THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

An Illustrated Farm and Home Weekly Newspaper.

KIMBALL & STEVENS.
Publishers,
Lawrence Kansas.

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

Our regular subscription price, for single subscribers will be as usual $1.25 with liberal reduction to clubs.

Agents are wanted in every county in the west to whom commissions will be given that will enable them to coin money.

ADVERTISERS.

Can have but a limited portion of our space. The SPIRIT will be a paper for the reader and the space we have to spare for advertising will be valuable, but in proportion to circulation will be cheaper than that of most other papers of its class.

Rates, 10 cents per line of space each insertion agate measure, 14 lines to an inch.

Jay Gould gave his boy $3,000,000. and told him to see if he could take care of himself.

There is no denying it. The groundhog,—woodchuck we used to call him,—is a bigger man than old Vennor, or Wiggins, or any of them.

A Valuable Gift.

Send your name and address to S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent of the Hannibal & St Joseph Railroad, Hannibal, Mo., and you will receive by return mail, FREE, a copy of the "Old Reliable" Memorandum and Pocket Companion for 1884. The book has been thoroughly revised and enlarged since last edition, and abounds in useful information for the Farmer, Mechanic and Business Man. No one should be without it. Remember, it costs nothing.

Fine Stock.

Col. W. A. Harris visited Canada last week, and while there purchased of Mr James I. Davidson, of Balsam, Ontario, the fine young Cruickshank bull Double Gloster, and the roan heifers Golden Thistle of the Brawith Bud tribe, and Lavender thirty-four of the Lavender family. In noting this sale the Breeder's Gazette, of Chicago, says: "Colonel Harris has now at Linwood one of the very best and largest collections of Cruickshank cattle in America." Coming as the above does from the highest authority on stock breeding in this country, it is gratifying to us to know that we have in Leavenworth county "one of the very best" herds of shorthorn cattle in America.—Linwood Leader.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE and Prof. Van Buren Denslow have been holding a joint discussion in Cleveland on the woman's suffrage question, in which it is generally admitted that the woman came out one ahead.

Garnett Republican:—The Burlington Independent says it "understands that several cases of itch put in an appearance at our city schools, but as soon as discovered they were set aside for repairs." It must be epidemic throughout this country, for the same difficulty has been experienced here.

Burlington and Garnett must be happy towns. Old King James said there was so much pleasure in scratching that those who had the itch were to be envied. And Petrarch, it was, the great Italian poet, who wrote a labored essay to show the advantages of having the itch. But Petrarch, as well as James, had a peculiar way of looking at things. Scratch.

MR. ALMERIN GILLETT, of Emporia, has been elected to fill the vacancy in the board of railroad commissioners. Mr. Gillett is a prominent lawyer of Emporia, and was not a candidate for the position, and has not yet decided to accept, as it would involve the sacrifice of a large practice. He is said to be well qualified for the position and it is hoped he will accept.

THERE is an urgent demand all along the line for state laws prohibiting the circulation of such papers as the Police Gazette, Police News and other similar papers. There can be no doubt that these papers, as well as a class of cheap books that are printed, are destructive to the morals of the people and that they lead to crime.

"Little Joker" is the best smoking tobacco.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The people of our land generally are to be commended for the interest they take in the public schools. We are taxed heavily, and we pay out a great deal of money to support them. This we do without complaining, and for this we are to be commended.

But there is no money that we invest so carelessly as the money we invest for the support of the public schools. When we have paid our school taxes as graciously as possible, we turn the whole matter over to other hands. Our school money is not often paid out to the best advantage. Even when it is done we are so busied with other things that we do not give our school boards and our teachers the assistance that would enable them to produce the best results. There is no good business reason why we should not watch over investments of school money as closely as we would the money put in bank or railroad stocks. But we do not. We are almost indifferent as to the qualifications of teachers, to begin with. We are slow to understand the necessity of facilities to secure the best results in the school room. We are painfully thoughtless in regard to the sanitary condition of our school houses, and many of our children contract fatal diseases because of ill ventilation and poorly warmed rooms.

But one of the most aggravating evils we have to meet, is the want of uniformity in text books. To remedy this evil many expedients have been tried. Iowa is now taking a turn at it. A bill has been introduced to establish a publishing house, where school books for the state are to be prepared, and published. It is not a new experiment, and will not be a satisfactory one. In our own state a very unsatisfactory condition of things exist. We have uniformity here and there. But a family moving from one county to another, may find it necessary to buy a new outfit of books throughout. The prices, too, are enormously high. Still, the retailers affirm that their profit is so light they can ill afford to carry them.

The school book monopoly is one of the greatest in this land. Publishers of school books are able to retire in a few years with enormous wealth. Books, produced in quantities, are marvelously cheap, and the school children of America are entitled to the benefit of low prices. Some effort should be made to secure the very best possible books, and then they should be made uniform throughout the United States, and be published by one house and be sold to the school districts. That is, the text books should be a part of the school furniture, so that they may go from one pupil to another until worn out, and not cast aside because outgrown. Of course, pupils should be allowed to own their books if they desire, but no pupil should be delayed or embarrassed in his studies for want of books.

There is room for great reform in our school system. How can it be brought about?

THE ONWARD MOVEMENT.

Regardless of individual ideas of prohibition, it is evident that a great temperance movement has begun all over the civilized world. It may be that it is question has been nearly settled in this state and that it may be speedily eliminated from our local politics. In other words, after one more unquestioned endorsement by the people, it is probable that no party will again care to antagonize state prohibition.

But it is coming forward in other states as a leading issue. It has been fought over in Ohio, but no satisfactory victory won. It will be the issue again. New York is sure to make a great gain. The prohibitionists are demanding a strong prohibitory enactment. The more conservative are contending for a very high license, similar to that of Illinois. There is little opposition to this, as it is more satisfactory to the saloons than prohibition, and something must be granted to satisfy the popular demand. The enactment of a high license law would be a great temperance gain in New York. It is the next step to prohibition. It will not satisfy the liquor interests when secured, and their revolt will end in sterner measures as in most other instances.

But it is not in our own country alone that the evils of intemperance have aroused the people. A prohibition bill similar to the law in this state is now before the Canadian parliament, and strong hopes are expressed that it will become a law of the Dominion. It is not probable that this will be the immediate result, but it indicates a wonderful change that the matter receives the consideration that it does.

In England the agitation is second only to that in this country, and it is certain that a great revolution is pending in that country.

The movement has penetrated Germany, and there threatens to work a revolution more marked than in any other nation. The progress that it is making may be imagined when it becomes a subject to be treated with respect by cable. But such is the case. Cable dispatches give an outline of this second great reformation, but special correspondents give the details that can leave no doubt that the temperance movement has taken deep root in German soil.

It is probable that we witness a wave of reform in this respect that will be coextensive with Christianity itself.

School Lessons.

The forcing process in our public schools is going too far. There is too much study and not enough thought. We enter a protest against the practice of requiring children, as a rule, to study out of school.

Six hours a day are enough for the study and recitations that are needed, and that are healthy for either mind or body. It is the practice in this city, and in most others to give out lessons to the pupils that require of them considerable study at home. We believe it to be wrong. The studies should not be so numerous, nor the lessons so long that all cannot be learned in the regular school hours.

By the forcing process now in vogue, a pupil, kept at school will get through his preparatory course, and be ready for the higher studies by the time he is twelve or fourteen, at which age no ordinary mind is fit to be taxed with abstruse questions.

It is far better that two or three years be added to the time necessary to complete the ordinary high school course, and that more time be given during their school years to recreation and physical discipline.

This matter we are pleased to see, is attracting more attention from school men who are urging that no study be required of pupils out of regular school hours.

THE RAILROAD CONTROVERSY.

The Emporia Republican, treating this question yesterday, says:

It will be noticed also that public opinion is by no means unanimous in regard to the questions in controversy. If expressions of opinion are to be considered as the index of public opinion, the people are more divided in regard to the A., T. & S. F freight schedule enacted by the commissioners than they were in regard to the schedule fixed by the railroad itself. At Lawrence, Topeka, Osage City, and many other points, great dissatisfaction is expressed at the new schedule, and this dissatisfaction comes almost altogether from parties who are regular shippers of various kinds of freight. The business community in Topeka seems practically unanimous in opposition to the commissioners' schedule, the board of trade of that city declaring that the rates are altogether in favor of Kansas City elevators and mills. The coal producing interests of Osage City complain that the mines there cannot be operated if the A., T. & S. F. is to be compelled to bring in Missouri coal at rates which prevent the road from discriminating, as it has heretofore done, in favor of the Kansas industry. There seem to be shippers in every town along the line of the road who object to the commissioners' rates as injurious rather than beneficial to the various kinds of business they are carrying on. Each shipper of course understands how the change of rates affects his business, and it must be a great disappointment to the commissioners to find that the rates which they set, after, no doubt, much careful investigation and comparison, are to all appearances unacceptable to the very business public they were designed to please. If the railroad company was the sole objector to the new rates, the question could be very easily understood and answered. The difficulty is that it is the shipping public itself which expresses dissatisfaction with the efforts the commissioners have exerted on its behalf. And it must be conceded that each shipper is the best possible judge of the manner in which freight rates affect his own business.

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

Robert Todd Lincoln.

—:o:—

Secretary of War, and Prominently Mentioned as the Republican Nominee for the Presidency.

—:o:—

A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Robert Todd Lincoln, Secretary of War, is the oldest and only surviving son of Abraham Lincoln and was born at Springfield Illinois, August 13 1843. He received a good education in the common schools of that city but concluded his preparatory course at Exeter, N. H. He entered Harvard College from which he graduated in 1864. After his graduation he received a commission, as Captain, and saw considerable service in the field, but because of his youth he was kept a close companion to his father at the White House the greater part of the time.

After the exciting scenes of his father's assassination he settled in Chicago where he studied law, and was in a few years admitted to the bar. He then began the practice of his profession in that city and secured the management of several large estates and many Eestern Insurance Companies who loaned large sums of money on Chicago real estate. In attending to these trusts Mr. Lincoln developed superior executive abilty. He married the only daughter of Ex-Secretary James Harlan.

During the Chicago convention Mr. Lincoln was an ardent advocate of the nomination of General Grant and presided at the immense Grant meeting held in Chicago a few days before the nomination for the Presidency was made. Before that period his only active efforts in politics had been as a member of a citizen's committe formed in Chicago to effect a reformation and purification in local political affairs.

President Garfield's selection of Mr. Lincoln for Secretary of War was due to a determation to honor the name of our great War President, and so satisfactory was his administration of the War Department during President Garfield's incumbency that President Arthur retained Mr. Lincoln in the Cabinet and now finds him prominently mentioned as a Presidential candidate. Mr. Lincoln disclaims any ambition for futher political preferment, but his modest, unassuming manner only induces his admirers to more earnestly advance his claims.

Secretary Lincoln is one of the most popular officials that the War Department has ever been under, and in social and political circles, regardless of his party affiliations, he is a universal favorite. In form and feature Mr. Lincoln has no resemblance whatever to his illustrious father, but in executive ability and an intuitive comprehension of public affairs he has certainly inherited the sterling characteristics of Abraham Lincoln.

LEARNING TO SAVE.

The first thing to be learned in the art of getting on in the world is to save. A boy who is earning fifty cents, seventy-five cents or a dollar a day, should manage to save a portion of it if possible. If he can lay by only twenty-five cents a week, let him save that. It doesn't amount to much, it is true; it is only thirteen dollars a year, but it is worth saving. It is better saved than wasted; better saved than fooled away for tobacco or beer, or any other worthless or useless article or object. But the best thing about it is, that the boy who saves thirteen dollars a year on a very meager salary, acquires a habit of taking care of his money which will be of the utmost value to him.

WASHINGTON, D. C. May 15th, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in dispair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it I was completely prostrated.

MRS. MARY STUART.

THE BISMARCK FAIR.

Meeting of the Fair Association.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western National Fair Association was held yesterday afternoon

The object, was the election of directors and the consideration of the question of holding a fair this year. The directors elected for the ensuing year were as follows:

Douglas county—Wm. Evatts. I. N. Van Hoesen, S. Steinberg, Wm. Hughes, Geo. Leis.

Jefferson county—J. N. Insley, J. M. Snodgrass, J. F. Hinton, J. P. Harris.

Leavenworth county—H. M. Aller, R. J. Brown, C. J. Buckingham, W. A. Harris, C. J. Holman.

Wyandotte county—W. W. Dickinson, J. D. Heath.

Coffey county—S. J. Carter.

Bourbon county—J. H. Rice.

Franklin county—W. H. Clarke.

Johnson county—H. C. Livermore.

Trego county—F. H. Conger.

Mr. H. L. Moore, who has acted as secretary since last summer, resigned, and W. H. H Whitney called to fill his place pro tem.

I. N. Van Hoesen, Geo. Leis, and Mr. Whitney, were appointed to examine the books of the secretary.

The matter of holding a fair this year was considered. It was decided to hold an exhibition the first week in September. We presume, this settles the question in regard to alternating with Topeka, and is unfavorable to that project. We incline to believe this to be a wise step. When the matter was first broached, the NEWS took this position, and it has been the only paper in the city that has seemingly had an opinion on the question. This, however, is usually the case.

The Bismarck Fair is the best known fair in the west. It has a wider reputation abroad than any other. not excepting the Kansas City Exhibition. The last fair was a great success, and this will give the next one a good start. The association is in a good financial condition, and now that it is decided to have a fair, an unusual effort should be put forth from this time on to make it the greatest exhibition ever held in Bismarck Grove.

We shall refer to the subject again and often. It is an important one now the hand has been put upon the plow.

THE BREEDER'S GAZETTE is a large weekly newspaper for persons who are interested in breeding live stock—not especially the fancy breeder, but for the great mass of farmers, especially in the Middle and Western States, who make stock raising, or dairying, a leading feature of their buisness. It aims to thoroughly and truthfully inform its readers touching the characteristics and peculiarites of all the various breeds of cattle, horses, sheep and swine; the best methods of feeding and general management; designs and plans of barns, dairy-houses, sheep and swine pens, and other essentials to economic and profitable live-stock husbandry, a faithful and prompt report of the news from all parts of the world affecting the live-stock interest in any of its departments; a fearless discussion of all matters affecting the interests of those who make stock raising a leading feature of their buisness. In short it is the aim of the publishers of THE BREEDER'S GAZETTE to make this paper superior to all others in interest and practical value to every man who takes special interest in any feature of the live-stock business whether his fancy or interest lies in the direction of beef cattle, dairy-cattle draft-horses, running horses, trotting horses, butter making, cheese making, wool raising, pork raising. To stock-raisers in the North, the South the East, and the West, on cultivated fields and rich pastures, and on the Western plains it is invaluable. In fact no man can be a careful reader of THE BREEDER'S GAZETTE for any considerable length of time without becoming thoroughly informed in everything pertaining to the live-stock business. Each number contains thirty-six pages, printed on the best quality of paper, and elegantly illustrated. It is published at Chicago, by J. H. Sanders & Co., at $3.00 a year. We can send it in connection with our own WEEKLY at $3.00 for both, the price of the GAZETTE alone.

From Major Downs,

Millitary Instructor, Mt. Pleasant Academy, Sing Sing, N. Y.: During the very cold weather I was suffering with Catarrh. My head and throat ached so severely that I was obliged to keep quiet. Ely's Cream Balm was suggested. Within an hour from the first applicant I felt relieved, the pain began to subside. In a few days I was entirely cured. W. A. DOWNS. (Price 50 cts.)

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY N. J. CLODFELLR.

[For the Lawrence NEWS.]

"Come Disappointment, Come,"
I feel thy piercing sting,
But vigils keep some monitress,
To watch and warn me of distress,
That time un o me brings,
And strews my way,
With thorns to-day,
For I must smile, and bear thy chasting rod alway.

"Come, Disappointment, Come."
Tho' hopeful pleasures fly,
And in their stead I feel,
Thy canker, and I kneel
In low despondency,
For 'tis my part,
To bear the dart,
And reverse the pinion that impelled it to my heart.

"Come, Disappointment Come."
My heart is not of steel,
Nor to it opes an iron door,
And oh! when it may throb no more,
May mercy to me deal,
One kind caress,
For my distress,
When silent pleasures 'round my couch seek me to bless.

"Come, Dissappointment, Come."
In all thy terrors clad,
He arts were not made to always beat,
And what is past is obsolete,
Tho' it be good or bad,
I'll turn my eye,
Without a sigh,
To death's Prophetic call, and be content to die.

"Come, Disappointment, Come,"
To me all hope is dead,
Let melancholy phantoms rise,
They, are not pleasure in disguise,
For many hearts have bled,
Re-bled and died,
When side by side,
With those that flourished well in all their pomp and pride.

"Come, Disappointment, Come,"
Death soon will set me free,
And when life's sun doth calmly sink,
Then I will be content to drink.
My drawght what it my be,
For then I trust,
A life more just,
Will meet us all when man yields up his earthly trust.

"Come, Disappointment, Come."
Life is of little weight,
And mine has been of humble rank,
And too, almost a total blank,
And such will be my fate,
But then when I
Am called to die,
I'll only crave the passing tribute of a sigh. —Crawfordsville Ind.

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

THE house committee on commerce, have decided that some regulation of inter-state commerce is necessary. So far there was but one dissenting vote in the committee, but when it came to the manner of regulating there was a greater difference of opinion, nine being in favor of a commission and six opposed to it. This question is a great one—the greatest that has ever yet found its way into congress. It was easier to solve the great questions brought on by the war, than to solve this one. But it is a question that must be met, and that speedily. We see the difficulties in the way of the railway commission in this state. What they may be when it comes to be a national question may be conjectured.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarr, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousand of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A strong fight will be made in Boston this winter to secure the right of way for an elevated road.

In Use 150 Years.

Impurity of Blood, however generated, is always present in the body when pain is felt; it spreads and ferments wherever a weak spot or low vitality exists.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the one great and unfailing remedy, because they take hold and expel only what is hurtful; so when sick, have pain, dizziness, rheumatism, colds, or costiveness, take from three to five, and if they do not operate in four hours or so, take three or four more. They cleanse the bowels and circulation from all impurities of the blood, and often save life. BRANDRETH'S PILLS preserve the vigor of youth, and for a long period keep off the debility of age.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, with plain printed directions for use.

The quantity of ice shipped from Norwegian ports in 1882 was 227,000 tons, the largest kown.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

KIMBALL & STEVENS, Publishers.

LAWRENCE KANSAS, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

[Entered at the Postoffice in Lawrence as second-class matter.]

They call him "Fool Kernan." He publishes the Leavenworth Free Lance and has failed to learn a thing in twenty-five years.

THE republicans of this district are in favor of a tariff so that it will afford a judicious protection where protection is needed; afford a revenue sufficient for necessary purposes, and permit the free importation of all goods most in use by the people, so far as it can be wisely done.

THE meaning of it is that England intends to secure Egypt and make it as much one of her colonies as India is. Egypt is a strategic point that is desirable for any power to hold, and has always been such. Alexander knew it. Napoleon knew it. Now Gladstone knows it.

SAM WOOD is now enjoying himself in Washington at the people's expense, claiming to have some title to the seat in congress filled by Judge Peters. If he were permitted to push his claims at his own expense, until it appeared that his claim was well founded, it would not be so heavy an imposition upon the people.

GENERAL LOGAN AS A SCIENTIST.

There is perhaps no man in this country, who, without scholastic culture to begin with, has shown more scholarly development, than Gen. John A. Logan.

He has quite generally been regarded as a very sharp politician. He has not only proved himself a successful politician, in the ordinary sense of the term, but he has shown true statesmanship as well. Time has proven the unusual qualities of Logan's mind. Although he was in congress before the war, and was then recognized as a man of force and power, he was then young, and was from an obscure part of Illinois. It was then too early for him to take a commanding position. It was first as a soldier, that his superior qualities forced themselves into recognition. He was one of the foremost generals of the rebellion. After the war he went into politics. He then showed the same remarkable powers of organization, the same executive ability that he displayed as a soldier. No one ever questioned his ability to succeed, but there have been those who were unwilling to give him credit for genuine ability. They conceeded to him shrewdness rather than mental strength—the powers of a demagogue rather than the ability of the statesman.

It has not been supposed that Gen. Logan had the mind of a scholar. He did not have the severe classic training of Charles Sumner, nor even that of Garfield. He was not like Blaine, the master of pure English. Much less was he ever popularly supposed to be interested in science and philosophy.

A few months ago, when he went so far out of the channel, commonly allotted to him, as to write a paper for the North American Review, on educational matters, there were critics who thought he would do better to stick to politics.

And yet Gen. Logan is much more than a politician. His mind is one of that class which readily takes hold of a great variety of subjects. He has been through all his varied life, a reader, a thinker and observer. His early surroundings were such as to interest him in scientific matters and especially geology. He was born and raised amid the coal fields of southern Illinois. It was here that he first became interested in natural science. As a youth he was a reader of Humboldt, Lyell, Hugh Miller, and later of Agassiz, Hitchcock and Darwin. The importance of a better knowledge of the topographical, geological, and mineralogical structure of the United States was better understood by Gen. Logan than by any of the more pretentious scholars who were in Congress sixteen and eighteen years ago. It is to his foresight and interest in science when a member of the fortieth congress that an appropriation, small at that time, was included in the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, to cover the expenses of Prof. Hayden in New Mexico and Colorado. From this originated the Government Geological Surveys, which have attracted the notice of scientific men throughout the world.

It is possible that Logan did not imagine how stupendous an enterprise he was starting when he asked that the small appropriation be added to the Sundry Civil bill, but this does not detract from the honor due him, nor make it less the act of wise statesmanship. Columbus little knew what would follow in the wake of his little vessels as they plowed their way across the Atlantic.

Logan has been a growing man from his first appearance in public life. Without the advantage of a finished education, he has won a foremost place in every position he has occupied. His statesmanship has been comprehensive, and on all matters pertaining to the general welfare he has positive and well defined opinions.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure Corns, warts, bunions.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Speaks its Mind on the Railroad Question.

An important meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held last night, President Bowersock in the chair. The object was to hear the report of the railroad committee, which was submitted as follows:

LAWRENCE, KAS., Feb. 18, 1884.

We, the railroad committee, offer the following report:

That in the judgment of this Chamber of Commerce of the city of Lawrence the present railroad law is chiefly advisory in its provisions.

That after a careful examination of this law we arrive at the conclusion that very limited powers are conferred upon the board of commissioners by it, and that practically it gives to that boad no power to make rates.

That we think the board of commissioners have already gone beyond both the letter and spirit of the law; in that the rulings of the board, in the cases passed upon, would indicate that the commissioners believe that the law gives them power to control all traffic.

Therefore we conclude, first, that the action of the commissioners is injurious to the commerce of the state and particularly to many of our new manufacturing industries, and secondly, that their action bids fair to entirely put a stop to all railroad enterprises and improvements in Kansas. We recommend that, in time to come, the boards of commissioners confine their action within such scope as will make it advisory in its nature, confident as we are, that the railroads will promptly heed their recommendations in regard to the redressing of all real grievances.

The business men of Lawrence are convinced that the ousiness and manufacuring industries of the city will be best subserved by this course, for we have reasons for believing that the various railroads centering here will observe and respect all enlightened and reasonable advisory action of the board of commissioners. We desire to say further that the policy and service of the railroad companies for several years has been satisfactory to the people of Lawrence; we have had little to complain of. We have been met friendly and liberally in our requests: far better rates and facilities, and especially the management of the roads has been such as to build up and strengthen our manufacturing interests upon which we so largely depend, and which together with the educational institutions located in our midst, form the basis of our highest hopes as to the future growth and prosperity of Lawrence.

J. D. BOWERSOCK,
J. S. EMERY,
GEO. LEIS.

This report was adopted unanimously after remarks by various members.

Mr. S. H. Hamilton, of the straw lumber factory, was present and made some remarks. After a prolonged absence he had returned to Lawrence. While away, he had succeeded in interesting a number of eastern capitalists in his enterprise. It was now backed by all the capital needed. To secure it he had made certain representations. He now comes here after shipping thousands of dollars' worth of new machinery to Lawrence, to be startled by the announcement that where they once paid five cents, they must now pay thirteen cents to Kansas City. It is more than one-quarter of all that is asked from Kansas City to New York. Had he known this ninety days ago, all the machinery now in the mill in Lawrence would have been in operation to-day in New York.

The new freight rates will go into effect to-day. They will increase freight expense on general merchandise from fifteen to twenty per cent., while the freight on some of our manufactured goods will be more than doubled. The least that can be said is that this threatens disaster to Lawrence unless something is done to bring us a remedy. The railroads are ready to restore the old rates if, under the law they can do so. But the commissioners have taken it upon themselves to make rates, in which we believe they have exceeded their powers.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

Mr. O. P. Smith, one of the contractors for the Indian school, was present, and was called upon to explain the trouble in regard to that institution. He has just returned from Washington. It seems that owing to a little typographical error in the law appropriating $150,000 to Indian schools, the $50,000 that was to be appropriated to this school is not available. It is all for want of a semicolon. The sum of $14.000 had been paid out before the mistake was ascertained. It then appeared from the reading of the law that the appropriations were for schools already established and not for new ones. A simple semi-colon in the proper place would have made it clear and have given the $50,000 for the building.

Relief will probably be secured by further legislation at a very early day. Dr. Marvin is now in Washington giving the subject attention, and it is expected our delegation in congress will do all that is necessary to secure it.

T. L. Lovett, of Little Silver, N. J. sends us his spring catalogue, a very neat and useful publication.

Did She Die?

"No; she lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years, the doctors doing her no good; and at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about. Indeed! indeed! how thankful we should be for that medicine.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

How He was Overcome and the Way by which He was Finally Saved.

(Correspondence Spirit of the Times.)

An unusual adventure which recently occurred to your correspondent while hunting at Brookmere in this state, is so timely and contains so much that can be made valuable to all readers, that I venture to reproduce it entire:

The day was a most inclement one and the snow quite deep. Rabbit tracks were plentiful, but they principally led in the direction of a large swamp, in which the rabbits could run without difficulty, but where the hunter constantly broke through the thin ice, sinking into the half frozen mire to his knees. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the writer had persevered, although a very small bag of game was the result.—While tramping about through a particularly malarial portion of the swamp, a middle-aged men suddenly came into view, carrying a muzzle-loading shotgun and completely loaded down with game of the finest description. Natural curiosity, aside from the involuntary envy that instinctively arose, prompted the writer to enter into conversation with the man, with the following result:

"You've had fine success, where did you get all that game?"

"Right here, in the swamp."

"It is pretty rough hunting in these parts, especially when a man goes up to his waist every other step."

"Yes, it's not very pleasant, but I am used to it and don't mind it."

"How long have you hunted hereabouts?"

"Why, bless you, I have lived here most of my life and hunted up to ten years ago every year."

"How does it happen that you omitted the last ten years?"

"Because I was scarcely able to move, much less hunt."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, you see, about ten years ago, after I had been tramping around all day in this same swamp, I felt quite a pain in my ankle. I didn't mind it very much, but it kept troubling me for a day or two, and I could see that it kept increasing. The next thing I knew I felt the same kind of a pain in my shoulder, and I found it pained me to move my arm. This thing kept going on and increasing, and though I tried to shake off the feeling and make myself think it was only a little temporary trouble, I found that it did not go. Shortly after this my joints began to ache at the knees and I finally became so bad that I had to remain in the house most of the time."

"And did you trace all this to the fact that you had hunted so much in this swamp?"

"No, I didn't know what to lay it to, but I knew that I was in misery. My joints swelled until it seemed as though all the flesh I had left was bunched at the joints; my fingers crooked in every way and some of them became double-jointed. In fact, every joint in my body seemed to vie with the others to see which could become the largest and cause the greatest suffering. In this way several years passed on, during which time I was pretty nearly helpless. I became so nervous and sensitive that I would sit bolstered up in the chair, and call to people that entered the room not to come near me, or even touch my chair. While all this was going on, I felt an awful burning heat and fever, with occasional chills running all over my body, but especially along my back and through my shoulders. Then again, my blood seemed to be boiling and my brain to be on fire."

"Didn't you try to prevent all this agony?"

"Try, I should think I did try. I tried every doctor that came within my reach and all the proprietary medicines I could hear of. I used washes and liniments enough to last me for all time, but the only relief I received was by injections of morphine."

"Well, you talk in a very strange manner for a man, who has tramped around on a day like this and in a swamp like this. How in the world do you dare do it?"

"Because I am completely well and as sound as a dollar. It may seem strange, but it is true that I was entirely cured; the rheumatism all driven out of my blood; my joints reduced to their natural size and my strength made as great as ever before, by means of that great and simple remedy, Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, which I believe saved my life."

"And so you now have no fear of rheumatism?"

"Why, no. Even if it should come on, I can easily get rid of it by using the same remedy."

The writer turned to leave, as it was growing dark, but before I had reached the city precisely the same symptoms I had just heard described came upon me with great violence. Impressed with the hunter's story, I tried the same remedy, and within twenty-four hours all pain and inflammation had disappeared. If any reader is suffering from any manner of rheumatic or neuralgic troubles and desires relief let him by all means try this same great remedy. And if any readers doubt the truth of the above incident or its statements let them write to A. A. Coates, Brookmere, N. Y., who was the man with whom the writer conversed and convince themselves of its truth or falsity. J. R. C.

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

I'D WILL PAY TO GET our 1884 catalogue of Small Fruits all kinds. Ford's Early Sweet Corn a sweetest best Early Colton Apple, best quality, hardy in Wis. OUR NEW POTATO Lee's Favorite, extremely early, best quality, most productive, 265 lbs. grown from one. Catalogue free. Address, Frank Ford & Son, Ravenna, Ohio

PEACH, and all other kinds Trees, &c., by the single one or Carload. 200 Acres; 50th year. Prices on list of stock you need. Testimonials from Customers, some of whom are of nearly Fifty Years standing, &c., free. STARK NURSERIES Louisiana, Mo

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

The Bald-headed Man in Church.

[Liverpool Courier.]

Old Mr. Collamore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the services, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider crawling over the latter's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and, in his nervousness, he hit old Collamore quite a severe blow. The old gentleman turned around in a rage to see who had dared to take such a liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain with gestures. But Collamore, in a loud voice, demanded what it meant. It was very painful to Hoff. The eyes of the congregation were upon him and he grew red in the face. "There was a spider on your head." "A white place on my head, hey? S'pose there is, what's that to you? You'll know what it is to be bald-headed yourself some day." "It was a spider," shrieked Hoff, while the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly it's wider," said Collamore, "and got more in it than yours. But let it alone—do you mind? You may let my head alone in church." "Mr. Collamore," shrieked Hoff, "there was a spider on your head, and I brushed him off—this way,' and Hoff made another gesture at Collamore's head. The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there, and hurling a hymn book at Hoff, he seized the kneeling stool on the floor of the pew and was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on the fly-leaf of the hymn book, whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere.

Wilkes Booth's Ride.

[Washington Critic.]

"What did Booth ride?" asked the reporter.

"Old Sorrel Charley, the best saddler ever seen in this country. I doubt if the world ever produced his equal. Of course he came from Kentucky. All great saddlers do."

"Did Booth buy him?"

"No, he hired him."

"And what became of him?"

"We never heard."

"Was the hire paid?"

"In the sense that Booth had been a good customer only."

"What were Charley's points?"

"All that a saddler ever boasted. He wouldn't pull a pound, but a good rider could single-foot him down from Capitol hill to our stable with a full glass of water in each hand and never spill a drop, and at better than a four-minute gait, too. Booth knew him well, and could ride him like a picture. I doubt if he suffered even with his broken limb as much as has been said."

"How far was the ride?"

"Down to Dr. Mudd's that night, full twenty miles away. Sheridan's gallop from Winchester, I'll bet, was a fool to that ride. When I heard in the morning what horse the assassin rode, I said: 'They who pursue will follow, and only follow.'"

Cocoanuts as Food.

The Fiji Times, in speaking recently of the value of the cocoanut as food rations, states that a vessel left San Francisco with 400 passengers for Sydney, and in consequence of running short of stores, put in at Samsa, where a large quantity of cocoanuts were obtained. The weather became so severe that the remainder of the passage consumed eighty days, so that men, women and children were reduced entirely to a cocoanut diet, and were obliged to be contented at last with one per diem for each adult. "Notwithstanding this diet," says the report, "not a life was lost, and not a single case of sickness occurred, all the passengers landing in a healthy and well-nourished condition."

Consumptive Birds.

[Exchange.]

In a preliminary paper read before a recent meeting of the London Pathological society, Mr. Sutton and Dr. Heneage Gibbes described an investigation now being made by them into tuberculosis of birds. They find that the disease is very prevalent among birds, and that it sometimes becomes epidemic. The effects do not exactly correspond to those produced in man by consumption, but the parasite present in both cases seems to be the same. The disease virus appears to be introduced with the food, and the birds most liable to be affected are common fowl, peacock, grouse, and other grain eaters.

Mars' Moons.

[Exchange.]

A remarkable feature of the two satellites of Mars, which were discovered about six years ago by Prof. Asaph Hall, is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, its distance from the centre of the latter body being about 6,000 miles; and from the surface less than 4,000. "If," said Prof. Newcomb, "there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixtieth that of the moon from us."

How Very Bold.

[Exchange.]

Miss Maria Pickaflaw (talking behind her fan to her sister)—The idea of Dolly Debu.'s wearing that heliotrope dress! Miss Jane Pickaflaw—Why, it strikes me as very becoming. Miss Maria (snappishly)—Becoming! Of course! Did anybody say it wasn't? But don't you know it takes a faultless complexion to wear that color, and for Dolly Debut to appear in that dress is as much as to say she considers her complexion perfect. Miss Jane—How very bold of her, to be sure!

When They Get Miffed.

[Exchange.]

When a Boston girl gets miffed at her husband she says: "Base tyrant, I shall leave thee and fly to my father." When a western girl becomes similarly affected she simply says: "Old man, I'm going to get up and get, and if you don't like it you just climb up on your eyebrows and see if you can stop me."

IN MY DREAMS.

[Matthew Arnold.]

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on my new world and be
As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair and kiss my brow,
And say: My love! why sufferest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

HENRY CLAY'S DEBTS.

How a Certain Note Was Secretly Paid at a Kentucky Bank.

[Ben: Perley Poore.]

Henry Clay had a large and expensive family, and his homestead, "Ashland," was not a profitable estate, so generous was the hospitality which prevailed there. The "Great Commoner" is said, by those who knew him intimately, to have keenly felt his poverty, while he lost no opportunity of expressing his gratitude to friends, known and unknown, for all kinds of favors.

The day upon which Mr. Webster made his celebrated speech in March, 1850, he was highly eulogizing him at dinner, when some one asked him if he did not think Mr. Webster's influence had been greatly impaired by his allowing certain wealthy men in Massachusetts to settle an annuity upon him for abandoning his practice in the courts so as to devote more time to public affairs. Mr. Clay responded: "In view of the manner in which my note was paid at a bank in Kentucky, I do not think I ought to speak upon that subject. With difficulty had I raised the money to pay the interest when I went to the bank to ask a renewal. The cashier told me I had no note there. I asked him what had become of it, and he said he was instructed to answer no questions. And never have I been able to find out who paid it," but turning to Judge Conrad, of New Orleans, he said, "Judge, I always supposed you had something to do with that matter." To which he responded: "Whether I or any one else had anything to do with the matter you will never know."

Mr. Clay then said: "In view of my many opponents, I am as thankful for the secrecy as the money, but when I am free from public life I am going to insist upon knowing who were such benefactors." When some one said: "Mr. Clay, your friends will never let you be free from public life." "In that view, gentlemen," said he, "bear witness to my inexpressible gratitude to my friends, not only for their favor, but for their manner of bestowing it," adding that there was but one unpleasant thing about it—that it was the only present that he had ever received that he could not divide with his friends. Here Judge Conrad observed: "That need not trouble you, as you had liberally divided the proceeds before you gave the note." "You are right," says Clay, "the note was given principally to take up the paper of friends which I had indorsed."

The Hindoo Woman at the Medical College.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Anandibai Joshee, a Hindoo woman of the highest Brahminical caste, is a student in the Woman's Medical college of Pennsylvania. The mark indicative of her rank in life is on her forehead. She is said to be the first Brahmin woman who ever left India. One of the principal articles in the Brahminical faith strictly enjoins that no Brahmin shall cross the ocean. She is scarcely five feet in height, and, although quite plump, is graceful in her motions. In order to keep her caste while here she must live by herself, prepare her own food, wear the native costume, and rigidly observe certain religious rites. If she is faithful in these things when she returns to India there will be a meeting of the principal Brahmins, who will hear her confessions, and then absolve her from her transgressions. She is highly educated and a remarkable linguist, speaking seven languages fluently, among them Sanskrit. She was asked if she had any difficulty in acquiring English. "Oh, no," she replied, "it was easy after Sanskrit. My husband taught me. I studied English five years with him, but did not speak it all until I went on board ship." She speaks so well that it is difficult to believe this, and she writes better than she speaks.

English Cookery.

[London News]

In England very little benefit is extracted from the present long list of vegetable substances. Bread and potatoes, cabbage, and in agricultural districts beans with a little bacon and cheese and milk for the children, almost exhaust the list of food attainable by the working village population. What is called butchers' meat rarely makes its appearance in the cottage of an agricultural laborer, but it is quite certain that if the humble and wholesome materials at his disposition were more skillfully treated, he would be greatly the better. In manufacturing towns vast quantities of food are destroyed rather than consumed, owing to the ignorance of the women of the most elementary principles of cooking. A hastily-made fire and a frying pan, a "lump of butter of indefinite size, some bacon and a few eggs of doubtful freshness compose the culinary preparations of a family earning between £2 and £3 per week.

The Educational Dodge.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Jones—I see that the government is educating 10,000 Indian children at its own expense.

Smith—Yes; great dodge, isn't it?

Jones—Great dodge! How so?

Smith—Why, you see, the copper-colored youngsters are put through the same kind of a cramming process that white children are subjected to, and even if they live to grow up they won't have strength enough left to go on a warpath.

F. Marion Crawford: Only man can be a fool. It distinguishes him from the higher animals.

ORGANS

Five Octaves, one 3-5 Sets Reeds, Eight Stops, including Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler, Stool, Book and Music, in Solid Black Walnut Case

Fancy High Top, as above.

ONLY $30.

THIS ORGAN IS BUILT ON THE OLD PLAN.

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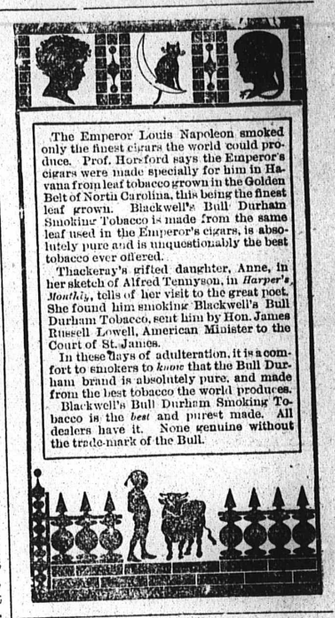
DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.



The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Prof. Horsford says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

Thackeray's gifted daughter, Anne, in her sketch of Alfred Tennyson, in *Harper's Monthly*, tells of her visit to the great poet. She found him smoking Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco, sent him by Hon. James Russell Lowell, American Minister to the Court of St. James.

In these days of adulteration, it is a comfort to smokers to *know* that the Bull Durham brand is absolutely pure, and made from the best tobacco the world produces.

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is the *best* and purest made. All dealers have it. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull.

"BARBOUR" CORN DRILL.

Unequaled for STRENGTH and SIMPLICITY. Drops positively only ONE Grain in a place, *twelve, sixteen* or *twenty* inches apart.

H. P. DEUSCHER, HAMILTON, OHIO.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

NEW SEEDS! CHOICE FRUITS!

All of the best, both new and old. Plants, Trees, Vines, Seeds, &c., by mail, a specialty. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* 60 choice, cheap, $1 Sets, for example:

12 ROSES SPLENDID Ever-Blooming $1

30 PACKETS CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS, $1.

For the other 58 $1 Sets and 1,001 things before, send for our illustrated Catalogue of over 100 pages, free. *None better nor more reliable.* Established 30 yrs. 500 acres. 2 large Greenhouses.

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ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1884

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, etc. Invaluable to all.

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Principal need never be paid so long as interest is kept up.

No security required except for interest, and then only persons These loans are for poor or men of moderate means, in amounts of $100, $300 FOR LIFE. Send 4 cents for particulars. W. ROBERTS, Manager, 103 W. 5th St. Cincinnati, O.

26,999 NOW IN USE.

All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our Improved Keller Positive Force Feed, Grain, Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are as good as the best, and can be sold as cheap. All are warranted. Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co., Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.

Ladies approve smoking the "Little Joker" tobacco.

Did She Die?

"No!"
"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"
"The doctors doing her no good;"
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.
"Under the care of the best physicians,
"Who gave her disease various names,
"But no relief.
"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughter say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

Simple Justice requires that De Land's Soda should be given the leading place in the public esteem. It has been, and is, one of the greatest health promoters of the age.

The mayor of New York married 112 couples during 1883.

Fits Cured Six Years Ago.

"It has been six years since I was cured of fits," says Mr. W. Ford, of Witt Jefferson Co., Ind. "Samaritan Nervine did it." And it always will, reader $1.50, at druggists

The Washington monument is said to be only one-sixty-fourth of an inch out of plumb.

A remedy for Indigestion, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Weaknes, Fever, Ague, etc., Colden's Liquid Beef and Tonic.

In the convent at St. Sabina, at Rome there is an orange tree said to be six hundred years old.

I would recommend

Ely's Cream Balm to any one having Catarrh or Catarrhal Asthma. I have suffered for five years so I could not lie down for weeks at a time. Since I have been using the Balm I can lie down and rest. I thank God that you ever invented such a medicine.—FRANK P. BURLEIGH, Farmingtown, N. H.

Mr. Gladstone, it appears, include among his many vocations that of a dealer in timber.

My son,

aged nine years, was afflicted with Catarrh; the use of Ely's Cream Balm effected a complete cure.—W. E. HAMMAN, Druggist, Easton, Pa. (50 cts. a package. See Adv't.)

Solid Comfort.

Every one likes to take solid comfort and it may be enjoyed by every one who keeps Kidney-Wort in the house and takes a few doses at the first symptoms of an attack of Malaria Rheumatism, Billiousness, Jaundice or any affection of the Liver, Kidneys or Bowels. It is a purely vegetable compound of roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in Kidney troubles. Added to these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It removes the cause of disease and fortifies the system against new attacks.

A bill has been introduced in the Virginia Legislature to prohibit Sunday trains.

A prompt way to ease asthmatic wheezing. Use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

The Duc De Chartress won $150,000 on the French turf last year.

☞PRETTY AS A PICTURE. Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for Silk, Wool, Cotton, &c, 10c each. A child can use with perfect success. Get at once at your druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co. Burlington, Vt.

Bishop Kavanaugh, who presided at the Mississippi conference is eighty-two years old.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Knocks a Cough or Cold endwise. For children or adults. Troches, 15 c. Liquid 50c. At druggists.

ASK FOR
HOPS & MALT
TRADE MARK
BITTERS
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
Liver and Kidney Remedy,
Compounded from the well known Curatives Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Cascara Sagrada, etc., combined with an agreeable Aromatic Elixir.
THEY CURE DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION,
Act upon the Liver and Kidneys,
AND
REGULATE THE BOWELS,
They cure Rheumatism, and all Urinary troubles. They invigorate, nourish, strengthen and quiet the Nervous System.
As a Tonic they have no Equal.
Take none but Hops and Malt Bitters.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.
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THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD IN THE WORLD FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN Sold by Druggists
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(For all sections and purposes. Write for Free Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Doesn't Know What He's Talking About.

[New York Graphic.]

"Oh! would I were a boy again," once sang an idiot, with a memory cut off so short that he couldn't recollect whether the last he took was beer or brandy. And as he sung and sung, and made others idiodically sing wishing that they were boys again if not girls again, forgetting that boyhood and girlhood as a rule is about the most miserable of human existence. What is it that cries every half hour for something it can't get? A 6 or 7-year-old child. What is it that wants everything it sees and doesn't know what's good for it? A 6 or 7-year-old child. What is it that lies on its little stomach, and kicks with rage and temper because it can't have candy enough to make it sick? A 6 or 7-year-old child. What is it that, pampered with all the "delicacies" of the season, cries for something to eat, it doesn't know what, and refuses out of the pure quintessence of ugliness to be satisfied? A 6 or 7 y. o. child. What is it in the summer time that steals the hard green apples, and then feels them gripe? The "would I were a boy again." What is it that is beaten with rods, straps and whips by the angry father? The 6 or 7 y. o. boy. What is it that is spanked by the tempestuous mother and bullied by everybody? It is needless to say. All have more or less suffered. And this is the compendium of misery, the animated bunch of unrest and fretfulness that he wants to be again? The man doesn't know what he's talking about.

The Rage for Mexico.

[Crofut's New York Letter.]

A rage for going to Mexico has suddenly broken out, and it looks as if some thousands of our citizens would go and winter on the table-lands of the capital, where the thermometer varies but 10 degrees the year around. F. S. Church, the artist, is already there, and Joseph Gay is going. I met Charles Dudley Warner the other day and he said he talked of going, so do Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tuck of Sixty-first street, and many others. The number going this winter, even this early, is unprecedented. The trip cannot yet be made with much comfort overland, because the gap in the National railroad between Saltillo and Mexico is not yet closed; so the Alexandre steamers from Vera Cruz, stopping two days at Havana and one day at Yucatan, get all the custom. Seth Green caught the Mexican fever in the vestibule of the St. Nicholas the other day and said: "I vow, I b'lieve I'll go. They say the fishing can't be beat?" "But it's no place for you," said Judge Roosevelt, "they catch the fish all with a seine." "They do!" broke out the son of Walton "who said so?" "Why, it's notorious. Everybody says so. Haven't you heard yourself of the 'Hauls of the Montezumas?'" By the way, Thomas C. Purdy, vice president of the National railroad, of which Gen. Palmer is president, has just arrived from Europe with Mrs Purdy, and they will return to Mexico again next week.

Magazines too Dear.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The magazines will have to come down in price. Thirty-five cents is too much, and now that they are going so extensively for process engraving they can easily afford a reduction. The Century can be bought anywhere in England for 24 cents. Why should an American have to pay 11 cents more than the Englishman for an American magazine? But the thing that will force the coming down in price is the advent of the cheap English magazines here. Cassells have just published the first number of their Family Magazine in the United States. This magazine is the very best in England. Its price there is 14 cents; its price here is 15 cents. The engravings are of a very high class and the articles and stories by the very best writers over there. The tendency of the age is towards cheap literature. The sooner the older magazines recognize the fact the better it will be for them. Harper's can be bought in London for 18 cents. Why can't they sell in New York for 20 cents?

A Bride's Dowry in India.

[Exchange.]

One of the daughters of Meer Baba, nawab of Surat, has just been married, and this is what the people saw who gathered to watch the bride's dowry carried to the bridegroom's house: A cavalcade of elephants, horses, carriages and palkees led the procession. After them came a number of female servants, all in snow-white clothes, each bearing in her hands a covered tray. About fifty youths followed with rose-water decanters of silver on silver salvers. Then came 500 coolies, some with magnificent bedsteads, with curtains, pillows, etc.; others with swings, benches, boxes, cupboards of various designs, sofas, chairs, tables, and, in short, all the paraphernalia of a modern house. These were followed by seventy-five women; each carrying a tray of sweetmeats. One hundred men with cooking utensils brought up the rear, some of them carrying on their heads basket-loads of lamps, wall-shades, chandeliers, etc.

Silver Dimes.

[Inter Ocean.]

"The call for the dime silver pieces is largely increasing," said Director Snowden, of the Philadelphia mint, the other day. "Last month we coined 100,000 ounces of silver into 10-cent pieces, and for this month we have been authorized to purchase and put into coinage 10,000 ounces of the same denomination. The 5-cent piece, or nickel, is also very much in demand, as you will see by the coinage of last month of that denomination, which reached the total of 11,476,700 pieces. There has been usually a large amount of 10-cent pieces held in the vaults at Washington, but those have all been put in circulation, the demand has been so great."

S. Weir Mitchell: Human nature is inexhaustible, and we may rest sure that on Methuselah's 969th birthday he might have startled his family by some novelty of word or deed.

Peculiarities of Tennyson.

[Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

Tennyson passes most of his days at Farringford, surrounded by the lovely and romantic scenery for which the Isle of Wight is noted. He spends on an average six to eight hours a day in his library engaged in literary work. Orders are always given that he shall not be interrupted except for most momentous reasons, and he never is; for the members of his family and his servants think his making of a line of quite as much importance as the creation of a new world—an opinion which, it is needless to say, he fully shares. Perhaps if his wife—she was Emily Sellwood—were dying she might venture to have him informed of the fact during his hours of work. She would not be willing that his sanctuary should be profaned for any less cause, because she religiously believes that William Shakespeare is scarcely the equal of Alfred Tennyson. If she were capable of forming or cherishing any other opinion, it is doubtful if he would live with her. She probably preserves her connubial place by the most rapturous worship and the most absolute self-effacement.

There have been awful instances of the invasion of Tennyson's library while he was in the throes of composition, owing to the relaxed vigilance of his domestic dragons. The scenes that followed can hardly be described. The poet, in his wrath, raged like mad, threatening to destroy the intruder, and literally tearing the little hair he has left. The very idea of interrupting Alfred Tennyson in his hours of divine inspiration seemed to him monstrous beyond belief, a hideous crime eternally unpardonable. He has never, I believe made any physical assault upon an unfortunate intruder, though it would have been supposed, from his furious demonstration, that he could be appeased with nothing short of homicide.

Bulwer's Gypsy Love.

The recently published autobiography of Bulwer-Lytton furnishes some interesting facts about that peculiar character. Before leaving Cambridge he had enriched his experience with some vacation adventures, including an encounter with a highwayman, a night in a lonely cottage where an attempt was made to murder him, and an amour with a pretty young gypsy, in whose camp he spent five or six days of romantic dalliance.

"One morning she was unusually silent and reserved. I asked her, reproachfully, why she was so cold.

"'Tell me,' she said abruptly, 'tell me truly, do you love me?'

"'I do, indeed.' And so I thought.

"'Will you marry me, then?'

"'Marry you?' I cried aghast. 'Marry? Alas! I would not deceive you—that is impossible.'

"'I don't mean,' she cried impetuously, but not seemingly hurt at my refusal—'I don't mean as you mean—marriage according to your fashion; I never thought of that; but marry me as we marry.'

"'How is that?'

"'You will break a piece of burnt earth with me—a tile, for instance, into two halves.'

"'Well?'

"'In grandmother's presence. That will be marriage. It lasts only five years. It is not long,' she said pleadingly. 'And, if you want to leave me before, how could I stay you?'

"Poor, dear child—for child, after all, she was in years and in mind—how charming she looked then. Alas! I went farther for a wife and fared worse."

Wait a Moment.

[Wall Street News.]

My son, you have got a few thousand dollars to invest. You are crazy to buy stocks, or to speculate in wheat or cotton, and your days and nights are full of pleasant thoughts of enormous profits. J. Gould didn't have your capital to start with, and now he thinks he owns eleven states. Vanderbilt only had hundreds where you have thousands, and yet he owns eleven of the other states and a brick house which is positively rat-proof. At your age Villard was a poverty-stricken clerk, and Russell Sage was inventing the three-legged milk-stool.

But, go slow, my boy. Any idiot can buy stock and futures, but it takes a long head to buy what is certain to return big profits. Fight shy of railroad stocks. Don't think of investing in silver mines. Keep clear of wheat and corn and cotton. Don't fool with canal shares, county bonds, navigation stocks, nor flying-machines. Be reasonable. Don't expect to make money too fast. Go into business with an undertaker for a year and let the market settle. Start a corner-grocery and get some idea of how codfish fluctuates. Establish a bucket-shop and learn how to manipulate the market. Open a liver-pad foundry and learn patience, humility and how to skin your fellow-men.

Drinking Liquid Fire.

["Durandal" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The young men behind the bar have to work like beavers to wait on the men who rush in on their way home. Many of them are very expert and quite showy. This is particularly the case at this season of the year while making hot apple toddy. The bar-tenders vie with each other in picturesque manners of mixing this drink. They pour part of the liquor in each glass and then light it.

As the spirits flame up they toss them from one glass to another until there is a semi-circle of fire above their heads. Then they slam it down on the bar, blow it out, and the customer gulps it down under the impression that he is enjoying it. It nearly scalds him to death, and he is quite convinced that he is swallowing liquid fire. The tears start from his eyes and he clutches the glass convulsively, but he is bound to down the liquor like a man, but more properly like an idiot. It's a cruel drink.

Rabbi Wise's Lecture: It is no mistake to maintain that the citizens of any country are as patriotic and law abiding as the members of its families are affectionate and dutiful among themselves.

CHILDREN'S MAGAZINES.

Too Much Mush and Molasses for the Children and Not Enough Solid Food.

[Springfield Republican.]

The great fault of the children's magazines is that they give the least possible quantity of sense to the greatest possible quantity of amusement. Now it is well to be amused, and the lightening of the reading of childhood by the riches of various folklore, the invention of new fairy and fantasy, the infusion of poetic beauty, and the ornament of art—all these are most praiseworthy in due bounds. The objection is that there are no bounds; that trifles have the whole field to themselves, and in fact that the principal constituents of the child's paper or magazine are mush and molasses, cake and candy. Now, we do not feed our children after this sort at the home tables. We give [illegible] milk and bread and meat and [illegible]—the sweet stuff is a mere occasional luxury. Why should we allow their finer being, their mental quality, to be demoralized any more readily than their physical? We are now greatly improving in physical hygiene—why should we lower the intellectual conditions?

We shall not be suspected of the Gradgrind spirit if we declare that 75 per cent. of nonsense is too much to present our children in a month, and even 50 per cent., which we are persuaded is the modern average, is too great for their mental healths.

We do not deny the value and necessity of cultivating the imagination. The Arabian Nights needs succession and sustainment, and when so great an original genius as Frank Stockton appears, we sincerely desire to limit his appearance, for we shall seldom in a generation find his equal. The flood of American production is not in the fashion of Mr. Stockton—though he has imitators at a distance—but in the general line of fanciful trash and silly fiction. It really affords one a grave sense of comfort to open an English juvenile like The Chatterbox, with its honest dullness, its pragmatical moralizing and its plain old-style wood-cuts.

The mention of wood-cuts leads to another consideration, and that perhaps the radical one. It is that our American child's magazines, papers and books are written and illustrated too generally above the heads of their ostensible audience.

What Dazed a Britisher.

[Philadelphia Press.]

A mild-looking importation from the British isles found his way to the post-office last evening, and, after wading through the streams of water which served as a moat to the building, reached one of the windows in safety. He held a big package of Christmas cards up for inspection, and the clerk said it would take 40 cents to carry it across the Atlantic. The applicant produced the money, and the window-man made a picture-frame round the bundle with twenty stamps, each of the denomination of 2 cents, and then said: "Five cents more, please."

"How's that?" demanded the Britisher.

"It weighs heavier now the stamps are on," was the explanation.

"Why, the doose," expostulated the victim, "why the doose didn't you put one 40-cent stamp on or two of 20 cents. You are a genius!"

"Hurry up with that nickel," roared the official. "I want to go to sleep. What did you come so late for, anyway? All the stamps are locked up in the safe at this hour, and we've only got 2's."

The victim fumbled in his pocket and produced a trade dollar, and asked for the change.

"Don't like 'em," shouted the infuriated window gentleman.

Once more the victim fumbled and this time fished up a $2.50 gold piece.

"That's too worn. That's too light," yelled the postoffice clerk, dancing about with rage.

There was a repetition of the pocket investigation, and the bewildered Britisher took one by one from his coat five cart-wheel pennies of the issue of 1850, and, as they are legal tender, the official was bound to accept them. He looked like a man with five mothers-in-law.

Humor of a Chinese Play.

[The Century.]

The performance of this play—one of the shortest in the theatrical repertory—was begun at 6 o'clock and ended at midnight. It was relieved by not a single sparkle of wit, not a solitary gleam of humor. The nearest approach to pleasantry was furnished by the speech of the emperor when he killed his child. The mother exclaimed, "Alas! you have slain our son." To which his answer is: "Well, console yourself; I am not going to kill him again." This brought out a burst of laughter from the audience; all seemed to regard it as a finished bit of humor. They looked on unmoved, however, when the gory corpse rose and retired from the stage, while a member of the orchestra handed to the murderer a false head, which he apostrophized in blood-curdling terms. The only other expression of enjoyment was elicited by the disguise of the mother in man's attire. When she stroked her long, false beard, several of the spectators laughed heartily, while a ripple of smiles passed over the stolid faces of the others.

Drew's Faith and Works.

[Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A story of Daniel Drew, the famous Methodist millionaire, who was bankrupted by a corner in Northwestern stock, and died a comparative pauper, went the rounds of the newspapers a few years ago. It it fat just here.

Old Uncle Daniel, as he was called by his Wall street pals, had been coaxed into subscribing a couple of hundred thousand dollars to some Methodist educational institute. The old man gave the subscription under protest, and in telling some brother about it a day or two after, said:

"Well, sir, I didn't know where the money was a comin' from. I was re'lly worried about it, an' I made it a subjec' of fastin' an' prayer. I fasted and prayed over the matter a day, and then, sir, I went down on Wall street, and skinned them fellers out of a cool $200,000 in less than twenty-four hours."

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

Some day, some day of days, threading the sweet
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill;
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair
And drop the garment, care;
Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,
How, face to face, each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary fate's dark, separating sea;

And glance to glance and hand to hand in greeting,
The past, with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

THE IDEAL CREMATORY.

How Cremation Will Be Robbed of All Its Objectionable Features.

[The Modern Age.]

It is not a disagreeable journey on which we now propose to take our readers. It is to witness the final disposition of a friend's remains in the ideal crematory of the future—science having already perfected the mechanical appliances necessary in conducting it in the way we describe.

Our friend has died, and, through the usual announcements, we learn that the last rites will be performed in the columbarium at a given hour. Repairing thither at the appointed time, we first pass through a grove of stately trees, the soothing murmurs of whose rustling leaves brings peace and quiet into the hearts of those who mourn and gather to pay the last tribute. Within the grove stands a massive building of gray masonry, whose architecture shows no striving after ornamental effect, and whose solid proportions give a sense of eternal permanency. A few small windows in the simple frieze which crowns its walls do not destroy this effect, and their plain stained-glass clashes in no wise with the harmony of color between the sky, the trees and the gray stone of the temple of rest. About the Doric pillars of its portico green vines twine fondly, as though they, too, would do their share in robbing death of all its hideousness.

To this place loving hands have borne the body of our friend. No coffin lends its horror to the journey from this earthly home to here, where eternal sleep awaits him. A flower-strewn bier gives poetic carriage for this short and final journey. Entering the broad portal, the soft deep notes of an organ charm the ear. The eye takes in a most imposing sight. The entire interior of the building is one impressive room, with walls, floor, ceiling, all of white and spotless marble. The view is not a dazzling one, for the light is subdued and comes in varied color through the windows at the top. On either side of the chamber stand a few memorial statues—real works of art—each one of them keeping alive the memory of some one who in his life was either good or great. Many of the marble slabs in the sides and floor of the temple bear in plain, sunken letters a name and two dates. Behind or beneath them are niches containing urns, where rest the pure white ashes of the beloved dead.

On a simple dais in the middle of the room lies the body of our beloved friend. The hour has come, and about it are gathered those who knew and loved him while he lived. The scene, the surroundings, the subdued music of the organ, the absence of everything to jar upon the taste or senses, brings on a mood of solemn contemplation. No thought of physical corruption jars upon our memories of the dead. The opening words of the speaker are said, a hidden choir harmoniously chants of hope and life, and now the end has come. With the words "ashes to ashes" a white pall is thrown over the dais and we have looked upon our friend for the last time. The dais noiselessly sinks from sight, a short hour is spent in listening to a funeral oration or in contemplation, until the dais, still covered with the pall, rises from below. The pall removed, we see upon the dais an urn—provided beforehand, and containing the ashes of our friend. This is now sealed into one of the niches, and the ceremony is over. This is not pure imagination. Modern invention has robbed incineration of all its objectionable features. Never till of late years could the world well and simply solve the problem of what to do with its dead. The whole process can be carried on as we have pictured, and without a single revolting feature in any part of it.

Our Secret of Mormon Success.

[Exchange.]

The great success of Mormon missionaries abroad is owing to the fact that they offer poor people land. These lands are really furnished by our government under the homestead law. But the Mormons do a splendid business offering these lands to converts. The poor people come to our shores, get the land from our government through Mormon agencies, and they reimburse the church for the trouble of converting them by paying tithes. The Mormons do a thriving business in this way, and keep an overflowing church treasury, which supports two emissaries near congress with ever-ready reasons for not interfering with polygamy.

Hair-Cutting and Child Nature.

The banging of a girl's hair changes the whole nature of the little wretch, and she becomes as a gun that is loaded. You take a picture of "Evangeline," and bang her hair, and she would look as though she would "run at" people. How would Mrs. Van Cott, the alleged female preacher, look with her hair banged? It is just the same with boys. You take a nice, pious, Sunday school boy, who can repeat 300 verses in the new testament, and cut his hair with a clipper, and he looks like Tug Wilson.

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A NEW YORK LUNCH-HOUSE.

An Establishment that Entertains Five Thousand Men a Day.

[New York Standard.]

Commencing with the Astor house, the reporter was conducted through a network of passages to the office of Monsieur Fere, the chief of that noted establishment. "You have undertaken a big job, but I think I can post you on the mysteries of our cuisine," he said.

"Have you any idea of the number of dishes served daily at the lunch counter in the rotunda?"

"I suppose we supply nearly five thousand lunches every day." Calling for a rotunda bill of fare, the writer counted a selection of exactly 100 dishes, not including vegetables, of which there were twenty-eight assortments.

"And what amount of food does that represent?"

"That's easily figured up. Our daily consumption of food comprises 126 ribs of beef, 400 pounds of English mutton for chops, 100 pounds of mutton ribs, 150 pounds of mutton legs, 25 loins of beef for steaks, 400 pounds of turkey, 300 pounds of chicken for entrees, and boiling purposes, 300 fowls for salads and chicken pates. Then comes game. Of this we use 100 pairs of quails, 25 brace of partridges, 25 brace of grouse, and 100 pairs of ducks of all kinds. We also consume daily 20,000 oysters—10,000 for patties, and 10,000 for fries, stews and raws. Of lobsters we use two barrels, chiefly for salads, and 500 pounds of fish. If you want to know how many vegetables we dispose of I can tell you that also; potatoes, ten barrels; cabbage, two; asparagus (in season), three; spinach, two."

"And what staff do you find necessary for so large a supply?"

"The oysters alone require a separate department. We have four oyster cooks and five openers. Oyster patties with us are a specialty, and we have, probably, a greater run on them than on any other dish. Our next strong point is our mutton chops, for which, also, there is a great demand. There are in addition to our oyster cooks twelve cooks, twelve assistant cooks, two bakers and a confectioner."

"Can you give me any idea of the consumption of wine and liquors at lunch?"

"The Americans are now beginning to learn to eat with discrimination, hence the increase in champagnes and clarets is very marked."

"Do you find much waste in the food?"

"Very little, if any. That which is left over goes to the 'help.'"

Reducing the Middle Classes.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

The tendency of the age is to accumulate the wealth of the community into few hands. The Vanderbilts and Jay Goulds represent a thousand or more rich men of the past era. The wealth of a community does not vary much from generation to generation; that is, if you divide the sum total by the number of inhabitants. If in any one epoch, therefore, a few persons become inordinately wealthy, it must be at the expense of many others, who lose their possessions. Nearly forty years ago the French philosopher Augusta Comte foretold the present state of things, and said that all the tendencies of the modern world were to mass wealth into the hands of a few persons. As this could not be helped, he urged the way to meet the difficulty was not by communistic agitation or a socialistic reorganization of society, but to create a public opinion which would force the millionaires or billionaires to regard their wealth as held in trust for the benefit of the community.

The middle classes in the past have been the small capitalists, storekeepers, merchants, brokers, employers—in other words, those who stood between the producer and consumer, and made large profits out of each; but modern invention is diminishing the gains of these middle men. The telegraph, railway, and modern banking devices are helping to destroy profits and are concentrating trade into great establishments. The late A. T. Stewart had, it is said, over a hundred persons in his employ, who had once been his rivals in business, and this same tendency obtains in every department of trade. This will end in this country in giving us a few very rich men, a reduced number of the middle classes and a relatively larger working population. This will furnish materials for a social convulsion, unless the coming billionaires so use their wealth as to improve the condition and conciliate the good will of their less fortunate fellow-citizens.

A Cooper After Fame.

[Wall Street News.]

A New York wholesale drys goods merchant, who was passing a day or two in a Pennsylvania town, received a call at the hotel from an anxious-looking, middle-aged man, who looked carefully around the room to see that nobody was eavesdropping, and then whispered: "Say, you are from New York, ain't you?" "I am." "That's what the boys said. Say!" "Well." "This is one of the meanest towns in the country." "Is it?" "You bet it is! Any man who tries to get along is cried down at once, and everybody is jealous of him. Say!" "Well, sir." "I've got a cooper shop down here about half a mile. Across the road is a fellow with a limekiln. An alderman from Pittsburg came on here a few weeks ago, and happened to visit the kiln, and the owner has been so stuck up ever since that you can't touch him with a ten-foot pole. Say!" "Yes." "Come down to my shop and straddle a shaving horse and sit there ten minutes and I'll buy you a new hat! That alderman was a big thing, and it was something to crow over, but if I can get a wholesale merchant from New York city into my cooper shop there won't be another church festival in this town without I 'tend the door and my wife makes the soup!"

A Georgia man has succeeded in making a beer from sugar-cane that will intoxicate.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

[The Century.]

No more she'll stroll by moonlight this year
upon your arm;
She's gone to study Latin in a spot well
fenced from harm.

How cool her muslin somehow seemed—she
always brought a breeze;
And how short she made the evenings in
those walks beneath the trees!

I must say it to her credit that she never lost
her heart,
Nor in any piece of acting ever failed to know
her part.

For she laughed at jokes, no matter how old
and stale and bad,
And she thought the present company the
best she'd ever had.

Then she gave us all her photograph, each
the first she ever gave;
"Would the recipient please be silent on the
subject as the grave!"

But her art was quite transparent, and as
harmless as the sun,
And the misanthrope who shunned her did
but lose a heap of fun.

So, old fellow, ere we separate to join the
winter whirl,
Let's drink a parting bumper to that jolly
summer girl.

BALLADS OF THE WHEEL.

[Outing and The Wheelman.]

Through the winding lanes where willows
lean,
And the stately elms their shadows throw,
Past the woodland bowers of sunlit green,
Where the dusky brave with bended bow,
In the haloed time of the long ago,
Would soft, like a stealthy panther, steal,
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

By the highways broad, where, fair, is seen
The bloom of the alder, white as snow,
Down hillsides steep on the road between
The vineyards wide with their vines a-row,
Nigh meads where the murmuring brook-
lets flow
And rushes tall in the breezes reel,
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

On days when spring is a verdant queen
And bright-eyed buttercups gleam and
glow
'Mid hours when the forest's emerald sheen
Is scorched by suns that the tropics know,
In autumn tide, ere the winter's woe,
Whether bells of morn or eve outpeal,
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

ENVOY.

Come, riders all, be ye swift or slow,
And join in the praise of the steed of
steel!—
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

A Better Class of Immigrants Coming

["Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

While immigration has decreased, the people who have arrived are of a far better class than have been landed on these shores for over ten years. There is a marked decrease in the arrival of the pauper elements, while skilled laborers from all countries have come in larger numbers than before. Germany, especially, has sent skilled mechanics, who have been employed in factories throughout the country at wages far in excess of those paid for the same labor in the old country. Another noticeable feature of the present year's immigration has been the influx of well-to-do farmers from the British isles, especially Scotland, who have purchased their own lands in the west, and with their families have settled down to a life of industry.

Of the 390,500 aliens who arrived during the year, it is estimated that less than five thousand returned, while over forty thousand persons have come to America during the year from foreign lands who had in previous years settled in the United States, but returned again to their homes in the old country. Persons of this class are not placed on the records as aliens, and are not included under the head of immigrants.

Germany has during the present year, as in former years, sent the most desirable class of immigrants, and, in point of numbers, has also excelled all other foreign nations. The British isles follow Germany closely, both in character and number of immigrants; and it is predicted that both these nations will, during the approaching year, furnish to the United States a larger number of desirable laborers than ever before, owing to the unsettled condition of affairs in the Old World. Belgium, while sending but 1,500 of her subjects, has furnished a class which has not been excelled by any nation save the two mentioned. It is particularly noticeable that no fault has been found with a single immigrant from Belgium during the past year, although nearly all have been supplied with employment by the labor bureau at the Garden. The number of arrivals for the year, with an estimate for the last week in December, amounts to 390,400, against 455,450 for the previous year, and 441,064 for 1881.

Picture of Andrew Jackson Davis.

["Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.]

The queerest preacher in New York is Andrew Jackson Davis. He is a Spiritualist, and I am not going to write a word for or against the soundness of his doctrines. At all events, they are not more unique than his person. Spiritualism has no such hold, numerically or intellectually, here in New York, as it has in Boston, Philadelphia, or Chicago; and Davis' congregation is very small, besides evidently unable, as a whole, to comprehend his complex and speculative teachings. Davis is at the head to-day, I suppose, of all the honest believers in spiritual communication. In the street or on the platform he is worth looking at, whatever may be the opinion as to listening to him. He is a little above the medium height, thin to emaciation, and straight in a squeezed-up way, as though he had been laid on his back under a heavy board when young and plastic. His head is a five-story structure, but built on a narrow lot. His nose would never be mistaken for anything else than Roman, and he has black whiskers that are the only commonplace thing about him.

He is intensely clerical in aspect, his broadcloth being smoother, his coat higher in the neck and more single-breasted, his hair longer and his spectacles glassier, than are often seen in an orthodox pulpit. He has visions, and shows it. A far-away look and a disregard of adjacent earthly matters are explained by his friends as the signs of spiritual intercourse. He may at the time be walking the street, or eating his dinner. He cannot be accused of mercenary insincerity. His preaching yields a slender income, he has nothing to do with seances for fees, and he might prosper by turning his talents to something else than the hard job of converting the world to his own religion. It was in a downtown restaurant that I made this sketch of him. Between the ordering of a steak and its delivery a trance came upon him. He had entered hungry, as his eager directions to the waiter regarding the necessity for rareness and juiciness in the beef clearly proved. But when it was placed before him he gazed vacantly over it into the spirit land; and when he returned to the earthly life it was uneatably cold. Can you doubt his honesty now?

A Circus in Java.

[Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat]

Probably the most interesting thing I saw in Java was an American circus, and it was curious to see the crowds of Malays and Chinese as eager to catch a glimpse of the lion or to get a seat next the ring as the average American small boy. It was American in every respect, and I believe they are getting to be an institution of our country. To get a warm reception anywhere all the manager has to do is to advertise it as such; draw attention to the bare-backers riders all as Miss Emma, or some such good English name, instead of Mlle. Lucie de la Vere, as is the custom with us, and that Sam Johnson, the great American negro lion tamer, will give an entertainment with his five tame lions captured in the wilds of Missouri. Yes, the American circus is gaining a world-wide reputation, and even here in Batavia was the excitement of the week.

New Use for Eucalyptus.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

A new and curious use for the eucalyptus tree, already famed as an antidote to malaria, was discovered by accident lately in California. The leaves, it has been found, act as a preventive of that incrustation of steam boilers which leads to their general corrosion, and is said to be almost the sole cause of explosions.

Fulton market, New York, sells 40,000,000 pounds of fish, and rejects 8,000,000 annually.

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A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe.*]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

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AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS.

Peculiarities of Penmanship of Some Celebrated Writers.

[Boston Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's manuscript is a joy to the soul of editor and compositor, written in a clear, unshaded, perfectly legible hand, punctuated, capitalized and paragraphed with the utmost exactness. She sometimes tells with glee and pardonable pride how, when she was less known to fame than now, her health was proposed by George William Curtis at a New York press dinner, as the contributor who furnished perfect copy.

By means of fac simile reproductions everybody is familiar with the small, elegant chirography of Longfellow and Whittier's rather scrawly, unshaded hand. The manuscript of the former was neat and precise, that of the latter suggests that it has been windswept. There was a certain resemblance between the writing of Whittier and that of Emerson, but the latter was smaller and more compact in character.

Dr. Holmes' manuscript, trig and tidy as its author, is in a small, running hand, which gives one the impression of having been written with great ease and rapidity.

Mrs. Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazar, writes in uneven, easy characters, not difficult to read, although her copy is less legible than her letters. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's literary work goes to the printer in writing wholly unshaded and with seperate letters often twisted and crushed out of shape, yet offering no especial difficulty to the compositor. Mrs. Celia Thaxter writes an odd, back-handed chirography, with a margin on the left, but running sharply to the edge of the paper on the right.

Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell puts her editorials for The Woman's Journal on the backs of circulars or any scrap of paper which comes to hand, in a stiff, school-girlish character, awkward and unformed, with frequent erasures and numerous paragraph marks. Col. T. W. Higginson's contributions to the same periodical are sent in on thin brown manilla paper, in a careless, nervous, compact hand, with a moderate number of emendations.

Miss Fletcher, author of "Kismet" and other novels, produces a MS. which has the clearness and sharpness of an engraved page, with an elegant, somewhat affected style of chirography.

George Parsons Lathrop's MS. is in nervous, jerky characters, with few erasures, and an exactness of punctuation and printers' marks, which probably results from his editorial experience.

W. D. Howell's handwriting is rather clear, very irregular and decidedly cramped.

Henry James writes a very black, heavy hand, which has much the appearance of having been written with a quill. It is rather blind, the final y's and g's running off into funny wiggles and quavers.

Nora Perry is fond of violet ink, and writes a scrawling, graceful hand, which, in moments of haste, melts away into intricacies of illegibility. It is true that it can be deciphered, but it much endangers the eternal welfare of the compositor.

Jean Ingelow's copy is scrawled upon unruled paper in the most loose and unformed of handwritings, yet with nothing angular about the characters, which, moreover, are easily read.

The manuscript of Wm. Lloyd Garrison is bare, because he had a horror of autograph collections, and took pains to have his copy returned to him. The example before me covers four sheets of ruled note-paper, closely written in purple ink, in a precise, old-fashioned hand, exactly correct in punctuation, orthography, capitalization and paragraphing; indeed, save for the fact of its being written upon both sides of the leaf, it is what a printer would consider an ideal piece of copy.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney scrawls in a light, scraggy Italian hand all over her sheet, not easy to read and not very pretty to see.

Julian Hawthorne writes a hand in which the letters are all well formed, but which are so small that one almost needs a microscope to make them out.

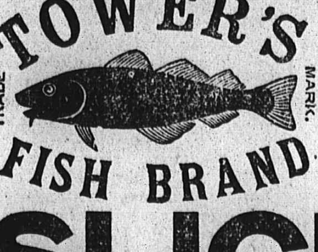
Mr. T. B. Aldrich, who himself writes a fine-looking page, but in a chirography in which the characters are so hastily made as to have the appearance of being but half-formed, expresses a hearty dislike for manuscript in the type-writer, yet Mark Twain's copy is in this form. His penmanship is clear and business-like, but he dictates now-a-days to a stenographer, who prints the result upon a type-writer as aforesaid. One of the oddest looking of manuscripts which one sees now is that of William Winter. The first glance at his copy gives one the impression that it is written in Japanese character, so strange and crooked is it. It is easily read, however; is written on small sheets and liked by the compositor.

Miss Louisa Alcott cultivates a swinging back-hand penmanship, the lines far apart and easily read. Lucy Larcom's hand is cramped and old-fashioned, like that of a very old lady; and the same is true to a less degree of that of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

How He Lost Her.

[Harvard Lampoon.]

Miss Rosalie Roseleaf, who is beautiful and sentimental, was sitting one summer's evening with Hollis Hodworthy on the veranda. The moon was shining brilliantly. Silence had reigned for some moments, when Rosalie, who, as the books say, was not 1,000 miles away from Hollis' purple cravat, looked up suddenly in his face, and sighed, "I must go in at 10; is it 10 yet?" "No, dear," said he, looking at his watch, "it is only 10 minutes of 10." A soft, restful expression spread over Rosalie's face at these words, and she said: "Then we may stay here ten minutes more; ten precious minutes here together in the beautiful moonlight," and her head again returned to a point not 1,000 miles distant from Hollis' purple cravat. Then poor Hollis, just as if the whole affair was a purely business transaction, blurted out: "But my watch is ten minutes slow." Poor, prosaic Hollis lost by a slip of the tongue the sweetest girl this side of Cambridgeport.



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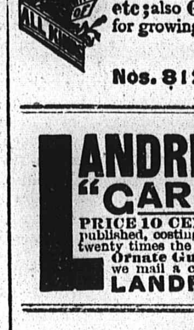

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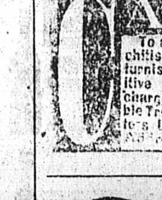

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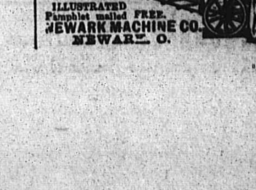

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