

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
EVERY SATURDAY.

The Prohibition Printing Company.
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The SPIRIT OF KANSAS is to be a first class family journal, devoted to farm and home affairs, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellany, original and selected, will be such as will interest and instruct. Its editorial page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial, and political life, wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved, and always from a broad, comprehensive, and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

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OLD JOHN BROWN.
His Life and Letters.

A Book that Every Intelligent Kansan will Want.

Sanborn's Life of John Brown.
From the commonwealth:
Robert Brothers, Boston, are the publishers of this important contribution to the state of Kansas and the whole country. It contains nearly seven hundred pages, has six illustrations, is a fine specimen of printing, sells for \$3, and Mr. J. C. Hebbard is the Topeka agent for its sale.

A full and trustworthy biography of this remarkable man had long been wanted, and Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass., could alone write it. He is a scholar and well known author, but his especial fitness for this work is found in the fact that he was John Brown's confidential friend; that he was one of a half dozen persons who knew that Capt. Brown would strike the blow at Harper's Ferry, and that he raised the money to enable the brave men to do it, and thus carry out the purpose of his life.

The book is entirely free from sensationalism; it is calm and quiet through out but crowded with interest. The full story had not been told before, and you follow the narration to the end with absorbing attention. In some way, by some unknown spell, it brings back the feeling and temper of the times before the war as no other book has done. Half of it, probably, is taken up with Brown's letters and other writings, and relates to our own state, and thus it becomes a Kansas book, and one of the very best. Its moderation and calm tone will disarm offensive criticism. In fact the little coterie that has endeavored, with malice aforethought, to make a "re-valuation" of history, will find here hard facts and proofs against which even malice and envy will fight in vain. The book is built on the rock of truth, and it will stand.

The strangest thing to us about John Brown and his history, and their workings and effect on humanity, are the myths and legends built up around his name and character. Mr. Sanborn, a Concord philosopher, was the first person to observe this movement, and his treatment of it in his Torrington Life of Brown—contributed to the History of Torrington, Conn., Brown's birth place—struck most American readers unpleasantly. But the myth and legend movement is one constantly increasing in volume, and we actually see a religion grow up in our own materialistic age, with John Brown as its central figure. Ten years ago a famous American, who lives in Paris, said that he did not know how his countrymen regarded John Brown, but with Frenchmen, he was a god. So he was represented by Victor Hugo, and he is a unique place in French lit-

erature. The John Brown song continues to be a national anthem. Two persons in Kansas claim its authorship although it was printed and sung by tens of thousands of people before the date of authorship fixed by the Kansas claimants. But they will continue to present their claims—and no special evil will result. The September Century will give one phase of this story, written by the enthusiast, Capt. Richard J. Hinton. Within a week we have seen a copy of the Memphis, Tenn., Times, in which there is a long story about the colored child John Brown kissed while on his way to the scaffold—said child now being a grown person and living in Memphis. But John Brown kissed no colored child that day. A correspondent made the incident; it struck the popular heart; it cannot be torn out. The revisors of the new testament left out the story of Christ and the glorified woman—"Neither do I condemn thee: go thou and sin no more." But it will be as easy to take the sun out of the skies as that story of divine forgiveness out of the heart of man. It has passed the revision stage. And so have these John Brown legends. They can be disproved, refuted, laid in the dust; you pass on and they spring up again.

A recent News paragraph says: In Barbon's "Victor Hugo," there is an interesting illustration of the growth of myths around the John Brown story. Passing the little evidence of ignorance in the account of Brown, such as describing him as a "man of property," and picturing his trial as "before an improvised tribunal of Virginia slave-owners," we find the pure myth in the effective statement that "Brown was led to the gallows by Wilkes Booth, the future assassin of President Lincoln." This invention shows the French genius for dramatic situations.

But Capt. Brown's biographer is not a myth-maker; he neither makes nor refutes them; he indulges in no controversy; he tells the story of John Brown's life in such a way, that the book will go into our literature as one of the few great American biographies.

John Brown of Osawatimie.

From the Capital.
Robert Brothers, of Boston, Mass., have just published the life and letters of John Brown, the liberator of Kansas and martyr of Virginia, by Frank B. Sanborn. The book is an octavo volume neatly bound in fine cloth and contains about 750 pages.

Mr. Sanborn possessed special qualifications for the preparation of this work. He is well known as a writer of rare ability. He was on terms of close intimacy with John Brown in his lifetime; and in a large measure shared his confidence in the planning and execution of his designs against slavery. He was intimate with Brown's family and associates, and thus the materials for this work came into his full possession. Their compilation, arrangement and elucidation have been done with fidelity, and with admirable clearness.

To all old Kansans this book will seem indispensable, and the children of those who were on Kansas soil anterior to 1860, will take an interest in it not less deep; for the history of Kansas without this history of John Brown would be very much "like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted."

The work comprises seventeen chapters. The title of the first is, "Ancestry and Childhood," of the last, "The Death and Character of John Brown."

The names of John Brown, Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant, so stand intertwined that if considered in connection with the names of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson; New England, Virginia, and the west stood out in bold relief, as

making perpetual plea for the rights of human nature.

Washington, as the father of his country; Jefferson, as the author of the proviso excluding slavery from the northwest; Lincoln, as the emancipator of a race of people terribly sinned against; Grant, as the silent man of destiny, whose performance was ever greater than his promise; Brown, the apostle of liberty, who believed in God and justice, and in the blood of martyrs; these five characters shine as bright enduring stars in the American firmament, shining more brightly as they shine forever.

Peter Brown, the ancestor of John Brown, was one of the pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock in December 1820, and Mathew Grant, the ancestor of Ulysses S. Grant, settled about ten years later at Dorchester, Massachusetts. A few years afterwards the Grants and Browns were at Windsor, Connecticut, as settlers, Windsor having been the first settled town in that state; and early in this century, the Browns and Grants were settlers in Ohio. Washington was born in 1732; Brown in 1800; Grant in 1822.

And how important was the work of each in the "old dominion," where Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington and Robert E. Lee to Ulysses S. Grant, and where John Brown laid down his life in behalf of the slave. As Abraham Lincoln when a youth cherished a belief that he would be president of the United States, so John Brown believed he would be a liberator of oppressed people.

As a condemned criminal, with moral bravery without a parallel; in his last speech on November 2, 1859, at Charleston, Va., he said:

"If it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments—I submit; so let it be done."

On the day of his death he wrote this:

CHARLESTON, VA., December 2, 1859.
I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done.

Among the Virginia militia who surrounded John Brown's scaffold was John Wilkes Booth, and, on April 15, 1865, this man assassinated President Lincoln.

John Brown could never forget the binding mandate of the apostle Paul: "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

Ralph Waldo Emerson forcibly said: "It is impossible to see courage and disinterestedness and the love that casts out fear, without sympathy. The arch-abolitionist older than Brown, and older than the Shenandoah mountains, is love, whose name is justice,—which was before Alfred, before Lycurgus, before slavery, and will be after it."

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, said: "Whatever may be thought of John Brown's acts, John Brown himself was all right."

Governor Robinson, of Kansas, on the occasion of the dedication of the Osawatimie monument to John Brown, and his co-workers, said: "The soul of John Brown was the inspiration of the Union armies in the emancipation war, and it will be the inspiration of all men in the present and distant future who may revolt against tyranny and oppression; because he dared to be traitor to the government that he might be loyal to humanity. To the superficial observer John Brown was a failure. So was Jesus of Nazareth. Both suffered ignominious death as traitors to the government, yet one is now hailed as the

Savior of a world from sin, and the other of a race from bondage."

The Kansas State Historical Society has a fine photograph of a bust that is owned by Mrs. G. L. Stearns, of Boston, that was taken by the distinguished Boston sculptor, Brackett. The history of this matter is furnished by Mr. Sanborn, from which the following is selected:

"Mr. Brackett absorbed with the desire to take John Brown's bust, and having no money to make the journey to Virginia, he failed to obtain it of Dr. Samuel G. Howe or Wendell Phillips, but was given it by Mrs. Stearns with these instructions:

"Take that and start immediately. John Brown will refuse to have his bust taken; he will say, 'all nonsense, better give the money to the poor.' And if Mr. Brackett replies that posterity will want to know how he looked, he may say, 'no consequence to posterity how I looked, better give the money to the poor.' Then, if every argument fails to convince him, let Mr. Brackett say that he has come at the express wish and expense of Mrs. Stearns, and that she will be deeply disappointed if he returns with out the measurements."

Mr. Brackett was on his way to Virginia the next morning, and he found on arriving at Charleston that he had not come an hour too soon. The excitement over the arrival of a stranger from the north was intense and ridiculous. He was seized and only escaped imprisonment by appealing to Hon. Hiram Griswold, whose services had been secured for the defense. Through his effort and influence the officials were reassured, and Mr. Brackett was allowed to accompany Mr. Griswold to the prison but not to cross the threshold. John Brown was sitting in a chair quietly reading, with both hands chained and his feet chained to the floor.

Mrs. Stearns had correctly anticipated Mr. Brown's objections—the very words almost: "Give the money to the poor; no consequence to posterity how I looked. As a denier resort, Mr. Brackett requested Mr. Griswold to say he had come at the express wish and pecuniary expense of Mrs. Stearns, and that she will be deeply disappointed if I return without the measurements for a bust."

Finally, lifting his head and straightening himself up, he said with emotion: "Anything Mr. or Mrs. Stearns desire. Take the measurements."

On seeing the bust, Charles Sumner exclaimed: "There is nothing the sun shines upon so like Michael Angelo's Moses."

The art critic Jarvis said of it: "If in some future age it should be dug up, men would ask: What old divinity is this?"

Kansas people in 1885, will have a deep and hearty interest in all excellent memorials of the recently departed Grant, and a fitting companion will be the Life and Letters of John Brown, so faithfully presented by one of his truest friends, Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending Aug. 22, 1885

G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for transmission as second class matter.

PROHIBITION STATE CONVENTION.

Camp Meeting and Kansas Day.

During the Camp Meeting at Forest Park, Ottawa, Kansas, on the 25th day of August, 1885, there will be a State Convention of the Prohibition Party of Kansas, at which time and place all who believe in National Prohibition and are in sympathy with its platform and principles, are most cordially invited to meet with us and participate in the deliberations of the Convention.

We especially invite the W. C. T. U. from all parts of the state to be present with their suggestions, advice and reports.

A grand old "gala day," is expected where we may meet face to face, and discuss those moral and economic questions so dear to every good and sympathizing heart.

Come one, come all and from every precinct in the state, and help plan for the glorious triumph of our principles in the near future. Some of the best speakers in our state and nation will be present to entertain and instruct us.

By order of Committee,
H. J. CANNIEF, H. P. VROOMAN,
Secretary. Chairman
Newspapers favorable please copy.

Notice.

It is possible we may conclude to suspend the issue of the Spirit for next week, in order to be present at the Ottawa Camp Meeting in the interest of the paper.

The Methodist Church and Prohibition.

The Miltonvale News is one of the pluckiest of our local prohibition papers. It has just been having a tilt with a Methodist preacher, who had an idea that he was well advanced in the work of temperance reform.

This is not an uncommon error, and it leads us to say something on the relation of the Methodist church to Prohibition. We have a world of confidence in the work that the Methodist church will yet do for prohibition. Within the next two years we expect to see in it the most powerful ally of the great Prohibition Party. And this in view of the fact that, in Kansas at least, it is to-day a millstone upon the neck of the cause.

Of course we are aware that this statement may give offense to some. It is not made for that purpose. It is made in the interest of truth, and if it may be, to stimulate thought.

The Methodist church is now too old and too rich to be radical. It is too large and powerful to be actively progressive. But when it does move it is irresistible.

The Methodist church was not early in the anti-slavery fight, but when it was once in the conflict it was an army with banners. So it will be again. It is yet a worshipper at the feet of the Republican party. When that idol is once broken the scales will fall from its eyes and in the new Prohibition Party it will recognize the sword of Gideon that shall smite to the earth another consuming evil.

Some of our friends are impatient at the delay of the various churches in coming to the aid of the Prohibition Party in its advocacy of a great moral reform. But such persons have not studied well the philosophy of religious thought in its connection with current moral development.

It is sometimes aggravating to persons of active perceptions, but it is not strange that this growth of ideas is so slow. When we look back after the lapse of years this very slowness appears like a wonderful growth. Church influence is largely directed by the clergy, although now and then an individual mind flashes out with refreshing brilliancy and independence.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, it may be, the training of the clerical mind is not such as to cultivate a high degree of political acumen. It may quickly recognize moral features in the abstract. But when it comes to a practical remedy through political means, the ordinary clerical mind is as a simple child's, until the breaking in of light that comes like intuition to set it right.

There is too much strategy in politics for minds not trained in it, and too often this degenerates into unprincipled demagoguism. There is little of this in religious training, so that a good preacher is usually a poor politician, even though moral questions may be the ones at issue.

In view of these considerations we advise forbearance on the part of our prohibition friends. It is often painful to witness our natural allies working against us, but we can always afford to wait. We are certain to have

the Christian influence of this land. It has no place but with us. It will find its own when others prove false. Trust in Providence for that.

The church opposition to Third Party Prohibition is not to be classed with the opposition of the political parties. It is far more honest, and we are sure to fall heir to its influence when the change comes, for this is God's work we are doing, and we shall have His agencies in time.—His time, not ours, it may be.

Griffin on Gov. Martin.

The following is from the last issue of the Manhattan Nationalist:

Col. Martin could neither have been nominated nor elected without the support of radical prohibitionists, who, putting implicit faith in his pledges to enforce the law, in spirit as well as in letter, gave their own personal pledges to such of their friends as did not know him or feared the influences that surrounded him. Is it strange that they now feel indignant as well as grieved? Every where they go, they are reminded of those pledges and taunted with their failure. Would they be justified in remaining silent? They propose no cast iron plan but simply ask that something effective be done. Is this unreasonable? Let us have an honest answer from dispassionate men.

Be justified in remaining silent? Of course you would be, unless you go right to your "friends" and tell them just how you have been fooled. You have no particle of ground for complaint. You were sold out last year, and you ought to have known it at the time. You are taunted now because of your own stupidity, that's all there is to it.

It is not strange that you feel indignant because you lack in sturdy manhood. You are weak and cowardly. You had no political sagacity. You were tricked, beaten, sold. Having been miserably used up in an open handed game as ever was played, you should stand by the result like a man.

Why don't you grit your teeth and take your own medicine and call it sweet like the Topeka Capital? The Leavenworth Times assured the saloon men before Martin was nominated that he would not disappoint them, and you knew it. You knew Martin was an anti-prohibitionist, yet you few in the face of the divine word and avowed that the leopard could change his spots and the Ethiopian his skin.

Radical prohibitionists put implicit faith in the pledges of an avowed anti-prohibitionist, vouched for as such by D. R. Anthony, and a candidate for office? Faith in a man who was at that moment encouraging the violation of law in his own town, by printing the advertisements of an outlawed traffic?

They did no such thing. The radical prohibitionists took no stock in John A. Martin. It was the timid, conservative soft shells who did that. If Martin gave pledges it was not to radical prohibitionists, but to green gudgeons in prohibition work.

Of course he said he would enforce the law, when he was on the stump, but who believed it? Why every one knew it was a political white lie, except the poor innocents like you.

Well, "We told you so," and we rather enjoy throwing it in your face to day. You were so condescending last year you remember. You had ample warning but would not receive it. You were too bright.

Now be a man, a mouse or a long tailed rat.

Admit that you were deceived, and repudiate the deceivers. Come out for the cause of prohibition without the hypocrisy of Republicanism on the one hand and the revenue policy on the other, or lie in the bed you have made without whining.

You had no right to expect any thing but just what you have received and there's a heap more of it left for you if you stay with the Republican party.

Mark that Albert Griffin.

We ask Republican Prohibitionists who have so much love for party, to hold themselves in readiness to desert it, sooner or later, unless they are willing to desert the principle of Prohibition.

We are glad to welcome to our table the Irrepressible Confit of Marshall, Mo., edited by our old friend, Dr. W. S. Holland. The Doctor is a whole-souled Prohibitionist and always on the right track.

Bro. Anthony has this to say of Bro. Griffin, all in the family:

Old Albert Griffin is still yowling around like a sick Tom cat because Gov. Martin doesn't break his neck in an effort to ride every hobby that Griffin points out to him.

Very much hinges upon the result of the present campaign in Ohio. If the Prohibitionists do not make very marked gains the Republicans will take renewed courage and yield still more to the saloon demand. It is the first opportunity they have had to speak since their great defeat, and if they can hold to the party the prohibitionists of the state who voted for the Second Amendment in 1883, on a regulation and taxation platform they will expect to hold them hereafter on any platform. The Prohibitionists must teach the Republicans of that state a strong lesson, and the temperance men of other states look to them to do it. If the Republicans of Illinois, in 1858 had yielded to the Douglas Democrats, and supported Douglas, because of his Anti-Locomotion defection, Lincoln would not have been elected President in 1860. The country looks to Ohio now as it looked to Illinois then, and it urges Prohibitionists to be true as the Illinois Republicans were true.

Albert Griffin says that the Republican Prohibitionists received many promises from John A. Martin last year, on the strength of which he and others gave their personal pledges for Martin's devotion to prohibition.

But now Griffin says he is sorely tormented as he goes over the state in behalf of the Temperance Union, by taunts that his pledges were good for nothing. This is no doubt very aggravating to the personal pride of the poor Albert, but it simply shows his own want of common sagacity and a deplorable lack of judgment in his course last year. A man so inconsistent and so easily gulled is of no account in reform movements, and the sooner he ties up the better. There's a sweeping wave coming but there will be no need then for men like Albert Griffin. How the Van Bennetts will tower above them.

Col. Anthony, of the Leavenworth Times, has on his red top boots. He was in a woful minority, apparently, in the state convention a year ago, but he won the day, and now that poor Griffin is whining over his discomfiture, Anthony is cruelly jubilant and affirms that prohibition is knocking in the head, while the trucking Capital says that neither Prohibition nor anti-Prohibition should again be a question in any Republican convention in Kansas. How has the Capital fallen.

Albert Griffin cannot run the Republican party, and he whines pitifully because he has been so wofully deceived in Gov. Martin. It presents a case where we can say with considerable indifference, "We told you so."

We only ask Republican Prohibitionists to resolve to join our party whenever their own declines to place itself squarely on a prohibition platform, and in favor of the abolition of the saloon in the District of Columbia.

The common rate of interest is now about four percent per annum, except where corporations, curbstone brokers and the money plunderers have a hand at it and then the rate is increased fourfold.

Poor Albert Griffin! He begins now to see what others saw, and what he ought to have seen, last year, that the John A. Martin wing of the Republican party do not care for prohibition.

All honor to President Cleveland. The people rejoice with exceeding gladness that the public domain—what there is left of it—is to be devoted to the use of actual settlers.

When the Republican party nominated J. G. Blaine at Chicago, and turned its back upon prohibition, in its simplest form, it signed its own death warrant.

But for tobacco Gen. Grant would be living yet. Such is the evidence of his physicians. How many such lives has the vile stuff ever saved?

The two old parties tried to dodge the Prohibition question in Virginia, and they are now organizing a Prohibition Party.

Gen. Grant buried the bloody shirt and palmed the hand of the first political hyena that attempts to dig it up.

What does Gov. Martin do toward enforcing the prohibitory law that Gov. Glick did not do. We held last year and we hold now that the election of Glick would have been more in the interest of Prohibition than that of Martin. Glick would have centralized prohibition sentiment. Martin is democratizing it, and has captured the State Capital.

Glucose Honey.

A Wayne county farmer, says the Detroit Free Press, has succeeded in earning a place in history along with the Connecticut man who invented wooden nutmegs. He lives between Detroit and Dearborn on Michigan avenue in a vine-covered cottage back a little way from the road. On the front fence appears the sign "White clover honey."

Back of the house is an apiary with all the modern inventions for the care of bees and nearly fifty hives sound with the cheerful humming of the busy honey-makers.

A representative of the Free Press quite by accident called at the house yesterday and found no one at home and while sitting by an old well curb refreshing himself with cool water from an old oaken bucket his attention was called to the action of the bees. The cottage is surrounded with luxuriant roses in full bloom, but these bees did not, as bees used to do,

Gather honey all the day From every opening flower.

Instead were swarming around a large tray which stood near by, and were flying back and forth to hives. In this tray was half an inch of a sticky mass that looked like syrup. Little sticks were strewn over this substance, and on these the bees were alighting, and after taking some of the syrup flew back to the hives.

"What do you want of them bees?" The intruder started up and found a barefooted lad standing before him.

"What is this the bees are taking?" asked the visitor.

"What do you want to know for?" Dad said we wasn't to tell any one anything about it."

"I'll give you a quarter if you will," said the reporter, now thoroughly interested.

"Well, I dunno what it is. Dad gets it from town in a bar'l. Here's what he gits it in," pointing to a large cask.

On the end of the barrel was the stencil mark: "200 lbs grape sugar from Michigan Grape Sugar Manufacturers."

"Is that glucose that the bees are getting?"

"It's something that dad gets out of that bar'l, that's all I know about it." The inquiring visitor tasted it. There was an unmistakable gundrop flavor to it.

"We had hard work to get the bees used to it. Dad put in a lot of syrup at first, but the bees take it straight now."

"How long does it take to fill a hive?"

"Not near so long as it does when they have to get the honey from flowers. We've taken out a lot this year already."

The boy brought out of the house a box of glucose honey which looked as clear and inviting as though the sweets had been distilled from the purest flowers.

"Do you eat it?" the boy was asked.

"Sometimes. It ain't so good as the other, but it's just as good to sell. Say, don't you never give me away to dad, or he'd skin me."

The Volga.

The Volga is the longest, as it is the greatest, river in Europe. It runs from latitude 57 north, through exclusively Russian territory, a distance of over two thousand miles, and falls into the Caspian sea far from Astrakhan. Its course it passes by Nishni, Novgorod, Kazan, and Saratov, and is navigable for steamers of heavy class from a point somewhat north of the first-named place, where the great fair of the Russo-Oriental world is annually held. Moscow itself, the ancient city of the czars, is situated on a tributary of the great river, and canals connect its upper stream with the White and Baltic seas. In all its course, from its source to the Caspian, it is as far removed from attack as is the Mississippi, and it somewhat resembles the latter river in its changeable channel, great length, and vast volume.

How the Canadian Indians Fight.

A gentleman who has spent many years among the Indians and half-breeds in the northwest declared that they had attained a remarkable proficiency in the use of the rifle. Their aim is unerring, and they seldom fail to bring down their game. In years gone by when a buffalo hunt was the great event in the life of these people, he had many opportunities of observing their skill, which was simply marvelous. On these occasions everything bearing in the remotest degree upon the chase was left to a captain, who gave the word for the attack. Until then not a move could be made. Sad havoc was made in the rank of the buffalo by these natives of the prairie, although armed with only an old flint-rock rifle. Powder was carried in a horn, strung across the shoulder, and the balls, thirty-two to a pound, in the mouth. Thus equipped and mounted, the hunters engaged in the chase. After discharging his rifle his steed was guided by the knee and kept running in the direction desired, the powder was slipped deftly into the chamber, and holding the barrel to his mouth the ball was dropped into its place; then striking the rifle across the knee, causing the ball and powder to come together, the hunter was again ready for another shot. The loading of their rifles is thus done in a moment. If with such poor and antiquated rifles such wonderful results were accomplished it is not difficult to account for the deadly effects of their fire in the Duck Lake fight, armed as they were with the most improved weapons of modern warfare.—Toronto Globe.

The total of sales of Louisa M. Alcott's works has passed 500,000. Robert Toombs is so nearly blind that he no longer writes his own letters.

It is said that Bernhardt's two ambitions are to grow fat and write good poetry.

A ton of gum arabic is used weekly at the government envelope factory at Hartford Conn.

The assessed value of real estate and personal property of Pennsylvania is \$1,683,468,016.

A QUEER CLIENT.

A Practical, Common-Sense Man Suddenly Developing Amazing Feats.

Among the brilliant array of counsel which Col. Rogers, whose unsettled mental condition recently got him into trouble with a Staten Island hotel-keeper, had called to his relief, was Ira D. Warren. The colonel fancied that a great many people were earnestly engaged in doing him a serious injury, and had intrusted a variety of litigation to Mr. Warren. Clark Bell, Roscoe Conkling, Lucas L. Van Allen, and others. In regard to this remarkable case of dementia, Mr. Warren said:

"The case of Col. Rogers is nothing to the extraordinary insanity that befell a client of mine some years ago. He came of a fine family, and was well known about town. He was quite as much my friend as my client. I knew him and all his family intimately. His affairs had been in my hands nearly twenty years, and during all that while I knew him as one of the most practical, common-sense men I had ever met. Indeed, he was the embodiment of vigorous and robust manhood."

"One day he came into my office and told me he had contracted to purchase ten houses. I thought I knew his financial condition almost to a dollar, and I was surprised at the announcement, for I did not see how in the world he could carry it out. He spoke very decisively, however, and as he did not seem disposed to confide his plan to me I assumed that he had got hold of some money somehow or other, and knew what he was about. He wanted me to search the titles of the property that he intended to buy, and added that the men would be in my office at noon the next day to sign the agreement of purchase. Sure enough, at noon they were on hand, and according to his instructions I drew up the papers for both of the contracting parties to sign. Then to my infinite astonishment, he said he was going to pay \$5,000 down on the bargain."

"This is absurd," I said. "It will take me a week to look up those titles, and these people are strangers to us. What if the titles are not good?"

"Oh, never mind that," he answered indifferently; "they're all right. Besides, I have plenty of money. Lots of it, oceans of it, more than I know what to do with. Pay up, pay up."

"I knew that this was all nonsense, but I supposed that he had his reasons for wishing to impress the men with his presumed wealth, so I said no more but reluctantly gave them his check. A day or so afterward he returned and said briskly, 'Warren, do you want to make a fortune?'"

"How?" I asked.

"I'll let you into it," he said. "I have arranged to buy up all the lots in Central park from Fifth avenue to Eighth avenue up to Seventieth street, and I'm going to erect a building on them thirty stories high."

"I looked intensely at him as he made this bewildering proposition. His face was as straight and as serious as if he were considering a scheme to buy a simple building lot in Harlem. I was forced to believe that he was serious, and, consequently, that his mind was disturbed. So I answered that I thought well of his plan, and would see what money I could raise to carry it out. 'But just now,' I added, 'I'm a little short, and should like to borrow a few thousands of you. How much have you on hand?'"

"Half a million," he answered as coolly as could be. I knew well enough what he had, and asked him for \$10,000. 'This, I knew, would not leave him more than \$100 in cash. He gave me his check and left the office, and within five minutes I had it certified and secure. I then wrote his wife, and her reply was convincing that he was clearly insane, his mania being that he was immensely rich. A day or two later he came into my office in company with another man, whom I recognized as a picture-dealer. Then, for the first time, I saw symptoms of insanity in his face. His eyes were wild and bloodshot, and his features contorted, as if in rage. I immediately concluded that we were to have a lively time over that \$10,000, and quickly rose to my feet to prepare for it."

"He walked rapidly up to me, grasped my hand, and, pulling me toward him, whispered, 'Old man, lend me \$500 till to-morrow.'"

"I wasn't prepared for that, and hardly knew what to say, but reaching into my safe I took out an old check-book, long since disused, and pointing to a stub that showed a balance in bank of less than \$100, I answered: 'Does that look as if I could?'"

"No," he replied, 'it don't,' and wheeling around, he darted out of the office as suddenly as he had come in. "The picture-dealer remained, and I asked him what all this meant. He answered that my client had bought a cart-load of chromos of him to be sent to his friends. I told him he had better keep his chromos. In a week my client became violently insane, and we removed him to Dr. Barstow's asylum in Flushing, where he died only a few weeks later. We found that he had been buying jewelry, diamonds, pictures, bronzes, houses, and any variety of things, all of which we returned upon slight compromises. My action in obtaining that \$10,000 check saved his family from poverty. But what a remarkable case of sudden and inexplicable insanity!"—New York Tribune.

A correspondent writes of Edwin Booth and his daughter, who is soon to be married to Mr. Grossman: The Booth house in Chestnut street is a gem in its way, but unless the fair young mistress returns to make it her home it will never look the same. Booth is such a dyspeptic and so moody at times that his life must be shorn of half its comforts when his little daughter is not there to keep open house for all his Boston friends. The wedding is to be very quiet, and then they all go over to Europe for the summer. Mr. Booth says he will not be left behind, and of course the "old auntie," who has been Miss Booth's nurse and maid since her birth goes also. The sister of Mr. Grossman has been the intimate friend of Miss Booth for several years, and this marriage is said to be the result of their great friendship.

METHEGLIN.

A Beverage That Once Knocked Out Sam Ward.

An amusing anecdote of the famous judge of eatables and drinks, Sam Ward, is thus related by Halston in the New York Times:

"Talking of good judges of liquor," said a gossiping friend the other day, "poor Sam Ward, that's gone, had as keen a palate as the best of them. Sam was proud of his sagacity in detecting adulterations in good old brandies, liquors, and cordials, although I have heard him boast but once or twice about his skill in that line. One summer—it was early in the seventies—I happened to meet him at Lenox, and was with him in a small party of convivial spirits who took a long drive one day. We had dinner at a back-country hotel—even in the backwoods you don't find inns nowadays—and it was a very ordinary feast. The wine was worse, and Sam Ward fell into ironically extolling its virtues. From sarcasm the talk became earnest, and finally we were discussing famous brands. Sam, of course, was the soul of the party, and, warming up on the subject, went so far as to insist that he could detect any kind of liquor with ease. We were all interested—nobody was ever bored by Sam Ward—and it was late when we started on our homeward drive. We missed the main road and were caught in a shower, that developed into a steady pour, so that we were glad to stop at the first convenient farm-house. The proprietor seemed to be a trifle suspicious at first, but Sam soon won him over completely; the old man brought out some homemade wine, and Sam told a good story. The farmer produced more wine and Sam had more stories. Down the cellar stairs went the old fellow again, and this time he came up with his stone pitcher half full of a thick, oily fluid. Mr. Ward, who always got the best, was honored with a big goblet that held nearly a pint. Our host had led it to the brink, while the rest of us had to be satisfied with smaller allotments. We all sipped and sipped again. It was a very warming drink."

"What do you call this, my friend?" asked Sam. The old boy chuckled, and told us to guess. Instead of guessing we drank more, and emptied our glasses before we rose. Again the cups were filled and again they were drained. I felt happy, and the others seemed quite as merry. Just then the hired man came into the kitchen with the announcement that he had got the cows. The farmer hated to go, he said, but milking was milking, and prepared to go out. Up rose Sam also. The rest of us were content to sit still, but we did not want it thought that we felt the thimbleful of the stuff we'd swallowed. Sam insisted on milking a cow, and we all went out to a leaky old shed, under which stood four peaceful bovines. The route was more or less indirect perhaps—the ground was slippery with the rain. In vain the old man protested. Sam would milk, and the party of admirers huddled around in an applauding circle to see the performance. Ward gravely took the stool, placed it under the animal's nose, and then lurched to the ground directly back of her, thrusting his tail forward under her hind legs, and bravely began his task. It was a meditative cow, and she couldn't stand everything. No milk came down, but something else did, and that was Sam Ward, who, rolling head over heels into a puddle, lay sprawling before us. Somebody helped him up. Sam Ward looked first at that cow and then on the stool; he picked up the stool, sat down on it, and went to sleep. The next morning I remember getting out of a feather bed and crawling down to breakfast with the 'biggest' head my shoulders ever carried. It was a quiet meal; even Sam didn't care to talk. We climbed into our carriage, wanted to pay our entertainer, who (though a genuine Yankee) declined to take a cent, and we were ready to depart. Sam had been thinking of something, and he leaned forward and looked squarely at the farmer."

"My friend," he said, "would you do me one favor? What was that beverage you regaled us with last night? It was a pleasant liquor, but it was muscular, my friend, very muscular, I should judge—if taken to excess."

"The farmer laughed. 'Metheglin,' he said. 'Plain honey and water—just honey and water that's worked a little.'"

"Sam fell back in his seat. 'Metheglin,' he murmured, 'Metheglin, great be thy name. You've floored Sam Ward—floored Sam Ward, who has never been floored in yet, and years. Great be thy name, I'll teach New York a point or two!' and he did."

There has been an increase in unemployed capital in New York City during the past year of \$78,000,000. The individual deposits are \$50,000,000 greater than they were a year ago.

Springfield, Mass., will be 250 years old on May 25, 1886, according to the first recorded meeting of William Pynchon and his little band of settlers on the banks of the Connecticut River.

The new stone which has lately become popular for jewelry purposes, and called the eye, or "spatonic," proves to be merely petrified wood. It has a peculiar dull fire and shades very curiously.

A young lady in New York recently paid five hundred dollars for a pair of "hocs." They were made of white satin, embroidered with pearls. And here you see the advantage of living in New York. For a similar pair of shoes, a Chicago girl, for obvious reasons, would have to pay about ten thousand dollars.—Pester Transcript.

Plum Pudding. Small—One cup each of chopped suet, flour, bread crumbs, sugar, raisins stoned, currants and citron; four eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful each ground cloves, cinnamon, allspice and mace, salt to taste; mix all dry, adding milk enough last to make stiff batter; boil or steam four hours.—The Householder.

The highest-priced clock in America is owned by a Wall-street broker in New York. It cost \$34,000, and was made in that city.—N. Y. Star.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

TO ADVERTISE and meet with success, requires a knowledge of the value of newspapers, and a correctly displayed advertisement. **JUDICIOUSLY CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS** NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. F. Howland & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for 15 NEW YORK.

John Wand, Prescription Druggist, Windsor Drug Store.

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

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

We are prepared to do the neatest kind of commercial and small job printing and can discount any office in the state in price.

Will you go to work and get up a club for the Spirit? We depend upon Prohibitionists in every part of the state to give it a wide circulation.

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

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

See advertisement these books on last page of this paper.

All kinds of Summer Millinery at half price at Mrs. Metcalf's. 239 Kansas Avenue.

We are making prices to close out seasonable goods.

E. A. TAFT & Co.

Webster's Dictionary Free!

Get five subscribers at 60 cents each, and we will send you free the Webster's Dictionary, advertised elsewhere. Send us One Dollar and we will send the Spirit one year and the Dictionary besides.

Go to the 10 ct.emporium corner of Sixth and Jackson and see for yourselves the great variety of useful articles for the low price of 10 cts. each. Articles that are really worth several times that amount are sold for that small sum.

AGENTS WANTED.

To sell the Best Life of Grant that is being published in this generation. The uncertainty attending the publication of Grant's Memoirs leaves this work the most important and the nearest to the great soldier that will appear for some time to come.

Ready early in September. Send \$50 for canvassing book and begin at once. For circular and particulars write to us.

We have had our choice for this state of all the "Lives" that are now in press and are sure we have the best.

Address G. F. KIMBALL, Topeka, Kansas.

Jesse Harper will be at the Ottawa Camp meeting.

The Topeka Capital and the Leavenworth Times are now in practical harmony. Which has changed?

Why does not Gov. Martin see that the open saloons of his own town are closed as he promised pro Griffin? To convert them into drug stores would clear his skirts, apparently, and would not be a violent change.

Last year the Hudson wing and the Anthony wing of the Republicans of Kansas were like oil and water. Now they are united into one—a rather caustic soap. Gov. John A. Martin, with his no-interference policy, is the concentrated Lye that did it.

If Jetmore hadn't played the flint last year he would have been in good standing with the Prohibitionists all these days.

Dr. Leonard may not be elected governor of Ohio as Lincoln was not made senator from Illinois in 1858, but a vote of 50,000 for Leonard will be a wonderful help to the Prohibition party, and may make him a candidate for President in 1888. The country, therefore, expects every prohibitionist in Ohio to do his duty in this campaign.

Poor, humiliated Albert Griffin! Last year he stood proudly up in the Republican state Convention, even though the Prohibition flag had been lowered to half mast, and told the anti-Prohibitionists his side had made their concessions. "Now," said he, "you make yours." And they did it by accepting John A. Martin, their own friend, a life long anti-prohibitionist, on a platform without a word endorsing prohibition. It was such a concession as the wolf gives the lamb, and now that his eyes are open Griffin whines like a cur because he was sold out while the anti-prohibitionists grabbed every thing. But Griffin still licks the Republican hand that smote him. And such stuff aspires to leadership.

The Lincoln Beacon, very properly says the disgrace to the legislature and the state, from the conduct of J. R. Burton, speaker pro tem, justly attaches itself to the Republican party as his character was well known.

On our first page we give considerable space to reviews of the Life and Letters of John Brown. Every one in Kansas will want this book. J. C. Hebard of this city is general agent for this state and he wants agents—good ones in every county.

AFTER DOLLARS.

Sharpen Who Fleece the Innocent and Gull the Guilty.

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

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

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

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

RANGE RIDING.

Stirring Scenes of the Season in the Montana Cow Camps.

Ever in a cow camp? No? Well, let's go, let's see what kind of a layout the boys have on the round-up. So we straddle our bronchos and speed away, along the Yellowstone or up to the Powder; through the buttes of the bad lands, whose tops are reddened with scoria that looks so much like brick-dust; down into coolies (yawning chasms lined with verdure and vegetation, where the cattle love to loiter), or up to the hilltops where rocks lie in all conceivable shapes. We frequently pass a vein of lignite, and sometimes we see the smoke curling skyward from the side of a butte where the lignite is on fire.

The cowboys pitch their camps in the meadows and valleys, generally selecting places where grass and water are plenty. The round-up camps are moved every morning, the wagons and camp equipage going a few miles forward. The most of the boys are searching for stock through the district on each side. Toward noon the lowing herds may be seen moving toward the new branding place, where the calves and the other unbranded stock become acquainted with their owners' marks through the medium of hot branding irons. The knife also comes into play in cutting notches, slots and other marks upon the ears and dewlaps, and in altering the males, but the scorching, heart-harrowing brand is never forgotten.

"This noon. We are at the camp. One hundred and fifty stock-growers and cowboys of the Powder River round-up are in sight. Five thousand head of cattle are scattered over the broad green sloping river-side. Since three or four o'clock in the morning all hands have been busy, but the excitement keeps up. No one seems to tire, and the larger the round-up party the better do the boys seem to enjoy the work.

In the camp each outfit selects a spot for its mess wagon a hundred yards or more from any other, so that each lot of horses can have good feed. A drove of about a hundred horses, often more, seldom less, accompanies each outfit. Each bunch of horses is in charge of its "wrangler" (herder). From these bunches the cowboys "cut out" (select) fresh horses twice a day or oftener, and about ten horses can be found to each participant in the "round up."

Ten or twelve outfits, with their wagons and tents, occupy one to two miles along the stream. The large herd that has been driven in from the hills and valleys is held by twenty or twenty-five cowboys, who ride around the cattle, ever on the lookout for a stampede. Cowboys from each outfit cut out their employers' cattle, which are taken, one lot after another, generally, to the branding place, where each calf receives the marks that are borne by the mother it follows. Thence the bunches (small lots of cattle) are driven off to one side and held until the boys are ready to start them to their respective places on the range.

Near the fire where the branding irons are being heated, a bellowing of distress is heard, and throughout the camp a lowing, a murmuring, an unceasing din goes up while the cowboys whoop and yell, ki-yi, and whistle at the animals as they ride among them, suiting their signal or command to the necessity of the moment. Lariats glisten in the sunlight as they fly through the air to the horns or feet of the animals that are being roped and thrown, and the boys near the fire work quick as glass-blowers, even forgetting their meals until others are on hand to take their places. No less forgetful of their work are the majority of the round-up party.

Space does not permit the complete picturing here of this very interesting scene, the morning call, the falling of the "wrangler" of fifteen hundred cow-horses, the camp fires, the cooking, even the peculiar cognomens of the cowboys and their horses, are each sufficient for entertaining sketches.

And now a few words regarding the "mess" of the cow-camp. The cooks and cowboys take charge and drive the mess-wagons, with their camp equipage, from place to place during the round-up periods. Almost invariably the cooks are professionals, and the cooking is excellent. With delicious juicy Montana beef, with bread made from Dakota wheat, and with many of the vegetables and fruits supplied by the "canners,"—all prepared, usually, in a manner to suit the most particular tastes,—the meals, whether spread upon the green grass or upon the tables made by letting down the doors of the mess wagon mess-boxes, are, as a rule, greatly relished by all who try them, and are far more satisfying to the diners of many a first-class hotel. —Miles City Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A Perpetual Dancer.

"Eureka!" yelled a Philadelphia inventor, as he rushed into his wife's room with a "dancing darkey" toy in his hand. "I've got an improvement on this thing and it will make my fortune."

"Don't see much chance for improving that toy; it's good enough now," said his wife, suspiciously. "They are sold everywhere and go by clockwork."

"Yes, I know, I know; and that's where the improvement comes in. Clockwork gets out of order, and besides it costs money. I've got a plan to make the darkey dance up and down like mad and it won't require any clockworks at all."

"Well, that sounds a little like sense," was the rather mollified reply. "How will you do it?"

"Simple as A, B, C. I'll just connect the darkey with the mercury of a thermometer." —Philadelphia Call.

LLOYD'S.

Description and History of a Well-Known Institution.

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

CO-SIGNS AND TANGENTS.

The Intellectual Fabulism That Exists in Signboards.

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

"JOHN! JONES, HARDWARE BENJAMIN J. NORTH, PIR."

If the merchant, being an economical man, has painted his own sign, he spaces badly and divides on any letter that happens to come handy, and startles the world with

WILLIAM W. WILLIAMSON, Well digger and cisterns.

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

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

HORACE GREELEY.

His Consciousness While in Apparent Slumber—A Curious Habit.

There was something very curious about this habit of the great journalist [Horace Greeley's sleeping in church.] It was not sleep that overcame him, but only somnolence—sleep of the physical powers, but wakefulness of the mind. The physiologist and the psychologist may settle the matter scientifically between them if they can. In spite of appearances to the contrary, Mr. Greeley was "a hearer as well as a doer of the Word." His eyes might close, his great head fall upon his breast, or sway from side to side, drawing the body after it, presenting the usual external indications of sleep, but his mental interior faculties were sometimes so far awake that when the service was over he could give a clear account of the sermon, both as to the subject, plan and matter. I have tested this a dozen times or more, and never found them wanting. It was to me a very curious phenomenon, and I studied it with deep interest whenever an opportunity occurred. I will give two illustrations of this singular peculiarity from my own clear personal recollection.

I went with him to hear a discourse from Rev. William Henry Channing. It was Sunday morning, and the topic announced was one in which he felt a special interest. Mr. Channing was a prominent member. It was in a hall on the west side of Broadway, near Canal street, where Dr. Dewey had preached aforetime. On the way thither, Mr. Greeley begged me to keep him awake. We occupied a settee within six feet of the platform and right under the eye of the preacher. I tried to keep him awake by frequent tuggings at his elbow and playing a by no means soft tattoo upon his ribs. But it was of no use. He was "niddnodd" through the whole discourse, not a little to Mr. Channing's annoyance, who observed my unsuccessful efforts to keep his great auditor awake.

But now comes the wonderful part of my story. Mr. Greeley and I, when the service was over, went back to the Tribune office together. He sat down to his desk at once, and made an abstract of Mr. Channing's discourse, filling somewhat less than a column, next morning. Mr. Channing was utterly amazed when he saw it, and afterward asked me if it was possible Mr. Greeley had made the report. When I told him that I saw him while he was preparing it, and could certify that it went to the compositor in his own handwriting, and that, moreover, I had myself read the proof, he expressed the greatest astonishment. "Why," said he, "I could not myself have so accurately abstracted my discourse, which, though premeditated, was extemporaneous. He has not only given the substance of what I said, but he has followed my line of thought, and remembered not a little of my language." —Oliver Johnson, in Christian Register.

ON A POSTAL CARD.

How One Detroit Woman Managed to Convey a Variety of Intelligence.

She walked up and down the corridor of the post-office for ten or fifteen minutes before she asked of a citizen who was directing an envelope:

"Please, sir, but would you write a word or two on a postal card for me?"

"Certainly, ma'am; where is it to go to?"

"To John Sessions, at Cleveland. Put Esq., after his name. I sometimes forget it, and it makes him mad."

"Your husband?"

"Of course. When I want a postal card written to a strange man it will be a cold day. Now then, begin with 'My Dear Husband.'"

"I've rot that."

"Say that I am all right, the baby is all right, and I haven't time to write any more."

"Yes."

"Then you'll want a P. S. that I have only two dollars left, and shall look for him to send me some next week."

"Yes'm."

"That'll be all, except to say from your true wife, my loving husband, and don't send less than five dollars, and baby weighs eight pounds, and the weather is still cold. Thanks, sir, I'll do as much for you some day." —Detroit Free Press.

A Squirrel Circus.

The men who drive the watering carts and who fill them at the hydrant about the middle of Townsend street, Roxbury, report that yesterday morning about five o'clock they witnessed a sight that the ordinary Bostonian, with his sleepy head, seldom sees. When they reached the spot referred to, the oak forest was all alive with gray squirrels. There were from one to two hundred gathered together. Every tree had half-a-dozen in its upper branches. They were jumping from tree to tree, flourishing their bushy tails, running up and down the trunks, scampering over the ground, and apparently trying to see who could go through the largest number of squirrel gymnastics in a given space of time. Gray squirrels are always to be seen in that neighborhood, and enjoy comparative immunity from cats and shoguns, but their playful pranks and mischievous behavior that they were holding a Sunday service at sunrise, or that a convention of squirrels had gathered at an hour when cats and dogs and men have hardly yet gone out to their daily disturbance of the world. —Boston Herald.

Why he believed him: Stretchit was telling Gawley about an alligator he saw in Florida. "That alligator measured sixty-three feet five inches from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. What do you think of that, Gawley? An alligator sixty-three feet five inches long. Doesn't that astonish you?" "No," said Gawley, quietly. "I'm a liar myself." —Exchange.

REVIVING A DEAD DOG.

An Experiment That May Some Time Prove Beneficial to Dead Men.

Mr. James L. Finch gives an account of some curious experiments which he and Dr. Armitage made secretly in resuscitating animals apparently dead.

The first subject operated upon was a medium-sized terrier dog. It was securely tied and an incision made in an artery in its neck, by which the animal was bled to death. He certainly passed through all the symptoms of dying, and soon after the last blood issued from the wound his frame became fixed and rigid, and his eyes showed the senseless glare of death. The room was kept at seventy degrees Fahrenheit, while the dog lay for three hours dead. By this time he had become very stiff and cold. He was now placed in a warm-water bath that was constantly maintained at a temperature of a hundred and five degrees, and was continually and thoroughly rubbed, and as he became pliant his limbs were gently worked about and his whole body rendered supple. A half pint of hot water was now passed into his stomach through a hard-rubber tube which was forced down his esophagus. When this was accomplished the mouth of a rubber tube attached to a bellows, was introduced into his windpipe, and, as the bellows were provided with a double valve, by which the air could be withdrawn as well as inhaled, the dog's nose was securely fastened.

A large and powerful Newfoundland dog had been obtained for the purpose, had been tied near by and was now bled, while the attending surgeon proceeded to adjust the transfusing apparatus, and began slowly to inject the live dog's blood into the dead dog. Simultaneously Mr. Armitage began slowly working the respiratory bellows, while I kept rubbing the animal and working his limbs and body to facilitate circulation. We could not have been more anxious about the issue of our efforts if they had been made upon a human being instead of a dumb brute. When a pint of blood had been injected I could see some change about the eyes of the dog; but no one spoke. One thought was common to all—would life come back? In a few moments more there was certainly a convulsive tremor noticeable in the body. Mr. Armitage, in undisguised excitement, said to the surgeon: "Press the blood." In a minute or two the dog gasped, and soon attempted to eject the respiratory tube, which was accordingly withdrawn. This was followed by gasps and catching of the breath, while the eyes grew brighter and more natural. The rubbing and blood injecting were yet applied, and the dog was struggling as if in a fit. But his efforts soon became less violent, and he began a low whine. A compress was now placed on the artery, and in twenty-two minutes after the first blood was injected he sat up, after being dead three hours and twenty minutes. The dog then drank broth that had been prepared for him in case of his revival, and soon got up and walked about. A comfortable bed was provided near the stove, and from this time forward his recovery was so rapid that in two days he was turned out to run in the streets. He is now a rugged character, in good health, with seemingly no remembrance of his resurrection. —Denver News.

THE GULF STREAM.

Some of the Results of Recent Sub-Marine Explorations.

The United States steamer Blake, Captain Pillsbury, has returned to Charleston, S. C., from a successful and satisfactory voyage of submarine explorations, covering several months. The Blake anchored in the Gulf stream between the Forey Rocks and the Bahama Banks, two hundred miles east of the deepest part of the Atlantic, one thousand five hundred fathoms in depth, discovered the surface currents, and the Blake anchored in two hundred and eighty-one fathoms and succeeded in dredging up a large quantity of animal and vegetable life, among which will probably be found many species hitherto comparatively, if not entirely unknown. Though Captain Pillsbury has not yet completed the calculations bearing upon the velocity of the deep sea currents, he is convinced that in lower depths the change of velocity is not so great toward the surface. The surface currents are stronger with the deflection of the moon. It is plain from his observations during the past three months that the strength of the current of the Gulf Stream is invariably on the Florida instead of the Bahama side of the stream. He has found the temperature to range from forty-two to eighty-one degrees. The greatest velocity of the stream at the surface is about four knots, but the fluctuations are frequent and great. Captain Pillsbury says that when his observations shall have been properly tabulated and his calculations properly deducted, he will be able to give the scientific world a treat as to deep sea soundings, current velocity, animal and vegetable life and the earth's surface for miles under the sea. —N. O. Times-Democrat.

"Yes, stranger," said a passenger from Texas, "I'm going down East on an important errand. Don't mind telling you that I'm going to be married. You can imagine how good-natured and jolly I feel." "Yes; but don't you feel a little anxiety, a little trepidation, about taking such an important step in life?" "Nary a trep, stranger." "Have you ever been married before?" "No; but I've been in one fight with Injuns, two scrimmages with cowboys, and went through four cyclones. I'm no chicken." —Chicago Herald.

"Father, please tell me what entails means, and if we have such a law in the United States." Father—"Under the law of entails, my boy, the landed property of the father is handed down to the eldest son, successively, generation after generation. We have no such provision in the United States. Here the money generally goes to the lawyers who settle the father's estate. You see the difference?" —Exchange.

