State Hist. Soc'ty

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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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 subscibers will be 75 cents, or two copies $1.25. Clubs of five or more 50 cents each.

Artificial cheese, made of one part eleomargarine and two parts skimmed milk, mixed to the consistency of cream and subjected to the usual process of manufacturing the genuine article, is the latest edible commodity contributed by Germany to the world.

J. P. Hale, a well known berry culturist of Connecticut, warns planters against putting raspberries or similar crops in peach orchards, as the drain on the soil is thus too great. Mr. H. advises "not to plant anything in a peach orchard, but manure, with a plow, harrow and good team.

The cheese process depends largely upon the relative percentage of water to caseine. If there is too little water the cheese will cure slowly, and be dry, crumby and have little flavor. If there is too much water destructive fermentation will set in and the cheese rapidly decay if it does not sour and break.

Any soil that produces corn will grow artichokes or sunflowers. Such soils should contain a large proportion of potash, however, as the sunflower stalks appropriate that mineral in excess of other fertilizers. In the west the seeds and stalks have been used for fuel, for which purpose the plant is said to be excellent.

The cool, moist weather is very favorable to the depredations of the cutworm, and nothing short of hunting them up and destroying them will save the young plants. To do this dig down at the roots of any plant that has been injured and the worm will be found near the roots, although the injury is done above ground.

A correspondent of the Orange County Farmer says he prevents the white grubs from destroying his strawberry plants by planting between the rows a number of lettuce plants. The grubs like the roots of the latter best, and will let the strawberry alone if fed with them. Put out the lettice early as possible in the spring.

The house of a prominent resident of Schenectady, New York, was for a long time infested with roaches and water bugs. Last fall a domestic hearing that toads would drive away the vermin, caught three ordinary hay toads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or a water bug can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated and show an attatchment for the servant. They stay in the kitchen and never wander about the house. The family are greatly pleased with their vermin hunters and intend to keep them in the kitchen. They are clean in their habits, and no objection at all can be found to their presence.

The Board of Pardons was instituted none to soon. From the evidence in the cases that were recently reported to the Governor there is no doubt but some of the courts of this state have sent innocent men to prison. In one case the accused did not understand our language and it would seem that little effort was made to get at the truth, no interpreter being called. As a consequence an innocent man has been a year in prison, the victim of a lot of striking workmen.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Keep the farm tidy. It is always a good plan to have things look neat.

—Pretty lamp shades are made in the form of flowers of gigantic size. The French imported shades are made of cloth, like any artificial flowers, while those of home manufacture are of tissue paper. Dahlias and roses are the favorite flowers.

—It is a conceded fact that the farmer is most prosperous when he combines with his farming the manufacture of pork and beef. The corn, grass, hay and fodder are his raw material, the pork and beef and wool his finished product. —*Albany Journal.*

—It is useless to attempt to keep winter squash that have been injured by frost. They are best kept on shelves in layers, in a location where the temperature does not fall below forty degrees. Be careful that they are not kept too warm.—*Troy Times.*

—The unprofitable trees in an orchard, if they have sound bodies, should be grafted over to more productive varieties. Now is the time to secure grafts, which should be tied in bundles and placed in dry sand in the cellar until wanted.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Dark Marble Cake: Two cups dark brown sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup sour milk, five cups flour, the yelks of seven eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of allspice, one of nutmeg and one teaspoonful of soda.—*Boston Globe.*

—Gas-tar will drive away ants, but where they gather around apple trees, as they are apt to do, it is a question whether it is to the advantage of the orchardist to get rib of them. Ants are very destructive to the apple, or plant lice, which on apple trees are a frequent cause of unfruitfulness by destroying the foliage at a time when it is most needed for starting the young fruit.—*Chicago Times.*

—Light, warmth, air and moisture are the things to be avoided in the keeping of winter fruit. Moisture is not so dangerous in the absence of heat, but the two together are very bad. A pit in the ground on a dry place, or a tight, cool, dark cellar, will preserve fruit in its natural freshness and flavor that would be spoiled in a few weeks in a common cellar, subject to all the changes of the outside air.

TRIMMED STRAW BONNETS.

A Description of the Head Garniture Very Fashionable in Metropolitan Centers.

Straw bonnets are shown in all dark colors to match costumes, but there is a great number of ecru, beige, brown and black English straws trimmed to wear with various dresses. For these the moyenage scarfs are used, or else plain etamine in ecru shades and in very large meshes is arranged with darker velvet and sometimes with flowers. The scarfs used for trimming contain a great deal of gilt and a variety of colors, especially the dull porcelain blue, rose and red shades. Such a scarf is placed in erect loops in front or a trifle to the left, and may be carried to the back of the crown on the left side; a cluster of yellow roses is back of the long loops, and long gilt pins are thrust in the right side of the crown.

This is the general suggestion for all such trimmings, and is varied only by the garniture on the brim, which may be soft velvet puffed there, or else lace falling slightly over the edge, or a drop trimming of beads or of straw. Some of the handsomest Tuscan braid bonnets have a crown as soft and pliable as silk, with a brim pinched in a point at the top, and covered all around with a network of straw, in which are many drooping balls; inside the brim is a doubled frill of *chaudron* or copper red velvet, while the outside trimming is a large bouquet of red fuchsias tied with high loops of copper red watered ribbon, which also forms the strings. A few Neapolitan braid bonnets are seen with each transparent braid edged with gold cord and jet beads; some of these have the brim cut in points and the space filled in with black and gilt lace. A rosette of these two laces is then placed on top, the black being laid over the gilt lace, and these hold a cluster of tea-roses with some long-stemmed buds that stand upward like an aigrette.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—To cure a felon: Saturate a bit of wild turnip the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine and apply to the affected part. A sufferer who tried the above plan says it relieved the pain at once. In twelve hours there was a hole to the bone and the felon was destroyed. The turnip was removed, the wound dressed with a healing salve and the finger soon became well.—*Boston Budget.*

—A man at St. Albans, Vt., was heard to remark that he would give twenty cents for a cat. The next morning twenty-two boys were on hand, each expecting to go away twenty cents richer.

PENALTIES OF FAME.

Bill Nye Tells of a Harrowing Episode of the Days of His Youth.

Some years ago, when I was younger, I was very easily approached by strangers, especially if they intimated that they had met me before. The most downtrodden and offensive human failure could borrow my watch and chain then, if he went at it right, and it was a cold day when I wasn't called upon to feed some "great admirer" of mine who had footed it through from Boston to the coast in order to shake hands with me.

I am not so much that way now. I would rather be famed for pants than to pant for fame (stall-fed humor.) When a pale-eyed tramp takes me by the hand and tells me how he has journeyed from Nova Scotia to see me, I perpetrate a little *coop de tat* on him by asking him if he has a dollar in his clothes that I could borrow till next week. After that there is a lull in the conversation that you could cut with a knife.

Many years ago there was a red-headed conductor running No. 7 over the Sherman hill, whose name was Boils—at least, that's near enough. No. 7 wasn't really a train of "varnished cars." It was an emigrant train, but had a comfortable caboose on behind with leather-covered seats and an observatory on top and oil paintings in it painted by Michael Angelo Prang, and I used to ride over the mountain with Boils in the caboose quite frequently.

One night there were several of us coming over the hill, and we were having a good, fair average time smoking Alex Joelman's cigars and telling stories as we poked up the heavy grads of the Union Pacific road from Cheyenne west. After awhile Boils went through the train, with a self-cocking punch, and made the usual assessment. Then he came back and told me that there was a lady in one of the cars ahead who had heard in some way that I was aboad, and was very anxious to meet me if I wished. I rose majestically, felt of my mustache, to see if it was still there, and then went into another car where Boils introduced me to a corpulent woman about eighty-seven years of age, whose teeth were made for some one else. She couldn't hear very well either. The train made some noise, and so when she wanted very severely to hear what I said, she would lean over on my shoulder, with the cold and somewhat soiled rim of her ear close to my face, so that she could catch my words as they fell.

"She said she was just returning from the Centennial.

"Ah," said I, "where do you go to celebrate your centennials nowadays?"

"Oh, down to Philadelphy," she said, as soon as she had collected my question into her Jumbo ears.

"I should think you would go to the Acropolis," I said, getting a little weary of my companion, "or to Pompeii, where you could have a kind of reunion of ruins."

"Yes we went to Injinopolis, too," she replied.

And we chatted along up the hill. While the boys back in the caboose were having a nice joyful time, I was there yelling playful *bon mots* and such things into the recesses of an old emigrant's ear, who, I afterwards learned, thought I was a foreign missionary on my charge via 'Frisco.

Finally, I asked her to excuse me, as I had to go back to attend to a friend who was dying. It took me a long time to work this palpable falsehood through the labyrinths to her mind, but finally she seemed to grapple it all right.

Then she wanted to go, too. I told her no; it would certainly hasten the end.

How I wanted to get hold of Boils and bring him to a head! At last I got away from the aged conversationalist and went back to the caboose.

It was locked!

I stood out on the platform in the cold all the way down the west side of the hill to Laramie, where we arrived at a little past midnight, as the train was late.

I never felt anywhere near even with Boils until a year or so afterward, when the general superintendent wrote and asked him if he wouldn't be kind enough to resign, so as to give the stockholders a chance. He told Boils that if he would resign and get a job on a rival road, and be as economical about turning in cash fares as he had been with him, the company would present him with a gold-headed cane.—*Bill Nye, in St. Paul Herald.*

—Our wonderful increase of population and marvelous growth of cities and villages are developing thousands of local markets, and giving great inducements to market gardening. As we near the millenium there are valid reasons for supposing that even farmers' gardens will be improved by the ameliorating influence of the age.

HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS!

Cheaper Than Ever.

Gasoline Stoves of the latest improved patterns; Refrigerators,

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Fence Wire

In fact every thing in the Hardware liue, at Prices lower than ever.

H. I. COOK & CO.

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MIXED METAPHORS.

The Ludicrous Ideas Which Follow the Unskillful Use of Rhetorical Figures.

The examples of confusion of metaphor ascribed to the late Lord Castlereagh are so absurd that it might have been thought impossible to rival them. Nevertheless, the following, though in somewhat quieter style, seemed to me to approach very nearly to the best of those that were spoken by Castlereagh or forged for him by Mackintosh. A recent Cabinet Minister described the error of an Indian official in these words: "He remained too long under the influence of the views which he had imbibed from the board." To imbibe a view seems strange, but to imbibe anything from a board seems to be very difficult. I may observe that the phrase of Castlereagh, which is now best known, seems to suffer from misquotation; we usually have "an ignorant impatience of taxation," but the original form appears to have been "an ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation."

The following sentence is from a voluminous historian: "The decline of the material comforts of the working classes, from the effects of the revolution, had been incessant, and had now reached an alarming height." It is possible to ascend to an alarming height, but it is surely difficult to decline to an alarming height. "Nothing could be more one-sided than the point of view adopted by the speakers." It is very strange to speak of a point as having a side, and then how can "one sided" admit of comparison? A thing has either one side or it has not; there can not be degrees in one-sidedness. However, even mathematicians do not always manage the word point correctly. In a modern valuable work we read of "a more extended point of view," though we know that a point does not admit of extension. This curious phrase is also to be found in two eminent French writers—Bailly and d'Alembert. I suppose that what is meant is a point which commands a more extended view. "Froschammer wishes to approach the subject from a philosophical standpoint." It is impossible to stand and yet to approach. Either he should survey the subject from a standpoint or approach it from a starting point. "The most scientific of our continental theologians have returned back again to the relations and ramifications of the old paths." Here paths and ramifications do not correspond, nor is it obvious what the relations or paths are. Then "returned back again" seems to involve superfluity: either returned or turned back again would have been better. A large school had lately fallen into difficulties, owing to internal dissensions. In the report of a council on the subject it was stated that measures had been taken to introduce more harmony and good feeling. The word introduce suggests the idea that harmony and good feeling could be laid on like gas or water by proper mechanical adjustment, or could be supplied like first-class furniture by a London upholsterer. An orator speaking of the usefulness of a dean, said that "he wastes his sweetness on the desert air and stands like an engine upon a siding." This is a strange combination of metaphors.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

—The Rome (N. Y.) *Sentinel* reports that two men who served on a jury at a trial in Utica the other day, after they retired, voted on a verdict in direct opposition to their real sentiments because they did not know the difference between the terms "plaintiff" and "defendant" in the case.

—The American rocking-chair and stove are making Rome howl with delight.

"THANK YOU, SIR!"

A Real Lady Appears in New York and Astonishes a Car-Load of Gothamites.

It was 6:30 in the evening. All the seats on the up-town train on the Sixth-avenue Elevated Road were occupied, most of them by spruce-looking clerks, who hid their faces behind the evening papers and tried to "make believe" they didn't know that any women were standing up. A young lady got in at Fourteenth street. She was pretty, but it could be seen at a glance that she was not of the sort susceptible of being "mashed." The young clerks shifted their papers to get a glance at her, and hastily hid behind them again. She grasped a strap opposite a shaggy-headed, weather-scarred Irishman, whose knotty hands and soiled clothes showed that he was one of the hard-working sons of toil.

"Take this sate, ma'am," he said, rising and walking toward the end of the car, intending to brace himself against the door. "Thank you, sir," said the young lady, taking the seat. It was not a perfunctory "thank you," nor a demonstrative "thank you," but it was given with a genuine cordiality and the intonation of good breeding, and was accompanied by a pleasant smile. The young clerks popped out their heads from behind their papers, and each one felt that he would have willingly resigned his seat and stood up for an hour to have such a "thank you, sir," addressed to him. The Irishman turned on his heel, and his eyes opened wide and his jaw dropped in astonishment. Then a broad grin of satisfaction illuminated his homely, but honest face.

Excoose me, mum, for making so bowld as to spake to ye," said he, touching his hat respectfully, "but ye be the furst leddy that ever said thanky to me loike that fur gie'n 'er a sate." He paused a moment and then continued, not at all abashed by the attention he was attracting. "You be a rale leddy, mum, and it does the loikes o' me good to say ye 'an have ye spake. An' I axes yer pardon agin, but wud yer be so kind as to gie me wan o' those buds to show the ould woman whin I tells 'er about ye, and as a sort o' remimbrance o' ye?"

A titter went through the car, and the young lady colored slightly and gave him a rose without any hesitation. The Irishman again touched his hat and went to the end of the car. Presently his voice was heard addressing a mate. "She be a rale leddy, I tell ye. Whoi, I just guv 'er my sate, and she up and said thanky just as she meant it all thrue; she's the right sort, she is." To strangers who entered the car he recited her praises in the same enthusiastic fashion. The young lady must have felt somewhat relieved when he left the car, but his admiration was too genuine and respectful to be resented.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Similarity.

A writer describing Paganini's violin playing, says: "When the G string wailed, then tears came through the eyes from the listening hearts of men, tears of sadness and delight." You may perhaps have noticed that pretty much the same thing occurs nowadays when the young man next door tortures a violin. When his G and other strings wail, then tears come through the eyes from the hearts of listening men—tears of sadness and agony, prompted by a wild, unconquerable yearning for gore and revenge. The more the G string wails, the more his hearers wail, and and there is about as much music in one wail as in the other.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Big Drive

FOR A GOOD MAN.

WANTED

To Lease, Rent, or Sell

21 Town Lots in Topeka, Kansas, on the side track of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. A part of these lots front on Eighth Avenue, east. All have a front to the side track in good locality for manufacturing purposes of all kinds, or for storage. I will rent or lease one lot or all of them as the party may desire, or sell the same way. Better call and see me at 249 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas

C. DUNN.

I will also rent lease or sell any part or

All of 320 Acres of Land

situated thirteen miles from Topeka, and one fourth of a mile from the U. P. depot at Kingsville, and two and a half miles west of Silver Lake. This farm is all under cultivation, with good buildings and well watered.

Will be sold in 5 or 10 acre lots for gardening purposes, and part on time.

Topeka, Kansas. C. DUNN.

HEADGEAR FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

The Kind of Bonnets and Caps the Children Will Wear.

For little girls the straw pokes that are not usually becoming to older faces are immensely popular. They are generally very becoming to the little folks, giving a quaintness to the face and entire costume. Tam O'Shanter caps are now made of straw, in imitation of those made of cloth. Many of the new spring hats, especially those with high crowns, are trimmed with quantities of satin or velvet ribbon. Some of these are in the showy fancy plaids in high colors; some of these are of Ottoman texture, of very heavy reps, in two colors or two shades of color, corresponding in effect with the "round-and-round" in straw bonnets and hats, and some are of basket or armure shades of solid texture. The moyenage scarfs and handkerchiefs trim hats most effectively, arranged in large, full knots in front, with their pointed ends spread upwards against the crown to show the quaint design to best advantage. A new bonnet is a revival of an old idea. It has no foundation, but is drawn on cords. Even in silk it is extremely light. For the summer it will be in muslin, with Terry ribbon to match dresses and will be worn by ladies as well as children. A great many China straws are to be seen; the varying colors makes them useful to accompany costumes of different shades. The capote, or modified form of the grannie's bonnet, is still a favorite chapeau for baby girls; it is made of surah silk or some very light material. The trimming is simple, a large bow of ribbon filling in the space of the open brim in front; two loops of this bow fall on the hair on each side. On the front of the crown a second larger bow is placed or loops of ribbon mixed with feathers.—*Philadelphia Star.*

—Chocolate pudding: Two tablespoonfuls grated chocolate, two of water, place over the fire to melt. Then add one and one-half teacups of water or milk, when boiling stir in enough flour to make a little thicker than gravy. Remove from fire and when cool add one beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Serve cold with cream and sugar flavored with vanilla.—*Western Rural.*

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending May 30, 1885.

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

Last week Gov. Martin on recomdation of the board of pardons, gave liberty to three convicts in the penitentiary. It was an act of justice in every case and the pardons should all have been granted before. We have not space to give any particulars, but call attention to the outrageous political practice of making party capital out of such acts. It is not unlikely that democrats will be found who will make his issuing of pardons a point against Gov. Martin. Republicans did the same against Gov. Glick and if he had pardoned Funka, who, as it appears was not guilty, or Webb who has been for some time in the insane asylum, or Thompson, who has been more than sufficiently punished for a nominal offence, and for which acts Gov. Martin is to be commended, if Gov. Glick had done the same, we say, the Republican politicians would have howled all along the line. These circumstances should teach the people to distrust the partisanship of the present day. It has come to that pass partisan newspapers do not aim to give the truth, but where it serves their purpose best they rather seek to hide it, and where open lying will injure the opposition more effectively, they are not above that. If this is more common, on the part of Republicans, it is because they are more numerous. We are not to imagine there is much more of this virtue in one party than in the other.

Judge L. D. Bailey, late of Lawrence, and a citizen of Kansas from the dark bloody day, and now publisher of the "Cultivator and Herdsman" of Garden City, spent some time in the capital city a few days ago.

The Judge was an enthusiastic pioneer a quarter of a century ago, when eastern Kansas was on the frontier, and he is now once more an enthusiastic pioneer in western Kansas where he would again be on the frontier if railroad enterprise had not abolished all frontiers. His visit to this end of the state was partly to get seed of the honey locust for planting on his claims in Finney county. He thinks the honey locust is the tree for western Kansas. He planted some last year and will plant many more this year. The fence posts on his claim will be live locusts and there will be no rotting away or unsteady posts.

A late number of the Lawrence Gazette contained a very readable letter from the Judge, and his own paper is very readable, spiced as it is with reminiscences of the early days, and with his own varied experiences. His faith in Garden City, and in Southwestern Kansas is like a mountain of of mustard seed, and he proves his faith by his works. There is rapid development of that part of the state. The farming lands in Finney county produce wonderfully where water can be had, and large areas are now under ditch and can be easily irrigated. Immense quantities of garden and field crops are now raised, all of which finds a ready market in the mining towns of Colorado, and the market will remain good for all time to come.

The State Commissioners to locate the new state Reformatory, after having visited several institutions of the kind in the east, proceeded this week to visit various points west of the sixth principal meridian, which are applicants for the Kansas Reformatory. After a thorough examination of the advantages offered by dozen or more places, they will return to the capital and decide upon the location.

There are 32,000 acres of school lands in dispute in Ellis County. A sale had been advertised and Attorney General Bradford went up last week to attend to the case. He found proceedings very informal and secured a stay until amended papers could be filed.

A sister of D. W. Wilder, of the Hiawatha World, and Secretary to Gov. Martin, and her husband were both killed by a railroad train running into their carriage in Detroit a few days ago. The couple had recently celebrated their golden wedding.

Monsignor Capel delivered a lecture at Crawfords Opera House last Friday evening on "Marriage and Divorce." The reputation of the noted Roman Catholic divine drew out a good house, and he was visited by many of our citizens, both before and after the lecture.

A Newspaper Man as a Detective.

Frank R. O'Neil, who has been designated by President Cleveland, to go with Officer Tracy, to New Zealand to take Maxwell, the supposed murderer of Preller, in the Southern Hotel, in St. Louis, is an expert newspaper man, who commenced young and served several years in Illinois under the editor of the Spirit of Kansas. He is a skilful reporter and first-class city editor, and while on the St. Louis Republican, a few years ago, ferretted out a murderer who had baffled the efforts of all the detectives.

Over-hearing some remarks by a couple of fellows one evening, he took the scent, and before ten o'clock had traced the man to his lodgings. He then went to the Republican office, and wrote up a lengthy account of the affair, locked the printers in the composing room, and went out and got an officer and the arrest was made. It was done so shrewdly that the next morning the masterful Globe Democrat had not a word about it while the Republican gave lengthy and full details. For this bit of newspaper enterprise the publishers of the Republican gave O'Neil a month's leave of absence and free passage for himself and wife to the Lakes of Minnesota, and five-hundred dollars in cash, which latter he generously gave to one or two of his reporters who had assisted him.

It may be remembered that a year or two ago a young St. Louis convict threw himself from an upper corridor of the jail to the stone floor below and was instantly killed. It was young Early who had been discovered by the Republican city editor.

Special sale of Hats and Flowers at Mrs. Metcalfs Tuesday and Wednesday, Thursday special sale of babies bonnets when you will get a discount of ten per cent off regular prices.

Gov. St. John is again in the field, and according to reprorts from the papers, is drawing large houses in different parts of Illinois. In some of the German cities, like Belleville, Marissa, DuQuoin and others, his great success is chronicled. No matter what may be said about St. John, he is still one of the most prominent men of the nation, and will surely be further heard from.

Mr. T. M. Boyle, late of Alton, Ill., where he has a family residing, was found dead in his room in the house of Mr. John Ashbough, where he boarded, last Saturday morning. He was a man of good habits, and had apparently enjoyed good health. He had been engaged in the Insurance business and was expecting to soon bring his family to Kansas. It was supposed to be a case of apoplexy. At one time he had been a minister, and was in comfortable circumstances.

Ex. Senator E. G. Ross has been appointed Governor of New Mexico, another of Cleveland's good acts.

Memorial services were held at the Grand Opera House last Sunday, with a large crowd in attendance. The hall was appropriately decorated and remarks made by Rev. W. H. Boal, F. S. Mc Cabe and Dr McChessey. Music was furnished by Marshall's Band.

In the May Century McClellan's Peninsular Campaign was treated broadly by the leading commanders on both sides. In the June number special events like the disaster to the Confederates at Beaver Dam Creek and the terrible battle the next day at Gaines's Mill are particularly described by General D. H. Hill; and by General Fritz John Porter, who gained great credit for his manner of fighting two-thirds of the Confederate army with a little more than half the number, at Gaines's Mill. The maps in these papers are probably the most complete and satisfactory battle-maps ever published in this country, and striking pictures and portraits accompany in profusion. General Imboden contributes a striking anedotal paper on "Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah," describing the famous Valley campaign, which had an important bearing on the withdrawal of McClellan to the James river. In "Memoranda on the Civil War," Colonel J. W. Bissel describes the ingenious methods adopted in sawing out a channel above Island Number Ten, which led to the flanking of that Confederate stronghold on the Mississippi. In pictorial and literary features the June Century is not behind recent issues in timelines and general interest. A finer portrait than that of Sir John Herschel—the frontispiece, engraved by T. Johnson—has rarely been printed in the Century. Two other full-page portraits, of William, the fathr, and Caroline, the sister, of Sir John, accompany Professor Edwin S. Holden's authoritative paper on "The Three Herschels."

"LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY."

Some Facts Concerning the Question of Wifely Obedience.

A young woman of eighteen who married a man of forty the other day in a Newark church crooked her finger during the ceremony so that the groom—contrary to his former experiences on such occasions—was unable to get the ring beyond the second joint. Upon being asked during the reception that followed as to the cause of the hitch in the proceedings at the altar, the young lady explained that she made a mental reservation in repeating the promise to love, honor and obey, and had also kept the ring from going lower down because she had heard that if it was stopped at the second joint the wife would be able to rule the husband, while if it went to the hand the husband would be supreme.

The superstition about crooking the finger is not very prevalent, and the ring almost always goes clear down; but there is reason to believe that the mental reservation in the promise of obedience is common enough. In fact, the notion that the modern woman "obeys" her husband in any such sense as is meant by the words of the marriage service is a mere myth that has come down with the marriage formula. The same equalizing spirit that has so modified woman's statutes as to abolish the old notion that a man and his wife are legally one person, and to enable her to hold and manage her own property almost as independently as the husband can manage his, has nearly wiped out the idea of obedience from the ordinary estimate of the holy estate of matrimony. Practically speaking, the woman rules fully as often as the man—more arbitrarily sometimes—more absolutely in some cases than a man ever would think of doing.

Time was when for a refractory disposition a man might lawfully correct his wife by a vigorous application of the birch. The punishment must in all cases be "reasonable," and it was held that he must not flog her with a stick thicker than his thumb; but she could be reduced to submission by the man of the house, if frequent whippings would do it, not only without danger of punishment to the man, but with the positive approval of his neighbors and probably also of all his wife's friends. If domestic discipline in those days proved insufficient to control her tongue—for it was for offenses of speech rather than deed that the wife was commonly corrected—she was taken before the Magistrate and tried for a common scold, and if convicted was set upon the public ducking-stool by the constable and soused in a horse pond or some convenient river.

It is perhaps to be regretted that no statistics are or can be kept showing the extent and usual consequences of quarrels between married people, and it would be interesting to know—if such information was attainable—whether, on the average, matrimonial unions were happier and more peaceful when the husband had the legal right and practical power to compel obedience from the wife than they are now when he has only a shadowy and sentimental sort of obedience—if he has any at all—that is supposed to be inculcated by the language used in the wedding ceremony.

There is a sort of womanly obedience that amounts to devotion. It comes only from women who are capable of great love, and from them only when it happens that they are joined to men who are fortunate enough to command their utmost respect as well as affection. If all the men in a large city were to be called together and asked to raise their right hands if they believed themselves masters of their own homes through love, it is to be feared that not more than half the arms would go up.

In point of fact women are much more fond of control at home than men are, and much more likely to exercise it. It is common to hear a woman boast how she "manages" her husband, and very often—perhaps it may be said generally—her management is most judicious. In many things a woman has more tact than a man, and she is likely enough to have that superiority of judgment which fairly entitles her to obedience.

It would get red of a sort of harmless sham to give up the entire notion of a married woman's subordinate position by which she owes to her husband some sort of obedience which he does not owe to her. In this age and country the thing itself does not exist. A child is supposed to obey its parents, and a citizen to obey the laws; but nobody supposes that, in any like manner, a wife obeys her husband or is bound to obey him. The Newark girl was right in her view of the case, though she took a not very efficacious method of avoiding the danger. There is no sense in putting into a woman's mouth a promise of obedience which she never intends to keep. —*Detroit Post.*

To Remove a Musty Odor.

Mustiness is produced by the presence of the germs of mold or mildew in damp, confined air. The so-called ground or earth smell which comes from confined places where there is no ventilation is caused by the air which percolates through the ground constantly and rises from it, and being unable to escape remains charged with the germs of various fungoid plants which exist in the soil. These are exceedingly dangerous to health, producing so-called malaria and various fevers, diphtheria, and other serious disorders. The best method of removing and preventing such odors is to give good ventilation under the building, so as to have a good current of air blowing through at all times; also, to burn sulphur matches under the house and one or two in the house when the odor is most preceptible. A sulphur match is made as follows: A teaspoonful of flowers of sulphur is scattered over a sheet of newspaper, which is then rolled up loosely in a long roll: this is set on fire in an iron pot or pan and burns slowly, giving off sulphurous acid, which is one of the most effective antidotes to these fungoid germs of all kinds, and an excellent antiseptic.—*N. Y. Times.*

—From New York to San Francisco by rail it is 3,311 miles. In an air-line the distance is about 2,600 miles.

GRANDPA'S MISTAKE.

How Tessie Earned Five Dollars and Nineteen Cents for a New Year's Present.

Tessie was just learning to add. Dreadful work she made of it sometimes, and occasionally, when she was all mixed up, she would declare that she hated numbers with all her might, so she did, and she wished the man who made the addition table had got lost in the woods, and never found his way out.

Getting lost in the woods was something that Tessie lived in terror of.

Grandpa made a great pet of Tessie, and was always trying to help her out of her troubles.

One night in the midst of his newspaper reading he heard Tessie wailing; not over the addition table this time, but over the fact that she had so little money. Her church subscription was due—she gave two cents a week to the building-fund for the new church. If all the people had done as well as that in proportion to their wealth they would soon have had a new church. She belonged, too, to the Children's Band of Foreign Missions, and gave ten cents a month to that; altogether, her hands were full. Just now was a new call.

A New Year's present to Miss Keith, our own missionary—that was the way all the children of the band spoke of the lady out in New Mexico, who sent them letters. Tessie wanted to give to it, but some bright-colored paper-dolls in the window of the toy-store had been too much for her and her money was all gone. No wonder Tessie wailed.

"What's all this?" said grandpa, putting down his paper and looking over his glasses. Tessie, with the tears still shining on her lashes, explained. Grandpa never could endure tears in her eyes. His hand went into his pocket.

"See here," he said, "seems to me I wasn't to give you any more money for a week; but there is no law against your earning some. We'll make a bargain. If you count what I've got in my hand and get it right the first time, you may have it for your dear Miss Keith."

Joyfully Tessie agreed to this. She did not like adding, but she could afford to try very hard and be very careful with such an object in view. So the small handful of pennies was passed over from grandpa's hand to hers, and she curled herself into the great chair and commenced her task.

"Only one count, remember," said grandpa. So her lips moved slowly and carefully. At last she looked up.

"Grandpa, there's five dollars and nineteen cents."

"What! what! what!" said grandpa, in great astonishment. "Why, my little Tessie! How could you make such a big blunder as that? Let me see!"

"It is true," said Tessie, with a gay little laugh, covering up her treasure, and turning herself away from grandpa.

But finally she condescended to count it for him. "Look, grandpa! There's five cents, and five cents, that makes ten cents."

"Aye," said grandpa.

"And there's nine bright pennies, and they make nineteen cents."

"Just so," said grandpa.

"And then there is this very bright penny, made of gold, and it says 'five dollars' on it; and that makes five dollars and nineteen cents."

"Oh, ho!" said grandpa. "I've caught you now. That is a new cent, and nothing more."

But Tessie declared that it was not a cent, it was made of gold; it was just exactly like one that her papa showed her only yesterday, and had just the same letters on it, and papa told her it was five dollars.

"Let me see," said grandpa, and he took the shining penny in his hand and turned it over and looked at it through his glasses, and finally said: "Bless my heart! Well, well, well! grandpa is the one that is caught this time, sure enough! It can't be helped now; I'll stick to my bargain. You counted right, Tessie; the money is yours."

And that was the way it happened that Tessie Warren gave five dollars and nineteen cents toward Miss Keith's New Year's present.—*The Pansy.*

JUDGE AND JURY.

How an English Judge Dismissed a Jury and Their Verdict.

An opinion is gaining ground that jury verdicts are no more certain to be just than the decision of Judges who have been trained to weigh evidence. Perhaps it is this conviction which secures acquiescence in the practice described as follows by C. H. Stephens: "But—and this is another difference between the real and the ideal in the jury system—we have in a large number of cases the more extraordinary spectacle of a jury solemnly sitting through a trial for the purpose of listening to the evidence and forming their own opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, and then being instructed by the Court as to the verdict they shall find. It is, as every one knows, the most common of occurrences for the Judge to lecture the jury upon their verdict and then refuse to receive it. That the Judge should be more correct than the jury is not impossible, but then—wherefore the jury? In an English case in which the jury had brought in 'guilty' Mr. Justice Maule addressed the prisoner as follows: 'Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, and it does not seem to be much, have found you guilty, and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day, and, as that day was yesterday, you may now go about your business.'"—*Popular Science Monthly.*

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

THE USUAL WAY.

The First Half Chapter of a Serial Story of Five Hundred Chapters.

Visitor (in editor's room, rising to go)—"Well, I see you are busy, and I'll be going."

Editor (pen in hand)—"Yes, I'm sorry, but my work has to be done, you know."

Visitor—"That's very true, and you have lots of callers, so I'll hurry up."

Editor (sticking pen in ink)—"Come in again, any time, you'll always find somebody here."

Visitor—"Thanks, I shall be glad to do so. You know I always like the air about an editor's office."

Editor (putting his pen in the ink again)—"No doubt."

Visitor—"Well, I guess I'll be going. By the way, did you see that last joke in the paper?"

Editor (putting his pen over his ear)—"No, I don't have time, you know, to read the papers."

Visitor (holding on to chair)—"It's a dandy, but I must go, as you are busy."

Editor (jabbing pen in paste pot)—"Yes, I'm right busy. That's true."

Visitor—"I don't believe in a man loafing in business hours, anyhow, and here I am taking up your time. I must be going."

Editor (taking another pen)—"All right. Call around again."

Visitor—"I shall be glad to, but I must be going now."

Editor (putting his pen to the paper) "We are always glad to see you."

Visitor—"Of course. I understand that. Good day. I'll go along, I guess."

Editor (trying to write)—"Come in any time."

Visitor—"Thank you. I see I am taking up your time and I'll leave."

Editor (chewing his penholder and looking appealingly at visitor)—"Yes, I am very busy indeed."

Visitor (taking up a newspaper and looking over it carelessly)—"Won't you go out and take something? I've got to be getting out of this."

Editor (with a sad-eyed disappointment—"Really, I haven't time."

Visitor—"No? I'm surprised. I thought you fellows were always ready to take something wet. If you can't go I'll have to go by myself."

Editor (starting to write again)—"I'm very sorry."

Visitor—"So am I. I think I shall have to go."

Editor (putting his pen in the ink)—"Well, good bye, old fellow; I'm glad you came in."

Visitor—"Say, that was a good thing you had in the paper last week, but I must be going. I——"

P. S.—This is the first half chapter of a serial story of 500 chapters on the same topic, to be issued under the auspices of the Editor's Protective Association, but this office disclaims all connection therewith, and proposes to kick at any such slander being laid upon visitors to newspaper offices.—*Merchant Traveler.*

MRS. GRUNDY.

A Great Potentate Upon Whose Realms the Sun Never Sets.

To the majority of people Mrs. Grundy is the ogre who haunts their days, and pries into their closets, and keeps them awake nights; they never make a purchase or an acquaintance, publish a book, put on a new gown, adopt a new fashion or a new lover, without concerning themselves with Mrs. Grundy's view of the case; whether she will indorse or reprove, that is the question. Her approval is their ambition, and her disapproval their idea of failure. To a certain extent this is a desirable frame of mind. If nobody cared what his neighbor thought of him the world would be a queer place. At the same time it is possible to over-estimate the importance of our neighbor's opinion, and so handicap our lives that we shall do nothing spontaneously, that we shall live continually in an atmosphere of self-consciousness and anxiety, when, after all, our own approval is the thing we can least do without, the thing most to be coveted, means more to us than that of friend or foe; but to live in servile awe of how Mrs. Grundy will receive our most innocent actions is to live the life of a slave or a voluntary martyr, bereft of all dignity and of all freedom. But say what we may, Mrs Grundy is a great potentate, upon whose realms the sun never sets: the Czar of all the Russias is not more autocratic than she, and rebel as we will, we prevail little against her dictum; the traditions of her dynasty are too great for us; it is like fighting a windmill to contend against her. To be sure, the majority of mankind are willing subjects; they court her service, and would be totally adrift without her guidance; she dictates what they shall wear, where they may visit, where they shall travel, what they shall read, the furniture and architecture of their homes, whether they shall live within their income or beyond it, whether they shall spend the summer in a comfortable home or at some wretched sea-side resort. She makes and unmakes matches, and the man or woman who marries in defiance of her must have the courage of the saints. Even after death she holds a mortgage on our good name if our will does not read to satisfy her. High and low are equally under her dominion; the slums have their world of cold criticism and censure, no doubt, as well as Belgravia, and entertain as profound a respect for it, according to their light. It is, perhaps, difficult to say why we succumb to Mrs. Grundy with as good a grace as we do, unless we feel that she represents the common sense of mankind, or because it is a custom handed down from generations, or because it is easy to float with the current; for was there ever a time, even among the cave or lake dwellers, when she was not in authority in the universe, and to most people a sort of conscience?—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Mrs. Farley, of Bridgeport Conn., aged one hundred and three years, frequently goes shopping with her daughter of seventy. This seems to be a case of ruling passion strong in dress.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

SOUND WORDS.

Some Sensible Advice by a Religious Exchange.

The Scripture exhorts us to "hold fast" the form of "*sound words*," which, I suppose, means that we should call things by their right names. The rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but rascality sometimes adorns itself with names that makes it smell far sweeter than when bearing its own proper designations.

Especially is this true when men undertake to describe the swindles and villainies which are too common in the higher circles of the commercial world. Speaking of certain transactions of this description, the Hartford *Courant* says: "Over-certification and rehypothecation, are pretty long words. One means *lying*, and the other means *stealing*. When we are told that the recent troubles in business in New York are attributable to these long-sounding causes, we are really told *lying* and *stealing* are at the bottom of the difficulty.

This is refreshing. "Over-certification" is when a bank official says that some one has a certain amount of money in the bank, which he does *not* have though he may promise that he *will* have at some other time. "Rehypothecation" is the taking of stocks, bonds, notes, etc., which are already pledged as security for loans, and pledging or pawning them again to raise more money. And under the shadow of these two big words, too big to be found in most dictionaries, it is difficult to see just where the wrong in the case is. But when we translate the thing into English, and find that one word means lying, and the other stealing, we know just to think about it.

There are many other words which are high sounding. There are "discrepancies," and "deficits," and "defaults," and "defalcations;" there are "irregularities," and "misappropriations," and "breaches of trust," and "embezzlements," and numerous other operations, by which genteel rascals get away with the money which belongs to honest and unsuspecting people, the true character of which may be expressed by the simple words *lying* and *stealing!* These words bring the whole matter within the range of the ten commandments. There is no Scripture which says: "Thou shalt not default, thou shalt not rehypothecate, thou shalt not over-certificate," but there *is* a passage which says: "Thou shalt not *steal*," and there is a passage which tells us that all *liars* shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. If we can get rid of some of these big words, and come down to language which the common people can understand, we shall perhaps be able to warn men against the dangers of stealing, and tell men who lie that they are on the straight road to hell. This is a very unpopular word, and a very obsolete doctrine, but there are some things which go to show that it is true. One of them is this: that the devil is very sure to get a grip on these genteel swindlers and their ill-gotten gains in *this* world, and nothing affords much foundation for the idea that he will let go of them in the next.—*Boston Safeguard.*

MISTAKEN NEGOTIATIONS.

The Tramp with an Eye to Business, and His Conspicuous Failure.

A tramp entered a Chatham street beer saloon and said to the gentleman behind the bar:

"I want a partner, with a small cash capital, to embark in a little business enterprise, the profits of which will be beyond all computation by the ordinary rules of percentage."

"Keep right on," said the bartender.

"I am a gentleman by birth and education," continued the tramp, "and would be in personal appearance if I weren't handicapped by a want of suitable habiliments and—and—"

"Soap?" the bartender suggested.

"As I observed, the scheme will require a small cash capital."

"I'll furnish the capital."

"Thanks, that will simplify matters amazingly. The scheme is this: You and I have made a wager on the late election, the loser to stand in the City Hall park from eight a. m. to eight p. m. and grind a hand organ, with the announcement conspicuously displayed that all moneys taken in at the door will be devoted to the pedestal fund. I, unfortunately, am the loser. I will grind the organ, but I must be handsomely dressed, and an instrument must be obtained. When I am fashionably attired I resemble a cross between a Wall street banker and a genuine preacher. There will be lots of excitement and plenty of money. I estimate the profits at two hundred and sixty dollars, after deducting all expenses. This amount will be equally divid—"

Presently the tramp picked himself up from the pavement, and said:

"My mistake was in attempting negotiations with a man who lacks business foresight and ability."—*N. Y. Sun.*

WHOOPING COUGH.

Damages Awarded for Introducing the Disease Into a Boarding House.

In a case recently tried in the United States Circuit Court at New York, damages were asked against a person because he had taken his children to a boarding house when they were sick with the whooping cough. The child of the proprietor took the disease in this way, and some of the boarders left the house and went elsewhere. The court held that damages must be awarded for whatever loss resulted from the bringing of the disease to the house. The opinion of the Judge is in part as follows: "The defendant took his children when they had whooping cough, a contagious disease, to the boarding house of the plaintiff to board, and exposed her child and children of the other boarders to it, who took it.

—It is a wise provision, which insures the multiplication of our most valuable forest trees, that their seeds are winged, and so blown about or enclosed in nuts which are relished by squirrels and thus carried to new places. That a grove of beeches will almost always be succeeded by maples is an old saying. —*N. Y. Herald.*

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.
406½ 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.

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, Blacksmihing & 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.
75 East Sixth Street Topeka.

JOHN WORTH, Furniture
Manufacturer of furniture and fine cabinet goods. Furniture repaired and chairs reseated.
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.
066 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

John Wand, Prescription Druggist. Windsor Drug Store.

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.

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

"Bargain counter" contains some goods at less than half cost. Call soon at Skinner's.

Morse keeps all kinds of Mason Materials and sells cheap. Has plenty of Brick. 513 Kansas Ave.

A man named Allison while drunk, lay down on the Santa Fe track, near Tecumseh, last Friday and was run over and killed by a passing freight train. He was in the employ of the Railroad Company, and came from Burlingame.

Col. N. S. Goss has been in Comanche county studying birds. He returns with three rare specimens, killed in the gypsum hills, besides other specimens of birds better known.

There are sixty-four fire insurance companies doing busines in this state.

The colored people will have a great time at the second street skating rink today.

P J. Condon's Stone Yard.

Cor. 4th St. and Madison Av. A beautiful stone flower vase, dedicated to the fallen dead of the G. A. R. will leave Col. Condon's stone shop at 2.56 P. M. on Decoration Day, executed by his own hands. This vase will be adorned with choice flowers, planted and cared for by the Lady's Relief Corps, and accompanied on the upraised wagon platform by three young lady children, dressed in red, white and blue, and bearing a banner with the motto, "The three Graces strew flowers over the graves of our departed fathers."

Mrs. Hutchinson, at her rooms over Hay & Gammons Dry Goods Store on Kansas Ave. has just received a new lot of millinery from New York, and more will be received during the coming week.

The Dorcas Magazine for June is received. It is edited by Lawrenc B. Starr, and published by Heniwell Bro's, 872, Broadway, New York, at $1 per year, or ten cents for single numbers. It gives a great deal of information in relation to fancy work, embroidery, etc., of interest to ladies.

City Marshal Sherman has been presented with a beautiful gold star, by his friends of the Santa Fe Road, which he is fond of showing.

An Alma dispatch says that on Sunday a man named Sparks committed suicide in that town. He left North Topeka a few days ago, after living for a year or so without any apparent business. He was an old soldier, and was buried by members of Lines Past at Alma.

Vicks Magazine for June is filled with the most timely articles for all who are interested in the flower or vegetable garden. It is one of the most unique and useful of all our magazine friends.

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.

Personal.

During the past week a thousond and more persons have come to or left this city. Nine out of ten, were persons utterly unknown. Whether they come or go, live or die, are ignorant or cultured, rich or poor, the world moves on, as if they had no existence. Yet it has come to be a habit of incompetent newspaper reporters to record the movements of such persons, under the impression that it is news. It is a cheap way of filling cheap papers, and advertising hotels.

A man, wife and infant child begged the charity of the city last Friday and were given lodging in a cell in the court-house. The man was of weak mind and all were sick and penniless. It would seem that some provision should be made so that those who are willing to work need not suffer for want of it.

The Moss Bros. late of North Topeka Bank, will go into the banking business in St. Marys.

Secretary of State Bayard will deliver the address before the societies at the State University during commencement week. He was secured before he had reached the honorable position of Secretary of State, and before it was supposed that Cleveland would be elected. This, however, will only heighten the general interest in his appearance in the city.

Last fall Ritchies' addition was detached from the city. An attempt is now making to incorporate that suburb as a city of the third class.

Robinson's Circus in this city last week was a very tame affair and excited little interest. But very few people came in from the country.

There seems to be a growing conviction that Judge Guthrie is not making a very judicious officer. He is to a considerable extent a jug-handled judge.

To every subsciber received by mail on Monday of each week, with 60 cents, we will send the SPIRIT one year and a copy of either Dr. Foote's Health Hints, Scribner's Log Book, or Fishers Grain Tables. To the subscriber whose letter we first open, we will send the American Rural Home one year free, a dollar weelky paper. To the second one, all three of the above books, and to the third, any two of the books. See advertisment of books on last page, and send subscriptions so as to reach us Mondays, for a chance in the above distribution. All such orders must be by mail, so that all may have equal chance, and to prevent any one from calling at office early in order to head off outsiders.

The Indian doctor was making trouble for the rest of the boarders because of prohibited stimulant, last Sunday, when he was arrested and made to put $10 for the benefit of the city.

Wm. D. Stark, charged with forging pension papers in Wabaunsee county about a year ago, has been arrested in Texas, and is now in jail in this city awaiting a hearing.

The wife of Dr. E. A. Tuttle died of consumption, in this city last Saturday morning.

The Washburne College boys beat the State University boys at a game of base ball last Saturday. From this it may be inferred that in a battle of the books the University boys would beat.

The Sunday School of Grace Church will give an entertainment at the Seventh Street rink next Wednesday and Thursday evening.

A prohibition meeting will be held in Lawrence next Tuesday afternoon and evening, to secure the further enforcement of the law. A meeting of the prohibition executive committee—third party—will also be held during the day.

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 premuims to each 75 cent subscriber. If to be sent by mail, 8 cents must be added to pay postage. All who want these books how ever, 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 ht west, now fifteen years old, for only

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Or two copies for $1,00, which is less than half the usual cost. But it is a fact and explains why there is such a rush of subscribers from far and near, for that old timer, the

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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 an children prize it, and feel that they will not be without it. It scorns the deceptive ways of the political managers and it will cast party politics

TO THE DOGS,

And wait till something is developed. Meanwhile it 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 three times the matter of the Spirit 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 any 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.

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The June issue of The Eclectic begins with an interesting paper combating the Spencerian theories, entitled "The State versus The Man," by M. De Laveleye, which is worthily followed by a very important article on the burning question of "The Russian Advance in Asia" written by a great Anglo Indian authority, Sir Henry Rawlinson, K. C. B. St. George Mivart concludes his discussion of "Organic Nature's Riddle." "Big Animals" is the tittle of an amusing and instructive paper in popular science. Andrew Lang is represented by an interesting study of Comparative Ghost Myths, and Matthew Arnold comes to the front again with "A Comment on Christmas." Other specially notable papers are "Social Science on the Stage" by C. Sutherland Edwards. "The German Abroad," by C. E. Dawkins. "George Sand," another acount of a remarkable woman, and "Jules Ferry and His Friends." The literary notices, foreign literary notes, and miscellany are unusually full, and the shorter papers are of an entertaining character. The general make up of the number appeals to a wide variety of tastes.

The Popular Science Monthy makes no claims on its pictures; but when it comes to the reading-matter, this magazine is easily at the head. It has no equal in the practical instructiveness of its pages. The June number Henry Gannett opens with a brief article in which he returns a negative answer to the question, "Are we to become Africanized?" Professor Benedict, after his preliminary discussions on "The Nervous System and Consciousness," develops his interesting conclusions on the correlations of thought and organization. M. de Laveleye, the Belgian socialist, writes on "The State versus the Man," in answer to Spencer and Spencer replies briefly but very effectively. The discussion is spicy, and helps on the subject. Professor Flower, expounds "Whales, Past and Presnt," with illustrations, giving much freshness to an old topic. "The Fuel of the Future," "Sulphurous Disinfectants," "Concerning Kerosene," and "The Mediterranean of Canada," are very readable papers. "The Ways of Monkeys" is an entertaining study in a fascinating branch of natural history; entomological authorities. Mattieu Williams closes his valuable series of papers on "The Chemistry of Cookery." There are a sketch and portrait of Dr. Alfred Brehm, the distinguished German naturalist and traveler, recently deceased; and the closing departments are full of critical discussion and varied miscellaneous scientific information. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents a number, $5 a year.

The Art Amateur for June contains designs for a mirror frame—tulips—a desert plate—myrtle—, wood carving—swamp rose—, four doilies, and a fireplace facing of seventeen tiles—nasturtiums—, besides two groups of jolly little girls for the decoration of a hanging letter rack. The frontispiece is a fine drawing of a remarkable Italian Renaissance cabinet, brought to this country by General Meade, Minister to Spain. A striking feature is the admirable charcoal drawing of "La Belle Poulard." The Prize Fund Exposition is reviewed at length, with illustrations of the principal pictures. There are valuable practical articles on amateur photography, scene painting, charcoal drawing, wall decoration and frame imbroidery, and the usual editorial, dramatic, literary and correspondence departments are ably sustained. Price 35 cents. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

The June St. Louis Magazine contains articles on Walt Whitman and Holland; "Literary Chats" "Ladies' Minor Topics" "Fashion Notes," "The Dr. Mary Walker Costume," "Gossip," etc.; stories by Ella Guernsey and E. Warde Hastings, and original humor and satire. Price, 15 cts. St. Louis Magazine Co., St. Louis, Pubs.

We have made arrangements with the BREEDERS JOURNAL, published at Beecher, Ill., for clubbing the same with the SPIRIT. We have made this arrangement that our readers may have an opportunity of learning of the best methods for breeding and handling stock, and that they may understand the relations of the live-stock interest of this country to the markets of the world. There is no other journal that so clearly sets forth these facts as does the BREEDERS JOURNAL. It advocates the merits of the Hereford breed of cattle, and claims for them greater economy of production than exists in any other breed. It claims, also, a better quality of meat from the cross than can be obtained from any other breed, and that these qualities in the breed in its purity are uniformly transmitted when crossed upon other breeds of cattle. We commend the JOURNAL to our readers, and ask for a fair hearing on these questions. The price at which we offer our own and the BREEDERS JOURNAL brings it within the reach of all. The price of the JOURNAL is $1.00 but for the same price we will send both it and the SPIRIT one year and give with each subscerber, a large engraving in nine colors, of the Hereford Prize bull, "Success." Call and see it, or send to this office.

HOUSE-FURNISHING.

Hints Looking to the Proper Adornment of One's Dwelling.

Every room in a house has its individual character, and should be furnished accordingly. This character depends on its proportions, or its outlook, or its position with regard to the points of the compass, and on the uses to which it is to be devoted. If the outlook is pleasant this should be made as much as possible a part of the room; and the furnishings should be arranged with reference to it. The windows should be so shaded as not to interfere with the prospect of them, and the sofas and chairs so placed as to command it.

A north room, or one in which the sun can not enter, and consequently cheerless, may be brightened by carpet and wall-hangings of warm and "joyous" color, by frames of gilt or of light and highly-polished wood, inclosing agreeable pictures. The furniture should repeat the tints of the walls and carpets, and be light in make rather than massive and heavy.

The ceiling of a room may be raised or lowered apparently by the pattern of the paper or fresco used on its walls. Lines running up and down add to the apparent height of a room. If it is too high to be in pleasant proportion with its length and width, a deep border at the ceiling and a dado will diminish the height, the pattern of the paper between the two having no suggestion of up and down.

The uses to which a room is to be devoted are the principal considerations governing the selection of articles of furniture. The parlor, if there is one, may be as fine as the owner chooses and can afford to have it, in the usual appointments of parlors, but it should not be very much better furnished than rooms in every day use. Those houses are pleasantest where the parlor and sitting room are nearly alike and both in daily use. In the family room let there be a piano or organ, a sofa, a book case well filled, a center table, a hanging lamp or drop light, and plenty of pleasant chairs. In this room, whatever bric-a-brac may be used for decoration should be so disposed on the walls or on brackets or in cabinets, that it will not be in the way of the inmates or in danger of being broken or injured.

In the selection of carpets it is well to remember that those of light colors are far more durable than those of dark. The best grades of wool only take a high dye. The highest grades of carpets, silks, calicoes, cloths, gloves, have the lightest dye in them and are least injured by the dye. Dark dyes are used chiefly for inferior grades of material, and are also most injurious to the texture of fabrics. Dark carpets show dirt and dust far more easily than light ones do; a light carpet, when soiled, takes on a tint of grey, without looking dirty. Arabesque and scroll figures are more in fashion than they were, and as the best styles of figure and coloring are seen in Brussels and ingrain as in Wiltons and velvets, one can have a handsome carpet in the least expensive material. A Roxbury Brussels may now be bought for ninety cents a yard, which will outwear the very best three-ply ingrain and look well to the very last. It is an excellent plan to have a border of painted floor or terry all round a room, on which book cases may rest and other heavy furniture and the carpet cut square or oblong, and covering only the floor not covered by the furniture. In such case the carpet can easily be taken up, cleaned and put down again without disturbing the room very much. It is economy in purchasing carpets to purchase rugs to match them for every place where there is much wear. Saxony rugs with solid colored centers and handsome borders are not very expensive, and Woodstock carpets or ingrain rugs are very reasonable in price.

For bed-rooms, matting is considered most wholesome as it does not become "stuffy," but a woolen carpet is certainly most cosy and comfortable. If abundance of rugs are spread down matting will answer very well even in winter though it looks cold. The window shades should be simple, but sufficient to exclude the light and so adjusted that the entire window may at any time be widely opened for admission of light and air. The present style of hanging curtains on rings encircling a curtain rod makes this easy. The walls should be of some pleasant neutral tint, and if paper hangings are used the pattern on them should be simple and such as not to worry with its intricacies or its mathematical forms the mind of an invalid or a brain-weary person.

As the hall gives a stranger the first glance into the interior of a house, it seems desirable that it should be so furnished as to make this impression pleasant. A warm, carpeted, comfortable hall is a welcome in itself. If from this apartment, which should have its pictures and its hospitable chairs, portiers lead into rooms opening from it the effect will be heightened. In some houses the hall is made the central room of the house, with its fire-place, its sofa and every provision for agreeable entertainment whether of the stranger or the inmate of the family.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"John," observed Mrs. Grap at the breakfast table the other morning: "The paper says it's in style tew hev plates onto the front doors." "Well, what of it?" asked her unfeeling spouse. "Oh, nothin', except if we want tew be in style I suppose we must hev one, too; but then, as we ain't so extra fashionable, I reckon I'll only put a saucer out. That'd look more modest like; don't you reckon so?" John, as usual, coincided.—*Boston Post.*

—A Montana and Dakota man were disputing about the rain-fall of their Territories: "Why," said the Montana man, "we have twenty-six inches of rain-fall a year; all the water you get we send down to you in the Missouri." "Water in the Missouri from Montana?" said the Dakotian; "when it reaches us it is nothing but a dry ravine with a cloud of dust in it, and all the water we can get will only serve to make mud of it."—*Exchange.*

—A Louisiana negro man attempted to shoulder five bundles of cotton ties at once the other day. He succeeded in getting them nearly up, staggered, and fell dead from over-exertion.—*N. O. Cleveland Leader.*

EXPERTS IN HANDWRITING.

The Cases Which Are Submitted to Them for Opinion.

We are informed by one of the profession (and there are but two in London, who almost divide the work) that within the last four years he has been intrusted with more than 600 cases from different parts of the country, in connection with certainly not 200 of which he had to appear publicly. The rest are compromised or hushed up, or in many instances never even go so far as that, for often the consulting parties only want their own suspicions confirmed for their own satisfaction, without any intention of taking further action. They are for the most part matrimonial disputes; scandalous communications from disappointed suitors, secretly thrust under the front door; abusive and threatening letters; erasures in and suspected signatures to wills; and—strange that a day of universal love and harmony should be so desecrated!—no Valentine's Day passes that does not bring with it half a dozen letters, poesies, or pictures, as to the authors of which the recipients show an angry and a lively curiosity. Occasionally the expert's opinion will be asked on a difficulty which arose before the profession attained its present eminence—on the validity of a signature to a will, for instance, signed forty years ago, and though at the time suspected never legally impugned. "Only the other day," said the authority in question to us, "I was taken to see one of these wills. The moment I set eyes on it I knew it as a rank forgery. Nothing could be done nor ever can be done, in cases where the parties are all dead and the property has long changed hands. The consequence is that, in my own experience, I have met again and again with instances of estates and incomes held under a title founded on the most indisputable forgeries, but which no one at the time had the courage or the money to take into court." And now that we have for the moment turned to the subject of the expert's examination of papers written many years before, it will not be uninteresting to refer to the late Mr. Chabot's opinion on the vexed question of the authorship of Junius, founded on a minute comparison of many handwritings, and embodied in an exhaustive publication, edited and prefaced by Hon. Edward Twistleton—the whole, to our mind, at any rate, conclusive of the difficulty. The subject had been previously somewhat similarly dealt with in "Junius Identified," written by Mr. Taylor in 1816; where, though not to the same extent on the ground of identity of handwriting, subsequently more fully treated in a supplement to the same book published in the following year, the author had come to a similar decision. Under the various well-considered and well-sustained heads of Verbal Agreement in Phrases, Uncommon Phrases, Metaphorical Phrases, Particular Doctrines, Opinions, Cautions, Maxims and Rules of Conduct, Peculiar Sentiments, Words Similarly Italicized, Similar Quotations, Manner and Personification, Mr. Taylor makes out a very strong case against Sir Philip Francis, and, in fact, so far as it be true that *le style c'est l'homme*, there can be little doubt after reading the book and verifying the comparisons that Sir Philip Francis and Junius are the same.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

HOW THEY DRESS.

Congressmen Worth Millions Who Wear Twenty-Five Dollar Suits of Clothes.

Half of our public men go about in suits as business-like as those of a bank cashier, William Walter Phelps, with all his millions, wears clothes which cost about twenty-five dollars a suit, and he sports a red necktie. Tom Reed dresses in dark tweed business clothes. Lyman, of Massachusetts, wears a green scarf; Orlando Potter's gray clothes would not sell for five dollars to a second-hand clothes man, and the black ones of Colonel Woolford, of Kentucky, are shiny with age. Charley O'Neil, of Philadelphia, is natty in his dress, and his red neckties are always new and his collars clean. Jim Belford, on the other hand, sometimes wears clothes that are positively dirty, and they hang on his square, angular form like the old ones of a farmer who has framed them on a cross to scare the crows.

Both Carlisle and Randall wear little inch-wide black neckties, and both are generally dressed in black. Both stoop a little, and neither is very careful at to his appearance. Judge Reagan, of Texas, wears a black diagonal Prince Albert coat and a turnover collar, and Perry Belmont's little frame, every ounce of which can be fed with its income of many thousands a year, is clothed in closely buttoned black broadcloth. Governor Long, who is to read the address at the dedication of the monument, has a good tailor, and his wide blue seersucker pants of last year made him the envied of all of the Washington dudes, but bluff Oscar Turner, of Kentucky, the Outlaw of the Purchase, often comes into the House without a vest, and buttons his pantaloons with a belt strap. Dorsheimer clothes his six feet form and his three hundred pounds in black diagonal.

Sam Cox always appears on the floor in black, and Horr, of Michigan, has on a suit of business cut and a pepper and salt material. Calamity Weller's clothes are as rough and crazy as his brain. His Guiteau-like face looks as though it needed a razor, and his hair always stands on end. Phil Thompson, that little fellow with the pleasant face and the mild air, dresses very neatly and his clothes fit him. He has no look about him which will indicate his history as the killer of several men, and his manners are as gentle as those of a woman. He is, in fact, as mild a mannered man as ever cut a throat. Phil Thompson has a twin brother who dresses just like him, and who is his very image in face and form. The doorkeeper can not tell them apart, and Phil's brother, who is not a member of Congress and has no right to the floor, can move in and out of the House at will, the officers of the House taking him for his brother.—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

ANDY'S ECHO.

Somewhere in the vale of Killarney,
So famous for love and for blarney,
An echo spakes clear as a bell.
Now love was the matter wid Andy,
And wan morning, bright, fresh and handy,
He vowed he would try it a spell.

And Kitty, the same unbeknowing,
Just happened that way to be going,
And sat down to rest on the stile.
Sweet Summer the trees was adorning,
The birds were all spaking "Good morning"
In a way that made Kitty smile.

Andy never dreamt she was near him,
And cried, so the echo might hear him:
"Och, Kitty, I'm dying for you!"
When Kate, wid a voice like a starling,
Cried: "Andy, please don't, there's a darling,
Sure I'm your own Kitty, for thrue."

Andy opened his eyes wid wonder,
And made for the tree she was under.
Faith, he wasn't ashamed in the laste.
Said he: "Och, it's here where the bliss is,"
Then smothered the echo wid kisses,
And off they both ran for the praste.

—*William Lyle, in N. Y. News.*

THE PARSON'S CHOICE.

Why the Lennox Church Didn't Settle Mr. Lindsay.

Mr. Lindsay was preaching in the Lennox parish on probation; that is, he had been engaged for the year. After that time, if he suited Miss Rich, who had the parish in charge, so to speak, who canvassed for money to paint the church, looked up poor children for christening and Sunday-school, exhorted the young people to join the confirmation class, mapped out work for the sewing society, planted the church Christmas tree, and made the parish her hobby—if he suited Miss Rich, if he was High-Church enough for Mr. Grimm and Low enough for Mrs. Phelps, if he believed with Dr. Slow in the doctrine of election—why, then they were sure to settle him.

"What a capital wife Lucretia Shaw would make Mr. Lindsay," vouchsafed Miss Rich, shortly after he adorned the Lennox pulpit. "She's just the person for a parson's wife—bustling and—"

"I'm afraid she'd take the parish off your hands, Miss Rich," answered Mrs. Phelps, who, having no desire to do the hard work which her neighbor loved, yet grudged her the credit of it.

"Well, there's work enough for two of us in the parish, Mrs. Phelps. I wouldn't be a bit afraid but I'd git my share."

"To be sure," pursued Mrs. Phelps, "Lucretia's smart, and I don't believe in a pastor with a doll of a wife who can't darn the children's clothes, and is too feeble to get along without 'help.'"

"Yes," put in old Mrs. Smith; "she'd be no end of a stepmother to Mr. Lindsay's boy, and if ever a boy needed a stepmother, it's him. Lucretia's powerful smart, as you say, and she'd make him walk Spanish."

"Yes," added Miss Rich; "a widower, somehow, needs a wife more'n anybody, to sympathize with him in his loss. I shouldn't wonder if Lucretia would bring the boy up to the ministry, if she had her way."

"Between you and me," said Mrs. Phelps, "I think that the parson goes to the Shaws' rather more than is necessary for the salvation of their souls."

"You can't tell. Perhaps Lucretia has doubts."

"And perhaps," said Dr. Slow—"perhaps it's—Miss Susan."

Everybody laughed and cried "Miss Susan!" with fine irony in their tones.

"Who ever heard of Susan having attention?" asked Mrs. Phelps.

"I've engaged Lucretia to embroider a new altar-cloth," explained Miss Rich; "I raised the money for it last month—I tell you it's like pulling teeth to get money out of this parish—and I suppose the parson has to advise her about the proper designs and things; Lucretia ain't well drilled in symbols and such, you know."

In fact, everybody in Lennox had decided that Mr. Lindsay would marry Lucretia, and, perhaps, Lucretia had decided so, too, for she was an everlasting time over that altar-cloth, and needed no end of advice and instruction; her ignorance and interest were quite touching. And Mr. Lindsay seemed quite willing to spend his leisure under the Shaws' roof, and watch the sacred symbols growing under the white and shapely hands of Miss Lucretia.

"That hand of Lucretia's will be sure to do the business," somebody had said. "Mr. Lindsay's a man of taste, if he is a clergyman"—as if the two were not usually found combined—"and I heard him say it was fit for a duchess."

Miss Lucretia's hand was, indeed, her loveliest feature, so to speak—white as snow, with the prettiest taper fingers, pink at the ends. Once when Mr. Lindsay had mentioned them flatteringly, Miss Susan, who was doing the week's mending near by, drew her own hands under her work, he noticed. Nobody ever took the trouble to flatter Miss Susan. Lucretia sang in the choir, although her voice was thin as muslin, and she had no ear; nobody dreamed or cared if Susan sang like a seraph; she sat in Lucretia's shadow, and people almost forgot she was there, till they needed her help. Mr. Lindsay had taught the choir himself, and after the altar-cloth could no longer be made a pretext to cover a multitude of calls, there were the chants and fugues to practice. One morning, as he drilled Lucretia for half an hour ineffectually, he suddenly turned to Susan.

"Come," he said, "try this chant with us, Miss Susan;" and Susan opened her mouth and chanted as nobody in the choir had ever chanted before.

"Bravo!" he cried. "When did you learn it?"

"Why, I have heard it all my life; why shouldn't I know it? I couldn't help it."

"We must have you in the choir," he said.

"Susan Shaw in the choir!" gasped everybody on the way out of church. "Mr. Lindsay is bringing her out."

"She's Lucretia's sister, you know," explained Miss Rich.

"And her voice rather drowns Lucretia's," said Dr. Slow.

Mr. Lindsay was giving great satisfaction. The parishioners talked of remodeling the old rectory, adding a wing and a bay-window, and even spoke of taking in an adjoining field, so that "Lucretia might have a flower garden." They even meditated an increase of salary as soon as he should be settled in the parish, and Mr. Grimm thought he should add a codicil to his will, in favor of the new pastor and Lucretia's husband.

"When they're married," reckoned Miss Rich, with unchristian thrift, "we shall have all our church trappings embroidered for nothing, I suppose."

"Do you think Susan will live with 'em?" asked Mrs. Phelps. "P'r'aps he won't care about marrying the whole family."

"He's powerful kind to Susan, though."

"He takes a sight of notice of her."

"You kinder forget she's Lucretia's sister," put in Miss Rich, "an' all she's got."

It was surely plain that Mr. Lindsay took pleasure in the society at the Shaw homestead. At picnic, at prayer meetings or choir meetings, he was always at hand to take Lucretia and Susan home; he lent them his books, and directed their reading; he brought them flowers from town when he happened to go up.

"I shall be so glad to give up the presidency of the Bethel Society and the Dakota League to Lucretia," said Miss Rich. "It's only proper for the clergyman's wife to be at the head of them."

"You'll feel sorter lost without 'em?" asked Mrs. Phelps.

"The parish is a large field. I think I can spare them to Lucretia. Do you know the other night as I was going to watch with Miss Hart when she had information of the lungs, I came across Lucretia and Susan and Mr. Lindsay. I must say I should think Susan would have more taste than to follow 'em everywhere. Why don't she keep herself in the background?"

"She's been pretty much in the background all her life," said Dr. Slow. "Perhaps she's tired of the situation."

"But she ought to have more consideration. P'r'aps the lovers don't mind her. There they were, all three of 'em, watching the comet and studying the heavens."

"A proper study for a clergyman," said Dr. Slow.

"And he was pointing out all the constellations, and it seemed to me they was looking at him instead of the stars," pursued Miss Rich.

"It *would* be a complication," suggested Mrs. Phelps, "if, while he's courting Lucretia, Susan should get in love with him."

"It wouldn't be no use," said Mrs. Grimm. "Lucretia's that smart she'd make him believe it was her he was dying for."

"But what's the use of talking about Susan? Who ever expects him to marry Susan Shaw? People usually do what's expected of 'em, and the parish expects Mr. Lindsay to marry Lucretia."

"They want to settle Lucretia, eh?" asked Dr. Slow.

The Shaws had enough to keep the wolf from the door, but nothing to spare; they owned their house, but kept no servant. "Help would be dreadfully in their way," Miss Rich declared. "I wonder they don't feel good they can't afford any."

Susan always wore the simplest garments, which she designed and executed herself, while Lucretia— "Well, if there's *anything* that unfits Lucretia for her future position at the head of the parish,' confessed Mrs. Phelps, "it's her love of finery."

Lucretia always blossomed out in a pretty spring bonnet—while Susan made her last year's one answer—and a smart new suit made in the latest wrinkle.

"It's natural," Miss Rich explained; "a girl likes to make the most of herself. Now Susan looks as well in her old things as she would in Indy cashmeres; besides, Lucretia earns her ribbons and laces. Ain't she embroidering day and night?"

"Except when she's off skylarking with the parson," said Dr. Slow.

"I'm sure she's always chaperoned by Susan," returned Mrs. Grimm.

"Yes; there ain't been no secession of Susan's going about with 'em," said Miss Rich. "She don't seem to have the smallest idee she ain't wanted. She ain't used to lovers, you see."

"But if Lucretia embroiders night and day," said Mrs. Grimm's sister-in-law—who was only in Lennox on a visit, and had no earthly concern with parish affairs, Mrs. Grimm thought—"who keeps house, and does the housecleaning and the dusting and sweeping, cooks and mends, I'd like to know?"

"Of course Susan does them little things," confessed Miss Rich. "Anybody can do 'em; there's nothing else she knows how to do. Wouldn't it be a pity for Lucretia to waste her time, now, washing dishes, keeping the lodgers' rooms in pimlico, spoiling them white hands of hers—pretty enough for a parish to be proud of—when she can make such lovely ferns and flowers as she does?"

"Who made all the evergreen trimmings for the church last Christmas?" asked Dr. Slow. "It wasn't those pretty hands of Lucretia's?"

"Well, she's Lucretia's sister; and that gives her a taste for decorations, I suppose," said Mrs. Phelps.

"Mr. Lindsay took Susan out in his boat t'other day," said Mrs. Grimm, a few weeks later. "Lucretia had one of her 'sick headaches.' That's what I call real saintly in him, it must have been such a bore. It's a pity Lucretia's troubled with them headaches, if she's going to be at the head of the parish."

"Oh, was that Susan?" asked Mrs. Phelps. "I thought of course it was Lucretia. I saw them come ashore after dusk, and they stood at the gate and talked till all was blue."

"I suppose they was talking about Lucretia," persisted Miss Rich; "a man always likes to talk about his sweetheart, you know."

"They *must* have had a heap to say. He seemed as interested as when he's expounding Scripture. They looked mighty affectionate, too. I don't believe Lucretia 'd have liked the look of it."

"There ain't nothing jealous about Lucretia; a parson's wife ought to set her face agin such a thing."

It was about this time that the parish picnic occurred—an institution which everybody believed in. Hadn't there been more matches made at the last than during all the year besides? And wasn't it a fine chance to test Mrs. Phelps' recipes, Miss Rich's cream pies and Mrs. Dr. Slow's tarts? Of course, Lucretia went, and Mr. Lindsay with her. Susan happened to be making preserves and pickles that day, and the berries wouldn't keep, and so she stayed at home. At about the middle of the afternoon, when they had had dinner and cleared away, and they wanted somebody to start some music, Mr. Lindsay was nowhere to be found.

"Oh, he's gone off with Lucretia somewhere," said Miss Rich, who felt it her duty to account for him.

"No; there's Lucretia now, talking about free-will with Dr. Slow."

"P'r'aps he's gone home to write his sermon," suggested somebody else, the picnic grove being only half a mile from town.

"Or he's finding 'tongues in trees and sermons in stones' out here."

But at sunset Mr. Lindsay strolled back, with Susan on his arm, in time to join them at tea, and he and Susan made the coffee, and pitched the tunes they sang before the day ended.

"Now wasn't that real thoughtful in Mr. Lindsay to go after Susan? That's what I call real Christian, and a brother-in-law worth having," commented one old lady.

But when Mrs. Bishop, who had stayed at home with a teething baby, reported that Mr. Lindsay had not gone home to write his sermon, but had walked straight into Susan's kitchen, and had helped her seal up the preserve jars and set them away, and had sat in the front porch an hour or two afterward with her—when he might have been with Lucretia—reading secular poetry, and not Dr. Watts or Charles Wesley either, the parish rose in its wrath to a woman. This would never do; Lucretia must not be trifled with. Mr. Lindsay had inspired hope in her gentle heart; he must marry Lucretia or leave the parish.

"You see," explained Mr. Phelps, "we want to settle you, Mr. Lindsay. You suit us to a T, but it kinder seems as if you ought to propose to Lucretia Shaw, you've been so attentive."

"Propose to Lucretia Shaw!" repeated the young man, with a startled air. "What has that to do with settling me? Is every clergyman who comes to Lennox obliged to propose to Lucretia Shaw as a preliminary preparation?"

"Well, no, not exactly," laughed Mr. Phelps, "not unless he's given the parish reason to expect it. You know we don't want the credit of settling a philandering parson who makes love right and left. I'd no idee the thought would be new to you, but the parish has set its heart on the match, you see, and we wouldn't like to settle a man, if he *was* elegant in prayer, who'd trifled with the affections of one of the flock, you know."

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Lindsay, "I'm not in love with Lucretia Shaw. You wouldn't have me perjure myself?"

"Not in love with Lucretia! The parish won't believe its own eyes again, I reckon."

"Well," said Mr. Grimm, severely, "we couldn't think of settling a preacher that hadn't no more principle than to throw over Lucretia Shaw after taking tea so much to her house, and raising her hopes, as it were."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Lindsay, after a pause—"perhaps you will be able to forgive me for not proposing to Lucretia when I tell you that I have already proposed to Susan. You see it would complicate matters a little if I were to accede to your wishes. However, I have lately received a call from a Western parish, and should feel obliged to decline the Lennox parish, even if you had thought me worthy of it, as this other furnishes a wider field of usefulness ——"

"And larger salary, I suppose," added Mr. Grimm.

"And larger salary," allowed Mr. Lindsay. "Double, in fact."

"I suppose," persisted Miss Rich, after the wedding—"I suppose Lucretia must have refused him first."—*Mary N. Prescott, in Harper's Bazar.*

FEEDING FOR MILK.

Cows Should Not Be Forced to Exert Themselves to Supply their Needs.

Writing from Nebraska a correspondent asks us how bran compares with corn meal as a food for milk production. When we answer that the food for milk should be the flesh and bone forming foods, we know that all our readers will not agree with us. There are those who believe that corn meal stands at the head of foods for this purpose. But we believe to the contrary. As between the two, bran and corn meal, bran is the better milk producer. But if they are mixed together they make an excellent ration. Two parts, by measurement, of bran to one part of corn meal, is about the proper proportion. An Ohio dairyman always makes it a practice to lay in a supply of bran immediately after harvest. He gets it at that time cheaper, for there is less demand for it, and the mills usually have a large stock on hand. There is no difficulty in keeping bran, if it is stored in a dry place, and so it may as well be bought at this season for winter use as at any other.

If we expect to get milk we must feed generously, of course, and at all seasons of the year the cow must be furnished with what she needs without the necessity of making much exertion to get it. Her exercise must be limited. We do not pretend to say that this is best for the cow, but we are now talking about producing the best milk possible. As we recently said, we have no doubt that more exercise, and severe exercise, would be a preventive of some of the serious diseases that attack our cows. But as the object of keeping a cow is primarily to get her milk, we shall continue to force her in that direction. So if that is our intention, and as the more milk she will give the better we will be satisfied, we should study not only to give her all she wants to eat but to give it to her in such a way that she will not have to greatly exercise to obtain it. This advice, however, is particularly summer advice, when the cow should have good pasture and water convenient.—*Western Rural.*

LOVE SECRETS.

Some of the Superstitions Concerning Heart Affairs Which Prevail in Great Britain.

A girl can "scarcely do a worse thing than boil a dish-clout in her crock." She will be sure, in consequence, to lose all her lovers, or, in Scotch phrase, "boil all her lads awa;" "and in Durham it is believed that if you put milk in your tea before sugar, you lose your sweetheart." We may add that unless a girl fasts on St. Catherine's Day (November 25) she will never have a good husband. Nothing can be luckier for either bachelor or girl than to be placed inadvertently at some social gathering between a man and his wife. The person so seated will be married before the year is out.

Song, play and sonnet have diffused far and wide the custom of blowing off the petals of a flower, saying the while, "He loves me—loves me not." When this important business has been settled in the affirmative a hint may be useful for the lover going courting. If he meets a hare, he must at once turn back. Nothing can well be more unlucky. Witches are fond of that shape, and he will certainly be crossed in love. Experts say that after the next meal has been eaten the evil influence is expended, and the lover can again hie forth in safety. In making presents to each other the happy pair must remember on no account to give each other a knife or pair of scissors. Such a present effectually cuts love asunder. Take care, too, not to fall in love with one the initial of whose surname is the same as yours. It is quite certain that the union of such can not be happy. This love secret has been reduced into rhyme for the benefit of treacherous memories:

To change the name and not the letter
Is a change for the worse, and not for the better.

This love-lore belongs to the Northern mythology, else the Romans would never have used that universal formula, "Ubi tu Caius ego Caia."

These directions and cautions must surely have brought our pair of happy lovers to the wedding-day. Even yet they are not safe from malign influences, but folk-lore does not forget their welfare. If the bride has been courted by other sweethearts than the one she has now definitely chosen, there is a fear lest the discarded suitors should entertain unkindly feelings toward her. To obviate all unpleasant consequences from this, the bride must wear a sixpence in her left shoe until she is "kirked," say the Scotch. And, on her return home, if a horse stands looking at her through a gateway, or even lingers along the road leading to her new home, it is a very bad omen for her future happiness.

When once the marriage-knot is tied, it is so indissoluble that folk-lore for most part leaves the young couple alone. It is imperative, however, that the wife should never take off her wedding-ring. To do so is to open a door to immediate calamities, and a window at the same time through which love may fly. Should the husband not find that peace and quietness which he has a right to expect in matrimony, but discover, unfortunately, that he has married a scold or a shrew, he must make the best of the case.

Yet folk-lore has still a simple remedy which will alleviate his sorrow. Any night he will, he may taste fasting a root of radish, say our old Saxon forefathers, and next day he will be proof against a woman's chatter. By growing a large bed of radishes, and supping off them regularly, it is thus possible that he might exhaust, after a time, the verbosity of his spouse, but we are bound to add that we have never heard of such an easy cure being effected. The ducking-stool was found more to the purpose in past days.—*Belgravia.*

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