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SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XX.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, MAY 31, 1882.

No. 1.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
—BY THE—
Kansas News Co.,
Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies
\$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00.
Three months trial subscriptions, new, 25c.
The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western
Pa. News, of Lawrence, and nine other country
weeklies.
Advertising for the whole lot received at lowest
rates. Breeders and manufacturers' cards, of
four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kan-
sas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than
three months.

How it Works.
We give the following as a sample of
letters now pouring in upon us. Go thou,
and do likewise.
—Norton Co., Kan., May 27, '80.
Editor Spirit of Kansas:
Dear Sir:—I received a sample copy
of your paper, and seeing that it represents
our state as well as any paper I ever
saw, and that it is in the interests of the
farmers and the Farmers' Alliance, I put
your offer before our alliance to send to
the first ten members of any alliance six
months for twenty-five cents. I got eleven
subscribers at once, as herein enclosed
with the money. D. M. G.

Lawrence has given the new railroad
the right of way through the city. It
will strike nearer the heart of the city
than any road now built.

A law in Wisconsin creates a dairy and
food commissioner with a competent anal-
ytical chemist as an assistant. A labora-
tory with apparatus is to be provided,
and thus a war upon food adulterations
is to begin.

A complete steam laundry outfit has
been put in at the Indian school.

Denver saloons will be closed on Sun-
day. The world does move.

President Harrison and his cabinet are
planning how they will spend the sum-
mer vacation. They all purpose enjoy-
ing themselves.

New York had a four-million-dollar
flannel sale this week—enough to bundle
up a lot of babies.

Topeka will have a big state fair. The
guarantee fund is ready to assert it.

A Unitarian Sunday school conference
of the Missouri Valley, will be held in
Bismarck, June 11.

The Wichita Republic editor is
rather severe on the Topeka Leader,
and denies that he ever was connected
with it when published in that city.

The Topeka board of trade has
been revived, and it is about decided
to build a new bridge, a new railroad
to the northwest, and to have a big
state fair.

United States Postmaster General
John Wamaker has ordered that
all postmasters who are saloon keep-
ers, holding office under him, shall
be removed, and he has issued an or-
der that no post-office shall be
allowed to remain in a place where
liquors are sold, nor in any room
opening into such place.

Linwood, at present, is without
either an elevator or hotel, both hav-
ing been recently destroyed by fire.
This loss, amounting to \$10,000, falls
heavy upon T. J. Harbaugh, as he
had no insurance on the elevator.
Citizens of the town and vicinity will
miss the accommodations that the
hotel, the elevator and the lumber
yard afforded them. There is, there-
fore, a fine opportunity for some one
or more persons to meet these wants
of our town. No part of the state is
richer or more productive than the
farming country around Linwood,
while the many other advantages
make this a desirable point for vari-
ous manufacturing interests. A
flouring mill is especially needed,
while no better site can be found for
a canning factory, there being no end
to the facilities for raising fruits and
vegetables needed in this industry.

The "Reference Handbook of the
Medical Science," speaking of kidney
disease, says: "Often symptoms on
the part of other organs, palpitation,
dyspepsia, difficult breathing, head-
aches, or weak vision first impel the
patient to seek advice." The symp-
toms mislead both the physician and
patient. The only safe method of
treatment is a faithful use of War-
ner's Safe Cure. It not only secures
healthy action of the kidneys, but
cures the symptoms of disease.

In the June Century Mr. Kennan be-
gins his account of the most important
investigations made by him into the Ex-
ile System, viz, his visit to the Convict
Mines of Kara. He will take several ar-
ticles to cover fully the description of the
mines and the facts learned by him in
this part of his extraordinary journey.
The article is placed first in The Century,
and is more profusely illustrated than
usual. The frontispiece of this number
of The Century is a portrait of the fa-
mous French artist, Corot, whose work
has had such immense influence on the
art of the day and has been subject to
such fierce controversy. The article is
by Mrs. van Rensselaer, and along with
the letter-press is another portrait of "Co-
rot at Work," drawn from a photograph
by Wyatt Eaton. A number of reproduc-
tions of Corot's paintings are also given.
An article by an English writer on "The
Bloodhound" is accompanied by wood en-
gravings from sketches by an English
artist. This article puts the bloodhound
in an entirely new light, and removes
some of the terror from his reputation.
"An American Amateur Astronomer" is
an illustrated sketch of the career of Mr.
Burnham, formerly of Chicago. Mr.
Burnham is famous in a certain branch
of astronomy. It is said that "the double
stars he discovered were the closest and
most difficult known to astronomers."
Before becoming one of the corps at the
Lick Observatory, Mr. Burnham carried
on his astronomical labors while a short-
land reporter in the United States Cir-
cuit Court in Chicago. Accompanying
the article is a portrait of the amateur
astronomer, and a map showing the dis-
tribution of the double stars discovered
by him. In the Life of Lincoln several
interesting chapters on important politi-
cal events are published. The Old Mas-
ter written about and illustrated by Still-
man Cole in this number is Spinello A-
retino. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's serial
story, "The Last Assembly Hall," is con-
cluded in this number. "Open Letters"
deal with the Ste. man Hutchinson Li-
brary of American Literature, "Buchan-
an, Lincoln, and Duff Green," "Sea-Coast
and Lake Defenses," and "The Place Cal-
led Calvary." Poems are printed in this
number by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell,
Louise Morgan Smith, Edith M. Thomas,
and in "Bric-a-Brac" by Charles Henry
Webb, J. A. Macon, M. L. Murdock, R. T.
W. Juke, Jr., M. E. W., Annie D. Hanks,
and George Birdseye.

There are one hundred and fifty
thousand six hundred miles of rail-
way in the United States, about half
the mileage of the world.

Decoration day was bright and cool.

Commencement at Bethany college
next week.

Decoration day was generally ob-
served.

Every state officer deserted the
capital city on decoration day.

Topeka has received a car load of
sewing machines, and will now mend
its ways.

Ample quarters have been secured
for Kansas veterans at the Milwaukee
national reunion.

A pistol cartridge placed on a To-
peka street car track, was exploded
by a passing car, and came near kill-
ing a fireman standing near.

Famine and destitution in County
Donegal, Ireland, are driving the peo-
ple to this country by hundreds.
Recent reports charge that this con-
dition of affairs is caused largely by
the enforcement of eviction laws.

The school fund commissioners this
week purchased \$20,000 of bonds with
state surplus funds. The state school
fund has a constantly increasing income.

Minister Thomas Ryan has sent his
son Fred, who recently swindled the
Bristol sisters of Los Angeles out of \$225,
to a man of war ship as a naval cadet
where he may find the discipline a very
healthy thing.

Topeka business men are still tugging
away at the Missouri river rate idea.

Dr. Wm. Roberts, Professor of
Medicine in the Owen's College, Man-
chester, Eng., in writing of Bright's
disease, says: "The blood becomes
suddenly deteriorated by the unnatu-
ral drain through the kidneys. It be-
comes more watery and poorer in al-
bumen, while urea, uric acid and the
extractives are unduly accumulated in
it." Warner's Safe Cure will restore
the kidneys to a healthy condition and
purify the blood.

AN OLD TIME PARTISAN.

It is easy to recall to mind his
familiar figure as he sits, during
winter evenings, in his favorite cor-
ner.

In his easy chair, with pipe in his
hand and his silver-rimmed "specs"
pushed back until they find a soft
resting place on his beloved snow-
white head, with eyes sparkling and
his face beaming with pleasure as he
calls back old memories of days long
gone by, he is likely to talk some-
thing after this fashion:

"It's a long time since I was a boy.
Ah, but that was many years ago.
Sixty long years have gone and the
good Lord knows they were short
enough. I was then as spruce and
pert as any chap thereabouts.

"Oh, but we boys were boys!
Things have changed a heap since
those days. Boys then didn't take
much stock in stylish clothes and they
didn't carry canes like they do now.
Clothes and canes didn't cut much
caper then, but it was good hard
sense and work.

The boy who could do the biggest
day's work—could out the most
wood, split the most rails, plough the
most corn, was the most envied for
he was sure to have the sweetest and
best lookin' gal at the 'singin' school'
or 'apple peelin'.

"I tell you those were good old
times!

I didn't think anything of going
thirty miles or more to see your
grandmother, and we didn't have
very good roads either, but generally
had to follow some old Indian trail.

"Talkin' about sickness then, there
was no sickness like now. If we
had a cold, a pain, or anything, there
was the best medicine in the world
found in any log cabin home you
came across. Why, I remember that
my old grandmother, God bless her
soul, she's been dead these fifty years
or more, could make the best home
made medicine for miles around.
Her 'sarsaparilly' couldn't be beat.

Come to think I just read in the
paper about somebody who is mak-
ing this same old log cabin medicine,
under the name of 'Warner's Log
Cabin Sarsaparilly.'

"It does seem splendid to think
that you can buy those good ol-
home cures at the druggist's nowa-
days.

"Mebbe you think people were not
healthy in those days, but I tell you
that it was mighty seldom anybody
was sick long when they had such
good old grandmother medicine so
handy.

"People used to be stronger, health-
ier, and they lived longer, when I
was a boy."

Every reader of this paper will have
noticed what has been said weekly about
Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria.
No statement has ever been made which
is not strictly true and more than sub-
stantiated by experience. No testimo-
nial has ever been published which is
not genuine, and the original of which is
not in our possession. If you are the vic-
tim of Malaria, don't trifle with Quinine,
but get the Antidote and enjoy health.
If your druggist don't keep it, send one
dollar to Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Roch-
ester, Penna., and get it by mail.

Topeka is a great town. You can there
get New England vaccine virus, New Eng-
land baked beans, New England mince
meat and New England maple sugar
made of glucose.

The time is not far off when the rais-
ing of flax for the fibre will be an im-
portant feature of our agriculture. Perhaps
the time will do a good work in
hastening the day.

Wichita secures money on its improve-
ment bonds at 4 1/2 per cent, with sharp
competition. Investment brokers expect
to get eight and ten per cent from our
farmers with our trust mortgages on
their farms and homes.

Stapewall Jackson's widow was recent-
ly offered the place of postmistress at
Lexington, Va., on the suggestion of a
prominent Republican. Mrs. Jackson
expressed her thanks, but modestly de-
clined, saying that she had not the neces-
sary qualifications.

MRS. LAUBE'S



DOUBLE STEAM BAKER AND MEAT ROASTER.
(NO FASTER REQUIRED.)

Feasible for roasting all kinds of meats, game,
birds, etc., and for baking breads and
cakes in less than an hour. Saves 30 per cent in
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Wanted. Send for Circular giving full in-
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The best sewing-machine made in
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liable machine in the world. All re-
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secure the best sewing-machine in the world, and the
best line of goods at ever such low prices in America.
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and other first class pianos.

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the finest in the world.

Call and see them and be convinced.

All instruments bought direct from
factory and sold at lowest prices.

E. B. GUILD,
108 West 8th st.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Established in 1876.

Arlo Bates and Eleanor Putnam tell, in
appreciative almost commendatory terms,
of "The Awful Thing that Tilly Ann Did,"
namely, to run away to a circus and de-
clare in the hearing of the whole audience
that "she will never go back to Miss Pin-
chump." The pictures by C. T. Hill are
excellently interpretive. Rossiter John-
son's delightful sketch of a wild nature,
called "Little To-be" will be found very
amusing. "Climbing the Pierced Rock"
off the coast of Quebec, describes the dar-
ling and foolhardy first ascent of the great
isolated cliff near Percé. David Ker tells
a thrilling experience of Stanley's, almost
as related by the great explorer. An ap-
preciative story by Annie Howells Fr-
chette, deals with an episode in the life
of the children's dog—"Bingo Was His
Name," and lovers of unforced humor
will gladly read of Bingo. "How I Saw
'Old Carolus,'" describes a visit by the ar-
tist, George Wharton Edwards, to Antwerp
Cathedral, and his sketches for illustra-
tions, "The Hemlock-Peeters" by Ernest
Ingersoll, could be written only by a
lover of the woods; it is interesting, also
as reminding us of the necessity for the
forest. Sarah Orne Jewett's bright little
serial ends in this number. There are
pictures by A. B. Davies, Mary Ha-
lock Foote, Brenon Birch, Dorothy Tennant,
Herford and others. The departments
are well filled also, making an overflow-
ing summer number.

T. GRANGER STEWART, M. D., F. R.
S. E., ordinary physician to H. M.
the Queen in Scotland: Professor of
Practice of Physic in the University
of Edinburgh, writes of Bright's dis-
ease as follows: "Catarrh of the ves-
testine also occasionally causes, some-
times producing an extraordinary
diarrhea." Warner's Safe Cure cures
the Diarrhea by first removing the
cause.

Must Hablest who won't not a re-
Minister to Germany, because the Senate
would not give consent, has gone there
on his own account.

George W. Weaver who layed a con-
spicuous part in the legislature by cham-
ping his democratic vote at the time of
the passage of the prohibition amend-
ment, is now a successful fine stock
breeder of Thoroughbreds, especially of
horses.

WANTED

Wanted a first class
agent for the Spirit of
Kansas, in the State of
Missouri. Write to
J. G. L. Work, 107 N. 1st
St. and Territory, Mo.
Send no money.



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are the best and cheapest because
they excel and outwear all others.
Sold at low prices on time or for
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illustrated catalogue.

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MENTION THIS PAPER



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\$85 Solid Gold Watch
Sold for \$25 and \$30, \$40,
\$50, \$60, \$70, \$80, \$90, \$100,
\$125, \$150, \$175, \$200, \$225,
\$250, \$275, \$300, \$325, \$350,
\$375, \$400, \$425, \$450, \$475,
\$500, \$525, \$550, \$575, \$600,
\$625, \$650, \$675, \$700, \$725,
\$750, \$775, \$800, \$825, \$850,
\$875, \$900, \$925, \$950, \$975,
\$1000. Perfect timepiece. Year-
long guarantee. Both ladies'
and gents' sizes. With watch
and case of equal value.
\$2500's worth in each lot.
Send for our free catalogue
together with our 1000's of val-
uable lists of watches, jewelry,
diamonds, etc. Free catalogue,
as well as the watch, we send
free, and after you have kept
them in your home for 30 days and shown them to those
who may have called, they become your own property. Those
who write at once can be sure of receiving the "Watch
and Jewelry" catalogue, with all the latest styles. Address
Stinson & Co., Box 518, Portland, Maine.

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More kinds and sizes of Mills and Presses
for Sorghum and Sugar Cane, are made by The
Hymyer Iron Works Co., of Cincinnati, O.,
than by any other works in the world. They are
the sole makers of the Victor, Grand, Western and
Niles Mills, the Genuine Cook Expeller, and the
Automatic Cook Expeller. Send for Catalogue,
Prices, and The Sorghum Hand Book, 1882.

FAULTLESS

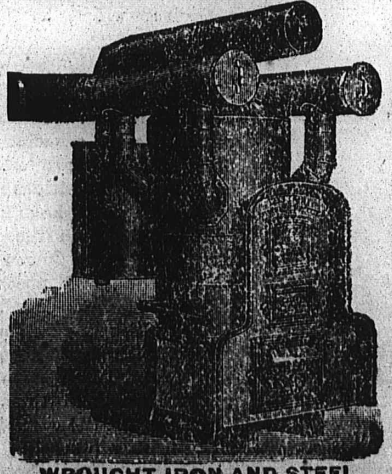


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VARNEY HEATING & MFG. CO.,
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

JAMES A. SEXTON, the new postmaster at Chicago, is a well-known business man of that city, in which he has lived for twenty years or more. During the war he served in the Union army. He has been commander of the Illinois department of the G. A. R. His business is that of an iron founder, and he is a man of considerable means.

EX-GOVERNOR LONG, when questioned in regard to the chairmanship of the Cherokee commission, which a Washington despatch stated would probably be offered to him, said he had read the despatch, but that was all the knowledge of the matter he had. Asked how he should be disposed to regard the position, he replied, "I should not want it."

HON. WILLIAM GOULD, the historian of Portland, and acknowledged successor of the late Hon. William Willis as the local antiquary and historian of that city, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently, and enjoys in a remarkable degree the wealth of mental and physical vigor which has long been his. Mr. Gould is the father of Mrs. Abby Gould Woolson.

H. M. FLAGLER has presented Dr. George Shelton of New York with securities of the par value of \$50,000, market value \$87,000, in consideration of his faithfulness and skill in attending the case of Mr. Flagler's daughter, Mrs. Benedict, who died on her husband's yacht off Charleston, a few days ago, after a short illness. This is described as the largest fee but one ever paid to a physician.

WITHIN the last few years Mr. Blaine is said to have doubled his fortunes. His best paying investments are in the Little Hope silver mine, which has paid, it is said, \$4,500,000 in dividends in the last five years. He admits having already received from that source \$1,300 for every dollar invested and the stock is still in his name. He is also a large stockholder in the Pride of Erin mine at Leadville, which is paying dividends of \$25,000 a month.

A MEMORIAL window from the family of the late Rev. Benjamin Hale, who was professor of chemistry at Dartmouth from 1827 to 1835, and president of Hobart College from 1830 to 1858, will soon be placed in St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, Hanover, N. H. Another from the friends of the late Dr. Bourns, president of Norwich University, and a third from the mother of O. J. Thomas, Dartmouth, '87, are being made for the same building.

THE last literary work done by John Bright was the revision of a preface for a reprint of Jonathan Dymond's "Inquiry Into the Accordancy of War with the Principles of Christianity." Bright says of Dymond's work that "as the world becomes more Christian it will be more widely read." Dymond's essay embodies the uncompromising condemnation of war that is associated with Bright's name. Its author was at one time widely read in this country. When he died at the age of thirty-two of consumption the world lost a man of whom much more might have been heard.

THE new bishop of Milwaukee, Rev. Dr. Cyrus F. Knight, formerly of Boston, has since his consecration received many beautiful and valuable gifts in connection with his new office. Among them are rich and costly vestments imported from Europe, an elegant episcopal ring, etc. On greeting Bishop Knight, Bishop Peery of Iowa said, "Let me congratulate you on being the first bishop in the history of the Church in America to be enthroned in your own cathedral, for never before on this side of the water has a bishop been given the pastoral staff in the cathedral which he himself was to occupy."

SAYS the New York Sun, "John Greenleaf Whittier did not want to be the poet for our centennial. He had outlived such occasions, he thought, and the honor was due to some younger and more ambitious man. But the committee would have no other. Many letters passed on the subject, and at length Secretary Bowen was despatched to the aged poet's home. Mr. Whittier again declined, and again Mr. Bowen visited him. Finally the committee determined to make a last attempt, and Mr. Bowen went to the poet for the third time. He told Mr. Whittier that the committee must have a poem from him, if it was only four lines long. Finally he said that if Mr. Whittier did not accept the committee would have no poet upon the occasion. Then Mr. Whittier accepted."

TOLD OF THE MARINES.

An Important and Much Abused Factor in a Navy.

There is perhaps no body of men in the service of the United States government who have come in for a greater share of contumely and received less praise for actual service rendered than have the marines of the United States Navy. From time immemorial it has been Jack's saying in response to all doubtful stories, "Tell that to the marines," for the tars as a set are the most incredulous fellows, and the hearty contempt in which they hold the marines is sufficient to incite the firing of a volley of epithets at the latter on the slightest provocation.

It is amusing, too, to see with what avidity the young apprentices seize hold of the prejudices of the able seamen, and a person only need go aboard one of the cruising training ships to hear the youngsters bawl out with all the zest of an old shell-back. Oh! you Hottentot marine!"

The duty of a marine aboard ship is essentially that of a policeman, and by reason of this very duty no fraternizing can be safely permitted between "the guard" and the men forward. As to the tar, any one acquainted with his devil-me-care spirit and wild, fun-loving nature must know how he looks upon any one put over him as a check. The tar looks up to and respects his officers, for he fears them, but the marine he hates, for it is the marine who gets him in trouble. "But if marines were not a feature of a man-of-war it is doubtful whether the discipline required of a crew of 500 men would be of that efficient nature now in force. Our navy is peculiarly distinctive in its method of mobilization when compared with similar institutions abroad. In the first place, our service offers better pay, better duty, and greater emoluments than does any other service in the world."

All United States war vessels carry a marine guard, ranging in size, however, from a captain's command of 50 to 60 men on a flag-ship to a corporal's squad on a monitor. When a ship is about to go in commission her marine guard which has been previously detailed, is marched aboard and stands in readiness to salute the ensign as it floats out from the peak. From this moment until the expiration of the three years' cruise the guard watches that "element forward" with a constancy that allows of no relaxation. When the three years' cruise is at an end, when the seamen who have been shipmates through every trial and hardship are about to march ashore and sever their associations, that stern and implacable marine guard may be seen in line on deck and under arms—the last to leave the vessel—and as the flag is hoisted down they give the last salute to the colors they have defended.

The marines have warm admirers in those persons who are acquainted with their sterling worth and necessity. Says Admiral Wilkes: "The marines constitute the great—I had almost said the only—difference between a man-of-war and a privateer." "They are," adds another writer, "the bulwark between the cabin and the forecabin," while Rear-Admiral Stewart remarked, "the support afforded by a steady column of bayonets has rendered mutinies scarce." The marine is peculiarly a soldier. He is dressed, equipped and handled as a soldier, and his whole life is the very opposite to that of a sailor.

In time of action aboard ship the marines are either stationed at one of the heavy pivot guns, or else disposed about decks and in the tops to act as sharpshooters. It was a marine who from the top of the Frenchman alongside the Victory at Trafalgar, shot down the brave Nelson as he stood on the deck of the latter ship. The guard messes, eats and sleeps in a body, always apart and distinct from the crew. Let the reader imagine himself at midnight on the gun deck of a large vessel of war lying quietly at anchor. A dim light is burning forward, throwing a heavy glare among the crowded hammocks where 500 men are sleeping. Not a sound is to be heard save the steady tread of the marine sentry overhead, while the swish of the black water awning the sides breaks the omniscient silence. As the bell strikes "eight," the hour of midnight, a solitary figure in full uniform, with sword and pistols, steps noiselessly from the cabin door. He stops and listens for a moment, as the turning of some restless sleeper in his hammock attracts his attention. He is the commanding officer. Walking forward, he bends over the hammock of a drummer boy and whispers a word in his ear; the only reply is a bound to the deck, and the next instant the long roll is sounding through the ship. As if by magic 500 men leap from their hammocks, hastily pass three lashings, and throwing them against the sides of the ship, rush half naked to the fast sounding of that call to "general quarters," the guns are cast loose and the glare of the battle lanterns along the deck reveals the crouching forms of the tars, as clustered about their pieces they wait the word to open fire. And again all is silent after that dole, the same as when a few minutes previous every man was wrapt in slumber. Not a word of warning had been given, and the sudden alarm aptly proved the excellence of the ship's discipline.—New York Times.

Examples of Good Farming.

The practical teaching of farming must be by example. Theorizing on agricultural matters has its place; but

the proof of theories lies in their successful application. And as farming is a business, conducted like other pursuits for the purpose of making money, if the teaching is to have much practical effect it must be shown to average farmers that the new methods which teachers of farming recommend are able to and do give greater profit than their own. It is not enough to show that with unlimited money certain improvements can be made. Almost anything can be done if plenty of money is furnished. In fact, the prodigality with which money is used in some experiments by wealthy men, farming for their amusement, has doubtless repelled rather than attracted imitation.

It is well doubtless that much care be given to the common methods of farming which have found favor in any neighborhood. Doubtless much improvement can be made by an intelligent man who fully understands the whys and wherefores of the common ways of doing things; but we presume that little practical improvement will be made unless these are first understood. Whenever a teacher begins by expressing entire contempt for his pupils, he is thereby incapacitated from doing them any good. This is especially true in a business so widely varied as farming, in which no one man can possibly know everything, and where the successful teacher is he who is always most ready to learn.

We do not undervalue the influence of agricultural newspapers. The teachings in these journals, however, are most useful which give not theories but the results of practical exercise. And after all, the great mass of farmers, as of other classes, are more impressed by what they see than by what they merely read. We can see this in some neighborhoods where the influence of a good example in farming has gradually extended until it has affected a wide area. John Johnston, who lived in western New York twenty to forty years ago, and began the system of tile draining in this country, was a teacher by example of the class we refer to. He made farming pay, redeeming by underdraining and high manuring a naturally cold and wet farm. Thereby he brought it to a high state of fertility. All this time he was not a mere fancy farmer. He farmed to make money, and his success in this was so much greater than that of those who went on in the old, well-worn ruts, that his example has exerted and will exert a great influence for good throughout the whole country.

The experimental stations in the various states are doing an important work, but they cannot supersede the influence of private example. In fact, the stations are designed very largely for experiments which it is certain that average farmers will not undertake. It is not primarily the object of the experimental station to make money. It is sustained by state aid, and the lessons learned are of more value than the crops produced. The fact that the state tries farm experiments does not absolve farmers from their obligation to devise for themselves new methods, proving all things, and holding fast that which is good.—American Cultivator.

An Aged War Horse.

"Old Fly" was born in 1855 and was reared on the farm of George A. Barrett, near Stewartsville, Robb Township, Posey county, Ind. On the enlistment of the First Indiana Cavalry, in the month of June, 1861, Mr. Barrett presented Fly to his son, George M., under whom she was mustered into the service of the United States in Company B, First Indiana Cavalry, at Evansville, Ind., July 21, 1861. Ridden by her owner, Fly was in the following battles of the war of the rebellion: Fredericktown, Mo.; Round Hill, Ark.; Helena, Ark.; Oakland, Miss.; Little Rock, Ark.; Pine Bluff, Ark.; Mount Elba, Ark.; Mark's Mill, Ark.; and innumerable skirmishes. She was in the army three years and two months, having been mustered out of service at Indianapolis, Ind., in the month of September, 1864. During her term in the service she was ever ready for duty and did her full share. Mr. A. W. Barrett, of Stewartsville, Ind., writes: "Old Fly is still living at her home, near Stewartsville, Ind. Although she is thirty-four years old and has not lain down by herself for three or four years, she is seemingly full of life and vigor, and is ready for duty at any time."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Toast.

Dream not I hold too dear
The gleam of yonder shooting star,
One moment shining near,
The next fading afar.
You touched your glass to mine
In careless, half-regretfulness,
But while you drank the wine,
I drank forgetfulness!
—Margaret Crosby, Century Magazine.

His Great Mistake.

He had gone to Oklahoma,
And he didn't take a gun;
So he missed his quarter section
And his bones bleach in the sun.
—New York Herald.

No Shamming There.

Bagley—I understand your wife is sick?
Bailey—Yes, she hasn't spoken a word for three days.
Bagley—By gracious! She must be a pretty sick woman!—Epoch.

Love's Her Husband.

Returned Tourist—Does your daughter play and sing as much as ever?
Hostess—No, no; she's married.—Philadelphia Record.

French Politics.

Boulangism has been defined as "the expression of the dissatisfaction of all classes in France with the republic and its leaders;" but we must suspect that the dissatisfaction of the majority of the substantial and intelligent people of France is less with the republic than with the leaders of the several divisions of the Republican party, viz: the Moderate Republicans, Opportunists or Gambettists, Radicals, Extremist Radicals, Socialists, Communists, Labor Party and Anarchists. We class these diverse elements under one general name, because they are all in opposition to the Imperialists, the Blue Legitimists and the Orleanists, and because they all prefer some form of popular government to any form of monarchism.

It was predicted when the present French Republic was first established that it would be soon overthrown, because no republic had ever long maintained itself in France. On the other hand, it was also predicted that this republic, although attacked from every side, would still hold its own because it would be impossible to unite its enemies. Imperialists and Orleanists do, indeed stand upon common ground in their opposition to the republic; but the Imperialists would occupy just as distinct an attitude of opposition if an Orleanist were seated upon the throne of France, and the Orleanists would be equally opposed to the enthronement of any member of the Bonaparte family.

The truth is that the republic would rest upon very secure foundations if the republican party of France were not divided into irreconcilable factions. But the distance between a moderate republican and an extreme radical is so great that they cannot be induced to act together, except it may be, in opposition to the schemes of the imperialists and monarchialists. The danger is that in the midst of all confusion there will arise a demand for a strong government, and that a dictatorship may be accepted as a prudent exchange for a chaotic parliamentary government. In a free country there is no escape from a government by parties; but it is necessary that there shall be one party strong enough to rule. Unfortunately in France every party loses its popularity as soon as it comes into power. When Rochefort resigned his seat in the French parliament, he said, "I am master in my journal and can oppose everybody, but I cannot control the chamber of deputies and I shall be outwitted him in my paper. The opposition is the lot of every sensible man who wants to retain his popularity. He must oppose always, despite everything, even what he thinks timely and just *quand meme*, or he will fall."

If Boulanger has any formidable strength outside of that temporary support given to him by the Orleanists and Bonapartists for purposes of their own, it results from the uneasiness of thoughtful people at the continued uncertainty of the political situation under the existing constitution. The present state of things inevitably destroys confidence and lowers the value of property. A recent report furnished by the French Department of State asserts that since the fall of MacMahon, in 1879, the value of real estate has decreased fully twenty per cent in France, and that in the Department of La Meuse, one of the richest in France, the decrease has been 56 per cent since 1884.—New Orleans Picayune.

Slow Promotions.

A suggestive fact connected with the new Army Register is that it shows no fewer than ninety-six first lieutenants on the active list who have service in civil war to their credit. The rank and pay of a first lieutenant are not an enormous remuneration for the length and value of the service which some of these officers have rendered. The retired list shows also thirty-eight first lieutenants who have seen war service and while the causes of retirement have been various, yet they include some compulsory retirements for age. Only a year or two ago occurred the retirement of a first lieutenant at the age of 64. Of course these exceptional cases result from the fact that some volunteer officers received commissions in the regular army after the war when already some considerably advanced in years, and also non-commissioned officers averaging older than the Military Academy graduates have been made second lieutenants. But whatever the facts, it is remarkable that with the war a quarter of a century in the past there should be nearly a hundred officers in our little army who served in those campaigns and are still on the active list without having reached the grade of captain.—Ex.

Caught in the Quicksand.

Two gentlemen of Athens, Ga., went to a neighboring town a few days ago on a business trip. After they had finished all their business they started home in the snow. In crossing a little creek the horses and wagon ran into quicksand, and in a second the horses went down into the sand, and were unable to extricate themselves. The wagon was sinking fast, and soon went in the sand over the hubs. The snow was falling at a fearful rate, and the wagon and horses steadily sinking. They both sprang from the wagon to save themselves, and fortunately found several negroes near at hand who went to their rescue, and with hard work cut the horses loose from the wagon, and saved them.

THE "ARIZONA KICKER."

How its Town is Booming—The Editor's Annex—A Jealous Contemporary.

The last issue of the Arizona Kicker contained the following:

Explanatory: The absence of our society column for the last three issues seems to call for an explanation. The trouble was jealousy among the bon ton. If we happened to make a five-line announcement that Mrs. Col. Dash expected her brother-in-law direct from the California penitentiary on a certain date and only a four-line item to the effect that Mrs. Judge De Soto imported her bustle direct from Zanzibar, there was an ill feeling which stirred up the entire community.

We Boom.—While the towns about us have been bragging of their progress we have kept quiet and got in our work without kicking up any cloud of dust. Brag is alright in its way, but we don't propose to come out with a double-headed, scare-head article every time a citizen hangs a new front gate. Booms are good enough in their way, but there must be merit behind them. With no disposition to claim this as the only growing town in Arizona, and with no desire to kill the growth of rival towns, we humbly call attention to the fact that since Jan. 1 fourteen new saloons, three poker rooms, and four retail tobacco stores have been opened in the place, and at the present moment eighteen men are engaged in building a jail capable of accommodating thirty prisoners. We have done all this without any brag of bluster, and we propose to keep right on in the same quiet fashion, leaving the outside world to judge for itself as to where it shall seek new homes and invest its capital.

It Pays.—Several months ago we established a grocery and feed store in connection with the Kicker. The effete dailies of the metropolis predicted a dismal failure, but the result shows that they were mistaken. We figured that this other business would be just what was needed to distract our minds from the harassing thoughts editorially running this country, and that we would be all the better and brighter for being occasionally interrupted in our literary labors. The result has justified our predictions—more. We were never in as good mental condition as now, while our sale have kept increasing week by week until we have been compelled to hire a clerk to assist us. The editorial entitled "Advice to the President" was written with more than a dozen interruptions to measure corn, draw mauls, and sell clothes-pins, and yet we will put it against anything which ever originated from the pen of a stuck-up and exclusive New York editor.

Our Jealous Contemporary.—The dyspeptic old excrement who claims to edit the milk-and-mush publication at the corner of Catfish alley is jealous of our advertising patronage. In a labored article this week in his poor printed old apology he says we practiced bulldozing to bring advertising. What a liar! The Kicker practices bulldozing! The idea is laughable and if he was worth minding we should walk down to his shanty and cho the assertion down his brazen throat. There used to be several firms here which didn't believe in advertising. We couldn't make 'em believe in it until we went at it and found out they were composed of gentlemen who had skipped from the east for bad burning, horse-stealing, bigamy, ebzezzlement, etc. Then we wrest with 'em and they came to see that life of trade was in using printer's ink. We simply convinced—not bulldozed. The efforts of our knock-kneed contemporary to smirch the fair fame of the Kicker will simply call forth smiles of pity.—Detroit Free Press.

Chili and the Irish Race.

When Mr. Patrick Egan, the well-known ex-treasurer of the League, who has been appointed United States minister to Chili, landed at Valparaiso, he will probably find statue erected in that city to a count man of his, Arthur Pratt, an Irishman who fought in the war for South American Independence. The custom of an Valparaiso was being denied to make room for this statue when Eleroy Curtis wrote his articles Chili in Harpers' in 1887. When Egan gets up to the capital, Santiago he will see another statue of an Irishman, Bernardo O'Higgins, who was one of the most famous generals of Independence War, and who is regarded as the liberator of Chili, and whom a whole district has been called. Here, too, will be seen a castle built extravagant and luxurious style an Irishman, O'Brien, and on "O'Brien's Folly." "The most beautiful place in all South America" (keeping Mr. Curtis as our guide Santa Lucia, much of the beauty which is due to a Chilian of descent, V. McKenna, the bearer of a well-known name in this Republic. During the late war between Chili and Peru the most prominent warrior on the side of the former was Adm. Patrick Lynch. Mr. Curtis says "many of the leading men of Chili and have been of Irish descent," "that there is a sympathetic bond between the sham-rock and the cone so that Mr. Egan will feel his among friends in his new home. If he had been sent as minister to Court of St. James! It would not been the first time that an Irish exile had come to London as the representative of a foreign power."—Mail Gazette.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

How to Raise Pigs.

The pig crop is an important one on the farm. How best to succeed in raising pigs, can be gained by careful experience, and by reading the successful practice of others. The writer's experience taught him that it required more constant care, and intelligent observation, to raise a good crop of pigs, than for any other branch of business on the farm. And it is useless to read the plans and practices of others if you do not propose to sacrifice any of your ease and comfort—if you do not propose to wake up and throw off your lethargy and indifference. But we give the advice of Dr. G. H. Grinnell, of Jefferson, Iowa, whom we know is successful.

First, quietness about their quarters, as few visitors as possible outside of persons in charge, feed for dam for first few days nothing but a little bran and water, a nice clean bed of hay, not too much so as to heat or entangle pigs therein, but sufficient for comfort, with good sunlight on warm days, and good ventilation, clean troughs and, good hygienic surroundings, with a good grass lot to run in and out, pen to be occupied by dam, have pens and lots so as to only admit those of the same age to the same run.

Increase the sow's rations as the pigs increase in age, by giving ground oats, bran and a small portion of oil cake, till the sow supplies milk for the litter, never feeding any sour milk to sow, as that will impair the young pigs' digestive organs of the stomach, and you will have diarrhoea, white scours as called from the deranged condition of the fermentation of the sour swill, through the sow's milk.

When the pigs are large enough, I commence to encourage them by feeding in a separate trough, from the dam, sweet milk, soaked corn, in small quantities, and oats, and as soon as they will take hold of same, I give them a liberal supply of ground oats, bran, oil cake and soaked corn, never losing a minute to see if they are just loose enough to be good, hearty eaters, and at six weeks old, by that time I have them learned to do without the dam, which I turn out and leave them their old quarters to run in and out at will, then I feed them just what they will eat clean from one feeding till the next, and increase on feed as their appetite increases and digest the same, never allowing their feed to become sour, mixing my swill fresh morning and evening, which they relish with an appetite fit for a king, always keeping appetite good, bowels regular, clean quarters and above all allow no constipation in your pigs.—Des Moines Register.

Raising Young Turkeys.

As the season is approaching when the turkeys must be hatched, a few hints may not be out of place. The best breed for the market is the large bronze, but a change of gobblers every year, using the Narragansett one year and the bronze the next, will give greater vigor, as inbreeding is fatal if carried too far. The turkey hen is the best mother for them. She may be allowed twenty eggs, and should not be disturbed during incubation other than to place feed and water within easy access. It requires about twenty-eight days for the eggs to hatch, and if the young turkeys are confined in a large pen for a few days, until they become strong, they may be allowed their liberty, but care should be taken to drive the mother hen under shelter on the approach of a storm as dampness soon kills the young ones. They should not be turned out in the morning until the grass is dry, and they should be brought up before night to avoid the dew. The best food for them is stale bread dipped in milk, with finely-chopped onions, given four or five times a day, as they feather very rapidly, and soon droop from an insufficient quantity of food. Plenty of fine, sharp gravel should be provided, and water should be given in a vessel that protects them from getting their bodies wet when drinking. Curds are excellent, but too much must be avoided. As soon as given liberty, they will provide themselves with a variety of food, but should be fed morning and night also.

The scourge of young turkeys is lice, not the little red mites, but the great, large lice that infest the heads and neck, close to the skin. A few drops of warm lard is a preventive, but to guard against mites, dust fresh Persian insect powder in among the feathers. Treat the mother in the same manner. Keep their coops scrupulously clean. After they are two months old they will need no further attention. Turkeys thrive best where they have plenty of room for foraging, and they destroy a great many insects in their rambles. With a little care they can be taught to come up regularly every evening.—Farm and Fireside.

Early Squashes and Potatoes.

I have never grown these vegetables together, and see no advantage in doing so, unless it be the possible protection the potato vines might give the squash as a decoy to the squash bug and spotted beetle. The soil should be prepared for the potatoes as early as possible, the rows marked out three feet apart, and only the alternate rows planted, leaving the others for the squash. This would give squash vines six feet one way, and they could be planted three feet apart in the row, for the bush varieties. Well rotted manure of the best quality should be applied in the hills for the squashes before or at the time the potatoes were planted, the squash hills to remain until the conditions of soil and weather are right for planting the seed, which

probably would not be until the potatoes were up. By the time the squash had sprouted, the potatoes would have a good start, and would protect the squash plants from hard winds. The frequent cultivation given the potatoes would hasten the growth of the squash and interfere wonderfully with the ravages of the squash bug, as he is shy, and runs away at the first alarm. Precaution should be taken against the flea beetle by dusting the young vines in the top of each hill of squashes with gypsum or land plaster, into each bushel of which a pint of turpentine has been thoroughly stirred; then allow it to stand a few days, well covered to retain all the fumes. This acts as a preventive, not as a remedy, and can also be used on the cabbage, and all plants liable to infection from the flea beetle. To subdue the enemies of the squash crop is the most expensive and laborous part of its culture. The potatoes would be dug before the squash vines were done growing, or before the squashes were picked.—F. T. Baker in St. Louis Republic.

Handling Fat Sheep.

A sheep perfectly ripe may be known by observing its eye; but as there are some sheep which do not lay on flesh evenly, owing to some deficiency of structure, the hand is usually employed to ascertain the condition. The examination first begins by handling the rump, which, on being embraced by the hand, shows the thickness of the layer of flesh which covers the transverse processes of this part. If the rump is not fat, it is useless to handle any other part, but if fully fat, the back will also be fat and when this is fully fat or "nicked," the neck and under side of the belly will be fat.

If the sheep is turned over and set on its rump, you can see if the thighs and breast are filled up. The folds of the skin situated on both sides of the base of the tail will, on examination, indicate the condition of the animal. By handling we find out not only the thickness of the flesh and abundance of fat, but also the nature of the meat, which should be thick and firm. Another way of finding out the quality is to feel the side just below the elbow, also by spanning the breast-bone when the animal is turned over.—Farming World.

Farm Notes.

If you have a rough road across the farm, where heavy loads are moved, make it smooth before you use it again.

One stone six inches high in a wheel track causes more wear of team and carriage than an additional half mile of smooth road.

Trees which bear stone fruits must be grafted early, as the bark will peel off and curl up if it is injured after the sap starts.

Remember that little repairs, though not in the regular programme, are a part of the business that must be done as need demands.

Burn off the old grass and weeds along the walls and roadsides as soon as it is dry and you will destroy a great many seeds and insects.

It would be a good plan to plant some mangle-wurtzel beets this spring to feed next winter. They are an excellent milk-producing food.

Many farmers will just now discover that it is cheaper in the end to keep the stock in flesh through the winter than to put it on in the spring after once losing it.

Every farm, barn and dairy in the country should be an experiment station under the direction of its owner, and in proportion as his intelligence has been awakened will it be so.

No farmer can afford to grow crops to be wasted at the time of harvest. Any injury, caused by neglect, that reduces the value of the crop one-half, reduces the result of cultivation of a crop to one-half of what it should be.

The farmer who thinks there can be nothing new in agriculture should remember that thirty or forty years ago his grandfather thought the same way. It is a fact, agriculture has made more advancement during the past ten years than in any other ten years of the world's history.

Few farmers appreciate the great difference between poorly feeding poor stock and at a loss, and the liberal feeding that can be afforded to stock of better character. Keeping unprofitable stock ruins more farmers than any other one cause. They work hard and live economically, but the losses from stock that does not pay for its keep consume all and more than they can make.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Household.

Mint Sauce—Strip the leaves from the stems; wash, chop them very finely, and to every tablespoonful of the mint add half as much sugar. Cover with vinegar and stir until the sugar is dissolved. It should be prepared two or three hours before needed so as to draw out the strength of the mint.

A Treacle Tart—Have some good paste and line either a soup plate or a tart tin with it; then fill up with golden syrup, in which must be sprinkled pretty thickly some freshly grated bread crumbs; and a grate of lemon peel and a squeeze of the juice, and bake in a quick oven twenty-five to thirty minutes. If liked it can be cross-banded with strips of pastry like an open jam tart.

Vinegar Pie—Place one teacupful each of water and vinegar and two of sugar in a porcelain kettle over the fire; when scalding, stir in a tablespoonful of corn starch moistened with a little water and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Set it off after it boils up well, and when cool, flavor

with a teaspoonful lemon extract. Bake with two crusts. This amount will be sufficient for two pies. Cinnamon can be used for flavoring if preferred to lemon.

Mignons de Volaille—These are little dishes of creamed chicken put up in egg shaped molds. The cold chicken is finely minced, given a dash of mace or nutmeg, and salt and cayenne pepper. They are shaped with raw white of egg and milk thickened by boiling it with rice flour. They are steamed in the molds and when opened are served on a rich puree of green peas or spinach. Just a taste of mashed liver added to the minced chicken gives it richness, with a little butter to incorporate the whole.

Orange Float—Take one quart of water, one cup of sugar, the juice and pulp of two lemons, five sweet, juicy oranges and four tablespoonfuls of corn starch. Put the water on to boil. Moisten the corn starch with a little cold water, then stir it into the boiling water, and cook slowly for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Take from the fire, add the sugar, lemon juice and pulp. Cut the oranges into small pieces, remove the seeds, pour the boiling corn starch over them and stand away to cool. Serve cold, with sugar and cream.

How He Proposed.

I took her little hand in mine—
It quivered like a bird;
And as I felt its touch divine
A trembling sigh I heard.
Momentous time! Should I propose?
I knew not what to say;
As I beheld my blushing Rose
I felt my hair turn gray.

I thought of Byron, Scott, and Moore;
Ah, could I but recall
A bit of their poetic lore!
I once had known it all.
"O woman, in our hours of ease,"
I blunderingly said;
And then I thought my tongue would freeze,
And wished that I were dead.

My heart was beating like a flail,
And yet my lips were dumb;
The clock that hung upon a nail
Ticked louder than a drum.
I could not see, for, strange to tell,
The air seemed full of smoke.
Then from my tongue the fetters fell,
And then—and then I spoke.

"I love you, dear," I said in haste;
"I love you, too," she said;
And then I clasped her dainty waist
And kissed her lips of red.
Then came a flood of poetry,
I shouted yards of rhyme;
And she is going to marry me
In apple blossom time.
—S. M. Peck in Harper's Bazar.

HOW THE HEAVENS MOVE.

A Celestial Collision Inevitable, but Not Right Away.

The elder Struve made the movement of the sun through space to be about five miles a second; but on the supposition of the brightest stars being between two and three times nearer to us than they seem really to be. We can now see that the actual speed of the solar system can scarcely fall short of twelve or fifteen miles a second. By a moderate estimate, then, our position in space is changing to the extent of five hundred millions of miles annually, and a collision between our sun and the nearest fixed star would be inevitable were our course directed in a straight line toward it after the lapse of 50,000 years! The old problem of "how the heavens move," successfully attacked in the solar system, has retreated to a stronghold among the stars, from which it will be difficult to dislodge it. In the stupendous mechanism of the sidereal universe, the acting forces can only betray themselves to us by the varying time configurations of its parts. But as yet our knowledge of stellar movements is miserably scanty. They are apparently so minute as to become perceptible, in general, only through observations of great precision extending over a number of years. Even the quickest-moving star would spend 257 years in crossing an arc of the heavens equal to the disk of the full moon. Yet all the time (owing to the inconceivable distances of the objects in motion) these almost evanescent displacements represent velocities in many cases so enormous as to baffle every attempt to account for them. "Runaway stars" are no longer of extreme rarity. One in the Great Bear, known as "Groombridge, 1830," invisible to the naked eye, but sweeping over at least 200 miles each second, long led the van of stellar speed; Prof. Pritchard's photographic determination of the parallax of Cassiopeia shows, however, that inconspicuous object not only to be a sun about forty times as luminous as our own, but to be traveling at the prodigious rate of 300 miles—while Dr. Elkin's result for Arcturus gives it a velocity of little less than 400 miles—a second! The "express" star of the southern hemisphere, so far, is one of the fourth magnitude situated in Tucana. Its speed of about 200 miles a second may, however, soon turn out to be surpassed by some of the rapidly moving stars picked out for measurement at the Cape. Among them are some pairs "drifting" together, and presumed therefore to be connected by a special physical bond, and to lie, at nearly the same distance from ourselves. This presumption will now be brought to the test.—Contemporary Review.

Will Have a Front Seat.

"Are you going to the centennial celebration at New York, Clara?"
"Certainly. We've had a special invitation. Papa's grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence and was one of the forefathers."
"That's nothing. I've got an uncle in New York who knows Ward McAllister and is one of the four hundred."
—Chicago Herald.

Laughable Blunders.

Typographical errors, like the poor, we have always with us. Until recently there was said to be no typographical errors in the Bible. But lately several have been pointed out. A company of scientists once tried to issue a book without a single typographical error. Proof was read and re-read scores of times, but when the book was published a typographical error was discovered on the title page. Below we give a few of the amusing errors:

A Philadelphia paper, several years ago, wished to announce that "Hon. Mr. — will address themselves," etc.

The conductor of a religious paper was vexed because, when he quoted the line, "Love lies bleeding," it appeared "raw rice pudding."

Advertisements furnish many ludicrous mistakes. A prominent mercantile house in New York desired to bring to the knowledge of the public the fact that it had for sale a large amount of brass hoppers such as are used in coffee mills. "Brass hoppers" was printed "grass hoppers."

"Old hats made new, while you wait for twenty-five cents," was the advertisement of a repairer of gentlemen's head gear; and he was greatly surprised when one of his patrons, on receiving a hat which had been "made new," said, "I am in somewhat of a hurry, and will take the quarter now, if you please."

But an explanation followed, and the "ad." was properly punctuated before it again appeared.

"Her chest bones are full and prominent," wrote a critic, concerning a celebrated cantatrice. The compositor and proof reader were not versed in musical nomenclature, and the unfortunate outcome of their direction was, "Her breast bones are full and prominent."

Of a new minister, whose favor he desired to secure to himself, an editor said, "He is a most venerable sample of antiquity." To this consideration, in print it read, "He is a most venerable sample of iniquity."

One line of a poem, dedicated to its author's lady, was, "I kissed her under the stars." His feelings can better be imagined than described, when he saw it transformed into, "I kicked her under the stairs."

Another poet intended to say "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire!" The typeset made him say, "See the pale martyr in a shirt on fire!"

"I offer my most respectable thanks to all who have honored me with their patronage," read a dancing master's card to the public.

"May they always live in peace and harmony," is the way in which a marriage notice should have concluded. The happy couple must have felt decidedly uncomfortable when they saw, "May they always live on peas and hominy," in the announcement of their nuptials.

Noticing the applause elicited by the remarks of a speaker at a public meeting in England, a party organ said, "The air was rent with the snouts of three thousand people."—Yankee Blade.

KING McPHERSON.

He Took Possession of an Island and Hanged Three Subjects.

A very pretty little story, which promises to develop into an interesting trial, comes to Washington from Alaska. It is to the effect that about three years ago a man named McPherson sailed from San Francisco and eventually landed on one of the Aleutian islands, off the coast of Alaska. Mr. McPherson's entire outfit consisted of a suit of clothes, an American flag and cheek enough for a regiment, together with a paper purporting to have been signed by Attorney General Garland, appointing him United States commissioner.

As soon as he landed on the island he raised the American flag with a great deal of ceremony, took command of the 600 natives and compelled them to address him as "King" McPherson. Each season he exacted a heavy tribute from the natives, and altogether he seems to have been having a lovely time.

Things went along very smoothly for him until a few months ago, when, the report is, he had some difficulty with three of his subjects, and, fearing that there might be a mutiny, he determined to dispose of all those who did not bow to his authority with good grace. He arrested the three, tried them by court martial—he himself composing the court—and sentenced them to be hanged. He carried out the sentence.

Somehow or other the report of McPherson's rule reached the treasury department, and a special agent was sent to his island to investigate the matter. This agent recently reported the facts to Secretary Windom substantially as they are stated above. Now it is said that a revenue cutter will be sent to the island for the purpose of arresting McPherson. It is the intention of the authorities to bring him to San Francisco and to try him for murder.—New York Press.

A Manager's Ill-Luck.

Theatrical Manager (despondently)—"I am undone!"

Wife—"Mercy! Has the theater burned down?"

"Worse! That new play on which I spent so much money contains such a fine moral lesson that the preachers are advising people to go see it. Now it won't draw enough to pay the ushers."—New York Weekly.

WORKING A HOG.

How a Trio of Sharpers Skinned the Dignitaries of a Rural Town.

When I entered the village, situated among the hills of New York, at ten o'clock in the morning, all was peaceful and serene, and the pocket of every man who walked the streets had chink in it, writes a New York Sun correspondent. When I left, at four p.m., an excited mob had possession of the main street and every other man was dead broke.

About noon a man arrived from the north in a buggy. He said he was a drover, and looking for hogs. He bought half a dozen before he ate dinner, and it was astonishing how closely he guessed at their live weight. He was within two pounds on four of them, and only half a pound more on the others. These had been an attraction for a crowd of idlers, and the general verdict was that the drover was as sharp as a barber's razor. Soon after dinner a farmer looking boy drove a hog into town, and staked him out in front of the tavern. As he wanted to sell and the drover wanted to buy, they soon came together.

"Might take him on a pinch, but he's only a nubbins," said the drover, as he sized the porker up.

"Nubbins! Why, that pig goes over 200 pounds!" exclaimed the owner.

"Can't stuff me, boy. I've been in the business twenty years."

"No one wants to stuff. That 'ere hog goes to 210."

"He does, eh? Wish your father had come in. I'd like to have made a bet with him. Boy, you ought to have better judgment. That hog won't pull down 180."

"Guess you are off, too," remarked a stranger who had quietly driven up in a buggy. "I've raised hogs all my life, and that boy hasn't five pounds out of his guess."

"Ain't he? Raised hogs, have you? Ever raise any money?"

"A little."

"Perhaps you'd like to bet on that hog?"

"Perhaps."

"Have you got \$20 as says he goes 200?"

"I have—fifty—a hundred!"

"Then let's chalk. Anybody can blow."

It was a chance to make a dollar, and the citizens improved it. The man in the buggy was an accommodating chap, and somehow or other the farmer boy managed to fish up about a hundred dollars from the hind pocket of his overalls. The citizens stuck by the drover, having abundant proofs of his judgment, and when every man in that town who had a loose dollar or could borrow one had made his bet the hog was driven to the scales and weighed.

"Gentlemen," said the drover just before weighing, "I was never deceived in my life. This hog won't go to 190 pounds."

"I'll take even bets that he goes over 200," replied the man in the buggy.

This bluff raked out the last nickel in the crowd, and the hog was driven upon the scales. The record was 211 pounds. He was weighed and reweighed but the figures stood.

"Well, it's my first error in a hog," said the drover, and all bets were at once handed over. The farmer boy at once slipped out, the two men drove off in a buggy, and half an hour had elapsed before a church deacon who had laid his ten with the drover and lost suddenly declared that it was a put-up job to skin the town.

"Durn my buttons if it ain't," yelled two hundred men in a chorus, but it was too late. The town had been skinned, and the trio escaped. All the mob could do was to turn loose and wreck an old vinegar factory and pass a resolution to the effect, that liberty was a sham and a delusion.

A Trip From Spook Land.

We commend to the attention of the Society for Psychological Research the latest dream story in connection with racing. A well known ex-military sportsman for some weeks past has made up his mind that he would try and dream the winner of the Lincoln Handicap. This ingenious idea of his he announced to several of his friends, who naturally smiled somewhat skeptically on the would be seer. However, on Monday night five times in succession he dreamt that No. 13 had won the race. As there was no horse of that name the sportsman in question came to the conclusion that his vision must refer to the number on the card. He made no secret of his belief and yesterday morning he sent a messenger to King's Cross to get the card and back his dream number. There were no cards to be had at the station. Accordingly, he wired to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons' bookstall at Lincoln for the name of No. 13 on the day's card for the handicap. The answer came back promptly, "Wise Man." The resolute dreamer immediately backed the horse, with the happy result that all wise racing men now wot of. Every detail of this singular story is absolutely true, and there are many who can testify to having heard the prophecy of No. 13 delivered on Tuesday afternoon.—London Telegraph.

His Fear Relieved.

Mr. Crumps—If I should die, Jane, don't let me be buried alive, will you?

Mrs. Crumps—No, I won't. If you should die, John, I promise faithfully that you shall not be buried alive.—Chicago Herald.

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Payments always in advance and papers stop-
ped promptly at expiration of time paid for.
All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as
second class matter.

Irrigating canals are held at a dis-
count this year.

A few dry days will now be wanted,
in order to take the wheat in out of the
wet.

Very deep interest is manifested in the
new Lawrence, Northwestern and Wichi-
ta Railroad, and this interest appears to
be unanimous all along the line.

One can hardly tell what the harvest
will be this year. It will be simply
enormous.

The Perry Flouring and Grist Mills
were erected in 1881, by Leach & Son.

Josiah Terrell was the first postmaster
and also preached the first sermon ever
delivered in Perry.

Perry was incorporated March 3, 1872,
and N. J. Stark has the honor of being
the first mayor.

The Presbyterian people at this place
erected their large and substantial house
of worship in 1869. They are in a pros-
perous condition and have a large mem-
bership.

The large and comfortable Baptist
church in Perry, was erected in 1882.

It may not be generally known by our
readers, yet it is true, nevertheless, that
the first settlement in Kansas was made
on the north bank of the Kansas river,
two and one half miles below Williams-
town. It may also surprise a number of
our readers to learn that this first settle-
ment was made by Daniel M. Boone, son
of Daniel Boone, the Kentucky pioneer.
A son born to Daniel M. Boone and wife
at this settlement was undoubtedly the
first white child born in the State of
Kansas.

We can scarcely see the point in re-
taining Marshal Needles, and dis-
charging Marshal Jones, when both
were guilty of the same breach of
orders,—premature invasion of Okla-
homa. Possibly, because one was
machine Needles and the other was
not.—Lawrence Journal.

The five central American states
have entered into an agreement that
looks toward political and commercial
unity, a thing much to be desired.
They agree that neither shall form
any alliance with foreign powers with-
out the consent of all; they will settle
all disputes among themselves by
arbitration, and that they will hold
an annual conference of delegates
from the five states.

Of course it is to be expected that
manufacturers will take down the wool
markets all they can at this season of
the year. It would be strange if they
did not. Yet the situation is evident-
ly more completely in the hands of
producers than it has been for several
years; and the new clip ought to move,
and we believe will move, largely in
accordance with the ideas which pro-
ducers now hold.

Try the grind-stone as a garden
tool. A few minutes' use once a day
sharpening the hoe, will kill many
weeds and stir loos of ground with
less weariness of muscle.

A cow coming in in the fall has a
much better chance to keep up the
flow of milk than the summer
cow. There is nearly a double price
for the winter output of butter over
that made in summer. The man who
milks his cows in summer does not,
as a rule, feed any grain food, be-
cause the low price of milk at this
season does not seem to make it pro-
fitable so to do. The man who milks
his cows in winter, gives his cows the
best care—warm stables, warm water,
etc.

"The Highest Structure in the
World," in other words the Eiffel
Tower is the subject of the first
article in the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for
June. It is devoted to an account
of the methods of construction of the
tower, and comparison with other
buildings of great height. This article
is written by Mr. Wm. A. Eddy.

Miss Frances Willard, the well-
known temperance worker, believes
that the transfer of many breweries
from American to British owners
will make the triumph of prohibition,
which she thinks sure to come in the
end, much easier, and also that the
numerous sales of breweries indicate
that their American owners are taking
alarm at the growing strength of the
temperance movement. There is no
doubt that she is right in regard to
the effect of the transfer of breweries
to foreign capitalists upon restrictive
if not prohibitive liquor legislation.
Voters who might be somewhat re-
luctant to destroy the property of
American citizens will care little or
nothing for foreign owners of
breweries.

Garden City Herald: Judge Bailey, the
veteran journalist and jurist, of this
county, called at the Herald office yester-
day, and we had a most pleasant visit
with him. The old gentleman is in good
health and his mind seems as vigorous as
it did a decade ago. He is an encyclo-
pedia of early Kansas history, and like
the old soldier, loves to fight his battle
over again. He is living pleasantly and
comfortable on his farm, which he calls
Good Hope, and is decending the Pacific
slope of life as in a quiet, joyous dream.

The last report of the State Board of
Agriculture contains a very valuable re-
port, in detail, by Prof. Shelton of the
State Agricultural College, upon an ex-
periment in pig feeding, made a short
time ago. These experiments were made
carefully, and show that Indian corn is
not only the cheapest food, but that it
makes the best meat. From Prof. Shel-
ton's conclusions, we extract the follow-
ing:

The truth is, the great American staple,
Indian corn, is an incomparable grain
food when used simply for fattening, or
when judiciously blended with other
foods in the process of growth and devel-
opment of the animal. But it is when
we consider the cheapness and ease with
which Indian corn is produced, due to its
perfect suitability to American soil and
climate, that its superiority to all other
forms of grain food becomes strikingly
apparent. Thus a single acre yielding
the ordinary product of 50 bushels
of corn, would according to the facts of
this experiment, produce 513 pounds of
pork. Moreover, in the case of the chief
portion of the agricultural sections of the
American continent, there is no other
grain that is really available for meat-
making. It is futile to talk of using
bran, shorts, barley, oats, milk or peas,
in pork-making, upon a large scale. The
instant that we are reduced to the
necessity of using any or all of the foods
as a substitute for Indian corn, our
supremacy as a pork-producing nation will
have passed to others.

The objection often urged against the
general fattness of corn-fed pork seems to
me to have no sufficient foundation in
the wants of consumers. It is true that
towns-people generally demand lean
fresh meat, but work-people, who are the
chief consumers of pork the world over,
demand fat meat, and of the salted article
will take no other; while with all classes
pure lard is a staple article, for which
they cheerfully pay a price such that the
fat portions of the hog before "rendering"
are more profitable to the butcher than the
lean parts of the carcass.

The cost of the corn fed in the course
of this experiment was almost exactly
twenty-five cents per bushel after it was
ground; or a small fraction less than
forty-five cents per hundred-weight, and
the shorts-bran cost at the mill fifty
cents per hundred pounds. The actual
cost, then, of one hundred pounds of the
increase resulting from the feeding of
the shorts-bran mixture was \$2.67, while
the cost of a like amount of gain made
from feeding corn alone, was \$2.42.

There is one other noteworthy fact ob-
servable in the progress of the experi-
ment: the corn-fed pigs ripen much more
readily than those fed on shorts and bran.
In actual fact, this experiment was car-
ried to a length—in point of time—
which made it really unfair to the corn-
fed lot. These pigs were ripe and ready
for the butcher certainly by the 12th
week, and not unlikely by the 10th week.
The figures show that at the end of the
12th week the corn-fed pigs had gained
979 pounds, while those fed shorts-bran
made a total gain of 835 pounds. This
inequality in the times required to make
pork by the two sorts of feed, is further
shown by the fact that during the last
four weeks of the trial the shorts-bran
series gained 211 pounds, while the corn-
fed pigs made only 165 pounds of gain.

Strawberries and cream will be fol-
lowed by peaches and cream.

Splendid green grass will make tooth-
some yellow butter.

Roadsters will sell better than draft
horses, but the farmer will have more
use for the latter this year.

A cool May for wheat, and warm July
and August for corn.

Nothing could be better for newly
planted fruit and forest trees.

Strawberries are blushing at their own
forwardness and abundance.

Cherries are putting on a rosy tint.

The rascal in horticulture has been fre-
quently written up. He sells trees on
false representation. He carries about
fruit in jars to deceive the elect. He
sells one thing and delivers whatever
comes handiest. He says that his varie-
ties are bug proof, worm proof, blight,
etc.; and sometimes they are, for they
are so mealy that no self-respecting dis-
ease or insect would attack them. He
names old varieties with some new name
and says they are entirely new. Every-
body knows, or ought to know, the rascal
in horticulture.

Wide Awake for June might well
be called a "true-story number." It
opens with a reproduction of Henry
Bacon's beautiful painting, "The End
of a Long Day," photographed espe-
cially for Wide Awake—a lovely
picture. Then comes the true stories
—five of them: "A Plain Case" is by
the now famous writer, Miss Wilkins,
who grew her early laurels in Wide
Awake; this story is most pathetic.
The scene of Miss Risley Seward's
brilliant story is on board an ocean
steamer; it is entitled "The Naughti-
est Boy I Ever Met." Mrs. General
Fremont's is a California story,
"The House that Jack Built." Mrs.
Annie Sawyer Downs' story is of the
Confederate side in the Civil War, a
jolly tale, "The French Member of
Company B." The story by Sara
Trainer Smith "Overboard in the Java
Sea," will go to everybody's heart.
The serials are excellent: Margaret
Sidney's "Five Little Peppers Further
On" has a tremendous surprise for
readers; "Sibyl Fair's Fairness," by
Talbot, will be enjoyed by Wm.
Awake's grown-up audience.

The number abounds in readable
articles: "Relics of Torture," by Mrs.
F. A. Humphrey, describes various
curious "machines" for punishment
in old times which she saw in Eng-
land.

WIDE AWAKE is \$2.40 a year. D.
Lothrop Company, Publishers, Bos-
ton.

The State University.

Charles S. Gled, one of the regents of
the University interviewed by a Capital
reporter, expressed opinions we would be
pleased to produce entire, but space for-
bids. Of the good things in the course
of his remarks he said:

"The University gets more respect and
affection now than ever before, and I am
certain deserves more than it gets. It is
in a remarkably harmonious condition—
internally and with the outside world.
It is not yet appreciated as it should be
by Kansas, for our people have never yet
taken time to appreciate half their good
things, the University among the num-
ber."

"Outside of Kansas, in educational circles,
the University commands great re-
spect. Harvard accepts its degree—
which it does from no other western insti-
tutions excepting the University of Cali-
fornia and the University of Michigan.
Our reputation outside of Kansas is due
to the individual reputations of the mem-
bers of the faculty and to the standing
of the students who go out. Every edu-
cator of consequence in the United States
knows and admires J. H. Canfield. Every
natural historian knows Frank H. Snow.
Arthur G. Canfield and W. H. Carruth are
masters of modern language teaching
and are poets fast gaining a national rep-
utation. The mathematicians and engi-
neers sent out by Miller and Marvin are
running railroads and building railroads
all over the country. Blake has few su-
periors as a physicist—particularly in
the great modern field of electricity.
Wilcox, of the Greek chair; Robinson, of
the Latin chair; MacDonald, of the chair
of music; Sayre, of the chair of phar-
macy; Green, of the law department; Arthur
Richmond Marsh, the brilliant young pro-
fessor of English, and his able assistant,
Charles G. Dunlap, and the other worthy
men and women of the list are famous or
getting famous rapidly."

"The Moody law is not perfect, but it is
good and can be made just right by the
time it has been tried two years. The
University will make great progress un-
der it. The abolition of the preparatory
work, as provided by the Moody bill, has
already resulted in the establishment of
a first-class high school in Lawrence for
which a new building is about to be er-
ected at an expense of \$35,000. It can nev-
er be said again with the least truth that
the University is a Lawrence school."

"The most important addition to the
faculty made recently is in the professor
of history and sociology, Frank W. Black-
mar, of Baltimore. President Gilman
and Prof. H. B. Adams of Johns Hopkins
university, recommended him to Prof.
Canfield in the very strongest terms, and
Prof. Canfield in turn presented his name
to the regent, saying that the recommen-
dation of the gentleman named was
enough for him. He is a Californian,
has done much important government
work and is in every way a most thorough
scholar. He is married, has two children,
is a Republican and a Methodist. He is
said to be a fine talker and writer."

"This change leaves Prof. Canfield the
chair he has long desired—American
History and Civics. This ought to be
clearly understood by all. Prof. Canfield
was asked to name particularly the work
which he would like to retain, and to
suggest any changes in the course that
should be made to harmonize the work
of the two new chairs that were to be
created. A special committee of the re-
gents went over the entire ground with
him, and together they elaborated the
plan which the board has just adopted.
Prof. Canfield's department will afford
most unusual facilities for original in-
vestigation, broad reading and independ-
ent thought. Two-thirds of the entire
instruction is given to American history.
The work includes the usual material
facts, elaborated, and adds extensive
readings, lectures and discussions in ear-
ly institutions, industrial growth, trans-
portation, public finance, diplomatic
history of constitutional interpretation,
the history of political parties, the rise
and fall of the slave power, educational
development, biography, local history,
and all other matters properly connected
with public and administrative life.
Hereafter any student may devote fifteen
hours a week for two consecutive years
to this broad and fascinating field. Add-
ed to this are special courses, in consti-
tutional law, in public finance and bank-
ing, international law and diplomacy,
and in local law and administration."

Success In Dairying.

Success in dairying does not so
much depend on the high prices of
butter and cheese as it does on
cheapening the production of feed.
A rich soil ordinarily produces large
crops; large crops provide for an in-
creased number of cows. An increased
number of well-kept cows furnish
the means to buy the nitrogenous
food to mix with the cheap food
produced on the farm, and thereby
make it profitable. It might as
well be admitted now that no man
is smart enough to make money
keeping a summer dairy on pasture
grass alone in summer, and mostly
meadow hay in winter. These meth-
ods belong to a past age and
cheap land, and are slowly passing
away, and the new and improved
system of dairying taking its
place, substituting intelligence in
place of ignorance, profit in place
of loss.—Howard's Dairyman.

It never injures trees or plants to cut
the dead limbs. If allowed to remain,
they cause other parts to decay, and in
time the whole tree or vine. Always
keep your fruit trees well pruned, and
see that the tops do not get too heavy.

Don't depend upon buying fruit to put
up. It is not an economical plan. Make
it a point to have on your own farm all
the different kinds and varieties of fruit.
In olden times, corn bread, pork and
beans, were considered sufficient for a
farmer's diet. But now he has come to
know the actual resources of the farm,
and by depriving his family of their ben-
edicts, he does wrong.

We are at a loss to understand why
the Lawrence TRIBUNE and some other
papers of the state, should continue their
weak and foolish flings at St. John. He
has done as much for the state as any
other one man, and his only fault in their
view of it, is his leaving the republican
party. If this was a crime it was one
that has been very common. In fact
most of those who are now leaders in the
party, have at one time or another bolted
and betrayed it. St. John will be all
right whenever he comes back.

The first marriage ceremony in Perry
was in 1867. The two souls made one on
that historic occasion were John Dunlap
and Miss Mary Lee. The ceremony was
performed by our esteemed citizen and
lumber dealer, N. J. Stark, then a justice
of the peace.

The rains have made them cinched
bugs this year for sure.

The June number of Lippincott's
Magazine contains the first of a se-
ries of papers of extraordinary inter-
est. These are nothing less than the
"Recollections of George W.
Childs," written from his own dicta-
tion by a personal friend. In the
present paper Mr. Childs gives a
sketch of his early life. This bit of
autobiography cannot fail to excite
the widest interest, portraying the
early struggles and ambitions of a
representative American who has
made his name famous throughout the
civilized world. To the youth of to-
day it points a shiny example. "I
owe my success," says Mr. Childs,
"to industry, temperance, and frugal-
ity." The sketch is characterized
by that modesty which belongs natu-
rally to the really great. This is especial-
ly in Mr. Childs' own story of his
wonderful business successes. Many
interesting, personal reminiscences
of great men, with whom Mr. Childs
has enjoyed intimacy, are given such
as Longfellow Irving, Motley, Tick-
nor, Hawthorne, Benton, Bancroft,
Lowell, and a host of others. In the
next paper Mr. Childs will give his
recollections of Gen. Grant; his long
and unbroken intimacy with this fa-
mous man will impart to the article
a peculiar interest.

Kansas will have plenty of peaches.
The question now is to the cream and
sugar.

Inventors are busy. The corn crop
will be harvested, stalks and leaves
shredded and stored, all by machin-
ery, and even barn chores will be per-
formed by the aid of automatic con-
trivances to a considerable extent.
Already horses are curried by machin-
ery, and a patent has been ap-
plied for on a device for cleaning sta-
bles. It is a great mistake to sup-
pose that with the universal use of
the mower, automatic binder and
tresher, the triumph of farm machin-
ery reached its climax. The tenden-
cy is towards greater capitalization of
farming, more expensive plants of
farm machinery and buildings, and
of course larger farms.

There is hardly an industry in the
country that is not threatened with a
trust. The advantages of this method
of manufacture are apparent, but to
the people the disadvantages are
more apparent. The stock of some
of these consolidations pays enormous
dividends—five to ten times ruling
interest. So long as this is true, the
"trust" will appear to the public to be
in the nature of extortion. The latest
effort to secure control of a wide-
spread industry is reported from
Florida, where a company has been
formed to consolidate the traffic in or-
anges. The proposition unites all
large shipping houses and buys up
the total orange crop. The advan-
tages offered to buyers of the fruit
are guarantee of rapid delivery in all
markets and a uniform quality of
fruit. From headquarters, at Sanford,
fast freight trains will be dispatched
to run by contract over all roads.
The consumption of tropical fruits
has grown to enormous proportions,
and the orange is quite as common in
families of our toilers as the apple.
The trust will probably give us better
fruit at the same prices.—St. Louis
Globe Democrat.

Fruits, grains, pork and beef will this
year tax the railroads leading out of
Kansas.

HEADACHE, fickle appetite, failure of
eyesight, tube casts in urine, frequent
desire to urinate, especially at night,
cramps in calf of legs, gradual loss
of flesh and dropsical swelling—any
one or more of the above disorders
are symptoms of advanced kidney dis-
ease or Bright's disease, and War-
ner's Safe Cure should be freely used
according to directions. Dr. Wm. H.
Thompson, of the City of New York,
says: "More adults are carried off in
this country by chronic kidney disease
than by any other one malady except
consumption. The late Dr. Dio
Lewis says, over his own signature,
in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure.
"If I found myself the victim of a
serious kidney trouble, I should use
your preparation."

PECULIAR METHODS.

The aphorism that "all is fair in
war," seems to be the guiding star of
those whose aim it is to attract the
reader's attention in the latter-day
newspapers.

In the strife which has followed,
the art of advertising has been greatly
changed from what it was a few years
ago. Formerly, the casual mention
of the merits of an article was all
that was necessary to attract atten-
tion; but when the advertising col-
umns of the papers became crowded,
the reader of the newspaper soon
realized that too much time would be
consumed in reading all of them, and,
as a result, those columns were often-
times skipped altogether.

It was then that advertising devel-
oped into a science—for the prepara-
tion of advertising matter which will
attract public attention is a task
which, nowadays, requires a degree
of tact and skill which not everyone
possesses. The modern advertiser,
aware of the public disposition to
hurriedly pass over the ordinary ad-
vertisements, has called to his assist-
ance all conceivable ingenious de-
vices of the printer's art which will
lead to render his advertisement at-
tractive to the reader.

Peculiar methods are often employ-
ed—as is usual in the case of the
extensive advertising which is done
in behalf of Warner's Safe Cure, the
noted discovery for all diseases
of the kidneys and disorders arising
therefrom.

What appears to the ordinary read-
er as an inviting article of current
news is discovered upon perusal to
be an interesting article which im-
presses the fact upon the reader's
mind that kidney disease is the
original cause of most lung, brain,
heart and nervous disorders and
that those disorders are not dis-
ease itself, but only symptoms of a
disease which can be successfully
treated by the use of Warner's Safe
Cure, which will remove the primary
cause and thereby restore other
affected organs to a vigorous and
healthy state.

In this instance, the advertiser, by
peculiar means, succeeds in attract-
ing the reader's attention and not
only is the name of the advertised
article impressed upon the mind,
but also the purposes for which its
use is adapted. Besides achieving
the advertiser's purpose, this method
of advertising is a means of plac-
ing much valuable information in
the hands of many who otherwise
would very probably remain ignorant
upon a subject of great importance.
Modern advertising has become a
profitable field of employment and
no large business house is longer
complete without a competent ad-
vertising bureau attached.

Starving Fruit Trees.

If any person were to chain an animal
to a stake in the field and leave it to shift
for itself, then to watch this animal un-
til it gets thin and decrepit from loss of
flesh and strength, it is quite probable
that the humane society would be after
him with properly deserved punishment.
Yet this is precisely what thousands of
farmers are doing with their fruit-
orchards, says Seed Time and Harvest.
Like the animal, the tree is chained to
one locality, and cannot go abroad for
food; but fortunately it has no sense of
suffering, or at least none that we can
appreciate. And yet even for a tree there
must be something akin to pain in the
process of slow starvation—the seeking
by exhausted rootlets of food that cannot
be found. It takes an enormous amount
of various manures to form fruit and
seeds. The heavy part of the tree may
mostly come from carbonic acid gas of
the atmosphere, but the stone fruits need,
a great deal of potash. Grapes and pears
require considerable amount of phos-
phates in addition. There is perhaps no
place on the farm where a good dressing
of manure will do greater good than in
an old apple orchard where the trees seem
to be running out.

Don't let the work drive you. Drive
the work. Keep the upper-hand of your
operations.

If you care to have a real nice lawn,
better buy a lawn mower. They cost from
six to ten dollars, but they are a neces-
sity if a good smooth lawn is wanted.

While it is very easy to undertake too
much work, and make a failure of all,
the raising of fruit should no more be
neglected than the raising of stock.
Both these branches are of great impor-
tance.

William Elliot Griffin, in his explana-
tion of the new constitutional govern-
ment of Japan, in the June Forum, tells
of the system of voting which leaves lit-
tle chance for fraud. Each voter must
write his own name and the name of the
candidate on the ballot, and stamp it
with his own seal.

Orchards, says the MARYLAND FARMER
generally produce full crops only every
other year. This is because the full crop
of one year so exhausts the fruit-producing
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the garden. One old hen in a garden,
will in two hours, destroy more than she
is worth, while in the orchard she pays
for her keeping every day, by destroying
bugs and insects.

Western Farm News.

Two gangs of Santa Fe murderers were captured in Colorado and Texas last week.

Monday, the 27th was Julia Ward Howe's 70th birth-day. Queen Victoria was 70 on the 25th inst.

Fanny Kemble, though 76, will soon publish a new novel, the scene is laid in the Berkshire Hills of Mass.

It will take three state officers to go to New York to select a depository for the state funds.

All railroads have made a one fare rate to the National Teachers' Association in Nashville in July.

H. W. Moore, and Mrs. Norton whose elopement and scandalous actions caused such a sensation in Topeka last season, have quarrelled and separated.

A little war cloud hangs over the seal fisheries near Alaska. Mr. Blaine is putting his foot down upon the British seal robbers.

Col. R. L. Walker was installed as United States Marshall, on Monday, in place of W. C. Jones, who retires to his home in Iowa.

The "co-operative maid" is a young woman who goes from house to house, dresses hair, mends stockings, brushes clothes, puts on buttons, etc., and charges each lady who desires her services \$2.00 per week. She has not yet appeared in North Topeka yet.

The most fizzled out party in the state is the one of which Rev. A. M. Richardson of Lawrence is both the head and the tail. A paper, whose chief aim seems to be to advertise some real estate speculation, claims to be the organ of the party, and to his other onerous duties the "Chairman" has become editor of the organ.

Watch the young colts to see that they do not scour and promptly give chalk mixture and lime water to correct acidity of the stomach, as to young children. Burnt flour and many other remedies are also used. If the colt is weak a little brandy or whiskey is good. An injection of warm water is better for constipation than oil; constant care must be taken to keep the bowels in condition. Do not let the colt suck while the mare is overheated; encourage the colt to eat by placing a small box of oats where it can eat. The colt should be haltered and gentled while small, and should be taught to lead by the side of the mare.

The Kansas Experiment Station made a number of trials to find out how much cultivation it is profitable to give corn. The plots "slightly" cultivated yielded at the rate of 38 bushels of sound corn; receiving "ordinary" cultivation yielded 48; those which received very shallow or surface cultivation yielded 45, and those which were "excessively" cultivated yielded 42 bushels.

Rarey, the great horse tamer, used to say repeatedly, at his exhibitions of his rare skill, that the horse is not naturally vicious, but becomes so in self-defense, when educated by vicious and brutal men. The secret of his wonderful power over animals was his firmness, fearlessness and kindness. He conquered the most vicious animals without a blow; and he used to say that a colt should be trained, but never "broken" to harness.

Just About the Size of It.

I see in a local paper that my young friend B has "accepted a position" with X & Co., a hardware firm doing business in a neighboring town. I also hear from a neighbor that D, another young friend, has "hired out" to a farmer in an adjoining township. I learn that E receives \$22 per month and boards himself, and D receives \$18 per month and board. B has "accepted a position," which fact is chronicled in the local papers, and commented upon by his friends who regard him as a lucky fellow with a brilliant future open to him. D has merely "hired out," which fact is not chronicled anywhere, or commented upon a dozen people, all told. No brilliant future is open to him; he is not a lucky fellow; he delves among the dirt. If he places \$100 in the bank at the end of eight months, and his wages are raised to \$20, nobody will make any fuss about it. If at the end of two years he has \$300 to his credit, he will be looked upon as a sober, steady hand. If B's salary is raised to \$30 at the end of eight months, congratulations will pour upon him. If at the end of two years he still retains his position, and is out of debt, he will be regarded as a very promising young business man and his salary may be increased to \$50, out of which he can, if economical, save \$10 per month.

Young man, if you want to be somebody go to town and "accept a position." If you want to lay up something for the future, go to the country and "hire out" — RURAL NEW YORKER.

The strongest argument in favor of pure bred stock is, that they have for years been selected for special purposes and in this direction their whole vital power is centered. The aimlessness of breeding in scrub stock is due to the fact that the breeder cares but little for superiority in the offspring.

Do not let the stock go hungry. It is the poorest economy to do so, especially with young stock. Nothing is easier than to stunt calves or colts by not giving them all the good feed that they should have.

If scrub stock is so low that it does not pay to raise it any more, try a better grade, and see if it will not be satisfactory.

To be a breeder of fine horses does not necessarily indicate that a man is a jockey or horse-race gambler. The best stock in the country is bred solely for farm use, and not to be brought on the turf.

Our idea of stock-raising on the farm is to breed the best of all kinds, and plenty of them; not too many, but only those which can properly be cared for and kept to a profit, the whole year round.

Give the hogs plenty of wood ashes and charcoal. Mix just a little salt in the ashes, so that they will eat them readily.

Always keep a large piece of rock salt in the pastures, where the cattle can get at it.

The crazy disease in hens is simply vertigo, caused by pressure of blood on the brain, and indicates that your hens are too fat, and that you should not feed so heavy. If hens are found dead under the roost, with no outward sign of disease, it is a form of apoplexy, due in the great majority of cases, to over-feeding.

Turkeys are fond of potato bugs, and if it becomes necessary to use Paris green in the potato patch, care should be taken to keep the turkeys out, for they will soon get enough poison to kill them.

A chicken hen is not fit to raise little turkeys. She does not understand their nature, and will trail them around in the wet, and before you know it half the brood will be dead. Neither will she allow them the proper advantage of wallowing in the dust or ashes, to rid themselves of lice. The turkey hen is the best mother.

Proper cultivation is now the subject of interest with farmers. Plow, hoe, rake, drag, harrow and roll, anything to produce the best results.

The ground should be cultivated after each rain. A light stirring prevents the ground from drying out, the loose dirt serving the purpose of a covering.

Weeds make excellent manure, if turned under while green. A rank growth indicates rich, fertile soil; but by cutting off a heavy growth of weeds each year, it can soon be run down. Turn the green weeds under, and let them rot in the ground.

Every weed that sprouts is one less to come up. If weeds are cut off and destroyed as fast as they come up, the supply of seed will in time be exhausted, and another year the land will not be hard to keep clean. It does not pay to let weeds go to seed if it can possibly be avoided.

It will soon be time for the white butterfly, the parent of the cabbage worm, to put in an appearance. If a careful look-out is kept when these butterflies first appear, and all of them destroyed—which is not half so difficult as may at first seem—a great saving in time and trouble, as well as of plants, will be made.

The proper cultivation of onions has not received much attention from the preachers of agriculture. In some localities the onion crop is an important one, with sales amounting to thousands of dollars. They need but little cultivation, an inch depth being all that is advisable.

Red sod land requires frequent pulverizing. All extra work put thereon will prove a profitable investment. Re-harrowing and cross-plowing are sometimes necessary.

Farming is a science, and there are many new things yet to learn. The best and cheapest way of learning these things is by careful study—not sad experience.

Keep the hens in good condition, but not too fat. A fat hen is very poor property, so far as laying qualities are concerned. The pot is the place for her.

Do not make a practice of bringing strange fowls into your flock. By so doing you may bring lice, cholera, and often occasion the most fatal results. A much better plan is, after you once secure a good brood, to select the best hens and cockerels from your own breeding; for you cannot run the risk of getting diseased fowls, even though the stock be a trifle better.

William Elliot Griffiths, in his explanation of the new constitutional government of Japan, in the June Forum, tells of the system of voting which leaves little chance for fraud. Each voter must write his own name and the name of the candidate on the ballot, and stamp it with his own seal.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Dr. Carter pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment; Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucus surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, EDITOR.

Plant currants. They are hardy, the fruit is one of the healthiest, they bear early and regularly and are in every way satisfactory.

Although Eastern farmers complain that prices of apples are too low for profit, the keeper of a fruit stand in Boston pays \$5.50 per barrel for first quality Northern Spy apples, and retails them at forty cents per dozen for the best and largest and thirty cents for the second size.

The California FRUIT GROWER says the process of sulphuring fruit does not bleach it, as many people may suppose. It is no whiter, perhaps not so white, as when it went in, but the subjecting it to the fumes of sulphur while freshly cut, checks decomposition and prevents the fruit from oxidizing or turning black by exposure to the air, which it does in a short time if not sulphured.

C. A. Green says: "For a single hit-or-fit variety, that does well almost anywhere, plant the Snyder blackberry, Tyler raspberry, Crescent strawberry, Worden grape, Wealthy Winter apple, Astrachan Summer apple, Crawford peach, Bartlett pear, Lombard plum, Richmond cherry and Orange quince. There are many varieties preferable to the above for many localities, but for the country over it is a safe list."

Orchards, says the MARYLAND FARMER generally produce full crops only every other year. This is because the full crop of one year so exhausts the fruit-producing qualities of the soil that it is not able to produce a free crop the next year. Give it a good supply of the proper kind of manure, and then make up for the loss of the fruit-producing qualities of the soil, and you may expect good crops every year, provided you treat your trees properly in other respects.

The orchard is the place for fowls;—not the garden. One old hen in a garden, will in two hours, destroy more than she is worth, while in the orchard she pays for her keeping every day, by destroying bugs and insects.

President Harrison and family spent Sunday on a steamer down the Potomac.

When the Lawrence TRIBUNE advertises Northern Grown Garden Seeds at this time of year, it is quite proper to turn the advt. upside down.

Another new occupation for a woman is that of superintendent of a visiting list. She always arranges in alphabetical order, with marginal notes of "at home" days.

Some persons are trying to buy John Brown's rifle for \$250, now owned by Jason Brown, a son, in California, the rifle to be stowed away as a Kansas relic. We would say it is paying too dear for the whistle.

A woman has been licensed to preach in the M. E. church (south) of Arkansas. This is the first instance recorded, and despite the boasted liberality of the north, there is but one licensed woman preacher in the M. E. church (north). This is Miss R. H. Delevan of Middletown Springs, Vt. She has been doing acceptable work for the past eighteen months.

The Best Places.

The young man who has been educated to think carefully and conscientiously is ten years ahead of him whose education has been superficial and covering too much ground. The average college graduate, trained to literature, must first unlearn many things before he can cope with mechanical art. Yet in mechanical science and art lies the path toward a competency, if not wealth. Of the seventy-two wealthiest men of the day in the United States, nearly all started in life poor, and nearly all of them have made their money outside the learned professions, or, in other words, in manufactures and trade. High education and careful training to thought are now found to be surer means to fortune in agricultural pursuits than ever before, and those who have made large success have been men with mental facilities early trained, or who have so trained themselves.

The boy on the farm naturally is dazzled with the glitter of city life. His ambition is to excel in some pursuit in one of the great cities. The law and medicine naturally attract him, but ninety times out of one hundred he lies at length stranded on the shores of adversity. The farmer's boy, with his fine physical constitution, health standing out in every motion, has immense advantage over the city-bred boy, both being alike studious. It is from the brawn of the country that cities get their best men. But the farmer's boy yearning for city life should not make the mistake in supposing that the learned professions are where lie success. It lies rather in technical art—the production of some handicraft that every one must buy. The farm cannot absorb the lives of all farmers' families. Happy those children that it does! The farms must recruit city life, but let it be done rather in the domain of productive industry than in the soft-handed professions.—PRAIRIE FARMER.

Early cabbages are made to head earlier by the London gardeners, by tying up the loose leaves over the head just as it begins to form; it is said to hasten their maturity nearly two weeks. Try it, ye Arlington men!

Western Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS.

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Millers and Grain Merchants.

Manufacturers of the following celebrated brands of Flour: WHITE LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

Starving Fruit Trees.

If any person were to chain an animal to a stake in the field and leave it to shift for itself, then to watch this animal until it gets thin and decrepit from loss of flesh and strength, it is quite probable that the humane society would be after him with properly deserved punishment. Yet this is precisely what thousands of farmers are doing with their fruit-orchards, says Seed Time and Harvest. Like the animal, the tree is chained to one locality, and cannot go abroad for food; but fortunately it has no sense of suffering, or at least none that we can appreciate. And yet even for a tree there must be something akin to pain in the process of slow starvation—the seeking by exhausted rootlets of food that cannot be found. It takes an enormous amount of various manures to form fruit and seeds. The leafy part of the tree may mostly come from carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere, but the stone fruits need a great deal of potash. Grapes and pears require considerable amount of phosphates in addition. There is perhaps no place on the farm where a good dressing of manure will do greater good than in an old apple orchard where the trees seem to be running out.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June 1889.

A story of thrilling interest to all classes of readers, and constituting one of the most important contributions to our national history that has ever appeared in a magazine, is Colonel Richard J. Hinton's account of "John Brown and his Men, before and after the Raid on Harper's Ferry," in the June number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, just out. The value of this notable paper is enhanced by the illustrations which accompany it, including portraits of Owen Brown, Richard Realf, and others, together reproductions of the only existing contemporaneous pictures of the scenes of Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, where John Brown was tried and executed. A dramatic account of the great Farnell-Times Commission, by Richard B. Kimball, LL.D., profusely illustrated, is another feature of this number. Amongst other illustrated articles may be specially mentioned Noel Ruthven's "Up and Down the Famous Saguenay," A. L. Rawson's "Coats in Old Cairo, Egypt," W. A. Croft's "Historic Houses in Washington," and Joel Benton's charming essay on chimneys and fire places, which he fancifully calls "A Picturesque Outline." FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY has steadily increased in merit as it has flourished in prosperity; and its readers now enjoy about double the amount the reading and pictures furnished by any other monthly magazine.

Perry was surveyed and platted by the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company in 1865.

It is poor policy to keep laying hens cooped up in small pens, with but enough room to turn in; but this is often done.

If you care to have a real nice lawn, better buy a lawn mower. They cost from six to ten dollars, but they are a necessity if a good smooth lawn is wanted.

The first store was opened at Perry in 1865, by G. W. Carson & Bro. It occupied what is now the center of the street north of the depot. The next to locate at Perry was Josiah Terrell and family; and the third building erected was the Perry Hotel, in 1866.

Eddie Richard was the first child born in Perry. The event occurred in 1866. The first death occurred during the same year, and was that of the young child of M. F. Garrett.

Kansas will have plenty of peaches. The question now is to the cream and sugar.

A number of sugar factories will be started in Kansas this year, and the sugar product be many times greater than it was last year in that state.

A Connecticut grange insurance company has \$800,000 worth of farm property insured, and but seven and a half per cent. of this is mortgaged.

Be careful about drinking too much water in hot weather. A mixture of oatmeal and water makes an excellent and healthy drink. A little ginger and molasses also are good for those that like them.

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Under care of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for Girls and Young Ladies Exclusively.

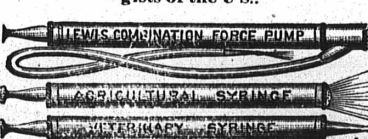
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FOR SPRAYING FRUIT TREES THE LEWIS PUMP IS THE BEST.

Will Thoroughly Spray a Orchard Per Day. It is Endorsed by the Leading Entomologists of the U. S.



It makes 5 complete polished brass machines (see cut). To introduce, I will send a sample pump, express paid, for \$5.50, and will also give a valuable illustrated book (just published) containing the latest and best receipts for destroying insects of all kinds, to each purchaser of a pump. The receipts alone are well worth \$5.50. Pump will throw water 50 to 60 feet. My agents are making \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day. They sell rapidly. Send for illustrated catalogue, price list and terms. GOODS GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED OR MONEY REFUNDED. Address P. C. LEWIS, LOCK BOX 1, CATSKILL, N. Y.

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\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main Street, Richmond, Va. N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. B. F. J. & Co.

Hakha V. Espanol? Parlate Italiano? Parlez-Vous Francais? Sprechen Sie Deutsche?

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Speakers: Copy, Spanish, French, German or Italian, 25 cents.

All subscribers—\$5.00 for each language—become actual pupils of Dr. Rosenthal, who corrects all exercises, and corresponds with them in regard to any difficulties which may occur.

LATIN, PART I, JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE 50 cents

It is invaluable to all who desire to read Latin, and especially valuable for young men preparing for college.

MEISTERSHAFT PUB. CO., Herald Building, Boston, Mass.

Civil engineer Giles is laying out the Topeka, Westmoreland and Marysville road. This is to be successor of the "North Topeka, Silver Lake and Rossville Rapid Transit Company," a name so heavy that the road could not carry it.

THE ONE WHO GOES.

It is always the one who goes,
We feel, in our heart, was the best,
He was always tender and kind,
And never like the rest.

And yet, if that one had lived,
And took up the burden of life,
Of turmoil and of care,
In the world's great ceaseless strife,

We might have thought him vain,
And worldly-wise, you know,
Not better than our flitting Bess
Or fiery tempered Joe.

If Kate should die to-day, I'm sure
We would overlook her pride,
And selfish Tom would seem as dear,
As the boy or girl, who died.
—Erminie C. Stray, Yankee Blade.

"POETRY DAN"

BY S. D. BARNES.

My dear sir—did you hear, sir? The
Injuns are makin' preparations fer
takin' the scalps of old chaps that fall
in their traps."

I reined up my horse sharply, and
surveyed the speaker with consider-
able surprise. For ten years I had
been tolerably well acquainted with
the various types of frontiersmen to
be met with on the prairie; broad-brim-
med sombreros and buckskin suits
were no novelties to me; neither were
long-haired plainsmen; but there was
something about this specimen that
struck my fancy as peculiar. Accord-
ingly, I favored him with a comprehen-
sive stare.

"Survey me with care, from my toes
to my hair," he remarked mildly.
"Let no bashfulness cause hesitation.
I'm Poetry Dan, and I'll kick the first
man that kicks at my versification.
My rhymes may appear to your uncultured
ear, to be lackin' in music and metre,
but don't you refuse ter brag on
my muse—unless that ye have one
that'll beat her."

There was not a twinkle in the cold
gray eye—not a shadow of a smile
about the bearded lip, to indicate any
attempt at facetiousness on the part
of the speaker. He sat squarely in his
saddle, directly before me, our horses'
noses almost touching, and spoke easily
and fluently, emphasizing his speech
with graceful gestures.

"Yer hoss is wet with foam an'
sweat. You've travelled in a hurry,
an' trouble's trace is in yer face—say,
stranger, what's yer worry? Perhaps
the poet of the plains can give yer aid
and succor. So tell yer sorrows an'
yer pains to Dan—but not Dan Tucker."

As it happened, I was ready and
willing to comply with his kind re-
quest. I was indeed in a "peck of
trouble," and an offer of aid from any
source was not to be despised or re-
fused.

The case was this: I was en route
from Fort Sill, in the Indian Territory,
to the scattering settlements on the
head of the Red river in New Mexico,
and, although I had started alone,
was now traveling in company with a
family of emigrants whom I had over-
taken on the eastern line of the Texas
"Panhandle."

For the last three days we had jogged
along together, making as good speed
as possible and keeping an eye open
for the wandering bands of Indians
that infested this region, and were li-
able to cut our journey short at any
moment; but so far we had been sin-
gularly lucky, inasmuch as not a single
redskin had appeared on the scene.

On the day of my encounter with
Poetry Dan our first bad luck had be-
fallen us. We had halted to eat din-
ner in the outskirts of a little grove.
Our horses were turned loose to fill
their lank sides on the luxuriant grass.
A fire was built and coffee boiled, and
our little party had drawn around the
frugal repast, when it was suddenly
discovered that one of the number was
missing. Little Rose—the youngest of
four children, and my especial pet—
had disappeared.

Thinking she had merely wandered
a few rods from the camp, we called
her, but failed to receive an answer.
Separating, we scoured the forest and
prairie for a half a mile around, but
found no trace of the missing child;
poor little Rose had mysteriously
vanished, and, though I had been rid-
ing hither and thither for the past four
hours in every direction in which
there was any possibility of her stray-
ing, all my search had been in vain.

I related all this to the personage
who had introduced himself as Poetry
Dan, and could see by the expression
of his face and a suspicion of moisture
in his eyes, that he felt a sympathetic
interest in the fate of the lost child.

"The maid was fair as the birds of
the air," he commented, as I finished
my relation; "an' gay as the flowers of
the plain, but she wandered away in
the broad light of day, an' her ma
couldn't find her again. She never got
drowned, for thar wa'n't any water.
She never flew off, for wings she had
none. She was cotech by the Injuns—
yes, pore little daughter—she was
nabbed by some ugly, red son of a
gun."

I listened with sad apprehensions to
this conclusion, coinciding as it did
with my belief. Unless some skulking
marauder had stolen the child, there
was no possible way of accounting for
her disappearance.

Poetry Dan, with an air of sudden
resolution, glanced at the fast waning
sun, and drew his sombrero down more
firmly over his eyes.

"Yer say yer stopped ter rest, with
the prairie on the west, while eastward
lay the forest's pleasant shade? Why,
a fool who had the brains ter run for
shelter when it rains, ought ter know
jest whar ter find the little maid."

He pulled his horse sharply around,
and, with a gesture indicating that I

should follow, dashed away to the east-
ward, reeling off rhyme after rhyme
in his quaint manner, keeping time to
the music of his horse's feet with an
interminable poetical peroration, partly
addressed to me, and partly to him-
self.

"Come on, if yer gritty, for Poetry
Dan never rides by the side of a cow-
ardly man. A chap can lack sand an'
still shine as a beau, but out in the
west, it takes courage to go; an' we'll
find, I'm a-thinkin', by dark or before,
a use for our courage, and twice as
much more. Law me, won't old Feath-
erfoot open his eyes, an' grin with old
fashioned Comanche surprise, when he
sees us ride up like a whirlwind of
snakes, an' ransack his camp in a
couple of shakes? It riles me ter
think of that little lost kitten—get
along, yer old critter; git down ter yer
knittin'—ther pore little angel, all sad
an' alone; why, I couldn't feel wuss if
the gal was my own. But I tell ye,
young feller, we'll find her again, or
kill every Injun that runs on the
plain."

As near as I could learn from the
old fellow's broken sentences, which
seemed jumbled together more with an
eye to metre than coherence, Poetry
Dan had conceived and contemplated
executing a scheme, that was alike re-
markable for its wildness, and appar-
ent impracticability.

Some five miles eastward, and hid-
den in the recesses of a range of cedar-
clad hills, now plainly visible, lay the
temporary camp of a migratory band
of Indians, headed by the well-known
chief, Featherfoot, whose hatred of the
whites had long been notorious. To
this camp the plainsman believed the
lost child had been conveyed, and there
we were to search for her, not cautiously
and stealthily, as I had thought
to suggest, but with a bold effrontery,
which, in this case, seemed like court-
ing destruction.

However, as I could not draw back
from the quest without showing the
white feather, and was, beside, willing
to run almost any risks to restore the
missing child to its distracted mother,
I determined to see the adventure
through to the end. In a few minutes,
as it seemed to me, our horses' ironclad
hoofs were striking fire from the rocky
soil of the hills, and we allowed our
animals to slacken their gait.

"Now we've struck the sand an'
gravel, curb yer hoss ter slower travel.
Speed no longer can avail; courage
now must tell the tale."

"There is a great deal of danger," I
ventured to suggest.

The border poet turned his face to-
ward me with a sad smile that made
his harsh, rugged features, almost
handsome.

"Why should we hesitate because,
perchance, death lies in wait to hinder
our advance? Is life so sweet that
men, through fear, should fail to
follow on where duty marks the
trail?"

He rode up the narrow defile,
with his head bowed in meditation,
and I followed silently at his heels.

Suddenly he reined up beside a
cluster of stunted cedars, and dis-
mounted, thrust his long barreled rifle
into the shrubbery out of sight,
and motioned me to follow his ex-
ample.

"Lay her in the shade, partner; lay
her in the shade," sang the scout as he
noted my momentary hesitation.
"We'll find 'em when we want 'em,
so don't yer be afraid. Fire arms will
not save ye if any kick is made, so risk
yer cheek ter take yer through, an'
lay her in the shade!"

I complied, with a feeling of wonder
as to what was coming next.

Poetry Dan did not keep me long in
suspense. Rummaging in his saddle
bags he produced a couple of long
white garments, one of which he hand-
ed to me, donning the other himself.
In an instant his identity was entirely
hidden, for the peaked head covering,
and ghostly white mask with its long,
flowing sepulchral gown, concealed his
clothing down to the tops of his
Mexican riding boots, and the effect of
the transformation was quite astound-
ing, reminding me strongly of a
picture I had once seen wherein the
ghost of a murdered knight rode home
from the wars, in spectral garb to
meet his love at the old trysting
tree.

"Inter yer rig, for the sun swings
low, an' danger is near at hand. Fear-
lessly ride close at my side; do as I
tell yer, an' follow my guide, an' sure
as shootin' the fust yer know—"

He halted, and held up his hand for
silence, for a sudden sharp turn in the
ravine had revealed the Indian camp
before us. Merely a dozen or so, wig-
wams of rawhides, around which a
score of redskins—men and squaws—
were loitering. Quite a picture of
wild home life, this little colony
of red men nestled down in this
sheltered spot in peaceful security; but
somehow I could not help being re-
minded of a cozy hornets' nest, serenely
swinging in the wind with its myri-
ads of inmates ready to pour forth in
angry resistance to the innocent inves-
igator's footsteps; and, even as the
thought crossed my brain, I could see
the quiet little village suddenly thrown
into a feverish commotion by our un-
expected appearance.

"They see us, an' know that it's
Poetry Dan, for yer see I'm a well-
known an' popular man. From Mexi-
can Gulf ter Canadian line, every red-
skin is onter this riggin' of mine; an'
if yer'll take notice, yer'll easily see
that the chief is quite anxious ter
stand in with me."

He spurred his horse to a trot, and
bending over, gave his final instruc-
tions.

I was merely to ride by his side,
concealing as far as possible, any trace
of uneasiness or fear, and to keep up,

while in the presence of the Indians,
an unremitting flow of words—poems,
patriotic speeches, anything, in fact,
would do—so that it was delivered in a
solemn and impressive manner; the
object in view being to confuse the In-
dians with a display of eloquence that
they could not understand.

It was a strange programme, and
one that was hardly liable to succeed.
However, the time to hesitate had
passed. No course remained but to
obey the whim of my strange asso-
ciate, and therefore I crowded boldly
forward, reciting with owlish solemn-
ity the first thing that came into my
brain, which, as it chanced, was Ten-
nyson's "Charge of the Three Hun-
dred."

"Into the valley of death,"
Somehow the words had never con-
veyed one-quarter as much meaning to
me, and I know that I spoke the thrill-
ing lines with the proper emphasis and
feeling, but ringing clear above my
feeble voice sounded the clarion voice
of Poetry Dan, as he rode straight as a
stroke of fate at the principal lodge of
the village.

"The mantle of night settles fast
o'er the plain, an' the thick heavy
clouds rear their heads in the west;
but darker with sorrow and blacker
with pain, is the dark cloud of woe
that has shrouded my breast. Harken,
men of the prairies; the Great Spirit
frowns, his anger is hot an' his ven-
geance is nigh; back, back to your
wigwams, yer cowardly hounds, squaws,
child-stealers, murders; let me pass
by!"

Poetry Dan had sprung from his
steed and, as he hurled his denunciations
at the wonderstricken savages, he
elbowed his way to the door of the
medicine lodge where his knowledge
of Indian customs taught him that the
stolen child would be found, if, indeed,
present in the village. A tall, power-
ful Comanche, wearing the eagle
feathers of a chief, stood barring the
doorway, but the scout brushed him
aside with a contemptuous dash of his
long arm, and disappeared within, just
as I reached the last line of Lord Ten-
nyson's masterpiece, and switched off
without break, upon the beginning of
Lochiel's Warning."

"Lochiel! Lochiel! Beware of the day."

How impressively I waved my white
clad arms, and with what strenuous
sincerity lingered on the last syllable of
"Beware." Never was an orator more
bent on pleasing his audience; and
never did a congregation give a
speaker more, respectful attention.
Again the buffalo robe that hung at
the entrance of the medicine lodge was
dashed aside, and Poetry Dan ap-
peared. My heart thrilled with sudden
joy, for closely held in the borderer's
arm was poor little lost Rose, alive and
apparently uninjured, but screaming
with fright at her strange surroundings.

"There's blood in the air, an' there's
blood in the sky; there's blood on the
moon, an' blood in my eye; an' a whirl-
wind of woe, an' destruction, an' wrath,
shall descend on the Injun that hinders
my path."

I could detect a jubilant ring in the
old man's voice, but the Comanches
shrank back like whipped children un-
der his fierce oratory. He tossed the
screaming child into my arm, and
waved his hand toward the road we had
just travelled, and I turned and dashed
the spurs deep in my horse's flank. A
dark-browed, villainous redskin made
an involuntary motion to catch my
bridle rein, but as I lifted my clenched
hand to emphasize the "canny Scot's"
dastardly "false wizard, avaunt!" the
warrior's brown skinny claw dropped
harmlessly to his side and I rode forth
unmolested.

At the angle in the ravine, I glanced
back and saw the border poet still
standing by his horse's side, surround-
ed by the mystified Comanches, and
could tell by his wild gesticulations that
he was still "reeling off" his everlasting
rhymes with an easy volubility
worthy of a minstrel of old, and was no
doubt, favoring his hearers with a
change of metre at the end of every
fourth sentence. With a few reassur-
ing words to the still frightened child,
I crowded my tired steed to the ex-
treme limit of his endurance, barely
pausing at the clump of stunted cedars
to leave my borrowed disguise and re-
gain my rifle, and just as the full moon
was mid-way in the starry canopy of
night, little Rose was safe once more
in her mother's arms.

That night we made a forced march,
pressing onward through the long hours
of darkness, and early the next day
were delighted to fall in with a party
of rangers that had been sent out to
obtain information of the movements
of Featherfoot and his band. Upon
hearing my story they continued on to-
ward the scene of my late adventure,
leaving us to proceed on our journey in
comparative safety.

I never afterward met with the hero
of this sketch, but after the lapse of
some years, I heard of his tragic death.
Wandering northward into the wilds of
Colorado, he encountered and conquer-
ed many difficulties, finally dying from
the effects of his wound received in a
conflict with an enormous grizzly. So
badly disabled that he could not reach
his camp, he lay by the body of the
giant bear, during one of the coldest of
winter nights, and was discovered the
next day by a party of sportsmen,
calmly declaiming on the hardships of
his condition, and defying death in the
purest of lambic pentameter.

He survived his injuries but a few
days, although attended by the best
obtainable medical talent, and above
his lonely grave in the mountain glen
some admiring friend has erected a
slab with this inscription, carved in
rough letters:

"POETRY DAN
was a skwar up man."

—Yankee Blade.

A MIDNIGHT DUEL.

On the Top of the Blue Ridge—
A Romantic Story of the Late
War.

"There is no doubt," said an old
soldier yesterday, "that singular
things occur as we journey through
life," and he looked as though memory
was struggling with some sad feature
of his existence. He sighed as he con-
tinued: "I remember as though it
was yesterday, the march of Hill's
corps along the winding Shenandoah
up to the famous Luray gap. Who
could ever forget that march? The
road winding with the beautiful river,
and overhung with a majestic chain of
Blue Ridge Mountains, while across the
crystal water the magnificent valley,
with its charming cottages dotting the
bounteous land with white-like balls of
snow robed in flowers. But the most
engaging and lovely objects paled into
insignificance beside the peerless wo-
men of this blessed country, and you
may well believe that when the camp
was struck the soldiers lost no time in
making their way to the surrounding
cottages. Soon the music of the violin
was heard and the shuffling feet kept
time to the music, while, for a
time, the soldier's face was
lit with old-time joy. At one of
these cottages the belle of the valley
reigned supreme, while several south-
ern soldiers vied with each other in
paying homage to the queen. Among
others were two young soldiers—one
from Georgia and the other from
Mississippi—who were specially ener-
getic in their attentions, and so marked
had this become that those present
watched the play with constantly in-
creasing interest, fully believing that
both exhibited a case of love at first
sight. This surmise on the part of
those present was only too true, as
the tragic event which followed fully
proved. The Georgian seemed to have
the lead on the Mississippian, and
when the dancers were called to take
their places, he led the belle of the
valley to a place in the set. At this
point the Mississippian was seen to ap-
proach the couple and heard to claim
the lady's hand for the dance. An
altercation ensued, but both were cool,
brave soldiers—two of the best shots
in the army—who did not believe in a
war of words. So it was ended by the
Georgian dancing with the lady and the
significant remark of the Mississippian
that 'I will see you after this set.'

"When the dance was over the
Georgian was seen to seek the Missis-
sippian, and together they called each a
friend from the crowd and departed.
When outside both claimed that an in-
sult had been passed which could only
be wiped out in the blood of the other,
and that a duel to the death should be
arranged at once. A full moon was
just appearing above the tops of the
surrounding forest, and I tell you this
talk of blood in the silence of night was
anything but pleasant. No argument,
however, would avail with these men,
so it was arranged that the duel should
take place on top of Blue Ridge, near
the center of the road that passes
through the gap; that the weapons
should be pistols at fifteen paces, and
to fire between the words, 'one, two,
three,' firing to continue until one or
both were dead.

"The point was reached, the ground
measured off, and the men took their
positions without a tremor. The moon
shed its pale light on a scene never to
be forgotten. A moment or two, and
the silence was broken by the signal
"One, two, three." At the word "one"
the report of two pistols rang out on
the midnight air, but the principals
maintained their respective positions.
The Georgian's left arm was seen to
drop closer to his side, but the Missis-
sippian still held his position, but he
did not fire. The Georgian protested
that he had not come there to murder
him, but no answer was returned.
The Mississippian's second approached
his principal and found him dead, shot
through the eye on the first discharge
of the weapon. Death, it seems, had
been instantaneous, so much so as not
even to disturb his equilibrium. I may
forget some things, but the midnight
duel on the top of a spur of the Blue
Ridge, with its attendant circumstances,
is not one of them.—Detroit Free
Press.

Got What He Was After.

A young gentleman is discovered
surrounded by friends, who are jesting
with him regarding his attention to a
certain young lady:

Young Gentleman—"Boys, I'll tell
you how it is. You see I care nothing
for the girl—it is the old man's pocket
book I am after."

Chorus of Friends—"Ha! Ha!"

Second scene—a parlor. Time, 11
P. M.—Young lady seated. Young
gentleman rises to depart, hesitates,
as if bashful, and then slowly re-
marks:

Young Gentleman—"Miss Matilda,
excuse me, but you must be aware
that my frequent visits, my attentions,
cannot have been without an object."

Young lady—"Ah, yes, as I have
heard, and shall be only too happy to
grant what you desire." (Takes from
the table a paper parcel, and unfolding
it, displays a large, old-fashioned and
empty morocco pocket book.) "This,
I have been informed, is that object.
Permit me to present it to you, and
congratulate you that you will in fu-
ture have no occasion to renew these
visits and attentions."—Yankee Blade.

Proof Positive.

Tom—I am quite certain Mr. Smythe
is a foreign nobleman in disguise.
Jack—How do you know?
Tom—He has such a dignified way
of asking you to loan him \$10.—Chi-
cago Journal.

WINGED MISSILES.

J. M. Neal, of Calhoun, Ga., killed five
turkeys at one shot.

An old negro woman of Augusta, Ga., set
fire to her house to "drive the witches
out."

Chicken thieves of Cora, Rockdale
county, Georgia, stole 500 chickens in one
night.

Vermont has had a run of sleighing last-
ing 127 days, and she asks some other state
to match it.

English army authorities are considering
a project for enlisting young boys and let-
ting them grow up into soldiers.

The present system of flat buildings,
which has become so popular of late, was
known in ancient Tyre many centuries be-
fore our present era.

Charles Sampsel's pet bear at Williams-
port swallowed a silver box full of finecut
the other day, and has been spitting tobacco
juice, with a saddened visage, ever since.

Oklahoma may now be a new Jerusa-
lem. So was Dakota. The people who now
want balloons to get into the reservation
may want wings to fly out with before they
are three years older.

Mysterious footfalls and door-slams at
night have driven a freshly wedded pair
from a house at Cedar Hill, Berks county,
Pennsylvania, and even the dogs quit the
premises at sundown.

The British divorce returns for thirty
years, ended in 1857, show that there were
10,561 petitions for divorce or dissolution of
marriage, of which 7,321 were successful.
The increase since 1831 is gradual.

William H. Harrison, a Haddonfield, N.
J., grocer, dreamed a night or two ago that
money was concealed in an ancient house
near his store. He investigated and found
\$1.50 in continental currency back of an old
mantelpiece.

Superintendent Ireland says that while
some of the vicious dogs in the Philadel-
phia Kennel Club shows were ugly when
men attempted to pat them, the touch of a
woman's hand was welcomed by the most
savage brute.

Such a thing as bringing a libel suit
against a newspaper has not been known in
Italy for fifty years. The belief is that a
newspaper seeks to tell the truth. If it is
mistaken a frank statement to that effect
satisfies the Italian.

In the town of Bessbrook, Ireland, where
John G. Richardson employs 3,000 people in
the manufacture of Irish linen, no liquor
has been sold for forty years, and as a re-
sult there is neither policeman, prison,
pawshop nor pauper in the town.

A fifteen-inch trout took two falls out of
Dr. E. K. Baker, a Williamsport angler,
who was standing on a mossy and rather
slippery stone. The first fall snapped his
suspenders and the second laid him flat
upon his back. But he got the trout.

Some 250 residents of the town of Somer-
ville, Mass., are petitioning the railroad
commissioners to have the blowing of loco-
motive whistles at various crossings stop-
ped. The railroad is willing, but under the
law has no authority to take the initiative.

In a late election at Albany the police
commissioners favored one candidate, the
superintendent another, and the patrolmen
turned out and electioneered and knocked
down and got as drunk as anybody. It
worked the complete demoralization of the
force.

The old Ambigu Theatre in Paris, an his-
torical home of the melodrama, is about to
be pulled down. It was first a sort of vari-
ety theatre in 1769, and was afterward given
up to the performance of children. It
has been devoted to the melodrama for a
century.

What is called "the very giddy lamp"
is reported to have been observed in the
boudoir of a young woman of unquestio-
nable station. The supports are the "grotes-
quely elongated legs of a pink-stockinged
ballet girl," the outspreading skirts form-
ing the shade.

The ups and downs of mining life are
well illustrated by the career of Jean Du-
vovl, a well-known character of Sonora,
Cal. In 1884 he made over a million dollars
by a lucky speculation. Duvovl then went
to San Francisco an investor in stocks.
To-day he is penniless.

A Port Huron barber has found great
profit in the pigs in clover puzzle, as it helps
him hold customers who claim they can't
await their turn. "Just try that," he says,
soothingly, thrusting the puzzle into their
hands, and when he gets ready to shave 'em
they're in the shop yet you bet.

Twelve married women of Buffalo, N. Y.,
have hired the Music Hall bowling alleys
for practice every Tuesday afternoon. The
two that make the highest score are en-
titled to choose sides for the next meeting,
and there is always a keen rivalry for the
honor. The beaten side "sets up" the
supper.

In 1885 Mr. Hertz put his name down as
a subscriber for an etching of Munkacsy's
"Christ on Calvary." It was not ready
until 1888, and he refused payment on the
ground that it had taken too long and was
sued. The experts called in the case testi-
fied that, considering the size and delicacy
of the work, three years was not an excess-
ive time for its production. Mr. Hertz had
to pay.

John Galler, an Ellensburg, W. T., farm-
er, has just lost a fine peach orchard and
vineyard, both of which bade fair to yield
an unusually fine crop this year. A flume
broke on the hill above his house during the
night, and a part of his farm was covered
several feet deep with debris. When he
went out to look at his orchard in the morn-
ing all that he could find of the trees was a
top limb here and there sticking out of the
sand.

Herman Oehlrichs, the popular New
Yorker, has introduced a new idea in din-
ners. He lost a dinner on a wager with
some friends the other day, and had the op-
tion of saying where it should take place.
As Mr. Oehlrichs was to sail for Europe on
the day preceding the dinner, he sent each
one of his guests a chart of the Atlantic
ocean and invited them to meet him on a
spot designated in the vessel's course. A
more substantial banquet will follow upon
his return.

ONE OF THE SEVEN AGES.

At first, the infant, Mewling and pewking in the nurse's arms. [As You Like It.]

It has been computed that between thirty-six and thirty-seven millions of babies are born into the world each year. The rate of production is therefore about seventy a minute, or rather more than one for every beat of the clock. With the one-a-minute calculation every reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. And it will probably, therefore, startle a good many persons to find on the authority of a writer in the Hospital that could the infants of a single year be ranged in line in cradles seven deep they would go round the globe. We have the ingenious conclusion also that supposing the little ones to grow up and the sexes to be about equally divided, we should have an army a hundred times as large as the forces of the British empire, with a wife in addition to every soldier. The same writer looks at the matter in a still more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's charge one by one, and the procession being kept up continuously night and day until the last-comer in the twelve-month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate of speed is allowed, but even with these babies-in-arms going past twenty a minute, the reviewing officer would only have seen a sixth part of the infantile host file onwards by the time he had been a year at his post. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the work began would be able to toddle onward itself when a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the saluting-post; and when the year's supply of babies was tapering to a close, there would be a rear-guard not of infants but of romping boys and girls. They would have passed, in fact, out of the maternal arms into the hands of the school teacher. Every moment of nearly seven years would be required to complete this grand parade of those little ones that in the course of a twelvemonth begin to play their part in the first age of man.

It is a part this for which the infants are very unequally equipped. There are natural or physical differences to begin with. Some infants are plump and vigorous, and call for very little attention to insure healthy development; others are so weak that the most assiduous watchfulness is needed to keep the flickering sign of life they possess from dying out. Some find their way into homes where the only risk is that they will be spoiled from excess of love and tenderness; and others see the light in places with little else in their favor than the share of vitality, be it much or little, with which they are individually endowed. In all our towns every day sees children born into the lap of luxury, and others ushered alas! into existence amidst misery and want. This is a view of the case which has not escaped the survey of our essayist in the Hospital, who speaks of the many who are born "only to find that for a good many hours in the day they must rub along as best they can in charge of a nurse only a little bigger than themselves while mother is out washing;" while others find themselves in circumstances "such as that of the baby Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, who before he was many weeks old is reported to have had the sum of £3669 devoted to his first-year's maintenance; and some fifteen people entirely set apart for his personal service." But even with the best intentions the new-comers, according to the country to which they belong, are subjected to the most diverse experiences. They may be sheltered from the slightest touch of cold and nestled in cosy and warm places, as is the rule amongst Caucasian peoples; or they may be immersed in cold water and well rubbed with snow after the manner of certain Mongolian tribes. In some lands, as in our own, the daily bath is insisted upon the ground of health, and is very soon enjoyed by the infant; but away up within the Arctic circle dirt is supposed to be part of the heritage of life, and the cleansing process is altogether unknown. And the lower order of Egyptians are even worse than the Esquimaux in this matter; for although the former enjoy a milder climate and a closer touch with civilization, they leave their infants "not only undressed and unwashed, but they blacken their foreheads with soot or bedaub them with clay, or keep them wrapped up in a black veil." This appears to be done with the object of depreciating the little ones in the eyes of strangers. A passport to favor in the houses in certain parts of Egypt is not obtained, as in our English homes, by a good word for the infant. There, in order to be considerate and polite, "a visitor who looks at the baby must say: 'Dear me! What a fright!' or 'What an ugly little thing!'" And fright it must be with its poor little undressed body, suggestive of the earth earthily in a very literal sense, and its eyes irritated and inflamed by flybites. It is just possible, however, that this studied neglect and denunciation of the babies in the land of the Pharaohs may have been intended originally as a sort of domestic defense against kidnapping for purposes of slavery. As at present practiced it does not arise from any lack of affection for the children, and enlightenment should in time overcome so much of it as is due to ignorance and superstition.

But, after all, it is better that an unclad child should be left to the natural discoloration it is sure to acquire, with the chance of an occasional wash-down

in a shower, than that its skin should be subjected to artificial adornment. Much better, for instance, to be a baby in Egypt than in Kaffraria, where the little ones are smartened up from time to time, as occasion may require, with coats of brilliant red paint. But probably the Kaffir babies, had they a voice in the matter, would prefer the freedom of their limbs with a mummy and stuck in a case after the manner of the genuine infantile redskins in North America, or even into the rolls into which the country babies of Sweden and Germany and some other parts of Europe are made up. Our essayist, by the way, tells us that Swedish mothers, having thus packed up their infants, take the animated bundle to church with them, and in winter will leave them at the door, safely stowed away beneath a covering of snow, with just a little air-hole for breathing purposes, "and there the immovable cherubs will lie perfectly safe and warm till service is over." It may be surmised that there will be a wild rush doorwards should there be indications of a sudden addition to the baby's blanket. In Scandinavia the babies have abundance of warm clothing, but there are colder regions where they are allowed to go naked. This is the case in Fuegia, a country in which even in the summer season people have been known to die of cold if they have ventured up a very little above the level of the sea. The encased babies, by the way, give very little trouble so long as they are well fed. They may be hung up on trees or slung from a saddle-bow or suspended from a nail like an ornament in a room, and are "perfect models of behavior, betraying no sign of life except the movement of the eyes."

What tiny creatures some babies are! Instances are known in which the child at birth has not weighed more than a pound, and has yet developed into average proportions. Sir Isaac Newton was such a mite at the dawn of his life that he could ensconce himself comfortably in a quart pot, and he was anything but an obscure figure in manhood. On the other hand, some children that promised well as to size have assumed a dwarfish appearance as they grew up. This was the case with one Nanette Stocking, a clever little lady who was exhibited in London about a century ago. Nanette did not rise higher than thirty-three inches in her womanhood, while as a baby she was said to have been beyond the usual size. In contrast to this case is that of Daniel Lambert, who entered life with very modest dimensions indeed, but whose height and breadth at the time of his death were such that the outer wall of his room had to be removed before he could be buried. It used to be considered unlucky in this country to weigh babies, and the feeling on the subject no doubt continues to assert itself in country places. Across the Atlantic, however, the baby's weight is regarded as of equal importance with its name; and the usual newspaper notice will have an addition when the avoirdupois reaches a satisfactory point, viz.: "Mrs. Washington Brown, a son; twelve pounds." This is beyond the average weight, but it is by no means the maximum. Master Wybrants, who was exhibited as "The Modern Hercules," does not appear to have been weighed when born, but when four months old he turned the scale at 39 pounds, he was 24 inches round the body, 15 round the thigh, and 8 round the arm. The great difficulty in the rearing of very tiny infants is to keep them sufficiently warm; but this drawback appears to have been overcome in New York state, where recourse has been had with gratifying results to an incubating machine, instead of an ordinary crib.

There are very few places where the baby is not hedged round with protecting care. That wonderful procession of thirty-seven millions, as a year's supply of infants, cannot be regarded even in imagination as an unbroken line; but the gaps from preventable causes are gradually becoming fewer. Not only are more babies being born into the world, but the new-comers have a much better chance of surviving than was the case fifty or sixty years ago. At the same time the yearly procession, if presenting an increase in certain sections, shows a diminution in others. The babies of aboriginal races in many instances have become a mere remnant of what used to be the case before the dominating power of the white man began to make itself felt in other climes than his own. It is with human beings as with lower animals and vegetables—the latter types seem to have a tendency to obliterate the earlier types when brought into contact with them.—Leeds Mercury.

A Spanish Preacher.

Johnnie's papa was a Government clerk. Johnnie was seven years of age. He frequently met his papa at the office at four o'clock in the afternoon and walked home with him. On Pennsylvania avenue, above the War Department, they daily passed an excellent restaurant. Usually, about the time they reached that point, the Spanish Minister to the United States would be driven up to the restaurant for his dinner. The equipage was a striking one in appearance, and had been pointed out to Johnnie as that of the Spanish envoy to this country. One afternoon, as they passed Seventh street, the brilliant equipage drove by and Johnnie exclaimed:

"Look, papa, look! There goes the Spanish preacher."

Johnnie is older now, and knows that all ministers are not preachers.

PROHIBITION.

The Constitutional Amendment in Massachusetts Sustained a Crushing Defeat.

The effort to inaugurate constitutional prohibition in Massachusetts has sustained a crushing defeat. The adverse majority is little less than the highest estimate made in advance of the opponents of the amendment. Many conservative persons had predicted a majority of 15,000. The most sanguine of its opponents hoped for 50,000. The majority exceeds 44,000 on a light vote—a defeat so emphatic that it seems to have completely disconcerted the prohibitionists. The lightness of the vote is in itself a surprise, following a campaign of extraordinary earnestness. It would seem to prove that a large number refrained from voting who could not support the amendment and yet were unwilling to oppose it openly.

A significant feature of the canvass was that many fought the amendment who, nevertheless, were on record as favoring prohibition in their own localities. The great majority of these doubtless disapproved it because they believed universal prohibition to be an impossibility, and not because they were opposed to that policy under conditions where they thought it could be made successful. This fact is strikingly shown in the returns. For example, Cambridge, which voted prohibition for itself under the local-option law not long ago by 4,483 to 3,819, voted against prohibition for the state by 4,621 to 1,983. In other words, nearly 2,500 voters in the university town who voted no license did not vote for constitutional prohibition. Precisely the same result was seen in a number of other cities, which lately voted no license and now vote against prohibition. Almost every city in the state voted no—and only one congressional district out of twelve voted yes. The strength of the opposition was not seen only in the cities, but in many small towns and rural districts as well. The adverse majority was one-fifth of the total vote. This result is the more significant when it is remembered that the campaign against the amendment has been confined to the newspapers. Its advocates have held hundreds of meetings, but not one has been called by the opposition. It is also to be borne in mind that the verdict cannot be charged to the "rum power." A large proportion of the opposition came from the most intelligent and moral classes in the state, including those who believe in high license, as well as those who believe in local but not general prohibition.

This unexpectedly decisive vote, following the defeat of the prohibition amendment in New-Hampshire, and the vote to resubmit it in Rhode Island, must be taken as increased evidence that the policy of general prohibition is losing ground in New-England. In New-Hampshire, although a law prohibiting the sale of liquor has been on the statute-book more than thirty-four years, an amendment to the constitution to forbid its manufacture as well as sale not only failed to secure the requisite majority, as New-Hampshire majorities go. In Rhode Island the vote to resubmit, after three years' trial of the system, is an even more positive reverse.

Massachusetts is the seventh state to refuse in the last two years to adopt a prohibition amendment, following Michigan, Texas, Tennessee, Oregon, West Virginia and New-Hampshire. The next to be heard from is the great state of Pennsylvania, which will vote on the 18th day of June. At the time the date of the special election was first fixed, predictions were rife that the amendment would be adopted, but is apparent that the tide of expectation has turned, and its defeat is now looked for. Sixteen years ago forty of the sixty-four counties voted against license, and twenty-four for it—the latter, however, including the large cities which are expected to record a heavy verdict now against the amendment. In Pennsylvania, as in Massachusetts, the amendment will be opposed by a large body of temperance men, because they believe it does not embody the best method of dealing with the liquor problem. The great reduction in the number of saloons, and the diminution of crime, under the Brooks high-license law, will make many unwilling to exchange a "tried and successful system for an experiment of doubtful issue."—New York Tribune.

Restaurant Magic.

If you will look over a bill of fare in any of the cheaper restaurants you will see four or five kinds of soups, three or four kinds of fish, half a dozen sorts of roast meat, game and poultry, made dishes and entrees. No doubt you have noticed that and wondered how under the sun a kitchen, with a range big enough to cook and keep warm all these dishes, can possibly find space in less than a half acre. Yet if you should order every dish on the list you could get it, and the kitchen where all these gastronomic wonders are turned out is not as big as the kitchen in an average private house either. Most wonderful of all, for all the countless variety of dishes on the bill of fare there are not more than a dozen dishes in the kitchen.

You see it is all in the carving and the dishing. Here is a big boiler of clear soup. It is made—never mind how. You draw a big bowl out of it and from a big pitcher by its side you pour in a little thickening, give it a

stir and there's your consommé. Into the next bowl you fork a lot of boiled macaroni, and there's your macaroni soup. The next order is for vegetable soup; you pitch in a lot of boiled vegetables, and there you are. By having a few other ingredients handy you can get mulgatawney, ox-tail, chicken, tomato or rice soup out of that same big boiler filled from the stock barrel. How's that for modern necromancy?

Well, the next thing on the bill of fare is fish. There are two kinds, baked and boiled. The first slice you cut off is boiled cod; the next is halibut, and the next is halibut, the next is blue fish. In the next pan is a baked fish. It has all the various capabilities possessed by its boiled brother. When the two fish swam in the sea they were good, plain cod. With the aid of a little sauce they can be almost anything in a restaurant.

Here is a piece of roast mutton and there a piece of roast beef. It is no trick at all to transform them, with the carving knife deftly wielded, into roast lamb, roast rib or roast loin. With a little delicate treatment it can become roast venison, roast bear or of the other roasts on that wonderful bill of fare. One cut off that fowl, there is roast chicken; the next is roast turkey. Slicing the dark meat carefully makes it pheasant. Adding fish oil after the operation and throwing on plenty of jelly makes it duck. The veal becomes rabbit, stewed chicken, lamb pie or good honest veal, just as you please.

When the soup is thickened a good deal and rice curry powder is thrown in you have a very good curry. When it is thickened a little and stewed kidney are added you have the ever popular kidney stew. The addition of pieces fished out of the bottom of the boiler with a sort of oyster tongs will make almost any kind of stew of it.

You can always bet on the hash, however.

There is not much room for deception either in that crowning atrocity of American cookery, the pie, but when you get to puddings the father of lies lets himself loose. Bermuda pudding, New York pudding, plum pudding, are all sliced off the same loaf. The hot pudding of to-day becomes the fruit cake cold of to-morrow. The boiled rice of the vegetable table is made into rice pudding in a jiffy with some milk and a little nutmeg. The tapioca, sago and manico puddings all come out of the same dish. There is no difference that the most expert can discover between cottage pudding and puddings of half a dozen other fancy names.—American Analyst.

Buzzard Roost's Haunted House.

Visitors to Buzzard Roost, the notorious negro quarter of this city, are always shown the haunted cabin. It is a little two room frame cottage on the outskirts of the Roost and has been unoccupied for about three years now, and hold indeed is the colored man who will get foot in the back room. In this little 8x10 foot room, the negroes who live in the vicinity say, can be heard the rattle of dice and silver at all hours of the night.

About three years ago a squad of police one night raided the negro gambling houses in the Roost. In the back room of this little cabin they found six negroes shooting craps. There was one small glass window in the room and through this the officers watched their game for a few moments. The six negroes were seated around a rough pine table and by the light of a tallow candle they were throwing the dice for 10 cents a throw. The officers saw the money and dice on the table and then they went around to the only door in the room and knocked.

"Who's dat?" asked one the negroes. "Police, open the door!" was the answer.

The dusky gamblers were caught like rats in a trap, but they were well armed and had plenty of nerve. Instantly the light was blown out and the gamblers opened fire at the door. A moment later the door was broken in and the officers returned the fire from door and window. Twenty or more shots were fired before the negroes surrendered and begged for mercy. When a light was brought two of the gamblers lay dead on the floor, others were wounded and the floor of the room was covered with blood. The dead bodies were taken out and buried next day, but the room was left undisturbed. The blood stained dice still lie on the rude pine table and the dark stains of blood on the floor have never been removed.

Negroes will not live in a house where one of their race has been killed if they know it, so the little cabin remains unoccupied. A few weeks after the tragedy some of the negroes living in the Roost declared that they heard the rattle of dice in this little room. Others listened and they, too, heard the noise. Night after night, beginning about midnight, the rattle of dice and money could be heard in this room as though a game of craps was in full blast. Every negro in Buzzard Roost firmly believes that the ghosts of the dead gamblers come night after night and again win or lose the money staked on the night of the tragedy. A noise closely resembling the rattle of dice has certainly been heard many times.—Burlington (Ia.) Correspondence Detroit Free Press.

Sure to Please.

Miss Jinks—"Oh, you must see the photographs I had taken at Cameron & Co's. They're splendid."

Miss Winks—"I knew they'd be good. Cameron & Co. have the finest retoucher in the city."—New York Weekly.

NO USE TO TRY.

Young Married Couples Can't Conceal Their Happiness.

It is a Pullman porter, who is talking to an attentive scribe.

"Hardly a week goes by," says the porter, "that I don't see a bridal couple just starting out on their honeymoon. I don't exactly know how I can tell them, but they are as plainly marked to my eyes as if they had the words 'bride' and 'groom' stamped in big letters on their foreheads. There is something about them that gives the whole situation away; a kind of a cling-right-next-to-me-darling air. Of course, I have made a mistake now and then; but it is very seldom I do, and I've found out, after changing my mind two or three times, that I was right after all, though certain appearances were against it. We generally have a test which never fails, and when a doubtful party comes along we spring it on them, just to be sure, you know."

"What's the test? Well, I'll tell you. Not many weeks ago a couple got into my car and sat down very quietly in their armchairs as if they had been used to it all their lives. These didn't seem to have the bride and groom air about them at all, and from external appearances they might have been brother and sister or married for years, but still there was a something there that made me suspicious, so when I saw them together I went to the news company's boy and I says: 'Bill here's a doubtful party; get out the sample copies.'"

"So Bill got his tests and started through the car. He handed books to everybody, and when he came to the suspected party he took out of his pile two little books and said, so nearly everybody could hear him: 'Very useful books, sir; hints on housekeeping and hints to newly married people. Only twenty-five cents.'"

"That did it. The girl got as red as a rose and the man blushed and said a weak sort of 'N-n-n-no.' Then they looked at each other and sort of snickered, and I caught him full in the eye and smiled a sweet smile, giving him a respectful wink at the same time. It was all settled in a minute, and there was no doubt about it. Well, he took it very good naturedly, and asked me afterward how in the world he had given himself away—he couldn't imagine. I made believe we could always tell, and talked so nicely he gave me a dollar when I got through. "There are plenty of other giveaways by which I can spot a bride and groom, and they are as safe generally as the test. One day a couple came in the car—which, by the way, was jamful—and the moment they entered it was plain as day that they were newly wedded. I passed by them once or twice, and then went in my closet and got the dustpan and brush. I walked right up to where the bride was sitting and dusted up a painful of rice that lay on the floor around her in a complete circle. Well, if the people in that car didn't laugh, I'm another."

"The custom of throwing rice after a bridal couple always makes it unpleasant for the party, as lots of rice is almost sure to stick to their clothes, hats, and in their hair. About the funniest rice thing I ever saw was that which happened in my car just two or three weeks ago. A couple came in and the test revealed to me that they were bride and groom. They didn't seem to take kindly to it, however, and we couldn't get any satisfaction out of them at all. By and by the man said to his wife: 'Seems to me this umbrella is not rolled up very nice.'"

"Then he carefully unrolled it, and, bezing! out came three or four pocketfuls of rice all over the seats and floor. Their friends had rolled up a lot inside the folds of the umbrella, and, next to the young man I heard tell about, who, when he went to sign his name in a hotel register, dropped a lot of rice on the book when he took off his hat, it was the most binding thing I ever saw."—Philadelphia Record.

Spirits Scared the Editor.

We don't believe in spirits—in any way, manner, shape or form—but Wednesday evening quite a party assembled at the residence of Mr. J. R. Forrester to have a table rapping, and the results of that meeting were wonderful. The table used was an ordinary wooden one and the circle was formed by some of the party seating themselves around it and placing their hands in such a manner as to form a circuit. For some time the table remained unmoved, but after a little more time it began to bob about and move from one end of the room to the other. Then the medium said that the spirits were at work. Of course we didn't believe in that, but as the table raised up from the floor cold chills passed up and down our back and a fit of trembling seized hold upon us. We didn't have any confidence in the spirit part of the performance, understand, but we trembled all the same. At one time the table was raised to a considerable distance from the floor, falling with such force as to break it to pieces. Some of the names given by the spirits were only known by one of the party in the room; at other times the names were unrecognized. The messages delivered were, some of them, quite startling, and were enough to make a believer of the most incredulous. Verily some strange things happen at these meetings, and they are things which we can't explain at all.—Albany (Ga.) News and Advertiser.

