

ate H. B. Society



VOL. XV. I

TOPEKA, MAY 16, 1885.

No. 71

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS, EVERY SATURDAY, Topeka, - - - Kansas. Seventy Five Cents a Year in Advance. Or Two Copies One Dollar.

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 75 cents, and two copies \$1.25. Clubs of five or more 50 cents each.

Strawberry and ice cream parties are in full bloom.

A Charity Concert was given at Library Hall on Thursday evening.

Teams will not be allowed to enter the cemetery grounds on Decoration Day.

Another quite useless organization has been formed in this city called The Printers Protection Association.

An editorial Association meeting was held at Wyandotte on Wednesday of this week. It was a purely business meeting.

The Sells Brothers Show being in Kansas City a number of the Sells's of this city went down to visit friends the first of the week.

The city Press Club has invited Noble Prentiss of the Atchison Champion to deliver a humorous lecture in this city for the benefit of the Club.

A Topeka Real Estate and Improvement Company has been organized. The object is to buy, improve and sell suburban property and to deal in real estate.

Another laboring man's or citizens meeting will be held at the City Park on Sunday the 24th instant at which J. G. Cougher of East St. Louis will speak.

Every body says these are extremely hard times, but no one would think it from the amount of building going on in North Topeka. Houses are going up everywhere.

Medicine Lodge has organized a water works company. The enterprise of these western towns would make the eyes of eastern old fogies bulge from their sockets if they could see it.

A large party of German Turners and others enjoyed themselves at Turner Garden and Scheutzen Park last Sunday afternoon. Two bands were in attendance and in the evening there was a dance.

Warden Smith of the penitentiary reports everything running smoothly at that institution, although his appropriation for clothing is exhausted, and not before June 30 can his boys get any more striped Sunday clothes.

A state meeting of county school superintendents will be held in Normal School building in Emporia June 8, 9 and 10. State superintendent Lawhead with the assistance of county superintendent McDonald and others has prepared a program for the occasion.

Another blessing has come to the hotel servants and perhaps others. It is the introduction of white paper dishes for table use. They are cheaper than the washing and breakage of the common dishes and they are so light that the waiters grin with satisfaction.

Judge Crozier of Leavenworth has decided that a county attorney cannot send a recalcitrant witness to jail for contempt in refusing to testify. It has before this been supposed that this was a prerogative of a judge and not an attorney. It involves the constitutionality of a provision of the new prohibitory law to which Gov. Martin objected.

C. B. Hoffman, E. H. T. Wakefield and others addressed a large labor meeting at the City Park last Sunday afternoon. By holding these meetings on Sunday they antagonize and lose the sympathy of a large class who would otherwise be with them. It is already charged that these labor movements are tinged with infidelity and the holding of Sunday meetings only goes to give color to the charge.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

It Takes Considerable of a Man to Run One.

When a locomotive rolled up to an early East Tennessee town, and the engineer, who was a man of small stature, got down to "oil around," two mountaineers looked at the engine for the first time; they examined it critically, were lost in admiration, thought it was "a big thing," but as one of them sized up the little engineer, he remarked: "It don't take much of a man to run her, does it, Jim?"

But he didn't know—it does look easy—a boy might stand on the foot-board, open and shut the throttle; but, Jim, it does take a good deal of a man to stand there all through the hours of day and night, to know all the grades of the road, where he "must make her red-hot and pull her wide open" to get to the top of the hill, and where to "shut her off and let her roll;" it does take much of a man to read the gauge, and know if the water is low, or if there is plenty; to know when she is working easily or laboring hard; to feel her pulse, as it were, as he stands in his place, and tell whether all is well; and then, if she "lets down," it does take much of a man to know just what to do to disconnect and block her up.

It does take much of a man when there is a stretch of track to take a long look ahead or peer around curves, to watch the track for anything that may be in the way, and if there should be—a tree, a rock, or a broken rail, or a misplaced switch—then there must be a man at the throttle, one who has the nerve to do any act quickly; one who has brains to think with, and a strong arm to act; one who loses sight of himself and thinks of those behind him, all unconscious of any danger. It will take a man then, Jim, to apply the brake, to "throw her over and give her steam."

There is the gauge to watch and the water; the track must be watched and the signals—see if they are red or green. It is watch, watch, all the time think and remember every figure on the time-card and the mile-post and the station, and the yellow tissue paper the telegraph man gave him at the last station—verily, eternal vigilance is the price of his life! Yes, Jim, it does take much of a man to run her.—The Pointer.

HUMOROUS.

—Powerful steel knives which will cut cold iron have been invented. They will be useful in railway restaurants.—Detroit Post.

—Ah, Miss De Smith, are you going to have goose at dinner to-day? "Yes, I hope so; you'll come, won't you?" But somehow neither of them felt very comfortable after that.—Texas Siftings.

—"Master," said a little Irish rogue one day to a gardener, "are not plants great sluggards?" "No, certainly not," replied the gardener. "Why, oh, I thought they were, as it's so rarely you see 'em out of their beds."—N. Y. Ledger.

—"Lend me your ear a minute," remarked Mrs. Brown to her husband the other evening. "Will you give it back to me?" he inquired with mock anxiety. "Of course I will, you idiot! Do you suppose I want to start a tannery?" She got the ear.—N. Y. Graphic.

—A young man entered an illustrated newspaper office the other day and applied for a position. "Can you draw well?" asked the publisher. "No," said the young man. "But if I had the well I could draw water." He didn't use the elevator going down stairs.—Williamsport Breakfast Table.

—"Johnnie, you have been fighting?" gravely inquired Mrs. Jarphly. "No, mam," promptly answered the heir of the Jarphlys. "John Schermerhorn, how dare you tell me an untruth!" exclaimed his mother. "Where did you get that black eye, sir?" "I traded another boy two front teeth and a broken nose for it," replied Johnnie, as he crossed the wood-pile.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—"That's a good gun of yours, stranger," said a backwoodsman; "but Uncle Dave here has one that beats it." "Ah! how far will it kill a hawk with a charge of No. 6 shot?" "I don't use shot or ball either," answered Uncle Dave for himself. "Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?" "I shoot salt altogether. I kill my game so far with my gun, that without salt the game would spile before I could get it."

—Jones entered his office and sat down at his desk in a very pronounced and emphatic manner. "What's the matter?" inquired his partner. "Something gone wrong?" "Wrong?" repeated the exasperated man. "I walked the floor with a crying baby from midnight until six o'clock this morning, and as I left the house the first person I met was Smith, who said with an idiotic smirk: 'Ah! old man, you look rather tough. Out with the boys again last night?' Some men make me sick."—Detroit Post.

CRACKERS FOR THE WORLD.

American Manufacturers Far Ahead of Their Rivals in Any Land.

"Few people," said a large cracker and biscuit manufacturer "know how the various kinds of biscuits they so often eat are manufactured, or the vast amount of business that is done in this line."

"Has the business grown lately?" "It has assumed during the past few years immense proportions, and now we are able to compete with any country in the world in this line."

"To what do you attribute this great success?" "Principally to machinery and the care we have taken to place before the market good and pure articles. A few years ago we used to import in large quantities sweet biscuits from England, they on that side being far in advance of us in their manufacture, but to-day we export to London, and, in fact, to all parts of the world. The last biscuit that for a long time we were unable to produce was the sugar wafer. We have recently placed this article in the market, and a superior one to that produced in the old country. Then, through our machines, we are able to sell biscuits that twelve years ago sold at twenty-five cents a pound for fifteen cents."

The reporter and manufacturer ascended the stairs leading to the top of the factory. The latter stated that in this factory not any of the material was touched by hand until the biscuit was baked in one continual process. With these machines we grind the various ingredients we use. This (pointing to a large sieve) is for sifting the flour, and after that operation it is placed in this shaft and shot down to the next floor, where we will follow it. This shaft was made simply of canvas, and on the same principles as the shaft in the grain elevators. The end of the shaft came into a trough about fifteen feet long, three wide and three deep. Here various ingredients used in the manufacture were mixed together, but only lightly, as it is placed in another trough of a similar size through which a large piece of twisted steel is turned; this is a mixer. After it is well mixed it is turned into another shaft and lowered to the next floor. Here the first operation is to press the dough under very heavy rollers, answering the same purpose as the cook's rolling-pin. This is done a great number of times until it is rolled to about half an inch in thickness, when it is passed into the last machine before the oven."

"How fast does the stamping machine work?" "One hundred and five stamps a minute, and we have a stamp that will cut sixty-eight biscuits each stamp; that makes 7,140 biscuits in one minute."

"How long are the biscuits in baking?" "Stay a moment. First look at the ovens. We have done away with the old-fashioned tiled ovens. These are four-story-high with walls three feet thick. They took as much brick to build as would build a large tenement house. At each floor is a large wheel just like a paddle-wheel, only the paddles are swung on swivels, and remain in the same position all the time. One shelf is filled with biscuits to bake and then lowered and the next one filled, and so we go on until the first one comes round cooked. Then they are pulled off into this chute and placed in baskets."

"What is the heat of the oven?" "It varies from four hundred to six hundred degrees. The men are so well informed that they know if it is the right heat directly they place their hands in it. The biscuits take two minutes and a half to bake. The fires are never put out."

"What is the next process?" "The biscuits are sent up to the packing-room, where they are placed in tin boxes, sealed up, labeled, and ready for export."

"How many different kinds do you make?" "Over three hundred, both sweet and dry, from the very bread to the sugar wafers."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

—There are about as many ways of pronouncing depot as there are eccentric ways of pronouncing "creamery," "finance," etc. As a road out of the difficulty we give the following suggestion:

It is but a step—oh Down to the depot—oh The way is quite steep—oh That leads to the depot—oh I slipped on a graph—oh Just by the depot—oh In a store near the depot—oh I thought this mail too hot.

Perhaps to end the agitation, We'd better henceforth call it station, —Lancaster Observer.

HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS! Cheaper Than Ever.

Gasoline Stoves of the latest improved patterns; Refrigerators, Lawn Mowers, Chain Pumps, Iron Force Pumps, Wind Mill Pumps, Roofing, Guttering, Spouti g, Fence Wire In fact every thing in the Hardware line, at Prices lower than ever. H. I. COOK & CO. 166 Kansas Avenue.

CHEWING GUM.

The Complicated Process Indulged in by the People of Patagonia.

To fit it for use the natives make it into pellets, then hold it on the point of a stick over a basin of cold water; a coil of fire is then approached to it, causing it to melt and trickle down by drops into the basin. The drops, hardened by the process, are then kneaded with the fingers, cold water being added occasionally, till the gum becomes thick and opaque like putty. To chew it properly requires a great deal of practice, and when this indigenous art has been acquired a small ball of mastic may be kept in the mouth two or three hours every day, and used for a week or longer without losing its agreeable resinous flavor or diminishing in bulk, so firmly does it hold together. The mastic chews, on taking the ball or quid from his mouth, washes it and puts it by for future use, just as one does with a tooth-brush. Chewing gum is not merely an idle habit, and the least that can be said in its favor is that it allays the desire for excessive smoking—a small advantage to the idle dwellers, white or red, in this desert land; it also preserves the teeth by keeping them free from extraneous matter, and gives them such a pearly luster as I have never seen outside of this region. My own attempts at chewing mastic have, so far, proved signal failures. Somehow the gum invariably spreads itself in a thin coat over the interior of my mouth, covering the palate like a sticking-plaster and inclosing the teeth in a stubborn rubber case. Nothing will serve to remove it when it comes to this pass but raw nut, vigorously chewed for half an hour, with occasional sips of cold water to harden the delightful mixture and induce it to come away. The culmination of the mess is when the gum spreads over the lips and becomes entangled in the hairs that overshadow them; and when the closed mouth has to be carefully opened with the fingers, until these also become sticky and hold together firmly as if united by a membrane. All this comes about through the neglect of a simple precaution, and never happens to the accomplished masticator who is to the manner born. When the gum is still fresh occasionally it loses the quality of stiffness artificially imparted to it, and suddenly, without rhyme or reason, transforms itself into the raw material as it came from the tree. The adept, knowing by certain indications when this is about to happen, takes a mouthful of cold water at the critical moment, and so averts a result so discouraging to the novice. Mastic-chewing is a habit common to everybody throughout the entire territory of Patagonia, and for this reason I have described the delightful practice at some length.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The First Requisite for Good Meat.

The National Live Stock Journal declares, as a scientific fact, that good meat must, as a first requisite, be very fat—"excessively fat," as the people would say. Nearly every experienced householder has privately come to this same opinion. The meat may be beautifully mottled, and yet be very tough; it was old and was suddenly fattened. Therefore, while all fat meat is not sweet and tender, yet there is no sweet and tender meat to be found on the butcher's block which is not very fat. Pay a little extra for this fat; it is a good investment. A "thick steak," properly dressed and seasoned with the butcher's knife, makes a fine broil, and, though of inferior flavor, will, nine times out of ten, prove a great card on a family dinner-table.—Chicago Cue.

MUSIC-BOXES.

Popular Airs Concealed in Common Articles Which Bring Fancy Prices.

"The demand for fine music-boxes is greatly on the increase in this country," said a salesman. "During the last four years we have doubled each year on the sales of the preceding one. Perhaps Patti's famous music box, which was manufactured for her at a cost of \$20,000, set the craze going. I know that no matter how expensive an instrument we import there is sale for it. Novelties in music-boxes are being constantly turned out by skilled workmen. They are all made in Switzerland, either at St. Croix or Geneva. They find their way to America, of every quality and price, from fifty cents to \$2,500. A Chicago brewer bought one from us not long ago which would play sixty-four tunes. He paid \$1,500. I sold one to a La Crosse (Wis.) man for \$1,200; it played twenty-four airs. Of course the expense of an instrument can be greatly increased or decreased, the same as a piano, by its case. "How long will one of these instruments last if kept constantly in motion?" asked the reporter. "Oh, a lifetime, with proper care. They are just like a watch. If a portion of the mechanism wears out it can be replaced. "The demand is greatest for boxes ranging in price from \$75 to \$300; more, however, at \$300 than \$75. There is something very fascinating in a music-box. Frequently people come from some inland town with the intention of buying a music-box which will cost \$50 or \$100. When they listen to the different instrument they are not satisfied with anything cheap, and invariably take one running up into the hundreds in price. "What are the airs which most of these boxes are arranged to produce?" "Those made for our trade nearly all play operatic airs or tunes popular in America. This box, however, turns out two German airs." He held up, as he spoke, a large beer mug or clear cut-glass. It would hold about a quart of liquid, and was provided with a glass cover like a sirrup-pitcher. It was designed for a tankard from which beer could be poured into smaller glasses. The action of lifting it and pouring out the beer would set the music concealed in the transparent bottom free. A wine bottle constructed in the same manner was seen. Little revolving ebony cigar-holders, ornamented with hammered brass, served as another device for the casing of musical machinery. They were likewise provided with two small crucets for cognac or cordial, and two tiny glasses. Other cigar-holders were in the form of brass cannon, which, as they revolved off tunes, fired the cigars from their receptacle. Bouquet-holders containing bunches of artificial flowers are arranged to perform the same feat. In fact, it seems as if there is scarcely anything manufactured for household use or ornament which may not be utilized for a music box.—Chicago News.

—An Indiana farmer states that he cured heaves in horses by withholding hay from them and substituting green food in its place. He also gives a ball as large as a walnut, composed of equal parts of balsam of fir and balsam of copaliba.

—Farmers who like cabbage greens in the spring pull up their cabbage when ready to use them, and set the stalks close together in a trench, with the roots deep. In the spring these will throw out sprouts that furnish nice greens.—Prairie Farmer.

BOYS ON THE FARM.

The Kind of Home Life Likely to Attract Farmers' Sons to the Soil.

In the treating of the home life of the farm, nothing is more common than the complaint that the best and brightest of the youth manifest an unwillingness to follow the occupation of their fathers, and go off to swell the population of the towns and cities. Probably his tendency has been exaggerated, for we are sure the young farmers of today are as intelligent and progressive in their views as any generation past. But this could not be if it were true, as represented, that the best element had gone to the towns. The statement has sufficient warrant, nevertheless, to merit serious consideration. The question is, whether in the surroundings and appointments of farm life sufficient allowance is made for the natural wants and tendencies of the young. Is there sufficient pains taken to render the surroundings attractive, and to furnish a reasonable amount of that diversion from regular pursuits which the youthful nature demands? No doubt very many are led away from the quiet walks of country life by an unhealthy craving for change and excitement, stimulated in many cases by pernicious reading and rose-colored descriptions of town-life. Others with better reasons have been impelled to abandon the occupation of their fathers by that system of drudgery and dull routine too often in practice on the farm, and under which young, sprightly and elastic spirits feel that they are unnecessarily repressed and circumscribed. Without going over ground on this subject that has been repeatedly traversed by others, we may say that in order to keep the boys on the farm, everything should be done within reasonable limits, that means and circumstances will permit, to cause them to feel and believe that the pursuit of agriculture is as honorable and ennobling as any they may choose; that it offers as many opportunities as any other for the cultivation of mind and heart, and for the development of the best and noblest tendencies of their natures. They should be made to feel that, if they so desire, they may keep abreast of the times and be "up with the world" in the best sense of the phrase, even though they live outside the busy haunts of men. They should be led to look upon agriculture not as a pursuit governed by chance laws, where there is no opportunity for introducing new methods, and systems, for research, experiment and progress, but that no department of human effort to-day offers a wider and more promising field for careful study and research than that of agriculture. Let them learn also that with less means than would be required in the cities they may have tasteful and convenient homes, and live to as high and useful purposes as they may in any place on earth.—N. Y. Observer.

—W. T. Chamberlain, of Norwich, Conn., has invented a way of charging cartridges with compressed air in lieu of powder. The shell is placed in a receiver and then filled with compressed air. A valve in the base of the cartridge closes when it is removed from the receiver, and the cartridge is ready for use. The shell is discharged by opening the valve, when the air forcibly drives the projectile from the barrel. The inventor claims to have obtained a range of half a mile, with a pressure of two hundred pounds to the inch.—Hartford Courant.

—The South lost in the late war more men than England did in all her wars from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria.—Chicago Herald.

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending May 16, 1885.  
Entered in the Post Office at Topeka, for transmission as second class matter.

### The Democratic Policy.

The present Administration is developing certain facts to which we would call the attention of the people, and especially to those in sympathy with the Republican party.

Believing there is not the most distant hope of restoring the Republican party to power, even if it were desirable to do so, it will be well to study closely the policy of the opposition now in power, and then judge as to the best course to follow.

We recognize much that is good in the present Administration. The change from one party to the other was not an evil. In many respects it is the very opposite. It is only in small matters, however, that there is any change in the policies of the two parties. In essentials they are identical. In these small things which are magnified before the eyes of the people the change has to some extent been beneficial.

It is idle folly to talk of any dissatisfaction in the Democratic party at all likely to prove fatal to its integrity. That party is practically a unit despite all the growling one may hear, and it will be solidified, especially wherever it needs it to insure practical results. For instance it may be set down that New York will hereafter, irrevocably be a Democratic state. No matter what else may appear on the surface, this policy is clearly outlined.

With New York Democratic it is only necessary to preserve the solid south in order to perpetuate the Democratic party for some time to come. This will be no difficult matter. It will be particularly easy if the opposition is to be the Republican party. There can be no possible hope of that party now carrying a single southern state, not even with any new issue nor by any conceivable change in policy. Any pretension of this kind can only be illusory—a political ignis fatuus.

But it is not the south that will dominate the Democratic party. That party is now centered in New York City in Wall street. Wall street is hereafter the Democratic party. It has really been the Republican party, hence we have said that in essentials the two parties are identical. The only change effected by the late change of parties, except in small things of subsidiary importance, is simply a change of party machinery on the part of Wall street. It will hereafter work with and through the Democratic party so long as New York State and the South work together, or until the people again become pressed by growing evils and imagine they can be cured by a change of party.

As people and patriots there should be a revolt against this wholescheme, a revolt against this growing antagonism to plain democratic principles, and the growth of monied political powers, in other words the development of aristocratic sentiment and monopoly influence.

As Republicans we should revolt from fanciful party attachments, and in a reorganized form go into the field with issues engraved on the hearts of the people that will enter and divide the south, divide the north, and split New York wide open. It can be done, but not by the old party machinery.

The people of this nation are ripe for a forward republican movement. They are suffering from aristocratic and monied oppression. But any such attempt at democratic reform must be made in a sensible, practical manner. Its methods must be feasible, its plans comprehensive, and its management must be such as to inspire confidence.

A meeting was held in this city last Sunday afternoon at which C. B. Hoffman made an address which has been published. Here recounts in a desultory way many popular evils, hints at radical changes, appeals to unreasoning faculties and fails to do just what is now demanded, that is, to set forth any practical means of relief. He suggests nothing, he builds nothing, he loses his labor in lost. He simply tears down, which a great English essayist has declared to be vulgar-work.

It is genius that builds. The country wants a political genius to arise and reorganize the politics of this nation and wrest it from the hands of Wall street, away from the Democratic party, without turning it over again to the Republican party.

Twenty-five hundred American women are practicing medicine in this free country. Women may give bread pills in this free nation even if she can not vote.

### Bonanzas for Kansas.

The following appropriations were made at the last session of Congress for this state.

Completion of court house and post office at Leavenworth, \$50,000.

Purchase of site and completion of court house and postoffice at Wichita, \$50,000.

Purchase of site and erection of building thereon for courthouse and post office at Fort Scott, \$50,000. These comprise all the allowances for public buildings in the state.

For erecting a monument in lieu of headstones at Baxter Springs, to the memory of union soldiers killed at or near that place on October 6 1869 \$4,000.

Improvement of roads on the Fort Leavenworth military reservation, \$10,000.

For the military prison at Fort Leavenworth: One new steam engine \$2,000; construction and repair to prison buildings, and repairs to hospital, officers and guards quarters, \$3,000.

The total amount allowed for the support of the prison during the coming fiscal year is \$91,167.76.

For the estimated number of members of the branch of the national home for disabled volunteer soldiers west of the Mississippi, at Leavenworth, \$80,000.

It will be seen that the National Government is a foster parent to Leavenworth.

Judge Foote, of Douglas county, a very worthy citizen and conscientious but somewhat narrow minded man, refuses to grant John Walruff a permit to manufacture beer for medicinal purposes, on the ground that his conscience will not permit him to do it.

That we may not be misunderstood, we remark that in refusing this permit we think Judge Foote acted wisely. But the reason he assigns opens up a question that we wish to consider. Judge Foote is a representative of a large class of sincere Republican prohibitionists who look at Prohibition as question of morals instead of politics and as a moral question it takes precedence to any legal features that may appear. And so it becomes a question of conscience.

The point that we now make is how far shall a public officer permit this private idea of conscience control his action in an official capacity? In this instance was it Judge Foote's conscience that should tell him whether he should issue this permit or was it to be an unprejudiced desire to best serve the public good, under the provisions of the law? He was asked to grant this permit by a petition signed by a large number of citizens, some of them of the same class of prohibitionists as himself, belonging to the same church, with the same conscientious scruples as to right and wrong in general. But on this question, their religious consciences were at variance.

In our own opinion Judge Foote made a mistake in not assigning another reason, and that, one under the law. When the execution of law comes to be controlled by individual conscience, with sectarian bias, we may not be far from religious persecutions.

John Walruff, the Lawrence brewer gives notice that he does care a continental for the new temperance law. It is not unlikely that he may learn something by experience.

Do not be content to be only a wage worker, but fit yourself and aspire to be something more. A simple wage worker is little more than a slave and a simple clerk is a mere tool.

A Kansas man has invented a method of anchoring buildings to the ground by means of a steel or iron cable so that they will stand anything but the most violent cyclone. The cable also serves as a first-class lightning rod.

Good horses are bringing better prices in all parts of the country than they have commanded since the war, and poor horses were never so unsalable as compared with the best as they are today. A farmer who breeds a good mare to a good horse will have a sure and profitable market for his colt. But it will not pay to bother with inferior stock.

Sixteen republican legislatures have recently refused to submit constitutional prohibition to the vote of the people. It is said by friends of non-partisan action, that ninety per cent of the strength of prohibition, as a political principle, is, or was, in the Republican party. But in what commonwealth, possessed of great cities, has this party of late favored the prohibitory principles? It is the standing inculcation of leading republican organs that it must be prohibited in the republican party.—Chicago Tribune.

### STINGLESS BEES OF CUBA.

Insects Which are Unprofitable Except as Objects of Curiosity.

During our stay on the island of Cuba we employed much time investigating its honey flora and the quality of honey produced by each variety.

On one occasion as we were examining the flowers of a royal palm, which, standing at the foot of a rather steep hill and ourselves at an elevation, brought a circle of flowers within twenty feet of us, we could, with our powerful field-glass, bring the bees, so to speak, so near that the characteristics of the different kinds were easily discovered. There were wasps, yellow jackets, bumblebees and Italians; but what particularly attracted our attention was a little insect which, to our recollection, was so exactly like the stingless bees of South America, which we had seen on one or two occasions several years ago, that we at once surmised they were identical.

After a good deal of inquiry we finally learned that our surmises were correct, and that a colony of these delightful little insects was in possession of a native living several miles away in the dense forest, engaged, in a primitive way, in the production of charcoal.

Pedro Casanova and myself at once set out on horseback and arrived at the cabin of the Cuban, just as the sun was going down, and to our delight, found the object of our search. The little beauties were located in the section of a hollow log about six inches in diameter and two feet long, suspended by a rope on the side wall of the cabin in a horizontal position.

A little round hole, hardly a quarter of an inch in diameter, in the center of one end of the log, formed the only place of exit or entrance; the other end was closed with what seemed to be a conglomeration of pollen, wax, resin and some other moist and sticky material.

Looking into the entrance hole, all we could discover was the little white fuzzy head of one of these insects peering out at us in a cautious, half cowardly manner. The last of these foragers were just returning, and it was amusing to see how swiftly, yet surely, they would always dart from the air directly into the little entrance hole, without even once missing or having to crawl in, like our ordinary bees.

In all their movements they are as swift as lightning, and we had great difficulty in catching one and more in keeping him after being caught.

The other end of this log hive was filled with a plug, which, being withdrawn, the lady of the house took a sharp-pointed stick, and reaching into the center of the hive, perforated several of the larger bags; then holding a glass tumbler under and slightly elevating the other end of the hive, the honey ran in a stream and soon nearly filled the tumbler with a very delicious but rather thin honey.

This honey is supposed by the natives to possess medicinal virtues and is sold at a high price, something like the "bumble-bee honey" in the city, with this difference, that the former is the real honey, produced by the stingless bees, while the latter, so far as the bumble-bee is concerned in its production, is a myth; but so far as either party possessing any medicinal superiority over ordinary honey, it must reside entirely with the faith of the patient.

We at once purchased this hive and took it on our shoulder, remounted the horse and carried it safely back to the Casanova's apary.

Here we fitted up a nice little bamboo log for a hive and commenced the work of drumming out the little pets, but to our astonishment they would not "drum out worth a cent." We then tried smoke with no better success. Finally we procured a rip-saw, and by being very cautious we succeeded in splitting the log from end to end. We then took out the nest, pollen, honey, bees and all, and fitted it into our pretty bamboo, left it for three weeks until the bees had it all fastened and fixed in, then brought it to New York and set it in a sound; but alas! forgetting to wrap up the hive one cold night, the little inmates chilled and died.

Many have been the speculations indulged in by the would-be wise in regard to these bees, nearly all of which are mistaken notions. The idea that there is any danger in handling them bare-faced and bare-handed is untrue. They will not mix with any varieties of our true honey bees, and they are unprofitable except as objects of curiosity.

A fair-sized colony is composed of about from one thousand to fifteen hundred bees occupying a round space of perhaps eighteen inches long and four inches in diameter. About five inches from the entrance are the brood combs, which are suspended from the upper part of the roof of the hollow space in parallel rows and about four combs. The combs are nearly round, not quite so thick as ordinary brood comb and not more than three inches in diameter. The sacks containing honey and pollen look very much alike and do not resemble cells in any sense; they are somewhat irregular in shape, being an inch long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, holding about two tablespoonfuls of honey each. They are of a dark color and lie on top, bottom and sides, packed like so many bags of grain, three-fourths of them filled with pollen and the balance with honey.

In shape these bees are much like the bee and in color like the yellow jacket, but they are not more than one-fifth the size of the bumble-bee and perhaps the body is longer in proportion than his big cousin. The queen is really beautiful and differs in shape from the workers in the same way ordinary queens differ from the workers, but these bees are much more vigorous and can cling to objects with greater tenacity than any insect we have ever seen.—Cor. Beekeeper's Magazine.

An authority on poultry says that old tin pans, suspended by stout cords so that they come within a few inches of the floor, make excellent feed troughs. The idea is not a bad one. The food is up out of the dirt, and the hens have to stand up and eat "like folk," not getting in with their feet and making a mess generally.—N. Y. Tribune.

### DEAR LITTLE HANDS.

Dear little hands, I love them so!  
And now they are lying under the snow—  
Under the snow, so cold and white.  
I can not see them, or touch them to-night.  
They are quiet and still at last, ah me!  
How busy and restless they used to be!  
But now they can never reach up through the snow.

Dear little hands, I loved them so!  
Dear little hands, I miss them so!  
All through the day, wherever I go—  
All through the night, how lonely it seems,  
For little hands walk me out of my dreams.  
I miss them all through the weary hours,  
I miss them as others miss sunshine and flowers:  
Day time, or night time, wherever I go,  
Dear little hands, I miss them so!

Dear little hands, they have gone from me now.  
Never again will they rest on my brow—  
Never again will they cool my forehead.  
Never clasp me in a childish embrace,  
And now my forehead grows wrinkled with care.

Thinking of little hands, once resting there;  
But I know in a happier, heavenlier clime,  
For little hands, I will clasp you sometime.  
Dear little hands, when the Master shall call,  
I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all—  
When my feet touch the waters so dark and so cold,  
And I catch my first glimpse of the City of gold.

If I keep my eyes fixed on the Heavenly gate,  
Over the tide where the white-robed ones wait,  
Shall I know you, I wonder, among the bright bands,  
Will you beckon me over, oh! dear little hands?

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### CONQUERED AT LAST.

A School-Teacher Who Was Too Much for the Boys.

I think the worst set of boys I ever heard of were the Hickory Point boys. Teacher after teacher had endeavored to teach the district school there, only to be either whipped or badgered so that each was ready to give up before six months had passed. The boys fought or intimidated the male teachers, and annoyed the female teachers, until, unnerved and utterly broken down, they took their departure, shaking the dust of the Point from their feet. The day arrived when no teacher made application for the vacant school, and the Hickory Point parents were anxious and disturbed at the state of things.

"I don't know what we are going to do with them boys of ours," Deacon Jones said to Deacon Savage. "They ain't bad boys for work, nor for playing, but the moment they get on them school benches, with books in their hands, the very evil one seems to get inter'em. All the Point boys pattern after them, and a very bad pattern it is, as you know, Brother Savage. They seem to be determined not to be in any school, and I'm worn out punishing Zach. It don't seem to do him any good."

"That is so, Brother Jones. I'm sorry for it, but it's so. Didn't I punish my Abe for whipping young Winters, and did that make him any better? No. Just think what he did to that last school-ma'am—that old maid, Miss Brown!"

Deacon Jones, if he was a deacon, had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and he laughed aloud. "I declare, I can't help it!" he said. "I laugh every time I think of how that poor woman came into my house, with her false front all singed so you could see bald spots underneath, and the hair behind crisped and smelling like burned feathers."

"Just look at me, Mr. Jones!" she cried. "Just see the work of that miserable Abe Savage and your son! They came pretty nigh burning me up, sir. My back hair was all in a blaze before I knew that it was on fire. And they just laughed, instead of putting it out. I demand satisfaction, sir, for the outrage!"

"Well, we did have to pay well for that frolic," Mr. Savage answered, dolefully. "But she was too high-tempered and excitable to be a school-teacher. Folks that are always flying into pieces can't manage boys, any way."

"We've had all kinds of teachers, Brother Savage. It isn't the teachers, but the wickedness of the boys themselves. Why, you know we've had good and bad-tempered teachers, young and old, and all kinds of ways, but they did any of them stay? I'm discouraged, and shall not try to get another teacher. Zach may go without an education, and I'll give him one behind a plow. If he don't work, I'll whip him, and that's all I can do."

Most of the parents at the Point adopted this plan. The boys were set to work in the fields, the barns and the stables, and kept steadily at it. They were allowed no holidays and no recreations, and before six weeks had passed, they began to look back with regret to their deserted school-days, and to wish them back again. Even their ring-leaders did not hesitate to confess this.

"I don't have a moment for any kind of fun," Abe Savage grumbled. "Pa's always at my heels; and when he isn't there, ma's just like a watch-dog. It's 'Abe, do this,' or 'Abe, do that,' until I fairly despise my own name. Why, even Sunday, if I walk down the road, I'm called back."

"They're treating us in this way just to pay us for making it uncomfortable for the teachers," Zach said, gloomily. "I know it's that, though they don't say so. But I don't care. I'm not going back to school."

"I'd rather have the teachers," Abe said; "for if they keep this up, I'm going to run away. Now, if you hadn't treated Mr. Japp in the way you did, he'd have been here now; and if school was hateful, we did have Saturdays and holidays."

"I said no teacher should stay here that couldn't lick me!" Zach cried, frowning; "and I'm not going back on my word. No man shall scold and ferule me who isn't stronger than I am. If I can help it, I can show the white feather if you choose, but I reckon I can hold my own and drive 'em away, if all the boys do play coward."

pulses. He was a staunch friend, and if he whipped the weaker boys himself, he would allow no one else to touch them.

In strength and boldness Abe Savage nearly matched him, so there was an offensive and defensive alliance between the two. Zach was unprepared for Abe's defection, and was indignant at it.

"I never thought you'd be the one to give in," he said.

"Did I say I'd give in?" Abe answered, sharply. "I said I'd run away, and I reckon it will come to that at last."

"I'd as soon go to sea as anything else," returned Zach. "I don't believe a sailor has to work harder than I do. Let's go, Abe."

Now Abe could not even sail over the lake without being sea-sick, and that plan did not meet his approval. Besides, he was a prudent boy, and though he grumbled and threatened, had really no idea of running away, leaving his mother at home and throwing himself upon the world.

"We haven't a cent of money now," he said, "and we'd better put off running away for awhile. The folks'll get tired of being so strict after awhile, I guess. Besides, a school-teacher may come, and hadn't we better let him stay a spell?"

"If he can whip me, yes," Zach said. "If he can't—no! I ain't fond of study, anyhow, and if work gets too hard, I'll run away."

A few weeks after that there was a meeting of the school directors at Hickory Point. A young man with high recommendations, a college graduate, applied for the vacant position. The farmers of that neighborhood were wealthy enough to pay an excellent salary, so the school was only nominally a public one, each head of a family contributing to the fund.

Mr. Allan Winters, the young man who wished to become teacher at Hickory Point, was a thin, wiry-looking young fellow, with very small hands, bright black eyes, and a mouth entirely concealed by a heavy black mustache. If you could have looked beneath it, you would have seen that the lips were thin, and compressed and closed as if with an iron clamp.

His address was very pleasant, both quiet and courteous. He was at once engaged, though he noticed the directors looked at him in a pitying manner.

"We are willing and glad to give you the place, Mr. Winters," said Deacon Jones, "but the question is, how long will you be willing to keep it? I'll be frank, and tell you we've got a bad lot of boys at the Point. It will take a plucky man to conquer them, and you don't look very strong. I'm afraid it will be 'How do you do?' and 'Good-bye!' with you before two weeks have passed."

Mr. Winters' smile was an odd one, but he said, in a quiet voice: "Perhaps my looks deceive you. But I supposed brains were needed in a school more than muscle."

"You have not taught at the Point, young man," Mr. Savage said, shaking his head. "My boy is, I am sorry to say, one of the worst; but it's our duty to tell you that you have a hard row to hoe."

Mr. Winters laughed, and his bright eyes danced merrily. "I'm glad you warned me, though you mustn't think I'm a lamb led to the sacrifice. The truth is I heard of the character of your boys before I applied for the situation. I know all about them, and am prepared for peace or war, as they may choose."

"No weapons, young man," said Deacon Jones, nervously. "We can't have any doings of that sort in our school. If you conquer the boys—and you don't look as if you could—you must do it with the switch, or such agencies as nature has given you. You can make them obedient in that way if you can not in any other, and we will uphold you—but no weapons, sir."

"I understand," laughing. "You need not be afraid I shall use any other agencies than those nature has given me. I feel quite sure I am the very man for this school. At any rate I seem to be your forlorn hope, and if you can not keep me, you will not be likely to have any one else."

"I like your pluck, young man," said Deacon Jones, approvingly. "Yet, with a sigh, 'one or two of the teachers had pluck as well as yourself. I wish you better luck, my young friend—better luck!'"

With his peculiar smile Mr. Winters made the final arrangements, and with the same smile, presented himself to his assembled scholars the following day.

"He's got no more strength than a cat," Zach whispered to Abe, contemptuously. "Just look at those woman's hands, will you? There won't be any fun licking him, or driving him away. I guess I'll let him have his own way for a day or two."

"Boys," said Mr. Winters, tapping his desk, "before we begin work, I wish to say a word or two. I have heard from good authority that you are the most lawless, unmanageable set of boys in the State. I am sorry you have such a reputation, and still more sorry to be obliged to believe that you deserve it. Now let me say here, at the start, that I am going to exact obedience from you in everything, even in trifles, and the first act of insubordination I shall punish. I would much rather deal kindly with you if you will allow me to do so, but if you prefer a different course, depend upon it I shall maintain discipline no matter who suffers."

"Whew! hear the bantam crow!" muttered astonished Zach, his eyes blazing with anger. "Talking to us as if we were niggers! I did intend to leave him a day or two in peace, but I reckon I shall have to bring him down from his high horse this very morning."

"Zach, this is better than working in the field, whispered Abe, anxiously. "Let him stay till the fodder is pulled; that's a hot, hateful work!"

"Then he's got to whip me, that's all," was the uncompromising reply, and looking at the teacher's spare limbs, Abe felt that he could not do it easily. A spelling-class composed of the entire school was called up. Mr. Winters said quietly:

"Of course you have learned little or nothing with the school in the condition it has been in. I'll begin with simple words—spell Elephant."

With a significant look down the class which was perfectly understood, Zach who was at the head, spelled

"E-l-e-f-a-n-t."

The word passed on, each boy transposing a letter in a most skillful manner. The "Point" boys were adepts at this game, and the observant teacher with his keen eyes fixed upon each scholar as the word came to him, saw that it was a trick that had evidently been played before. He retained his quiet, imperturbable demeanor and smiled, saying calmly:

"You are really greater dunces than I expected. Excuse my play, but you will conclude I've done with you, you will conclude you have seen the animal himself. Do you think you can manage to spell 'whip'?"

"Oh!" screamed the boy next to Zach, "he's pinching me, sir," pointing to the one below him.

"Twa'n't me, teacher, it was him," pointing to his nearest neighbor.

"Twa'n't me, it was him," each boy shouted in turn, indicating the one next him, and this said by every boy until it reached the bottom of the class, each boy screaming and shouting at the very top of his voice. In the midst of all the noise, Mr. Winters sat without moving a muscle. His bright eyes had rather an amused look as they passed from face to face. Then when the noise abated a little, he spoke in his same quiet, even tones.

"I think you have all been pinched, so I'll punish the whole class." He quietly took off his coat, and then took up a large switch that was on his desk.

"You, Zach Jones, oblige me by stepping here."

Zach marched up with an insolent laugh and a defiant swagger. Mr. Winters raised the switch, his keen eyes fixed watchfully upon the boy. Before it descended, Zach aimed a blow at his face. He evaded it, and the next moment the young pupilist was seized in an iron grasp. When it relaxed, Zach, blinded by rage, struck out right and left; but what was his brute force against the trained skill of the most muscular athlete of Akron College? Three times Zach went down like a log. The fourth time, bruised and dizzy, he could not rise to his feet.

"Have you had enough?" Mr. Winters asked him, sternly; "are you willing to obey?"

"You're the best man!" Zach said, faintly, "and I suppose I'm bound to give in."

"Yes, I suppose you are," said Mr. Winters. "If not now, you soon will be. Help him up, some of you, and let him go to the well and wash his face. Now, young gentlemen, I'll settle with you."

The awe-stricken boys looked at him, for once terrified into good behavior. There he stood, as calm and quiet as before the fight. He saw they were conquered. He punished each of them, but made the punishment as light as possible. They took it as demerit as if the school had been always under strict discipline. Zach, sitting mournfully at an open window with his head buzzing, and feeling strangely confused, pondered mournfully over deceitful appearance. Mr. Winters called him in and told him to remain after the school was dismissed.

"You forced me to resort to such harsh measures this morning; I was sorry to do so," he said; "but you know there was no help for it. I could not do anything else and remain teacher of this school, as I propose to do. The skill and strength I acquired in the gymnasium at college I am literally ashamed to use as a prize-fighter would use them. No gentleman would do it unless forced to in self-defense. This I have done to-day. Now let me take you into my confidence. I heard of this school—it offered a good remuneration—and I am a poor man and need the salary I can honorably get here. As soon as I saw you I knew what was before me, but I thought I saw, too, that after you had found that I had the muscle to command your respect you would be magnanimous enough to give me no more trouble. Indeed, I wish to be your friend, and you will allow me to be. Will you?" and he held out his hand.

Zach took it frankly, for he liked the spirit of the teacher. "I am not mean enough, Mr. Winters," he said, "not to acknowledge when I'm whipped, and I don't bear ill-will. But what puzzles me is how you can give such hits with that little hand of yours. It took me so by surprise that I went right under."

Mr. Winters laughed and pulled up his sleeve. His arm, though of large size, was a bundle of iron muscles.

"It's exercise and practice, Zach," he said. "But let me say to you that cultivation of brute force alone is the meanest of ambitions. As I have already intimated, I should have preferred conquering this school by other and better means, but it is the last time I hope," he said, smiling, "that I shall have to use the knock-down argument."

Mr. Winters' victory was thorough. The Hickory Point school lost its bad reputation from that day. The scholars soon learned thoroughly to respect and love their teacher for his kindness of heart and for his gentlemanly qualities. There was good material in the school, and Mr. Winters made the most of it.—Youths' Companion.

### The Sealisk Sacque Must Go.

The once fashionable sealisk sacques has too many rivals in the field to sustain its position as a coveted possession much longer. Very few women who can afford to dress richly and elegantly buy sealisks, and perhaps one in a thousand may own a long wrap made of the lovely fur, which she wears occasionally in the coldest weather, and then always in her carriage. The becomingness of seal fur has never been disputed, but in an evil hour the makers of fashions in furs ordained that it must be treated like some heavy textile fabric, and with awkward and ungraceful results. The natty jacket lengthened until it enveloped the figure in a tight-fitting tunnel, without the possibility of symmetry, and became a weight which a delicate frame could scarcely support. When the time comes, as it must, and the power that be cut off fifteen inches from the skirt of this "fashionable" sealisk sacque, there will be general rejoicing, and everybody will wonder why silly custom ever captivated one into believing a sealisk must be forty-five inches long.—Boston Beacon.

# BUSINESS CARDS

**Ed. Buechner, City Meat Market.**  
Dealer in choicest fresh and salt meats, poultry, game, fish, etc.  
406 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

**Parker's Bakery.**  
Bread, pies, cakes, confectionery, and best place in town for a good lunch.  
406 1/2 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

**J. D. Pattison, Stoves.**  
Dealer in hardware, tinware, stoves, ranges, edge tools, etc.  
440 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

**W. H. Moody, Barber.**  
Shaving, Shampooing and hair-cutting in first class style.  
427 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

**J. C. POND, Boots & Shoes.**  
Manufacturer's Boot & Shoe Store. The best goods at lowest prices.  
429 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

**JNO. SEMPRES, Blacksmith.**  
Plows, Listers, Cultivators, Machinery and Emery Polishing.  
407 Railroad St., North Topeka.

**W J Wetherholt & Co. Grocers.**  
First class, fresh goods, the best and cheapest to be had for the money. Figures down to such a point that all can afford to buy.  
604 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

**Geo Downing, Photographer.**  
Until May 1, I will make first class, Cabinet Photographs for \$3.50 per doz. The German Language spoken.  
197 Kansas Avenue, Over Barnums, South Topeka.

**W D VOLK, Blacksmithing & Wagon Making.**  
Plow Work and Horse Shoeing a specialty.  
102 Jackson Street, South Side.

**A. ADLER, New Meat Market.**  
Dealer in fresh and cured meats, fish, poultry. A trial solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.  
416 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka, Kansas.

**J. C. BLACK, House & Sign Painting.**  
Graining on all kinds of wood. Kalsomining and paper hanging. Glass setting a specialty.  
76 East Sixth Street, Topeka.

**JOHN WORTH, Furniture.**  
Manufacturer of furniture and fine cabinet goods. Furniture repaired and chairs reupholstered.  
4th Street, between Jackson and van Buren, Topeka.

**G. I. STROUSE, Grocer.**  
Dealer in staple and fancy groceries, butter, eggs and produce. Grain and feed on hand.  
606 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

**E. B. WHALEY, Subscription Books.**  
Standard Subscription Books.  
104 East 4th Street, Topeka.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

John Wand, Prescription Druggist.  
Windsor Drug Store.

New, nobby and latest styles in millinery and hair goods, just received at Mrs. E. C. Meall's 239 Kansas Avenue. Remember this is the place for the latest styles and lowest prices.

Mrs. Evans, a professional nurse of large experience, offers her services to the ladies of Topeka. Any one desiring careful, faithful attention will please call on her at 233 Jefferson street.

Go to Madame Marmont's at the corner of Fourth & Kansas Avenue, for the latest styles and lowest prices in millinery.

The Finest Opening of Summer Millinery was at Mrs. Metcalf, 239 Kansas Ave., where you get the Latest Styles and Best Bargains, and every cash purchaser gets Trade Certificates which bring you back in a certain number of years, from the College of Builders in New York, every cent you spend now; don't fail to ask about it.

**The Central Mills.**  
The Central Mills have recently been taken charge of by Mr. J. B. Billard who has been, and still is making extensive improvements, and now manufactures some of the best brands of flour to be found in the state. Give him a call before buying or selling elsewhere and be convinced that it is to your interest to patronize the Central Mills of North Topeka.

Farmers wanting a copy of Affleck's Farm Record, at \$2.50 payable in wood or produce, can arrange for one at this office. Regular price, \$3.00.

**Bismarck Grove.**  
A grand National Prohibition Camp meeting will be held in Bismarck Grove commencing Aug. 13th and continuing 10 or 12 days. The leading prohibitionists of the country are expected to attend. Neal Dow, Gov. Colquitt, Geo. W. Bain, John B. Finch, Gov. St. John, Miss Frances Willard, Mrs. Woodbridge, Mrs. Lathrop and many others.

It will be a representative gathering of leaders of the Prohibition Party.

**Special.**  
Ladies wishing to purchase Millinery will do well to call at C. S. Whitted's, 178 Kansas Avenue before making a choice, and inspect the fine assortment of bonnets and round hats there to be found. New and choice goods carefully selected for the season's trade, flowers, ribbons and trimmings in endless variety, and at less prices than ever before offered for such desirable goods. They will be found in great profusion, and of very latest style and first class in quality. Remember the place, 178 Kansas Avenue.

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

**SALEM GINGERBREAD.**—One cup of sugar, one half cup of molasses, one cup of butter or part lard; fill the cup with hot water, two even teaspoonful of soda, three even teaspoonful of ginger, flour enough to roll, but not hard, and bake in sheets or cut in cookies.

Geo. W. Crane & Co., have issued a pamphlet edition of the laws passed at the late session of the legislature.

The state sells penitentiary coal at seven cents a bushel. Our coal dealers get from twenty-two to twenty-five. So you can imagine how much the railroad companies make, if you want to put in that way.

A burglar entered the house of G. W. Reed last Saturday evening and stole some valuable jewelry including a gold watch. Mrs. Reed was at home, and in going from the house the thief met a son of Mr. Reed and spoke to him, and then made off and has not yet been heard from.

According to the new city directory the population of the city is now 29,000. This is on a basis of 3 1/2 to every name in the directory. This, however, is a lower estimate than usual, most cities using 4 or 4 1/2 as a basis.

Parkdale, or East Topeka, is improving rapidly as well as North Topeka. Not less than a dozen new buildings are in process of erection.

Mission township has a population of 1,031 showing a healthy increase. Assessed valuation of personal property \$65,310.

The Topeka Postoffice and Court House cost \$290,983.29.

The Inter Ocean Mills will hereafter have the capacity for turning 600 barrels of flour daily.

So far the courts do not seem to have much respect for the new prohibitory law, but rather regard it as a bastard statute.

The Spirit to next January for 25 cents, and if you want to send one copy to a friend back east the two for forty cents. What do you say?

On Monday the 11th inst, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hutchinson, living two miles north of the city, celebrated their Golden Wedding. It was an occasion long to be remembered, and was attended by ten of their children, residents of half a dozen different states. The Reform School Band was in attendance. They are the parents of Mrs. Charles.

**Spring Millinery.**  
At her Millinery Rooms over Hay & Gammon's Dry Goods Store on Kansas Avenue, Mrs. Hutchinson has just received a new and stylish lot of Spring goods.

The style, finish and quality of this millinery is all of superior excellence. Good articles, choice goods, and rare workmanship, one can rely upon getting here, together with a faultless and elegant style, and "style" is considered quite as desirable as good material. Without it, the best of material is too often "dowdy" and we assert that for same quality of goods her prices are as reasonable as the "cheapest" fir in the city.

Although Mrs. Hutchinson makes a specialty of the best and cheapest goods, yet any grade, quality and price may be found in her establishment.

Send 25 cents and get this paper weekly till the first of next January, get good seed, cultivate thoroughly, avoid tree peddlers and buy of your nearest nurseryman, and don't forget that a good kitchen garden is the most profitable acre on the farm.

The family of state superintendent Lawhead arrived from Los Angeles this week.

Oscar Trafton under seven years sentence for stealing cattle attempted to cut the bars in his cell window at the county jail Tuesday morning but was discovered, and the next day was taken to the penitentiary where escape will not be easy.

He who writes editorials for the Commonwealth would do well to give English grammar some attention.

Poverty degrades no one. To be neat and clean costs but little. To be healthy is very necessary, and DeLand's Saleratus and Soda will help you to make fine bread and biscuit. Try it. It is pure and white, full strength, and always economical.

### Three Valuable Books Free.

The two little books advertised on our last page entitled "Scribner's Log Book" and "Fishers Grain Tables" are needed by every farmer. The price of the two is 65 cents, and a million copies have been sold. They are bound in stiff boards in serviceable manner. We have a limited number only, taken in exchange for this advertising, but so long as they last, we will give both of these books and also a copy of Dr. Footes Health Hints price 25 cents, to every one paying 75 for the Spirit one year, or 90 cents worth of books as premiums to each 75 cent subscriber. If to be sent by mail, 8 cents must be added to pay postage. All who want these books however, must apply soon as we cannot fill orders after our supply is exhausted.

We also have on hand Afflicks Farm Record and Account Book, a very valuable book for farm use, containing a place for Daily Record of passing events for every day in the year. Maps of Farm, Garden and Orchard Records of every thing raised, receipts, expenses, increase of stock, everything bought or sold, blank pages for receipts and contracts, balance sheets, &c., with several pages of useful recipes, information and reference tables. This book has been sold largely for \$3.00 each. Our readers are invited to call and see it. We have a limited number, and while they last we will give one copy to any one getting us ten subscribers to the Spirit at the club price of 60 cents each. Or we will give one copy and the Spirit one year for \$2.50.

We also have a very few copies of "Diseases of Live Stock" advertised on the fourth page of this paper. It is the cheapest as well as most valuable book of the kind ever published.

All of our farm readers should have one.

We can make no stunning offer with this book, but will give a copy with twelve subscribers at 60 cents each or twenty subscribers at 50 cents each. Or to any one paying the regular price of the book we will give the Spirit free one year.

## DO YOU KNOW

That you can get the most popular and most readable weekly paper in the west, now fifteen years old, for only

**60 CENTS A YEAR?**

Or two copies for \$1.00, which is less than half the usual cost. But it is a fact and explains why it contains such a rush of subscribers from far and near, for that old timer, the

**SPIRIT OF KANSAS.**  
You will do well to take one copy and send another east as many are doing. The Spirit is working to build up Kansas, and therefore it aims to become, in every home,

**A HOUSEHOLD PET.**  
The women of children prize it, and feel that they will not be without it. It scores the publisher who credits out his paper at \$1.25 each year, for the political managers and it will cast party politics.

**TO THE DOGS,**  
And wait till something is developed. Meanwhile will be independent, not neutral, and ready to wing an arrow at any wrong. The era

**OF COSTLY PAPERS**  
Has passed, when one can get such a great newspaper as the Chicago Weekly News for One Dollar. With its 8 pages and 56 columns it contains the most interesting news of the day and each number is a volume of news and miscellany. We have been told that the Spirit is too cheap, but we are ready to send you a number with the Chicago News, both papers every week, for one year, for \$1.25, a rare bargain, indeed. Now, if you please,

## A WORD TO YOU.

Reader, you personally, we mean, we want to enlist you in behalf of the Spirit. Take it and it will do you good. Send one east and it will do Kansas good, and make some one happy. So shall you be doubly blessed. We want your name and your neighbor's name. When five of you chip in 40 cents each pays a year. Don't be frightened at the low price, nor let any one convince you that we can't stand it. We understand this business. Our price means cash. You only pay for your own paper and not for some other one who does not pay. After over twenty years' experience, we can testify that a publisher who credits out his paper at \$1.25 each year, for one time, or three for a quarter and no chrome. We would like to send you our neighbors free sample copies, and if you will send their names and postoffice, we will send you two copies for 80 cents, or if you are now a subscriber, one more copy to any address, one year, for 30 cents. The Spirit is now fifteen years old and going on sweet sixteen, so we're young.

## TO GIVE US A LIFT.

We do not fancy three month's subscribers, for it makes work keeping accounts, but it does as bait to catch readers who become permanent subscribers. Hence we send it three months on trial, for one dime, or three for a quarter and no chrome. We would like to send you our neighbors free sample copies, and if you will send their names and postoffice, we will send you two copies for 80 cents, or if you are now a subscriber, one more copy to any address, one year, for 30 cents. The Spirit is now fifteen years old and going on sweet sixteen, so we're young.

**WANTED, AGENTS.**  
A Good Manager in each county in Kansas to superintend canvasses for reliable goods, to make inducements offered to good men. Business permanent and profitable. Waste a postal for particulars. Write to  
SPIRIT OF KANSAS AGENCY,  
Topeka, Kansas.

Gov. Martin has been detained at home all the week by his wife's sickness.

A new \$4,000 engine has been put into the Shawnee Mills. It seems that all our flouring mills are putting in improvements of some kind.

The court sustains the appointment of a receiver of the Journal company. The receiver is given power to borrow \$1,000 to pay running expenses which indicates a speedy dissolution.

It was William Warren of Maple Hill, Wabanssee county, and not of Nemaha, whose fine Polled Angus took the premium at the New Orleans exposition.

Tuesday evening burglars attempted to break into the drug store of Dr. Ross, of Parkdale, but were frightened away.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for June completes the Seventeenth Volume, with a number of exceptional interest. The opening article is by the eminent traveler, Alvan S. Southworth, and entitled "Catholic Missions in the Far East," principally Father India, China and Japan; the labors of St. Francis Xavier and his successors are graphically described. The article on "Bible History," tells of the conquest of Canaan, under Joshua, and the history of the Israelites under the rule of the Judges. This article has twelve illustrations. Portraits and short biographical sketches are given of three new English Bishops. The Sacred Musicians described are Madame Scintion-Dolby, who recently died, and Anton Rubinstein; and the Parables of Christ have reached their thirtieth number with "The Barran Fig-tree. Farjeon's story, "Love's Harvest," reaches an interesting point, and Mrs. Farmer's serial "What She Made of Her Life," progresses favorably. There are several very beautiful poems, and a varied and attractive miscellany, at 25 cents a number, or \$2.50 a year, postpaid. Published by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

Harper's Magazine for June is in every way a strong and entertaining number. The frontispiece is a remarkably good engraving by W. B. Glendon from G. F. Watts's painting, "Paolo and Francesca," illustrating an article by F. D. Millet. The number is especially rich in illustrated articles on American subjects. No brighter magazine sketch has ever been published than Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins's "Ladies' Day at the Ranch"—in Kansas—illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. R. Swain Gifford. "Knoxville in the Olden Time," by Edmund Kirke, is a well-written sketch of much historical value, and entirely novel in its portrayal of frontier life in the South-west. The figure of the sketch is John Sevier, the old Indian fighter and "the rearguard of the Revolution." A novellette entitled "A Secret of the Sea," by Brander Matthews, is a very striking and dramatic story. Among the important articles of the number are "English in Shoals," by Professor A. S. Hill, and "How earthquakes are Caused," by Richard A. Proctor.

## A PAIR OF SHOES.

One of the Most Typical Products of Modern Industry.

A great naturalist said, "Show me a scale, I'll draw the fish." Had he been a shoemaker he might have said, "Show me a shoe, I'll tell the wearer." The sandal of the Arab, the tiny shoe of the high-bred woman of China, the wooden dancing-shoe of the Dutch, the high-heeled court slipper or the sensible walking shoes of the English and Americans, proclaim their nationality to the tyro. An amateur might not readily recognize the characteristics of different districts within a single nation, but the practiced designer must know that in the United States, for instance, your Northerner wants his shoe comfortable, neat and stylish; the Southerner asks for something fancy and handsome; the agricultural West demands solidity, fullness, and an article stout to break the land for a coming population.

"A pair of shoes" is one of the most typical products of modern industry. To make them the animal kingdom contributes from the herds roaming on Western plains or South American pampas, or from the barn-yards near at home; the vegetable, from dotted groves of hemlock and oak or from the great forests still left to us. Great textile manufacturers supply cloth and thread; mines, furnaces and forges combine to furnish nail or wire. A hundred machines have been invented, one of which has changed the whole course of a great industry and produced large cities. Through scores of processes, the forty-four pieces of a pair of shoes require to bring them together the cooperation of fifty men, women and children; the division of labor is pursued to the utmost, demanding in turn for its successful maintenance 'the dispersion of product the world over; until, as a result, you, well-shod reader, can buy for three dollars what would have cost your forefather six.

As the reader buys a pair of shoes his next pair may at the same moment be dodging the lasso of the "cowboy" on some far-away plain, or perhaps be in process of slaughter at Chicago. The perishable beef promptly reaches the market, and one day soon you dine from a fat, juicy roast, little thinking as you smack your lips after dinner that the fine, pliable skin which once protected the delicate morsel may at some time contribute to your outward comfort. Stranger things have happened. The skins or hides meantime are salted, and the buyer of salted hides sends part of them, say, to Peabody, Mass., to be tanned for upper-leather, and the rest to central New York, to be tanned for sole-leather.—H. M. Newhall, in Harper's Magazine.

## THE MAGIC LANTERN.

Jimmy Brown's Account of the Trouble He and His Friend Caused an Innocent Lecturer.

Our town is getting to be full of lecturers. Mr. Travers says that they spread all over the country, just like cholera, and that when one lecturer comes to a town, another is liable to break out at any time.

The last lecturer that we had happened a week ago. He was a magic lantern one, and they are not so bad as other kinds. He had magic-lantern pictures of Europe and Washington and other towns, and he showed them on a big white sheet, and talked about them. I made a lot of magic-lantern pictures when I had my camera, and some of them were real good. The lecturer came to our house to spend the night, and the afternoon before the lecture he went out to walk, and left the door of his room open.

Tom was at my house that afternoon, and as we were going upstairs we saw a tremendous lot of magic-lantern pictures lying piled up on the lecturer's table. Most of the pictures were houses and mountains, but some of them were people, and then there were a lot of real funny ones, such as a man falling over a pig, and a big goat knocking a boy over. Tom and I had a very nice time looking at them, and we were very careful to put them back on the piles just in the same way that the lecturer had put them. Only once in a while Tom would forget just where a picture belonged, and we had to put it in the wrong place. This was what made all the trouble, and if any one was to blame for it, Tom was the one.

We didn't tell the lecturer that we had looked at his pictures, for that might have troubled him, and we ought never to give trouble to people that are older than we are. Tom and I went to the lecture, and so did almost every body else in town, and when the lecturer began to speak you would have said that he was one of the nicest men you ever saw, he looked so pleased.

The trouble began when, after having showed us a lot of pictures, he said: "The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, is a portrait of Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria." Now it happened that the next picture was a large cat with a dozen kittens, and somebody said: "How! how! is that the Queen?" The lecturer knew he had made a mistake, but he pretended it was all right, and said that the cat belonged to his little girl, and its name was really Queen Victoria.

The next pictures were mostly right, though what the lecturer said would be a picture of a steamboat on the Rhine turned out to be a man on a bicycle, and what he called a view of the battle of Waterloo was a boy being knocked over by a man. After awhile he asked all his German friends present—but I don't believe he knew a single one of them—to admire a beautiful portrait of that hero and patriot Prince Bismarck, and when the portrait appeared on the sheet it was a picture of a pig running away from a fat butcher. You should have heard the lecturer's German friends howl, and I believe they would have thrown something at him besides heavy German words if he hadn't begged their pardon, and said it was all a mistake, and he feared that some evil-minded person had wickedly mixed up his pictures.

Well, the Germans stopped saying things after awhile, and the lecturer went on. His pictures got worse and worse. His lovely view of Venice, as he called it, was a picture of a herd of buffaloes; and what he told us would be a picture of a wedding in Egypt was a cat and a dog fighting and an old woman beating them with a club. This made him nervous, and he kept putting pictures into the magic lantern upside down, and making the King of Greece and the Queen of Italy stand on their heads, and asking the people to excuse any mistakes, and wishing he could put his hands on the evil-minded persons who had meddled with his pictures. Finally he told the people that he would show them the picture of two innocent and lovely children. Tom hit me in the side with his elbow when the lecturer said this, and whispered to me: "Be all ready to run." I didn't have the least idea what he meant till I saw the picture. I never was more astonished in my life, for it was a picture I had made of Mr. Travers and Sue sitting on the sofa and holding each other's hands. It had got mixed up in some way with the lecturer's own pictures, and I believe Tom had something to do with it, though he won't own up.

Tom and I went out as soon as we saw the picture, but we could hear the people laugh and yell when we were half a mile away. I heard afterward that the lecturer didn't show any more pictures, and that he jumped out of the back window, with Mr. Travers close after him. Anyway, he never came back to our house. Mr. Travers, when he found that I really hadn't put the picture of him and Sue among the others, forgave me, but Sue says she never will. I think Tom ought to own up, and if Mr. Travers catches him I think he will.—Jimmy Brown, in Harper's Young People.

## GOLD LEAF.

Combined Skill and Judgment Requisite in Its Manufacture.

If a sheet of gold leaf is held up against the light it appears to be of a vivid dark green color; this means that the light is transmitted through the leaf. When it is considered that this leaf is a piece of solid metal, a thicker leaf of the extreme tenuity of thickness of the leaf can be comprehended than by any comparison of figures; nothing made by the hand of man equals it in thinness. This extreme thinness is produced by patient hammering, the hammers weighing from seven to twenty pounds, the lighter hammers being first used. When the method of this beating is understood, the wonder expressed sometimes that gold leaf beating should not be relegated to machinery ceases; the art belongs to the highest department of human skill and judgment. Apprentices have served a term, and have been recommended to abandon the business because they never could acquire the requisite skill and judgment combined necessary to become successful workmen.

The only pure gold leaf that is used by dentists for filling carious teeth, and it is called foil. It is left much thicker than the gold leaf for gilding—indeed, it could not be beaten so thin; for thin or leaf gold an alloy of silver and copper is required to impart the requisite tenacity. Dentist's foil weighs six grains, five, four and three grains per sheet, or leaf, according to its thickness. The last operation on the leaf is annealing. This is done over a charcoal fire, the leaf being laid singly in a sort of corn popper—a square receptacle with wire bottom at the end of a handle—over which is held a similar cover to prevent the flame from carrying the leaf away. An instant's exposure to the flame induces a red heat, when the leaf is laid on a sheet of a book.

The material for gold leaf and dentist's foil is coin gold. The gold is precipitated by muriatic and nitric acids over a fire to separate the gold and silver, the copper of the alloy passing off in the heat. The silver from gold coin amounts to about seven pennyweights to eight hundred dollars worth of coin—the amount usually treated at a time. This reduction and separation of the metals is the usual method, and does not require special description.

The pure gold is then melted in sand crucibles with the proper proportions of silver and copper to produce the color that is desired, very fine ornamental effects being produced in gilding with leaf of different shades. The fluid metal is poured into iron moulds, making bars seven inches long, one and an eighth inches wide and one-fourth of an inch thick. These bars are forged, like iron, between anvil and hammer, to even the edges, and then rolled in powerfully-gear rollers, and then not thicker than writing paper and one inch wide. Of course, in the rolling as in all the processes, there must be occasional annealings.

Now comes the first of the beating processes. These squares of gold (one inch square) are placed in a pile alternating with larger squares (four inches or more) of "kutch" paper, a material made from a pulp of animal membrane—raw-hide, intestines, etc.—and the outside of the pile receives a square of parchment. The hammering then begins with a seven-pound hammer on a block of marble that rests on a solid foundation. After one hour's beating the pile is warmed at a fire to anneal the gold, a process requiring care, so that the kutch paper be not burned. Four hours of beating suffices for this preliminary process, 140 squares of gold being treated in one pile. The final process requires great skill. The partially beaten squares are packed as before, but with alternates of gold-beater's skin, until the pile contains 900 sheets. The beating is continued with increasingly heavier hammers until the final finish with the twenty-pound hammer. The gold-beater's skin comes from England, and the best of it—and the most of it—is made by one family—Frederick Perkins. The skin is so thin as to be almost transparent, and yet it is double, two thicknesses. It is prepared from the larger intestine of the ox. Each sheet of the skin is rubbed on each side, before the pack is made, and whenever the pack is rearranged (placing the outer gold in the center and vice versa), with a powder made from calcined gypsum of a very pure sort, imported from Germany. This is to prevent the gold from sticking to the skin.

In beating, the work of spreading the gold is from the center of each square of gold out toward the edges, and the finished squares are thicker at the edges than in the center. A contrary spreading would split the edges and ruin the squares. In rearranging the squares in the process of beating they are sometimes torn, but another piece laid on as a patch, lapping over the torn place, will be firmly welded in the after beating.

The finished squares are cut to a size of three and three-eighths inches, and packed in a "box" holding twenty-five sheets; the paper leaves being rubbed with red ochre to prevent sticking. These boxes of twenty-five sheets are sold at from thirty to forty cents each. The cutting of the leaf is done by knives, which are simply clips of the outer shiny shell or skin of the Malacca cane such as is used for walking sticks. The outer rind contains silica or flint in minute, invisible particles, forming a peculiar edge. Steel will not answer the purpose.—Scientific American.

## SOME SMOKE.

A Calculation Which Exhibits Startling Conclusions.

Few people ever stop to count the cost of luxuries. If they should they might sometimes hesitate in their expenditures. A wealthy octogenarian of Hartford, who has indulged in smoking during all his life, or at least during all his manhood years, has made an estimate, based upon data kept as to the cost of his cigars for sixty-seven years. He knows the amount he has expended, and calculating the sum invested in cigars every six months, and placing it at compound interest at eight per cent., on the basis of the savings bank calculations, he finds that the total sum now amounts to \$200,000.

If all smokers of the weed would keep an account of the cost of this luxury, and calculate their investments in cigars and tobacco, with compound interest added, they would be astonished at the sums wasted by them in smoke. The large sum found by the gentleman who had smoked for sixty-seven years was of course greatly increased in the last twenty, and especially in the last ten years, as money compounded every six months at the rate of six per cent. doubles in a little over ten years.

We frequently hear of intemperate persons drinking up the value of a farm or other property. But it is not often that such a fortune as \$200,000 is consumed in smoke by one person. If this Hartford gentleman is not an exceptional smoker, then the aggregate cost of smoking is simply enormous.—Buffalo Times.

