe*.

"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked an Austin gentleman of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss, I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She said I was too dark to match de dress."—*Texas Siftings*.

A bright young man who lives in Hart county, recently visited a friend of his mother. She asked about his mother and inquired if she raised a good deal of poultry this year. The young man scratched his head in perplexity and then replied: "N-n-no, ma'am. She planted a good deal, but the chickens scratched it all up."—*Savannah News*.

"Are all arrangements for the banquet made?" "Very nearly; but we haven't selected a man to respond to the third toast yet." "Snipworthy would be a good man." "Snipworthy? Why, he can't make a speech. Whenever he tries it he breaks down in the first sentence and subsides." "Well, that is the reason why I suggested his name. He's the kind of a speaker to have at a banquet."—*Nebraska State Journal*.

Bygones.

Ye doubts and fears that once we knew,
Ye bitter words of anger born;
Ye thoughts unkind and deeds untrue,
Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn;
Against your memory we rebel,
We have outlived your foolish day—
No longer in our hearts you dwell.
Bygones! Bygones! pass away!

But oh, ye joyous smiles and tears,
Endearments fond and pleasures past!
Ye hopes of life's first budding years,
Ye loves that seemed too bright to last!
Ye charities and words of peace—
Affection's sunshine after rain—
Oh, never let your blessings cease!
Bygones! Bygones! come again!
—Charles Mackay.

Robbing a Man With His Eyes Open.

A jolly party was sitting around a table in a restaurant at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany, talking about the numerous thefts of fall overcoats which had lately been reported from every part of the city. They all agreed that such a thing could not possibly happen to any one of them, as they had their eyes wide open. "Nevertheless," interposed a gentleman sitting at the next table, "I would, if need be, undertake to prove that any one of your coats could be easily abstracted from under your very noses." They were astonished, but it was only necessary to engage a man in an interesting conversation, and while he continued under the influence to arise, take his overcoat, put it on, light a cigar, and leave the room with a bow. The entire company kept up a continuous roar of laughter at the amusing tale and the still more entertaining practical illustration with which the relator accompanied his words and walked out of the door. He did not come back, neither did the overcoat, with a pocket-book with \$100 in it.—*Chicago Herald*.

THE SHADOW OF THE WAR.

We will not stir the glory,
Nor let the cry of pain
Drown out the triumph music
That celebrates earth's gain;
For still does history repeat
Man's forward march on bloody feet!

"Twas two ideals in conflict,
And one must throttle one;
And all man's weal was waiting
Until the fight was done;
And from the struggle with its foes
A nobler human hope arose!

But now, to-day, while with us
Within the shadow wait
The widowed, orphaned, homeless,
The sick, the desolate;
Although we ne'er can pay the debt,
We'll show them we do not forget!

Remember then the glory:
But, oh, remember, too,
The broken lives, O brothers,
Whose pain is borne for you;
And let each veteran feel we know
The wealth of gratitude we owe!

—Boston Advertiser.

Narrow Escape.

"Aunt Mary, are you aware that I am 29?" said Iona Ross, with a pretty frown.

"I am my dear—and I'm a blunt woman. Why don't you get married?" asked the old lady, surveying her handsome niece critically through her glasses.

"Precisely what I am here for," chirped the other. "I am going to marry Edward Percy. I shall see him to-night, and he must beware!"—shaking her head coquettishly.

"But my dear girl, he is infatuated with Clara Dunton."

"Then Clara Dunton must look out," laughed Iona, when looking at her watch, she discovered it was time to go and dress.

When Miss Ross entered the drawing-room she created a thrill of admiration. She bowed coolly to Mr. Percy and smiled on the others.

Miss Dunton for a reader, lecturer, and woman who advocated woman's rights, was playing a remarkable weak and unrelenting role. She was just saying when Iona came in that she got so tired of the battle of life sometimes; and after Miss Ross's little breezy disturbance Mr. Percy, who was under the spell of the enchantress and thought Miss Dunton about as near perfection as women generally are, leaned forward and said in aside: "Why not throw your burdens on stronger shoulders, then?"

"Alas! I have but little faith in any one's strength,"—with a soft little flattering sigh that touched the gentleman's heart, as she meant it should.

"Let me teach you faith," he said. Aunt Mary and Mrs. Bridgewater were in deep conversation.

He had almost forgotten Iona, until he casually glanced in her direction, and met the scornful gaze of her proud, dark eyes, and a look of utter contempt on her face, whether for himself or his companion he could not tell. He made some trivial remark to her.

She answered him calmly and coldly, and then he said, "Do, Miss Dunton, favor us with some music," glancing toward the piano.

She hesitated a moment, colored faintly, and then said, "Not to-night, thank you."

"Mr. Percy was a gentleman, but in some things very peculiar and straightforward, as in his questions that followed immediately:

"You do play, don't you, Miss Dunton?"

Mrs. Bridgewater was looking at her, and so she dared not tell an untruth, and said:

"No, I am sorry to say that I never had much desire to learn."

"Indeed! I think music a rare accomplishment."

There was visible disappointment in the gentleman's tone, but Aunt Mary, coming to the rescue, said, in her quiet way: "Perhaps Iona will play for us."

"Oh, excuse me! I had forgotten that Miss Rose played. Favor us, please."

Mr. Percy conducted her to the piano, where Iona felt that she should reap her first benefit in his eyes.

He was passionately fond of music, and Miss Ross played and sang with soul and spirit.

"You sing beautifully, Miss Ross," he said, when she arose to leave the instrument.

"Thank you," she replied, quietly. Edward Percy walked home in a very thoughtful mood after he had said good night.

"Strange, I never noticed what a prepossessing girl Iona Ross was before," he thought. "She would certainly grace any man's home. But she wouldn't be fool enough to fall in love with me; and, if she did, she wouldn't gratify my self-love enough to let me know it. However, I began to like the little girl."

A few evenings later our friends met at aunt Mary's. Again Iona was importuned to sing and play, this time Edward Percy's rich bass joining in with her clear, sweet soprano.

After the music ceased he seemed so absorbed in Iona's carelessly independent sayings that Miss Dunton begged leave to read. She read selections well indeed; but she had practised for hours for this very occasion. Then she entered into a discussion of their merits with Mr. Percy.

In a lull of the conversation, and

when the interest had somewhat flagged, Aunt Mary said: "That reminds me of some poetry I would like you to hear. I will find the pieces."

She returned at last with them, Miss Dunton inwardly expecting that she would be the one to read them. But Aunt Mary handed them to Iona, saying:

"Here, Iona, give me your opinion on these."

Iona commenced to read at once in a voice that faltered a little, but gradually grew strong, firm and full, completely throwing Miss Dunton and her accomplishment in the shade, and yet Mr. Percy knew that Miss Ross was not a public reader. She laid the paper down, trembling visibly. She had won Miss Dunton's laurels, and she knew it.

That lady and Mrs. Bridgewater soon after departed, but Mr. Percy still remained. Aunt Mary went out and left the two alone. Iona was still trembling, for in trying to win Mr. Percy's heart she had lost her own for ever, as she realized now, bitterly enough. Of course he would never care for her, and she should go back without doing what she came here to do.

He arose and went over to her side, saying:

"Miss Iona, would you gratify my self-love enough to tell me that you cared for me if you did?"

"No."

"But I care for you, my dear, so much that I can't have you go back to your home until you promise not to hate me."

"I don't hate you."

"But do you love me?" That is what I want to know."

"And that you have no right to ask, sir."

"I have only the right of a man who loves you, and would try to make you happy if you would come and be my wife. Will you, Iona?"

Then Iona Ross broke down and cried, like any woman.

As soon as she could, she said, "You will hate me when I tell you what I am going to. That I—I meant to make you fall in love with me from the first, but I didn't think I should lose my own heart."

"Have you?" gravely.

"Yes, I have. Do you hate me now?"

"No, I do not. I love you, and I want you. On the whole, I am rather glad you picked me out for your husband."

"But I am not sure that I shall love you," Iona returned, starting away from his encircling arms. "I have only been trying to keep you from Miss Dunton."

"But, my dear, I am sure you will have me. As for Miss Dunton, I was in no danger from her. I knew she was an adventuress from the first."

And Iona steered clear of that awful fate—an old maid of 30.

WET AND DRY VOTES.

Statistics Showing the Strength of Local Option in Missouri.

Since the Wood local option law took effect in this state last June, seventy-eight elections have been held under its provisions, sixty-two counties and sixteen cities of 2500 inhabitants and more having voted. At these elections, 153,180 votes have been polled at voting places where in 1886, 207,357 votes were polled at the general election, so that 54,177 voters have failed to express themselves by ballot on the sale of liquor in these counties and cities.

Of the 153,180 votes cast, 72,807 were "for the sale," and 78,317 were "against the sale," showing a majority of 5,510 "dry" votes in 62 counties and 16 cities. Of these counties 22 have returned a "wet" majority and 39 have "gone dry."

Of the towns five have rejected the "dry" proposition and eleven accepted it, among the latter Springfield and Carthage, both large and growing towns. Of the total vote polled, the cities cast 13,384—wet, 6,459; dry, 6,936. The elections were quite close in each of the towns.

In the counties which have voted "dry" the law will close 155 saloons, and in the "dry" towns 66 dram-shops will have to quit business. These saloons have been paying to the cities, counties and state an aggregate of \$320,000 annually for license, all of which will now be stopped for four years at least. As the law does not refer to breweries and distilleries, of course none are affected by it in the "dry" counties, except in the local trade.

Fifteen of the 62 counties that have voted had no saloons before the vote was taken, having abolished them under the provisions of the Downing law. Five of these fifteen counties were carried by the "wets," but the saloonists must yet obtain petitions under the Downing law before they can open dram-shops.

Of the counties that refused to vote local option eight are politically Republican and fourteen Democratic. Nine counties that voted for local option belong in the Republican column and thirty-one are claimed by the Democrats. Two Republican and three Democratic towns went "wet," and seven Republican towns went "dry," while four Democratic towns went the same way.

The figures quoted are from official reports sent in by the county and city clerks. The statements are, therefore, reliable, and exhibit clearly the results of the local option movement in the state up to the close of the year.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Grave of "George Eliot."

Highgate is a rambling village on the side of a hill, with an elevation of about four hundred feet, sufficient to command an extensive and beautiful view of the city of London. It is the country home of the bountiful Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and her house, Holly Lodge, and extensive grounds are often open to the public. After leaving the omnibus, which we took at the corner of Oxford street and Tottenham Court road, we ascended the hill. Passing by the quaint brick house on the right to which in 1647 was the home of Mrs. Bridget, eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell and wife of General Henry Ireton, we turned down a short street on our left and then along a high stone wall covered with ivy, we entered on the left the unconsecrated portion of the cemetery.

In England almost all the larger cemeteries are divided into two parts, one for the burial of persons attached to the faith of the established church, and the other unconsecrated for the burial of those not so connected. These parts are sometimes separated by a hedge. At Highgate a lane is between them. About two rods directly west of the St. Pancras infirmary, and on a gravel path running parallel with the infirmary, lie buried George Eliot and her first husband, George H. Lewes. His grave is marked by a flat stone slab, on the top of which is a low iron railing around which a vine of ivy has entwined itself. The inscription on the slab is as follows:

"George Henry Lewes born 18th April 1817, died 30th November 1878." He lies buried between two graves, one of Catharine Still, the other Susanna Lamprey. At his feet an obelisk of polished granite, a plain shaft twelve feet high, marks the place where George Eliot was laid to rest. The inscription on it is in gilt letters: Of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence. Here lies the body of

"George Eliot,"
Mary Ann Evans,
Born 22 November 1819
Died 23 December 1880."

The grass above her grave was dead and scorched from the want of water. Around the granite shaft, tied by a cotton string, was a faded and shattered wreath of immortelles, which, from its appearance, was placed there about the time of its erection. It was obvious that the spot had been neglected and uncared for.

Close at her right is the grave of Caroline Moorehead, and at her left is a flat slab without any inscription. Flowers were blooming on these graves, but none where the most distinguished authoress of her day was interred. Not quite seven years have passed since her death, and it is a matter of regret that so soon her relatives in England and her admirers in all lands have allowed her burial-spot to present such a forlorn aspect.

The question has been asked, "Why was not George Eliot buried in Westminster Abbey?" Doubtless for the same reason that Lord Byron was buried at Hucknall Torkard in Nottinghamshire.—Sarah G. Sanford, in New York Post.

A FOREIGN DELICACY.

A New York Peddler Gets His Favorite Dish from Ireland.

The little candy stand beside the main entrance to the Potter building, says *The New York Press*, is attended to by a gray-haired old Irishman, who spends his time in reading the papers until a customer appears. There is nothing very extraordinary about the old man, but there is something on his table which is a puzzle to a great many persons. It is a bundle of what resembles a mass of faded and entangled pieces of brown silk ribbon, which, after being taken off the roadway, had then been thrown into a mill and crimped and shredded.

Most of the people whose gaze is attracted to the table in passing by never fail to exhibit a lively curiosity regarding the brown mass. Some of them argue that it must be for eating, because it is on the table but others regard such an idea as preposterous.

An elderly looking man and his wife, after making a purchase of two apples at the stand a few days ago, bent over the little table to get a closer look at the stuff. They asked each other what it was, and finally inquired of the old man.

"Shure that's dulse."

"It's what?" asked the elderly man.

"Why, its dulse of course," was the reply.

"It's a seaweed that comes from the Irish coast. It grows on rocks which are left bare by the tide at low water, during which time it is gathered. When plucked from the parent rock, with the moisture of the sea still fresh upon it, no ribbon of silk or other material possesses such soft texture or more beautiful shades of brown."

"After it is gathered for a while and exposed to the sun it changes to a dark color, and gets coated with a frosting of salt. When thoroughly dried it is considered a very healthy food. The natives gather and store it away in a cozy nook beside the chimney. They sometimes eat it boiled down almost to a pulp, and very often it is the only thing they have as an adjunct to the dry mealy potato."

When asked how he got it out here, he said:

"I have a sister in Ireland, and every year she sends me over a bag of it. Somebody coming over generally brings it to me, and I don't have to pay any duty on it. Now and then I send home a pound note or two to the sister, and that's how I get it here."

Monumental Folly.

When a great man dies the next thing in order after the funeral is to start a subscription for a monument to his memory. Unless the great man in question is one of those few immortal names that were not born to die, long before his monument is finished his memory will have passed entirely out of the minds of men. That it is contrary to the genius of American institutions to build monuments in the shape of useless piles of granite is evidenced by the fact that it was over eighty years after the death of Washington before a national monument was erected to his memory.

Monuments were barbarian devices for perpetuating the memory of national heroes when there were no other means of transmitting their fame to posterity. Thus the name of Cheops has been remembered by his great pyramid thousands of years after the memory of his deeds—if he ever did anything—has been forgotten. No one at the present day cares to remember Cheops. Aside from the feeling of awe which the grandeur of the pyramids inspires, they only excite our feelings of pity for the great Cheops' gigantic folly. If Cheops had ever done anything worth remembering, he would never have needed a pyramid to remind the people of it. As it is, his pyramid only enshrines the immortality of his folly.

Why should it be considered necessary to give the memory of General Grant the useless compliment of a monument? It will not help the nation to remember Shiloh, and the Wilderness and Appomattox any better. The genius of the age is against any such memorial displays, and it wrongs the memory of this plain, quiet man to hawk his name about the country to raise money to purchase a pile of stones. A monument raised by systematic beggary, we may deceive ourselves, is the spontaneous offering of a grateful people. But it is, in reality, nothing of the kind. People give their dollar because of the importunity of some newspaper who takes up the Grant monument as a shrewd method of advertising itself. The money for a monument is raised only after the most thorough canvassing and after the most stubborn and repeated importunities. Whatever the orator may say when he lays the corner-stone, monuments are never the spontaneous tribute of a grateful people. Because a man has been useful to his age "a grateful people" see no pertinence in building a useless Egyptian obelisk over his remains.

General Grant was a shy retiring American citizen whose pet aversion was ostentation. When the country needed a savior he came and went about his work as quietly as he had entered a card-wood into St. Louis at a dollar a day. He conducted an army and controlled a million men with as little pomp and circumstance as he had previously conducted his farm. A million dollar monument is not the tribute that such a man requires. His deeds were of such gigantic proportion, and his fame is of such eternal texture, that the name "Ulysses S. Grant" written over the gateway of his tomb, would excite profounder emotion in all observers than the most towering structure of granite. Why should we insult the memory of such a man with the old barbarian device of a monument? The building of a monument is usually monumental folly.—*Yankee Blade*.

The Financial Condition of Turkey.

Speculation is rife, says the Vienna correspondent of *The London Telegraph*, as to the business that has taken a great European financier to Constantinople, and has caused him to be received by the sultan with infinitely more grace and promptitude than Abdul Hamid is accustomed to display when solicited for an audience by their excellencies the foreign ambassadors. The baron is reported to have a million Turkish pounds in his portmanteau, and several more millions to be forth coming on certain conditions, to which the sultan is said to be quite ready to fulfill. In fact, the Turk, who had been fearfully hard up of late, is about to obtain substantial relief. Probably the very last thing he would think of doing with money that may be advanced to him would be to pay any of his numerous debts. That the Turk does not understand, He is a warrior, not a financier, and when he gets money he spends it lavishly on pleasure and war, or, at all events, military preparations. So much the worse for those who lend him. Lately the dearth of funds at Constantinople has been such that the minister of finance was unable to pay the salaries of members of the Turkish missions abroad. It further appears that the army has not received one piastre for the last five months, while the unlucky staff of government officials has been left even longer than that without remuneration. It is estimated that the Turkish revenue still available is barely in excess of what is required to cover the civil list. Moreover, the budget of the palace runs as high as ever. Large sums are spent on improvements at the Yildiz Kiosk and the imperial summer residences. Ministers, court functionaries, and pashas are generously rewarded for trifling services, of course at the expense of the state. There has been no serious attempt at economy, and there is always the same reluctance to admit foreign enterprise and capital. Financially the condition of Turkey is as hopeless as it is politically. Whenever the porte is particularly embarrassed to meet its current engagements it is dunned by Russia for pay of the war indemnity.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

Ben Hogan, the Reformed Pugilist, in a Lecture at Indianapolis.

"In every city there are thousands of rich men and women who are ready to commit suicide because of ill-health. 'What is wealth without health?' 'Nothing.' I should say, but I do say that while every man cannot amass wealth, every one can secure good health. I know a man who owns a fine horse. He employs two men to take care of that horse and keep him in condition. He is exercised, sponged and blanketed daily. Does the owner himself have a man to take care of him? No. He possibly bathes once a week. He arises at 8 o'clock in the morning, throws his breakfast down without masticating it, and madly rushes off to business. At noon he rushes into a restaurant and eats his dinner in five minutes. On he goes, hiring men to look after the health of his horse, but never stops to think of his own body and its needs.

"A man cannot digest his food unless he eats carefully. A meal should never be eaten in less than one hour. Gladstone says he bites each piece of meat he puts into his mouth twenty times before he swallows it, and that isn't too often. The men of to-day who throw their food into their stomach as physical wrecks in fifteen years. The American doctor studies medicine when he should study nature; instead of trying to prevent disease they try to cure. There are many people who do not take a bath in two years, and they prematurely die from poisoning. The poison that accumulates under the first layer of skin breeds disease; and sooner or later must come death.

"There are thousands of people dying of consumption who haven't sense enough to know that they can throw it off. No man who is lazy can become healthy, for the best way to bring health is by physical development. I have seen thousands of young men apparently on the verge of the grave grow strong by following this daily routine: When you get up in the morning rub yourself with a towel until the blood is in circulation, and never take a cold bath without getting the blood in circulation, for it is dangerous. After the bath rub the flesh for three-quarters of an hour. Then take a cup of toast, and start out for a half-hour's walk. Don't plod slowly along the streets, but walk as fast as your legs will carry you. When you return you are ready for breakfast. Eat rice, mutton chops and toast, drink tea. If you are a business man you are ready for business, but if you are training for an athlete you will start upon the walk, and keep it up all day. A man under training is required to walk at least forty miles every day. When he returns from his walk he is put under blankets until he has cooled, and then again put in a bath tub. He is taken out rubbed or massaged. Then he is ready for dinner. The athlete or pugilist would be required to eat raw ham or raw steak without salt or pepper. Pugilists are not allowed to use pepper, because it heats the blood. For men who are not under-going training for pugilists I would advise a dinner on rare beef, and other vegetables cooked dry."

She Could Only be a Daughter.

"Miss Florry," said the employer, "you have been in my establishment as book-keeper for five years, and I have raised your salary each year until now. I am paying you all I can well afford, and I am afraid I shall not be able to raise the figures for next year any higher than they are now—\$1,200."

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. Plummer," replied the young lady, "but I have been offered \$1,300 by Swagg & Co. to take their books next year."

"The underhand sneaks! Trying to take my employees from me, are they? Well, they can't do it! I'll give you \$1,400, Miss Florry, and you can snap your fingers at Swagg & Co."

"Fourteen hundred dollars is a liberal offer, Mr. Plummer, and I am obliged to you, but Shroat & Belknap sent me word yesterday that they would pay me \$1,500 if I would go into their office as head book-keeper."

"Shroat & Belknap, hey! They are a pretty pair of sharks. They'll give you \$1,500, will they? I'll see 'em in Los Angeles first!" said Mr. Plummer.

"See here, Miss Florry, I'll do better than that, I'll take you into the firm. I will marry you. Tell Shroat & Belknap you are engaged. Ha! Ha! I'll marry you, Florry!"

"O, Mr. Plummer [demurely], I thank you sincerely for your offer, but I can never be anything more than a daughter."

"What—what!" gasped the head of the firm.

"I have promised to marry your son Harry, Mr. Plummer."

[Red fire and slow curtain.]—*Chicago Tribune*.

Novel Way of Feeding a Waiter.

An old traveler has discovered a unique method of feeding the hotel waiter so as to secure the best results. He says: "At the beginning of the first week at the hotel, should the attention of the waiter prove satisfactory, I quietly take a \$5 bill from my pocket, crease it across the center, and with a pen-knife cut it in two pieces. At the end of the meal I present the waiter with one half, placing the other in my pocketbook, with the remark that if the attentions continue satisfactory I will at the end of the week present him with the other half. This scheme works like a charm."—*Hotel Gazette*.

