

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending July 18 1885.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

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

Gail Hamilton's Mistake.

BY C. H. BRANSCOMBE.

Gail Hamilton's tongue rattles violently with a tang in the North American Review, playing fast and loose with the good names of men and women, aspersing their motives in bitter, blistering words, hissing at them as hypocrites and fools and yet sounding a halt in the use of intemperate language.

What justifies her intemperate language, dashing and radiant in investiture though it be, against those who are working for their country's welfare? Doubtless, there are members of the Prohibition Party, as of all human organizations, who may be impelled by selfish motives, either of honor, or of revenge, or of gain. But judging men by ordinary tests this accusation cannot be urged against that party with any show of reason. Honor, office, and gain are very remote. They are not visible to the naked eye. They are not within the reach of the longest arm. Revenge is said to be sweet and if there are those who act from it, he has illustrious examples to prompt him. What giants in each of the prominent parties of the past and present have been slain by the "revenge and immortal hate" of opposing giants of the same party—the latter also victims of this intestine strife.

Some people with low conceptions, and in the spirit of Gail Hamilton—as witness her fling at one of the giants now prostrate and gasping for breath—have dubbed these contests as the "fights of the Kilkenny cats." I prefer to invest them with the dignity of the battles of the Gods. Many a lordly ghost now stalks the land, sad and melancholy, but with majestic step. They do not propose to go down. Others have been decently interred, so deep within the recesses of their prison-houses, that the hand of resurrection only will be able to find them.

I repeat, what excuse can Gail Hamilton offer for her abuse of the worthy? No excuse but her talent of brilliant balderdash. In this she is supreme. Facile princess! Incomparable princess!

When Diogenes was visited in his tub at Chusea by certain Americans a year or two before he died, he began a furious attack upon the United States. Every word was a poniard, glittering with gems and dripping with blood. He cut and thrust and stabbed and slashed most adroitly. "Bravo," exclaimed the Americans, "go on. It is splendid. We enjoy it. America can stand it." The pride of country was submerged in this avalanche of wit and satire from the grim bleak old man. We admire pyrotechnic display of wit—the skillful combination of words—the splendid marshalling of periods. But we must not be dazzled into a forgetfulness of truth and justice.

Gail Hamilton quotes the following from the Temperance Review:

"Great devils, both Catholic and Protestant, are not slow in their advocacy of a license to be issued for the sum of \$500 a year, giving the right to sell intoxicating drinks which manage work the souls of the souls of men and unfit them for the presence of God and the good here and hereafter. Men who profess to be communists to labor with Jesus Christ to destroy the works of evil ones, deliberately continue to let evil ones open their byways to ruin homes, to jells, to the poor and the mad houses—hells on earth—for \$500 a year.

Let us draw the curtain against the Great Hereafter, though we do read that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven. The unlicensed drunkard-maker may not expect a better place. The licensed drunkard-maker will show his permit to St. Peter, who will at once turn the key, rusty no longer, open broad the gate and usher the lucky fellow in.

And for what purpose? Every drunkard shall have an opportunity to get intoxicated and under the influence of drink, to beat and maim, to cut and stamp, if for the privilege of making men insane they pay \$500 cash. God says, "Thou shalt not." The great lights of St. Paul, Minn. say "Thou shalt" for \$500 a year.

Now for the lady's comment: It is to be hoped that the editor of this family newspaper wrote in the imbecility of intoxication. It is far more appalling that a sober mind should have produced these words with malice aforethought than that a drunken mind should have blundered them out half unconsciously. Inebriety would mean nothing but inebriety. Sobriety would mean nothing but heedless and harmful speaking, a steady bent to total depravity.

Does Gail Hamilton believe that an unlicensed dram shop is a byway to hell?

I do not wish to raise any theological dispute in regard to "hell." It is an expression for a state of existence here or hereafter, which is full of wickedness and misery. Milton was of the opinion that a man can make his own soul and body a hell. It is a very expressive word, perhaps too rough for the tender ears of Gail Hamilton. But does she believe that the unlicensed dram shop leads directly or indirectly to a place of wickedness or misery, one or both? Does she believe that it makes or tends to make a "hell" in one's own bosom or in one's own home? She is not explicit, but that is her belief, I infer, first, because she makes a distinction between a licensed and an unlicensed saloon. Second, here, so sharp and observant, must see that vice, crime, beg-

gary, lunacy, disease and wretchedness are the outcome of the drink which is sold in the saloon. But she would restrain the drink by licensing the traffic. The evils are universally conceded by friend and foe. To get rid of them, we must give permits to a select body of men, forsooth of good moral character, to open saloons, the sources from which the evils flow. And this is practical statesmanship as proposed by the immortal Gail. Great is Diana of the Ephesians! The craft will set up her image in the market place and worship it forever more. Diana has put the business on a moral basis and therefore out of danger. She has made it respectable, perhaps fashionable. The saloon-keeper may put the permit in his breast-pocket and go home justified. He will read it to his wife and children at family prayers and thank God and Gail Hamilton that he is pursuing an honest and legitimate trade, that of ministering unto the thirsty, though it seems strange to us common sort of folk, that any business in this free, unmonopolized Republic, should have a government stamp in order to make it morally right. It is tyrannical folly to restrain good business.—It is wicked folly to license a bad business.

Is there any essential difference between a licensed and an unlicensed grog shop? Does the license exorcise the devil of drink? Pardon the expression. I refer to Charles Lamb. Does the license take away the poison? The Bible calls it the poison of dragons, the cruel venom of asps. Is the venom any less deadly because it has been duly approved by the Government as an article of merchandise? Is not wine a mocker and strong drink raging, whether legally or illegally sold? Will you regulate the bite of a serpent or license the sting of an adder? To an unsophisticated mind, prohibition of the viper would seem the proper treatment.

I see no impropriety in the words of the Temperance Review. They are strong language, but the occasion demanded it. We fight the enemies of the human race, the defrauders of the poor and the oppressed. There is a time to speak such language. There may be a time for softer words. To please and persuade Gail Hamilton, let us smooth the rough speech of the Temperance Review.

Let me say parenthetically that Cardinal Manning than whom except the Pope, none higher sits in the Catholic Church, is not in favor of licensing, but of prohibiting the liquor trade.

Here is his language:

"It is more mockery to ask us to put down drunkenness by moral and religious means, when the Legislature facilitates the multiplication of the temptations, intemperance on every side. You might as well call upon me, as the captain of a sinking ship, and say, 'Why don't you pump the water out,'—when you will cut off the supply of consumption. It will be bound by the help of God to convert drunkards, but until you have taken off this perpetual supply of intoxicating drink, we never can cultivate the fields. The other day a benevolent man established a sailors home, 200 pieces of drink were put round about it. How, then, contend against these legalized and multiplied facilities and temptations to intoxication. Let the Legislature do its part and we will answer for the rest."

Now for the quotation from the Temperance Review in smoother speech:

Great devils, both Catholic and Protestant, are not slow in their advocacy of a license to be issued for the sum of \$500 a year, giving the right to sell intoxicating drinks which manage work the souls of the souls of men and unfit them for the presence of God and the good here and hereafter. Men who profess to be communists to labor with Jesus Christ to destroy the works of evil ones, deliberately continue to let evil ones open their byways to ruin homes, to jells, to the poor and the mad houses—hells on earth—for \$500 a year.

Let us draw the curtain against the Great Hereafter, though we do read that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven. The unlicensed drunkard-maker may not expect a better place. The licensed drunkard-maker will show his permit to St. Peter, who will at once turn the key, rusty no longer, open broad the gate and usher the lucky fellow in.

And for what purpose? Every drunkard shall have an opportunity to get intoxicated and under the influence of drink, to beat and maim, to cut and stamp, if for the privilege of making men irresponsible for their sins, they pay \$500 cash. God says, "Thou shalt not." The great lights of St. Paul, Minn. say "Thou shalt" for \$500 a year.

Now for the lady's comment: It is to be hoped that the editor of this family newspaper wrote in the imbecility of intoxication. It is far more appalling that a sober mind should have produced these words with malice aforethought than that a drunken mind should have blundered them out half unconsciously. Inebriety would mean nothing but inebriety. Sobriety would mean nothing but heedless and harmful speaking, a steady bent to total depravity.

Does Gail Hamilton believe that an unlicensed dram shop is a byway to hell?

I do not wish to raise any theological dispute in regard to "hell." It is an expression for a state of existence here or hereafter, which is full of wickedness and misery. Milton was of the opinion that a man can make his own soul and body a hell. It is a very expressive word, perhaps too rough for the tender ears of Gail Hamilton. But does she believe that the unlicensed dram shop leads directly or indirectly to a place of wickedness or misery, one or both? Does she believe that it makes or tends to make a "hell" in one's own bosom or in one's own home? She is not explicit, but that is her belief, I infer, first, because she makes a distinction between a licensed and an unlicensed saloon. Second, here, so sharp and observant, must see that vice, crime, beg-

you know the effect may be to madden the brain of the drinker, to destroy the power of conscience and in the frenzy to excite him to take the life of wife, child or other human being.

"Thou shalt not steal" which may mean, "Thou shalt not take money from thy neighbor, when you know you are not returning to him an equal value. Thou shalt not tempt him with the love of drink which reduces him and his family to rags—the money which ought to go to support them in decency, filling your pockets to overflowing. A government which permits such robbery is a partaker of the spoils and a partaker in the guilt.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." By no means; for the more the unmuzzled ox eateth, the less will be for the distillery and there will be more good fat beef in the butcher's shop, unless the business of the ox is to tread out corn for the manufacture of whiskey. In behalf of that noble beast, I raise my feeble protest. He ought not to be yoked in the work of any such treadmills.

The lady's commentary on this passage, though original, is rather unfortunate for her purpose. What she intends to say probably is, "Thou shalt not muzzle the dragons—another name for devil—which rears its scaly head from the worm tub of the still to which the corn is sent and destroyed, that which was food, the staff of life, raised for the sustenance of the people, becoming a deadly poison.

The distillers will clasp their hands in pious ejaculations over this new light in exegesis.

But soberly, are not such words an insult to common sense and the fervent prayers of those who are trying to suppress the evils of drink in this land.

There are other portions of the article in the North America Review which require notice, but I have already written at too great length. I close in saying, grant an intemperance of zeal, of language,—grant fanaticism of spirit, and all the rest of it, on the part of the Prohibitionists, all will admit, the object which they have in view is a noble one. It is patriotic. It is the promotive well-fare individuals of society and of the nation.

Why so much carping, grumbling and unjust criticism, principally from those who do nothing to help on the cause, either by example, public or private, utterance, by or in any other way?

The chief concern seems to be, that some favorite will fail of an election to the Presidency of the United States, if a bold war is made on the liquor traffic. This is stupendous, criminal, fatal folly. When will man learn that Right is always expedient and that fidelity to Right is the guarantee of success.

The Leavenworth Times has recently had several ungenerous flings at Gen. Black, Commissioner of pensions, because he draws a large pension as one totally disabled. Gen. Black was a gallant soldier, and it was nearly or quite fifteen years after the war before he lifted his feet from the grave. For more than half a score of years those who knew him personally, can testify to his intrepid struggle for life, not surpassed even by the great leader now at Mount McGregor, toward whom a nation turns in sympathy. Gen. Black deserves well of this nation. As a Republican when some of his traducers were aiding treason, as a man true to the people when the Republican party was corrupted by speculators and money jobbers, as an honest, scholarly man, whose life to-day appears as an evidence of special providence, he merits the respect of all men and the contumely of none.

The Southern Journal is a new Third party Prohibition paper just started in Louisville Ky. with Mr. M. E. Shiel editor. It is established by the Prohibitionists of Kentucky through their Central Committee. Mr. Shiel is a prohibitionist of experience, formerly of Indiana and will make the Journal a power against the two old parties. No matter what the old party hacks may say, or may not say there is a new judge rising in Israel.

EDITOR SPIRIT:—Douglas County is thoroughly organized with a county Committee of one from each precinct. Our county meetings are held every other month. We shall put a ticket in the field this fall, and work up the county in general. When such men as Hon. Chas. Branscombe have become converted to the THIRD PARTY it is truly encouraging. With the present situation in Ohio, we expect to double the vote of last November. Yours for Prohibition, J. W. BALDWIN. Lapeer, Kansas.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—East Tennessee capitalists are preparing to develop some of the marble beds of that region.

—The cataracts of the Nile are due to granite veins, which the river, while working a way through the sandstone, had been unable to destroy or remove.

—In Massachusetts in 1860 there was one divorce to every fifty marriages, in 1876 one to every twenty, and in 1883 one to every fourteen. In New England two thousand families are broken up by divorce every year.—*Boston Journal.*

—The German and Dutch books printed in dark blue on a pale green paper have not given a satisfactory result. It was confidently expected that the combination would prove restful to the eye, and diminish shortsightedness.

—It appears that they grow to a green old age in Surrey, England. Recently a widower of eighty-four was married to a widow of eighty-seven. The bridegroom was attended by a grandson, and the bride by a couple of great-grand-daughters.

—The consumption of alligator-skin leather is said to have fallen off to almost nothing. The demand for it has been such that as many as two hundred and fifty thousand skins have been tanned in a single year in America and Europe.—*Chicago Times.*

—A firm in Northborough, Mass., recently received from Baltimore a cargo of rags, and in the center of one of the bales was found an old-fashioned pocketbook containing a twenty dollar Confederate note, a gold chain and some small change.—*Boston Post.*

—A fire-escape idea, and a good one, is seen in Massachusetts hotels. All the staircases and landings are marked out plainly by red lights. The bewildered traveler, in case of alarm, has not to grope about or lose precious time in taking the wrong turning for the stairs. They are always to be discovered by the red lanterns.—*Boston Herald.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A physician of Hammon, N. J., has four sons who have adopted the medical profession.

—Julius Caesar was born one hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era. He was fifty-six years of age at the time of his assassination.

—Lord Garinole, who recently made a tour of the United States, has taken the seat of his late father, Earl Cairns, in the House of Lords, and succeeded to the title.

—Mrs. Robert Gray, of Paris, Me., during the past year has made three hundred pounds of butter, four hundred pounds of cheese, two bed-quilts, and drawn two rugs, besides doing her housework and making dresses for herself and grandchildren. She is eighty years old.—*Boston Globe.*

—Robert Yergin, a one-armed soldier of South Carolina, has an eighteen-year-old daughter who can not only run the engine to gin her father's cotton, but she has earned money enough to carry her through the Columbian Female College, and to come out with the valedictory of the first honor in the graduating class.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Mark Twain's wealth is thus stated: From the publication of his books, \$200,000, the amount of the sum being due to the fact that he has always been practically his own publisher, and thereby made all the profit for himself; lecturing, \$100,000; scrap book, \$50,000; wife's fortune, \$75,000; total, \$425,000. That is about the sum he now possesses.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Miss Grace Virginia Lord, who was recently accidentally killed in Boston, was descended from a noble English family. Her father, and also did his best to defend the ill-fated Miramon at Queretaro. In 1865 and 1866 he was the champion of the Liberals against the Empire, and was exiled by Maximilian. He was for many years a member of the Congress, and the day before his death was re-elected for another term.

—Victor Hugo's long memory spanned the seventy years between Waterloo and the present; and he had already won some reputation as a rising literary light, before Lord Byron set out on his last journey to Greece, where, instead of fighting with the Greeks in their war of liberation, he died after a short illness at Missolonghi in 1824. When we think of Hugo as almost a contemporary of Shelley and Keats, who seem as far beyond us as the Queen Anne worthies, we realize both the extent of his career and the changes which he witnessed.

ROTHSCHILD.

How the House of the Red Shield Was Founded.

This famous firm of Hebrew bankers and capitalists which is known throughout the world, originated in the city of Frankfurt, Germany.

In the Judengasse, or Jews alley, a short distance from the chief thoroughfare, one hundred and forty-two years ago, lived a dealer in old clothes who had a red shield for a sign, which in German reads roth schild. It was in 1743 that a son was born to this Israelite. The name given to the boy was Anselm Meyer, who also became a clothes dealer and a pawn-broker, succeeding to the business of his father. By degrees he extended his business, lending money at high rates of interest during the wars of the last century, managing his affairs with such skill that Prince William the Landgrave made him his banker. When Napoleon came across the Rhine in 1806 his clothes dealer was directed to take care of the treasures of the Prince, amounting to twelve million dollars, which he invested so judiciously that it brought large increase to the owner and especially to the manager.

This banker died in 1812, leaving an estate estimated at five million dollars—not a very large sum these days—but he left an injunction upon his five sons, which was made binding by an oath given to the sons around a death-bed, which has had and still has a powerful influence upon the world. The sons bound themselves by an oath to follow their father's business together, holding his property in partnership, extending the business, that the world might know but one house of the red shield! (Rothschild).

The sons were true to their oath. The eldest, Anselm, born 1773, and who died in 1835, was his father's partner and successor at Frankfurt. The second, Solomon, born 1774, died in 1855, was established as the representative of the house at Vienna. The third, Nathan Meyer, born 1774, and died 1836, settled at London and was the leading member and ablest financier of the firm. The fourth, Charles, born 1788, died 1855, went to Naples, and James, born 1793, died 1869, to Paris. The five brothers thus occupied great financial centers, and were geographically located in excellent positions to use their financial power and skill to the best advantage. Nathan, in London, amassed money with great rapidity, and the same may be said of all the others, the wars of Napoleon being favorable to the business of the house. Nathan went to the Continent to witness the operations of Wellington in his last campaign against Napoleon, prepared to act with the utmost energy, let the result be as it might. He witnessed the battle of Waterloo, and when assured of Napoleon's defeat, rode all night, with relays of horses, to Ostend; went across the channel in a fishing-smack—for it was before the days of steam—reached London in advance of all other messengers, and spread the rumor that Wellington and Blucher were defeated. The 20th of June in that memorable year was a dismal day in London. The battle was fought on the 18th; Nathan Meyer, of the house of the red shield, by hard riding, reached London at midnight on the 19th. On the morning of the 20th the news was over town that the cause of the allies was lost, that Napoleon had swept all before him. England had been the leading spirit in the struggle against Napoleon. The treasury of Great Britain, it will be remembered, had supplied funds to nearly all of the allied powers.

If their cause was lost what hope was there for the future? Bankers flew from door to door in eager haste to sell their stock. Funds of every description went down. Anselm Meyer was besieged by men who had funds for sale, but he was not in the market; He had no desire to buy. He, too, had stocks for sale. What would they give? But meanwhile he had scores of agents purchasing. Twenty-four hours later Wellington's messenger arrived in London; the truth was known. The nation gave vent to its joy; up went the funds with rapidity, the general advance pouring; it is said, \$5,000,000 into the coffers of this one branch of the house of the red shield!

The house of the red shield is the greatest banking house of the world—the mightiest of all times, and has made its policy felt the world over—in the Tuileries of Paris, in the ministerial chamber of Berlin, in the imperial palace at St. Petersburg, the Vatican at Rome, in the Bank of England, in Wall street, State street and by every New England fireside. The house of the red shield, by the exercise of its financial power, can make a difference in the yearly account of every man who reads these words of mine! Though Anselm Meyer has been half a century dead—though several of his sons have gone down to the grave—the house is the same. The grandchildren have the spirit of the children. The children of the brothers have intermarried, and it is one family, loyal to each other, carrying out the desire of the founder of the firm and animated by a common purpose, that the world shall know only one red shield.—*Boston Commercial-Gazette.*

Science in New Mexico.

If this great country of ours were fully ripened in an educational way more respect would be paid to science, especially in New Mexico. At Watrous, in the Territory mentioned, lately a phrenological lecturer examined the head of a man named Fosdic. There were some very bad bumps on Mr. Fosdic's head, and the lecturer said so. Did Mr. Fosdic accept the information humbly and resolve to reform and bring those bad bumps down? Not much! He pulled out his revolver, began blazing away at the lecturer and broke up the gathering in a minute and a half. This is what induces a belief that not enough respect is paid to science in New Mexico.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A ton of gum arabic was used weekly at the Government envelope factory at Hartford, Conn.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The guinea hen never lays a golden egg.—*Boston Bulletin.*

—That was a very particular girl who rejected one of her suitors because he didn't suit'er.

—Miss-fortunes come to some men when they get married, and they don't mind it a bit.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The relations between European nations have been strained so often they should be perfectly clear now.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Oh, I think those paragraphs are just too provoking!" They never get tired of talking about the size of my foot, and yet I only wear nines."—*Chicago Girl.*

"That article you had in last week's paper was the funniest thing I ever read," said a lady to an editor. "It would make a dog laugh. I thought my husband would split his sides."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"I see they are serving refreshments on roller skates in some of the restaurants," the husband said, as he laid down his paper. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the wife, "have they no plates?"—*Boston Courier.*

"Brace up!" whispered the hangerman to a poor fellow whose hempen cravat he was skillfully adjusting. "Yes, it's easy for you to say that," was the grim reply, "because you are a suspender."—*Whitcomb Times.*

Cautious customer (who has heard the high prices charged in retail drug stores): How much do you charge for ten cents worth of tooth powder? Drug clerk: For the best quality, twenty-five cents, sir.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

It is sentimentally remarked that "the worldly possessions of men of supposed means are usually over-estimated." We can not help thinking of this every time any one calls upon me with a subscription paper.—*Lowell Citizen.*

In 1885, "James, just look at the register and tell me where it is fair weather this morning." "It is very nice in Minnesota to-day, sir." "Well, get the Ariel ready. Have dinner at seven sharp. Say I have gone to St. Paul."—*Snap.*

"Mother, I think the spinal vertebrae of the frigid season have received a severe fracture," remarked the high school girl to her mother. "Yes," replied the old lady, "I expected your father would hurt that dog when he threw the poker at it."—*Oil City Derrick.*

In the Heppner Hills this season the recherche thing in overalls is to have the pocket corners braided in lieu of the copper rivets that were en vogue last season. They are worn either stuffed into the boots or worn outside. An elite thing in watch chains is a wide buckskin strap worn dangling from the pocket and ornamented with a stud-horse poker chip. It also works for a ranch razor strap. An esthetic rustic substitute for a button is a shingle nail or a piece of sharpened stick poked through a gallus hole. This style is popular on some ranches, but it is a bad thing to fall down on.—*Heppner (Ore.) Gazette.*

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. ...

John Wand, Prescription Druggist, Windsor Drug Store.

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

Millinery at your own price at Mrs. Metcalf's. Over 600 hats to be sold...

We are prepared to do the neatest kind of commercial and small job printing...

Will you go to work and get up a club for the Spirit? We depend upon Prohibitionists...

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

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

See advertisement these books on last page of this paper.

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

The Prohibition Printing Company.

This is a new corporation recently organized in this city for the purpose of carrying on the printing business...

The incorporators are Charles H. Branscombe of Lawrence, M. A. Pond...

Buy for ready money as often as you have any to spare; and when you take credit pay to a day, and unasked.

No advantage will ever arise to you from any ostentatious display of expenditures.

Beware of the odds and ends of a stock of remnants, of spoiled goods and of waste, for it is in such things that your profits lie.

In serving your customers be firm and obliging, and never lose your temper, for nothing is got by it.

Always be seen at church or chapel on Sunday; never at a gaming table, and seldom at the theaters or at places of amusement.

Prefer a prudent and discreet to a rich and showy wife.

Spend your evenings by your own fireside, and shun a public house or a sordid club as you would a bad debt.

Take stock every year, estimate your profits, and do not spend above one-fourth.

Avoid the common folly of expending your precious capital upon a costly architectural front; such things operate on the world like paint upon a woman's cheek—repelling beholders instead of attracting them.

Every pound wasted by a young tradesman is two pounds at the end of three years and two hundred and fifty-six pounds at the end of twenty-four years.

Remember that prudent purchasers avoid the shop of an extravagant and ostentatious trader, for they justly consider that if they deal with him they must contribute to his follies.

Let these be your rules till you have realized your stock and till you can take discount for prompt payment on all purchases, and you may then indulge in any degree which your habits and sense of prudence suggest.—Richard Ferguson, in English.

WAYS OF LAWYERS.

Obstacles in the Way of Young Attorneys—Fees Always Cared For.

A young attorney was accosted by an acquaintance yesterday with the common-place salutation: "How do you do?"

"As there is nothing to do," was the nonchalant reply, "it is immaterial as to how it is done."

"Does the depression in commercial circles affect the law business generally for the worse? I should suppose it would give it an impetus."

"The business is not so very bad, except among young attorneys. Depression in business is not the sole cause of our ill luck. Elder attorneys and some of them having a lucrative practice in the higher courts, are getting in the habit of descending to justice courts even in matters of small account. It is true that some of the older lawyers make a practice of turning over petty suits to younger men, but they are few."

"Are collections from clients becoming more difficult?"

"Somewhat; but he is a poor lawyer who can't collect his own fee. There are certain well-known attorneys recognized in the profession as model lawyers, able speakers and good counsel, who bind their clients with a rock-ribbed contract. If money can not be paid them their chattels are accepted in lieu. A very well-known attorney recently made it a condition of a contract of this kind that in case the money was not forthcoming, then he was to receive the seal-skin sacque which his lady client wore. Others will not take a case without what is known as a retainer, which is nothing more than part pay in advance. Not a few lawyers of a certain class are willing to take cases, making their pay contingent upon winning the case. Of course the pay is commensurate with the risk and is usually half the amount sought to be recovered; but I have known a case in which three-fourths was allowed. These of course are desperate cases which no reputable lawyer would take, and indeed which no attorney with but little or no reputation as such would touch unless constrained to do so by the hope of winning the reward and a peal from the bugle of fame."—Detroit Post.

"Jenkins sent two dollars to get a 'sure' way to raise whiskers." Now Jenkins thinks the world is all hollow! hollow! because by return mail he was told to put them on an ascending elevator.—N. Y. Sun.

THE RULES OF TRADE.

Shrewd Hints by Which Young Shopkeepers May Profit To-day.

I present some maxims that were rigidly followed in my young days, and which could be observed with the utmost profit by those youths of the present day who are intended for trade.

They were written by a man who attained great renown and was held in the greatest esteem by his fellow citizens of London, so that he finally received the high honor of being knighted by the king: GOLDEN RULES FOR YOUNG SHOPKEEPERS.

1. Take your shop door off the hinges at seven o'clock every morning that no obstruction may be opposed to your customers.

2. Clean and set out your windows before seven o'clock, and do this with your own hands, that you may expose for sale the articles which are most salable and which you most want to sell.

3. Wear an apron, if such be the badge of your business, and consider it as a badge of distinction, which will procure you respect and credit.

4. Apply your first return of ready money to pay debts before they are due, and give such transactions suitable emphasis by claiming discount.

5. Always be found at home and in some way employed, and remember that your meddling neighbors have their eyes upon you, and are constantly gauging you by your appearance.

6. Re-weigh and re-measure all your stock rather than let it be supposed you have nothing to do.

7. Keep some articles cheap that you may draw customers and enlarge your intercourse.

8. Keep up the exact quality or flavor of all articles which you find are approved of by your customers, and by this means you will enjoy their preference.

9. Buy for ready money as often as you have any to spare; and when you take credit pay to a day, and unasked.

EASTERN PUNISHMENTS.

How the Authorities of Persia Punish Their Criminals.

The Zili-Sultan at Ispahan and the late Hissam-us-Sultan at Meshed have been distinguished for the severity of their punishments. The most common of the various punishments in Persia is that of "the sticks."

Persians frequently menace disobedient slaves with "the sticks." The offender is thrown on his back upon the ground, his bare feet are passed through leather loops attached to a six-foot beam of wood, which is twisted until the loops are painfully tight about his ankles, and is held in the strong grasp of two men, so that by no writhings nor efforts can he rise or remove his feet.

The sticks are generally light quarter-inch green rods four or five feet in length, and if sentenced to "fifty sticks," twenty-five are laid on each side of him upon the ground. Two executioners then break stick after stick by beating them upon the soles of his feet, with horrible result, of which a month's lameness is likely to be the painful consequence.

Both these Governors are said to have adopted the same punishment for the suppression of highway robbery—they built the captured robbers into pillars of masonry. The Koran recommends the cutting off a hand as the punishment for theft, and there are men in Persia who carry about evidence that this cruel punishment is sometimes practiced.

A Persian Governor is alleged to have been successful in enforcing taxation by a practice of filling the wide trousers of recalcitrant subjects with freezing snow. Crimes of robbery and violence are more frequent in the south than in the north of Persia.

Some ascribe this to the large nomad population which, according to the season, moves from the shores of the Gulf toward or from Ispahan. Everywhere in Persia it is the habit of wayfarers to gather together for mutual protection. Peasants passing from town to town with, perhaps, a bag of silver in their pockets, feel happy if they can join some caravan which includes armed men, and especially if they are in the caravan of a European.

The most common form of execution is to cut the throats of criminals, and to leave their bodies lying in the public square. The bowstring is occasionally used by skillful "ferashes," two of whom twist the rope round the neck of the criminal and kill him by strangulation with awful rapidity.

If a European is injured, one difficulty attending complaint is that the Persian Government is so easily roused to indiscriminate and wholesale vengeance upon its subjects. There will certainly be some victims for the knife or the string or the living death at the hands of the executioners; the main evidence may be that the prisoners were taken near the spot. In Persia there is but the feeblest and the faintest security for the administration of justice.—London Graphic.

HOLLAND.

A Country Which Owes Its Existence to the Industry of Its People.

Living in a country which owes its existence almost to the industry and labor of man, it is not surprising to find that scrupulous economy and great foresight are the characteristic virtues of Dutch workmen.

Few countries possess a population that fulfills more exactly the domestic and social duties. What they have acquired with trouble they keep with care. He cares little about politics, and wastes no time as his neighbor across the Atlantic frontier does in political agitations. His ambition in life is to better his condition. The questions of the moment, the topics of the day, have for him but little interest.

He prefers his Bible to his newspaper, the health of his family to the tavern, to the reading room, or political meetings. Jealous to the last degree of that liberty which he possesses, he wishes for no more and his neighbor in peace those immunities which he has. Holland is not a manufacturing country. Scattered here and there in different parts of the kingdom may be found cotton, flax, silk and woolen mills. The manufacture of spirits at Scheidam, and the cutting and polishing of diamonds at Amsterdam are both important industries. In spite of his contentment and economic habits, the Dutch workman is poorly paid. The nominal salary of a mechanic, of a carpenter, a joiner, a plumber, or a smith, for example, may be estimated in the largest towns of Holland at about four dollars per week. The working-man's wife adds, perhaps, for washing, eighty cents to a dollar, and the man himself, by working additional hours, sometimes earns thirty to fifty cents more. It is possible, therefore, for a hard-working family to thus manage to earn five to six dollars and sixty cents per week.

The average Dutchman lives in the most frugal fashion.—Hague Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Why They Fail.

The other day a number of students were refreshing themselves in a restaurant after several hours' exhausting mental labor in calculating the chances of one able-bodied man batting a ball and another agile fellow catching it and putting out another one less agile.

They had spent the afternoon at a game of base ball, and of course were greatly in need of refreshments after their exhaustive occupation. During the evening the conversation turned on college life and the application to their studies demanded by the faculty of those who would graduate with honor.

The poor fellows who spent the afternoon in their rooms pursuing their studies, preparatory to next day's recitations and lectures, were commiserated by these more easy-going students, while the general sentiment of the party was voiced by one of their number, who said: "I did not come to college to study—I came to be taught."

The measure this young man takes of college life and the opportunities which it offers to those who rightly improve them is the key which unlocks the secret of many a young man's failure in life.—Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.

GENERAL GRANT.

How He Came to be Appointed to the West Point Military School.

Following is an account of young Grant's appointment to West Point: "My father received a letter from the Hon. Thomas Morris, the United States Senator from Ohio. When he read it he said to me: 'Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment.' 'What appointment?' I inquired. 'To West Point. I have applied for it.' 'But I won't go,' I said. He said he thought I would, and I thought so too, if he did. I really had no objection to going to West Point, except that I had a very exalted idea of the requirements necessary to get through. I did not believe I possessed them, and could not bear the idea of failing. There had been four boys from our village, or its immediate neighborhood, who had graduated, and never a failure of any one appointed from Georgetown, except in the case of one whose place I was to take. He was a son of Dr. Bailey, our nearest and most intimate neighbor. Young Bailey had been appointed in 1814, before the January examination following that he could not pass, he resigned and went to private school and remained there until the following year, when he was reappointed. But before the next examination he was dismissed. Dr. Bailey was a proud and sensitive man, and felt the failure of his son so keenly that he forbade his return home. During my first year's encampment at General Scott's visit to West Point and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, his quite colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood I ever beheld, and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that some day I should occupy his place on review, although I had no intimation then of remaining in the army.

"The next summer, Martin Van Buren, then President of the United States, visited West Point and reviewed the cadets. But he did not impress me with the awe that Scott inspired. In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. A. Smith, the Commandant of Cadets, as the two men most to be envied by the Nation. I was impatient to get on my uniform and see how I looked, besides probably wanting some of the old schoolmates, and particularly the girls, to see me in it. But the conceit was knocked out of me by two little circumstances that happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, and which gave me a distaste for military uniform that I never recovered from.

"Soon after the arrival of the suit I donned it and put off for Cincinnati on horseback. While I was riding along a street of that city, I noticed that everyone was looking at me with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw General Scott, a little urchin, bareheaded, barefooted, with dirty and ragged pants, held up a single 'gallows'—that's what suspenders were called then—and a shirt that had not seen a wash-pot for weeks, turned to me and cried out: 'Soldier, will you work? No, sir-ee, I'll sell my shirt first.'"

From General Grant's Personal Memoirs.

THE HEALTH CRANK.

A Chap Who is Afflicted with Theories Regarding the Proper Way to Promote Longevity.

The health crank is a man who is sorely afflicted with chronic theories regarding the proper way to promote longevity. He lives, eats, works and sleeps, and bores people according to certain rules that he has adopted for his guidance and their annoyance. He is sick half his days from the effects of what he eats and drinks, and from the exercise which he takes to encourage his health, while he shortens the lives of his friends by urging them to become cranks, even as he is a crank.

He is never free from some infirmity, and if he could acquire two infirmities at once, his dream of Heaven is almost realized. As soon as he gets one weak part of his system renovated, some other part breaks down, and he has to go to work at that. It may be mentioned incidentally that he never does anything for his head, which is the weakest part about him. His blood troubles him much. He drinks acidulous beverages to make him thin, and lies on his back, with his head toward the north, to make it circulate properly. When he imagines that his liver is acting in a reprehensible manner, he stimulates it, or props it up, with a horseback ride before breakfast; and if his stomach does not perform its functions with accuracy and dispatch, he floods it with cold water before going to bed, or irrigates it with a seditiva powder the moment he gets up in the morning. He is always doing or taking something to head off some infirmity.

Anticipated his trouble him most. His favorite maxim is that about the ounce of prevention and the pound and a half of cure. When he is not engaged in fortifying his system with Graham bread or oat meal, he is developing some weak muscle with dumb bells or trying to create an appetite by sawing half a cord of wood before the dew is off the grass. He wears cork soles in his shoes, claiming that they act as rheumatism insulators. He is very regular in his habits. He cuts his hair according to the season, cleans his teeth by the almanac and takes exercise by the clock. He is very fond of explaining how much phosphorus there is in corn, fat producing qualities in cheese and saccharine matter in wheat.

His talk at table is about the adulteration of food, and he makes his friends nervous and sick by telling them of the dreadful things that golden syrup and butter and beer are made of, and of the gloomy effect that hard-boiled eggs have on the digestive organs of the idiot who eats them. He keeps himself sick trying to get well, wretched in efforts to attain ease, and goes down into an early grave from the effects of trying to lengthen his days.

To sum all up, he is a crank and a concentrated nuisance, with the redeeming feature, however, that he pushes himself more than he does anybody else.—Texas Siftings.

A NOTED REVIVAL.

Scenes at a Great Camp-Meeting in Kentucky in 1799.

Two young men began the work in the summer of 1799. They were brothers, preachers, and on their way across the pine barrens to Ohio, but turned aside to be present at a sacramental solemnity on Red River. The people were accustomed to gather at such times on a Friday, and by fasting, and praying, and singing, and hearing sermon, prepare themselves for the reception of the sacrament on Sunday.

At the Red River meeting the brothers were asked to preach, and one did so with astonishing fervor. As he spoke the people were deeply moved, tears ran streaming down their faces, and one, a woman far in the rear of the house, broke through order and began to shout. For two hours after the regular preachers had gone the crowd lingered, and were loath to depart. While they tarried one of the brothers was irresistibly compelled to preach. He rose and told them that he felt called to preach; that he could not be silent. The words which then fell from his lips aroused the people before him to a "pungent sense of sin." Again and again the woman shouted, and would not be silent. He started to go to her. The crowd begged him to turn back. Something within him urged him on, and he went through the house shouting and exhorting and praising God. In a moment the floor to use his own words was "covered with the slain." Their cries for mercy were terrible to hear. Some found forgiveness, but many went away "spiritually wounded," and suffered unutterable agony of soul. Nothing could allay the excitement. Every settlement along the Green River and the Cumberland was full of religious fervor. Men filled their wagons with beds and provisions, and traveled fifty miles to camp upon the ground and hear him preach. The idea was new, hundreds adopted it, and camp-meetings began. At the Cane Ridge meeting 20,000 were encamped. The excitement surpassed anything that had been known. Men who came to scoff remained to preach. All day and all night the crowd swarmed to and fro from preacher to preacher, singing, shouting, laughing, now rushing off to listen to some new exhorter who had climbed upon a stump, now gathering around some old schoolmate, and particularly the girls, to see me in it. But the conceit was knocked out of me by two little circumstances that happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, and which gave me a distaste for military uniform that I never recovered from.

"The next summer, Martin Van Buren, then President of the United States, visited West Point and reviewed the cadets. But he did not impress me with the awe that Scott inspired. In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. A. Smith, the Commandant of Cadets, as the two men most to be envied by the Nation. I was impatient to get on my uniform and see how I looked, besides probably wanting some of the old schoolmates, and particularly the girls, to see me in it. But the conceit was knocked out of me by two little circumstances that happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, and which gave me a distaste for military uniform that I never recovered from.

"Soon after the arrival of the suit I donned it and put off for Cincinnati on horseback. While I was riding along a street of that city, I noticed that everyone was looking at me with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw General Scott, a little urchin, bareheaded, barefooted, with dirty and ragged pants, held up a single 'gallows'—that's what suspenders were called then—and a shirt that had not seen a wash-pot for weeks, turned to me and cried out: 'Soldier, will you work? No, sir-ee, I'll sell my shirt first.'"

From General Grant's Personal Memoirs.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Why Girls Should Be Taught Self-Control as Well as Boys.

If boys require to be taught self-control, doubly so do girls. Having by nature weaker nerves and a more vivid imagination, they shrink from pain, suffering and danger in a fashion utterly unintelligible to their brothers. But the more natural this shrinking is, the more carefully should they be taught to govern it. Girls should acquire at least the rudiments of nursing, and learn the best and easiest attainable remedies for the ordinary accidents of daily life, just as certainly and as a matter of course as they are taught to sew and to read. Especially should quiet and coolness be impressed upon them. Calmness is not insensibility, though many people confound them. A girl is not hard-hearted and unfeeling because she can witness painful sights and if need be lend a steady, firm hand to the doctor or nurse. On the contrary, she has usually twenty times the sympathy and unselfish kindness of that delicate little damsel who has no command whatever over herself, and fills the room with shrieks, winding up by running away the very moment an extra hand might be useful. It may seem harsh to say so, but those dainty bodies, who are so utterly useless in any emergency, or, as their friends plead, "so highly endowed with sensibility" (those who are not their friends make unpleasant reference to "folly" and "hysterics"), are generally selfish and self-absorbed to a degree utterly unintelligible to their more sober sisters, who are taught to forget self and control both mind and body by their large-hearted sympathy with and comprehension of suffering. But the sick-room is not the only place where presence of mind is required. Scarcely a day passes when we do not more or less require it. Thank goodness, the notion that women should faint or go into hysterics for the smallest thing is pretty well exploded; still, even yet the opposite lesson might be more strongly inculcated.—Exchange.

Not Because of Lonesomeness.

"So you went to that party with Mrs. Elberton, did you?" asked a wife of her husband.

"Yes, as you were away, I thought it would do no harm, as Elberton asked me to, being detained at home, and not wanting his wife to be disappointed."

"Well, I don't believe in loaning my husband to anybody."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because it is not good, according to the Bible, for a man to be a loan."

—There is a colored preacher who lives near Jasper, Ga., that rules his horse by butting him. If the horse is fractious or stubborn he takes the kinks out by deliberately seizing it by the ears and butting it squarely in the forehead until it falls to its knees. This he generally does at the second or third butt, when the old person steps behind and drives ahead again.—St. Louis Post.

TELEGRAPHERS' PARALYSIS.

A New York Operator's Theory of the Cause of the Disease.

A majority of telegraph operators sooner or later become "paralyzed." There seems to be no specific cause for the complaint, though it is generally attributed to overwork. It certainly can not be due to dissipation alone, as there are hundreds of cases where men who have been hard drinkers for many years still rank as experts in the profession, while on the other hand men who have led a strictly moral and temperate life have lost entire use of their arms after a comparatively short experience in the business. Nor does disease—nervous or otherwise—seem to be the prime factor, as it is very common to see a strong, robust man suffering from it. It is a fact that many operators have been troubled with it from the moment they commenced to learn, and there is no doubt that it has prevented many from becoming "first-class" operators. It has been said that paralysis is the cause of many of the blunders made by good men. To a certain extent this is surely true. It must be understood that the so-called paralysis from which operators suffer is really a weakness of the muscles and nerves generally from the elbow to the ends of the fingers. In its early stages it takes the form of cramps, causing great pain in the wrist and hand, or a numbness of feeling such as one feels from bad circulation of the blood. It gradually develops until the fingers seem to lose the sense of touch, and, without warning, they will "flip up" and utterly refuse to be governed by the mind. Now, if these "flips" or paroxysms should occur very often while an operator is being "rushed," it is bound to cause him a great deal of annoyance. He will get behind, say ten or fifteen words, and if he has the reputation of being a good man his pride will keep him at it until the sender is finally so far ahead that he is compelled to open the key. In the meantime he has possibly left out a word or half-spelled one, which, if he is careful, can be corrected, but the sender is impatient by the time he has "caught up," and he casts but a rapid glance over his copy and commences the struggle once more. Thus, through inability to form the letters and words as fast as he formerly did, he makes errors unconsciously, through getting behind, while at the same time giving the work his entire attention. The only remedy for him is to "break, break, break," or take some second-class wire, with a reduction of wages and a loss of his professional reputation as a "fast one." This is a hard thing to do, and many a man is to-day called "first-class" who has seen his best days as an operator.

There is another reason why first-class men make errors. Although the words are sent letter by letter, the operator receives them apparently in their complete form only, frequently arriving several words in his head at one time. Through the loss of sensitivity in his fingers he is unable to form the characters with his former ease and precision, and will very often change the word entirely by the substitution or omission of a letter. For instance, "thing" will be made to read "think," "bought" for "bought," and other common errors. Of course, the misspelling of words is mostly caused through ignorance, but cases of this kind occur where the men have had long experience and are well educated. The most common reason why first-class men make errors is that they are generally overworked. After working hard for seven or eight hours, if they are partially paralyzed, their arms become heavy and tired, and no doubt the brain is also affected. Every word is put down with an effort, and it is a wonder there are not more mistakes than usually occur.—Cor. Chicago News.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Conditions Likely to Make It the Great Winter Sanitarium of the United States.

From my own observations, and from inquiries made on the spot, I am of opinion that the Yellowstone National Park possesses, in a high degree, all these essential conditions. Its elevation above the sea it surpasses Davos; the great plateau of the park is between seven and eight thousand feet above sea-level, while it is stated that not one of the narrow valleys dips below six thousand feet. The mountain ranges, partly surrounding and partly within the park, rise to heights of from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet. I should anticipate, therefore, that all the advantages which, as a winter resort for invalids, Davos possesses from its elevated position, would be enjoyed even in a greater degree in the Yellowstone Park. The period of permanent snow is longer, so that invalids could remain there probably until the end of April, whereas the melting of the snow generally compels them to leave Davos early in March, when the climate of the valleys is peculiarly unfavorable for chest-complainers. It is to be expected, from its greater elevation, that a still clearer sky and a larger proportion of sunny days would be experienced in the Yellowstone Park, while the wholesomeness of the air would be still more marked, owing to its comparatively greater freedom from zymotic matter.—Prof. Edward Frankland, in Popular Science Monthly.

—A lady in Brunswick, Ga., found a nest of half grown mocking birds in her yard recently. She succeeded in capturing them. They were put in a temporary cage, and the cage put in a room. During the day the mother bird flew into the room and was readily caught and placed in the cage with the brood. She began instantly to feed them with the food which was in the cage, and did not seem to notice the imprisonment. On the day following the male bird flew into the room, and offered no resistance nor showed any signs of flight when the lady captured him. He was put into the same cage, and the lady now has the entire family. They seem contented and happy.—Pittsburgh Post.

WANTED: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who will make \$5 to \$8 a day easily at their own homes. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Address: W. P. Stamp, Crown Mfg. Co., 59 Vine St., Phila., Pa.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

WINDING UP TIME.

A wee brown maid on the door steps sat.
Her small face hid 'neath a white brimmed hat.
A broken clock on her baby knee
She wound with an ancient, rusty key.
"What are you doing, my pretty one?
Playing with time?" I asked in fun.
Large and wise were the soft, dark eyes,
Lifted to mine in grave surprise.
"The wind, him up, to make him go,
For he's so dreary, poky and slow."
Winding up time? The baby
How crawl these lengthened moments of
the life?
How sadly slow goes the staid old man,
But he has not changed, since the world be-
gan.
He does not change, but in after years,
When he mingles our cup of joy with tears;
And duties are many, and pleasures are few,
And the way grows rough 'neath our feet,
When the day is too short for his crowd of
cares.
And at night surprises us unawares,
We do not wish to hurry up his feet,
But find his going all too fleet.
Ah, baby mine, some future day,
You will throw that rusty key away
And to Phobos, who wags his head,
As it whirls along, like a winged thing,
And wonder how, years and years ago,
You could have ever thought that time was
slow.
—Hannah B. Gage, in Current.

TWICE MARRIED.

A Story From Life Stranger Than Fiction.

How a Young German Lost His Bride—The Romantic Circumstances Which Led to a Second Marriage—A Narrow Escape From Judge Lynch.

A marriage license was issued in Chicago a short time ago, connected with which there is a story as strange as any ever conceived in the brain of a professional story-teller. It is a story which requires not the art of the story-teller to make it interesting; the bare facts are enough. The parties to the contract were married over seven years ago, were never divorced, and yet procured a license to get married again. To begin at the beginning:

In the spring of 1878 Wilhelm Hermann emigrated from his native home in Wurttemberg, Germany, intending to settle with some relatives in a small town in the State of Louisiana. When he got as far as New Orleans he decided to stop there some time, and about two months after his arrival he was married to Amelia Rettich, the daughter of an old German resident of that city. Three days after his marriage he was enticed by a chance acquaintance into one of the low beer saloons on the levee at New Orleans, was drugged, robbed and carried aboard a German trading vessel bound for Newcastle, England. It was eight months later before the vessel reached that port. Immediately on gaining his liberty Hermann sought the German Consul at Newcastle, and narrated the story of his wrongs. He begged the Consul to assist him to return to his wife and home at New Orleans without delay; but the Consul refused, saying that, as Hermann had no naturalization papers or anything in the way of a legal claim on the United States, he was still a German citizen. Then the Consul sent for the Captain of the vessel and compelled him to deliver Hermann to the German authorities. On his arrival at Berlin he was pressed into the army and bound over to a four years' term of military service. He underwent the drudgery and severe discipline to which unwilling recruits are subjected in the German army for a space of nearly three years, when, seeing a chance to escape from the country, he deserted. All this time he had been constantly looking forward with an all-abiding faith and hope to a reunion with his bride. He reached New Orleans exactly four years after his first arrival in that city. He then learned that his wife, thinking he was dead, had married again and had left the city, no one knew whether she started out to search for her. For nearly a year he wandered over the greater part of the Southern States, following many clues which turned out to be false, until at last he received a letter from herself. She told him that she had given him up for lost until she chanced to see his advertisement for her on a stray page of a New Orleans newspaper; that she had married William Chapman; that her second husband had been rather unfortunate in business, and had changed his place of residence several times hoping for better luck; and that they had now settled down in a small frontier town in Western Kansas. She proposed to leave Chapman and go with him, her own true husband, if he came for her. He immediately started for Tabata, Kan., where his wife resided, arriving there five days later. The day following his arrival William Chapman, the second husband, was found lying dead on his own doorstep, with a bullet through his brain. Two days later Hermann was lodged in the county jail on a charge of willful murder.

The morning following the arrest the prisoner was taken before the local Justice for examination. A crowd of rough, bearded frontiersmen thronged the little room where the proceedings were held. Justice was usually swift and stern in that district; in serious crimes Judge Lynch reigned supreme. In this case, so far as the spectators knew, the prisoner had been arrested on mere suspicion as being a stranger. If evidence turned up to prove him guilty there was no jail strong enough to hold him from the vengeance of the people, nor any legal power sufficient to stay the execution of his death warrant or punish those who carried it out. The first witness was Mrs. Chapman, a fair, child-like-looking little woman, whose wee-bone face and widow's weed sent a murmur of sympathy through the spectators. She testified that the previous Sunday evening she had paid a visit to a neighbor. Had been gone about an hour, and on coming home found her husband lying dead on the doorstep. Her husband

did not carry a pistol; there had never been a pistol in the house to her knowledge. She believed her husband had no reason to commit suicide; was certain he would not do such a thing. He had sold cattle a few days before, and had the money in his pocket-book that day—one hundred and twenty dollars in currency. He had a small gold watch in his vest pocket, with a black silk ribbon and charm attached. The watch was hers—a present from her mother several years ago. Both money and watch had disappeared. She did not miss them until the day after, owing to the excitement. She presumed the robbery had been the motive for the crime; she knew of no other.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the Judge.
"Yes," she faltered.
"Do you know his business in coming here?"
"No reply. The question was repeated."
"O! Judge," she burst out, with a torrent of sobs; "he is my husband, my true husband. But he didn't do it! O, Judge! God knows he is innocent!"

A buzz of excitement spread through the room.
"Silence!" said the Judge, rapping his desk sharply.
Then it was found that the witness had fainted in her chair. Presently she recovered, and eventually the story of her first marriage and the recent discovery of herself by the prisoner was wrung from her. Only once the prisoner spoke.

"Tell the whole truth, Amelia, and fear nothing," he said.
She said the prisoner had been to her house the day of the murder. Her husband—the deceased—was off on the farm at the time. She had decided to break the news to him that night, and go off with her first husband—the accused—the next day, and would have done so but for what had occurred.
Medical evidence was given to prove that the deceased had not committed suicide. Then the policeman was called. He testified to the steps taken to discover the murderer. He discovered the fact of the prisoner's visit to Chapman's house, and on this ground made the arrest. The prisoner had freely told the story of his marriage, and that his business here was to get his wife, who was living with Chapman. Truly, only money, the prisoner had on his person when arrested was about twenty-five dollars in greenbacks and silver and forty dollars in gold certificates. He had neither pistol nor watch.

Then the prisoner was asked to testify. In simple, homely language he told of his search for his wife, his visit to the village after receiving her letter, his meeting with her—not knowing or caring whether her second husband was at the house or away—and of receiving her promise to meet him at the railway station and depart with him next day. At the hour the murder was committed he was alone in his bedroom, trying to pass away the time with a pipe and a bottle of beer. He asserted that he never saw Chapman in his life, and had no desire to do him harm nor any enmity whatever against him. He simply wanted his wife. He would have been willing to tell the story to Chapman, but his wife preferred to tell it herself, and he was satisfied.

The landlord of the hotel where Hermann had stopped said he did not know whether the prisoner was in his room at the hour of the murder. He paid little attention to his guests except about meal hours. He remembered sending up some beer, but did not know what hour it was at the time.
Here the case rested.
Some of the men in the crowd dropped out, with a hard look in their faces. It was evident Hermann's doom was sealed.

He was led back to the prison while the Judge went through the form of preparing an indictment. No one knew better than the Judge himself that this was but a farce.
The sun was beginning to sink below the Western prairies when a man rushed into the Judge's residence in a state of wild excitement. It was the constable who had arrested Hermann.
"For Heaven's sake, Judge," he exclaimed, "come with me to the prison! That man is innocent! The real murderer has been arrested—one of the Buzzard gang, whom we have been hunting for months. Chapman's watch and money have been found on him."

Judge and constable rushed to the prison. It was rapidly growing dusk, and already little knots of men were gathering around. The Judge lit a lantern and mounted the steps in front of the prison. "Halloo!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "I want to speak to all of you."
The fast increasing crowd gathered near. Then the Judge ordered the constable to tell the story.
"Duck Buzzard jugged—hurrah!" shouted the crowd. "Let's go for him, boys!"

Hermann was liberated then and there without waiting for legal forms. "I will fetch your wife; wait at my house for her," said the Judge kindly.
And here occurs the strange part of the story. Why or how it was the narrator can not explain, but Hermann absolutely refused to see the woman. He went to the railroad station and sat in a dark corner until a train came along.
Nearly two years passed. About a month ago he met his wife accidentally in Chicago. Old acquaintance was renewed and the old love reasserted itself. The marriage license and the marriage followed in due course. That saved troublesome explanations. And if Hermann had any superstitious ideas that the Fates had decreed against his union to the one woman the world had for him they are all gone.—Chicago Tribune.

—It's all well enough to talk about its being philosophical to laugh at the trials and tribulations of life," said the Mule Editor, looking up from an article on the "Spring Fashions," at which he was at work. "But I think a man who splits his sides with laughter is a little cracked."
—Queen Victoria has lost her favorite dog, Noble, that had been her constant companion in her walks for more than twelve years.

A MULTICAULIS MANIA.

The Mulberry Fever Which Prevailed Fifty Years Ago.

The year 1826 marked the origin of the *Morus multicaulis* mania, which raged as a fever from 1830 until it culminated and collapsed in 1839. Congress had referred an inquiry on silk-culture, in 1825, to the Committee on Agriculture, which, in 1826, reported in favor of its promotion, stating in the report that the imports of silk goods in 1825 were nearly double the exports of breadstuffs—a fact scarcely credible now. The same year Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, planted there what is claimed to have been the first *Morus multicaulis* tree in America. The Secretary of the Treasury, Richard Rush, was directed to prepare a manual on silk-culture, and the famous "Rush Letter" was accordingly issued in 1828, together with several other treatises, and circulated broadcast. In 1830 an article by a Dr. Pascalis, in the *American Journal of Science*, directly started the mulberry fever. The Massachusetts Legislature, in 1831, provided for a manual of silk-culture, which was made by a manufacturer of Dedham, Mr. Cobb, and most of the States began to offer bounties and premiums on trees, cocoons and reeled silk—commonly ten cents a pound on cocoons and fifty on silk. A report to Congress in 1836 proposed a grant of forty thousand dollars to one M. D'Hormergue for the establishment of a normal school of flature at Philadelphia, where sixty young men might have gratuitous instruction for two years, and for traveling about the country to teach silk-growing to farmers; and this "silk bill," though defeated in 1832, and reported against as unconstitutional in 1835, would not down till 1837, when still another committee reported as a substitute a scheme to lease public lands without rent for the cultivation of the mulberry tree or the sugar beet.

The whole country now went wild. The fever seemed only to get fresh fuel of excitement from the panic of 1837. Orchards of the *multicaulis* were planted in every State; farmers everywhere set their wives and children to feeding worms; multitudinous books, public documents, periodicals on silk-culture, were constituted the bulk of the reading of the day; stock companies for raising and manufacturing silk sprang up like puff-balls; silk conventions were held, and a United States Silk Society was organized.

A thrifty nurseryman on Long Island gave life to the excitement by a canny plan. After selling a considerable supply of the trees to New England dealers, he started off one night by the Providence boat, and with great pretense of eagerness made the rounds of all his customers, excitedly offering fifty cents apiece for trees. Of course he didn't get them, but he presently was able to sell all he had for a dollar instead of fifty cents apiece.

In Burlington, New Jersey, over three hundred thousand trees were raised and sold; in December, 1838, offerings at one dollar per tree or per twig, were refused at Boston sales, and five dollars was sometimes got for trees one season only. It was satisfactorily proved—again on paper—that an acre of trees was good for one thousand dollars worth of silk, but the price of trees had no relation to figures, even the most rose-colored. One farmer sold six thousand dollars worth of trees from three-quarters of an acre. In a single week in Pennsylvania three hundred thousand dollars worth were sold.

In 1839 the bubble burst, and the biters were bitten. Among them was the speculative Long-Islander. He had caught the disease by which he had profited, and had sent an agent to France with eighty thousand dollars to buy a million more trees. When they came, they were worth a part of a cent apiece for pea-brush. Some speculators endeavored to get even with fate by shipping a cargo from the East to Indiana by way of New Orleans in an unseaworthy ship heavily insured, but the goods unfortunately reached their destination. Multitudes of men were ruined by the crash. But Americans have a faculty of falling on their feet, and some of the unhappy mulberry-growers of the thirties became the successful manufacturers of later days.—Harper's Magazine.

An Oregon Sturgeon's Sagacity.

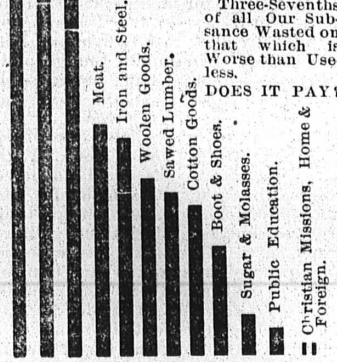
Many remarkable stories have been told concerning the sagacity of the sturgeon, some of which have been hard to believe. That these fish are endowed with a heap of savvy is shown by the following: Yesterday afternoon a number of representatives from the fish-markets of this city embarked on the steamer Callopie to see the launch of the Multnomah. They were standing in a row along the rail when a philosophical looking old sturgeon leaped out of the river on the guard of the boat, as if to get a better view of the launch. Happening to look up he saw a row of fish dealers with their eyes fixed upon him, evidently calculating how many pounds he would weigh when made into sea-bass. With a frightened snort the astute fish leaped back into his native element, went down, and a minute later came to the surface half a mile off, looking back to see if he was pursued. Seeing the fishermen still standing in a row and looking disconsolate, he put his tail to the end of his nose and gently waved it like a long, bony hand, at them and then went below to resume his regular business of catching suckers.—Portland Oregonian.

—The tombs of Esther and Mordecai are in a poor little shrine in Hamadan, Persia. They are covered each by a wooden ark, on which are small pieces of paper like labels; covered with Hebrew characters. They are placed there by the Hebrew pilgrims. All are under a small dome some fifty feet high. The building is of red bricks, the walls much patched with mud; the blue dome is of tiles. These tombs are held sacred by all Hebrews in Persia and thousands make pilgrimages annually.

Our Drink and Tobacco Bill Compared with Other Means of Expenditure.

We pay annually in the United States the following bills:	
Drink	\$600,000,000
Tobacco	500,000,000
Bread	275,000,000
Meat	303,000,000
Iron and Steel	230,000,000
Woolen Goods	227,000,000
Sawed Lumber	253,000,000
Cotton Goods	210,000,000
Coal	195,000,000
Sugar and Molasses	155,000,000
Public Education	85,000,000
Christian Missions	5,500,000

11-2 Billion for Liquor and Tobacco.
2 Billion for Necessities Education and Benevolence



Three-Sevenths of all our Substance Wasted on What is Worse than Useless. DOES IT PAY?

It does not good for a man to sneer at the liquor traffic. It is altogether too important to be laughed at, ignored, or passed over without any serious attempt to settle its account. It is a serious and profitable business, and one that is growing rapidly. It is a business that is growing in its effects upon the National property and wealth, is one of the most important that can be mentioned in connection with the liquor traffic every year, a sum exceeding half the National debt. The cost of the traffic to the country, direct and indirect, is greater than the profits of all its capital not invested in real estate. It costs every year more than our whole Civil Service, our Army, our Navy, our Congress, including the River and Harbor and Pension bills, our wasteful local debts, besides all the schools in the country. In fact, this Nation pays more for liquor than for every function of every kind of government. How is a question of that size to be paid with a sneer?

How is it possible that in this country more than \$500,000,000 and the entire sum raised by taxes of all kinds, National, State, county, city, town and school district, is stated on authority of the Census Bureau to be not more than \$300,000,000?

But the liquor traffic is not by any means the whole cost of the liquor traffic. An official report, prepared with much labor, by the Bureau of Statistics of Massachusetts, under authority from the Legislature, states that 84 per cent of all the crime and criminal expenses in that State comes directly from the abuse of liquor. There is at least one in twenty of the able-bodied men in the country who are rendered idle by his habits, or incapacitated for work. These persons, at the ordinary wages of workmen, would earn, if industrious and fairly employed, over \$20,000,000 yearly. The proportion of persons in hospitals, who reach there because of excess in drink is very large, but cannot be definitely ascertained.

The traffic that costs in actual payment and in loss of productive labor more than half the National debt every year, is not to be ignored by the economist. It may be assumed that the entire wealth of the country has risen from \$30,000,000 in 1870, to \$500,000,000 in 1880, about one-third being in the hands of the liquor traffic. It does not average profits exceeding 4 per cent yearly, taking bad investments with good out at that rate, the yearly interest on the total property of all kinds is over \$100,000,000, and the direct or indirect cost of the liquor traffic must be greater—N. Y. Tribune.

BUTTER and CHEESE MAKING apparatus and supplies of every description.

D. H. ROE & CO. 253 and 255 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Illinois.

60 New Style, Embossed Hidden Name and Chrono Visiting Cards no 2 ink, name on top, 100, 150 packets. Warranted not to fade. Sample Book, etc. 1-10125 & CO. New York.

FISHER'S GRAIN TABLES

Contains 102 pages of useful tables for casting up grain, produce, hay, cost of pork, interest, wages, tables, wood measure, ready reckoner, plowing tables and more miscellaneous matter and useful tables for farmers and others, than any similar book ever published. Ask your bookseller for it. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. G. W. FISHER, Box 238, Rochester, N. Y.

ELEGANT SYSTEM CARDS

50 Different Styles with your name engraved. Book of 90 styles, 10c. No Free Sample. The Company does not deal in trash.

SORGHUM EVAPORATORS AND MILLS.



The "Sorghum Growers' Guide" mailed Free by CHAPMAN & CO. MADISON, INDIANA.

U.S. STANDARD 5 TON WAGON SCALES.

JONES OF BINCHAMTON. \$60 and up. Jones has patented for the U.S. a new and improved wagon scale, and is the only one in the world. All of either size, succeed from first trial. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, also for sale. At once address, TRAVIS & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Scriver's Lumber and Log Book

Over 1,000,000 SOLD. Most complete book of its kind ever published. Gives measurements of Lumber, Logs, Scantling; cubical contents of square and round Timber; hints to lumber dealers; wood measure; speed of circular saws; cost of saws; cord wood tables; telling trees; growth of trees; land measure; wages; rent, board, staves, staves and heading bolts, etc. Standard book throughout the United States and Canada. New illustrated edition, 1882. Ask your bookseller for it. Sent postpaid for 35 cents. G. W. FISHER, Box 238, Rochester, N. Y.

THE BEST BOOK OF THE KIND.

Live Stock Journal, London.

A Book for Every Owner of Live Stock.

\$2.50. The Cheapest and the Best. \$3.00.

The Best Book of the kind.

Live Stock Journal, London.

The Diseases of Live Stock,

AND Their Most Efficient Remedies;

INCLUDING—

Horses, Cattle, Cows, Sheep, Swine, Poultry & Dogs.

BY W. B. E. MILLER, D. V. S., Chief Veterinary Surgeon of the New Jersey State Board of Health; President of the United States Veterinary Association, and LLOYD V. TELLOR, M. D., with a special article on the profitable management of Cows, by WILLIS P. HAZARD, Editor of the "Guernsey Cow Breeder," etc.

One volume, 8vo, 231 pages, with numerous full page colored illustrations, handsomely bound.

Price, Cloth, \$2.50; Full Sheep, \$3.00.

This is, without doubt, the most thoroughly useful work of the kind before the public, as well as the Cheapest. The directions it gives are plain and brief, and have met the approval of the best authorities in England and this country. It has been recommended by the officers of the U. S. Army, and by the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

READ THESE OPINIONS!

Col. James Moore, Quartermaster U. S. A. "I have no hesitation in pronouncing it the very best work on the subject that has come under my observation."
Gen W. Ledue, late U. S. Com of Agriculture. "To every one engaged in raising or handling stock this work will be of great value."
Col. A. F. Rockwell, Ass't Quartermaster U. S. A. "This book appears to me to be exhaustive and thorough."
Prof. Finlay Dun, of the Edinburgh veterinary College. "This volume contains a great amount of useful practical information, expressed in terse and readable language."
Turf Field and Farm. "This is one of the best books of the kind I have yet seen, from either the English or American press."
Live Agents wanted in every town and country. Liberal terms and exclusive territory given. Circulars free. Single copies sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of retail price.

Agents Wanted in every County in Kansas.

Sent Postpaid on receipt of Price. G. F. KIMBALL, State Agent, Topeka, Kansas.

The Farmer's Record & Account Book

THE ONLY COMPLETE WORK PUBLISHED.

Every Farmer can double his Profits!!!

Price per copy, postpaid, in English Silk Cloth, \$3.00

This work must not be compared with anything else ever published for the purpose. It is large in size, 7 1/2 by 12 inches, very handsomely bound and made of the very best extra double French folio cap paper, ruled in blue and red, and has printed headings for every item and transaction, so that merely putting down a few figures each day, the farmer knows exactly what crops pay him best, and where he can make changes to advantage. It is worth at least \$1,000 per year to any average farmer. It does not require anything but a legible hand writing to keep it, no knowledge whatever of book-keeping being necessary. It has been endorsed by all leading agricultural papers, and very highly recommended by the Grange and its officers. The condensed table of contents below will show how complete it is. There are a number of blank pages for contracts, receipts, etc., also 124 tables of ready reference and reckoning, many of which give information worth ten times the cost of the book, and can only be obtained by purchasing expensive works on these special subjects. It tells all about fertilizers and their value, remedies for accidents, recipes for making solers and cements, paints, etc., how to lay out surfaces, computation of interest, business laws, weather tables, weights and measures, etc., etc. This information alone being valuable beyond computation. The perfect for keeping the accounts is very full, but for want of space we can only specify as follows:

Full directions for entering every transaction on the farm; maps arranged for plotting correctly the farm, the garden, and orchard; ample space for recording every incident as it occurs; a list and index of stock, and an index to the farm; facts relating to tenants, their lands and products; employment of laborers, with transactions and receipts for their wages; expense and profits; each tract of land in cultivation, its plowing, fertilizing and planting; the harvesting of every crop, with expenses and profits from the field to market; the breeding, increase, price, sale, and profit from animals; the production of the poultry, year, the dairy, the garden and orchard; an outline on account of the farm and the house; each receipt and investment on personal account; the physician's account, and facts relating to the stock; a statement of all stock and implements at the close of the year; a statement of the total amount and value of produce made during the year; a statement of all farm expenses during the year; and an annual balance sheet, showing profits or losses for the year.



Agents Wanted. Sample Copies, mailed free for \$2.00. Address G. F. KIMBALL, General Agent, Topeka, Kansas.

THOUSANDS GIVEN AWAY

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER gets a Present valued from 35c. to \$500, and no favoritism shown.



TO THE PUBLIC. Rochester, N. Y., Mar. 27, 1885. I am acquainted with the publishers of the AMERICAN RURAL HOME, and I believe they will fulfil every guarantee they make to the public.
Cornelius R. Parsons (Mayor of Rochester for Mayor ten years past.)
RURAL HOME CO., Limited, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A REMARKABLE BOOK

SAID DR. RADON, and a graduate of three universities, and retired after 50 years practice, he writes: "The work is priceless in value, and calculated to be the most popular and comprehensive book treating of"

MEDICAL, SOCIAL, AND SEXUAL SCIENCE, readable because written in language plain, chaste, and forcible; instructive, practical presentation of Medical Council's "most reliable" and "valuable" information, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, physicians, clergymen, critics, and literati. Thorough treatment of subjects especially important to young men. Everyone who "wants to know, you know," will find it interesting. 4 Parts, 35 Chapters, 836 Pages, 200 Illustrations, and a NEW FEATURE. 16-page Contents, and a number of Dr. Foster's Health Monthly. Standard Edition, \$2.50; Same print and illustrations, the difference in paper and binding. MURRAY HILL PUB. CO., 130 (N.E.) East 24th St., New York.