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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS,
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Probeedings of the Prohibition State Convention, at Ottawa. Aug. 25.

The Second Annual Convention of the National Prohibition Party of Kansas, was held at Forest Park, Ottawa, Kansas. on Tuesday, August 25, 1885, and was called to order by Rev. A, M. Richardson, State Organizer, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The business of the Convention was preceded by religious exercises, conducted by the Rev. Lucius Hawkins, of Missouri.

Mr. G. F. Kimball, of Topeka, was made Temporary President, with Dr. H. J. Canniff, of Topeka, as temporary secretary, assisted by Mr. C. J. English of Concordia.

On motion of J. E. Rastall of Burlingame, it was resolved that all persons present, in full sympathy with the National Prohibition platform adopted at Pittsburg, July 24, 1884, and the Kansas platforms of September and December of the same year, shall be eligible to seats in this convention.

The following committees were appointed:

On permanent organization: E. H. Benham of Cherokee, G. M. Lutes of Lincoln, J. W. Forest of Neosho, Dr. W. J. Newton of Franklin, and Mrs. Curns of Cowley.

On Resolutions: Miss Jennie Newby, for the First District; Dr. W. D. Hoover, Second District; M. V. B. Bennett, Third District; J. E. Rastall, Fourth District; Thos. Owens, Fifth District; J. W. Margrave, for the Sixth District; L. H. Berkey, for Seventh District.

During the absence of the above committees, voluntary reports of local work, were called for. J. C. Hebbard of Topeka, reported in part for Shawnee County, but was interrupted by the entrance of the committee on permanent organization, which committee submitted the following names for permanent officers, which report was unanimously adopted, and the committee was continued and instructed to report during the session, a State Central Committee of one from each Congressional District and six at large:

President, Hon. C. H. Branscombe, of Douglas.

Secretaries: Dr. H. J. Canniff of Shawnee, and Chas. J. English of Cloud.

On motion, Messrs. Bennett and Hoover were appointed a committee to apprize Mr. Branscomb of his election as President and to escort him to the chair, on assuming which, he made an eloquent speech of thanks.

Miss Newby, chairman of the Committee on resolutions, submitted the following report, which on motion of Mr. Forest, were adopted; first reciting the resolutions of the December Convention 1884, then adding thereto the following:

Recognizing the fundamental truth, that the "laborer is worthy of his hire," and viewing with alarm the encroachments of corporate capital upon the rights of labor, we demand for the wage-workers of our country, both male and female, a fair and equitable compensation for their labor.

RESOLVED, That we heartily commend the gallant and chivalrous fight for the home being made in Ohio by the third party in its efforts to check the cowardly tendency of the Democratic and Republican leaders to conciliate the liquor dealers in that State.

Mr. Bennett offered the following resolution, which on motion of Mr. Lutes of Lincoln, was adopted by a standing vote;

RESOLVED That in the death of General Grant our sorrow at his loss mingles with that of our fellow citizens and that we shall cherish the memory of his grand achievements equally with his heroic deeds in defence of the Union. We sympathise with his bereaved wife and children, and we trust that his dying words, urging "harmony and goodwill between the sections" will end and bury all the bitterness that grew out of the late rebellion.

Mr. Bennett moved that when this convention adjourns, it will meet again at 1.30 P. M. which motion was adopted.

Mr. Rastall offered the following resolutions,

WHEREAS, The Third Party of Kansas has been organized because of the failure of the Republican party in power in the State to enforce the Constitution and laws governing the manufacture and sale of liquor as a beverage; and

WHEREAS, We find it impossible for other means than the use of the police power of this state to enforce said constitution and laws which said Republican party now holds in abeyance as a state, and in a large majority of the counties of the state, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we will by every honorable means use our best endeavors to obtain control of such offices this fall as san be made contributory to the main idea of this organization, viz: the utter overthrow of the liquor traffic in this state.

J. E. RASTALL.

Pending the discussion of this resolution, the convention adjourned.

At 1.30 P. M. the convention was called to order by the President. The Secretary will say here, that the convention was entertained throughout its session by prohibition songs by a quartette consisting of Messrs. McVay and English of Concordia, and Messrs. J. E. Deihl of Illinois, and Finley of Abilene, who manipulated the organ.

On motion of Mr. Bennett speeches were limited to ten minutes. After two hours discussion of the resolutions, they were unanimously adopted.

Rev. Mr. Leonardson of Emporia, read the following report on Temperance, adopted at a recent meeting of the Kansas Conference of the Free Methodist Church. On motion of Mr. Anderson of Douglas, the report was ordered to be preserved in our minutes;

TEMPERANCE REPORT OF THE KANSAS CONFERENCE. F. M. CHURCH.

Your committee on Temperance submit the following report. We believe the time has fully come in the history of this nation when the temperance question ought to be made a national issue. Some of the reasons therefore are the following:

FIRST, Some of the legislatures of the different states have refused to submit the question of Prohibition to a vote of the people.

SECOND, There is no question before the American people at the present time of such vital import as that of Temperance. More than a million of people during the last twenty years have been swept into drunkard's graves besides the untold misery and crime which are the fruits of the damnable liquor traffic. It is not possible for human mind to estimate or comprehend the financial waste which is the minor part of this hellish business. It is believed by your committee that there has been more waste of life, character and property within the last twenty years by the liquor traffic than there was during the four years of the late civil war, There are two phrases to the temperance work, high license and prohibetion.

Under the first the traffic is protected by law and the result is the increase of intemperance and crime.

Prohibition does prohibit—and is the only means of successfully staying the awful curse. Therefore

RESOLVED, 1st. That we give our unqualified support to Prohibition.

RESOLVED. 2nd. The time has fully come when we should march shoulder to shoulder and vote as we pray by supporting the prohibition party at the polls.

Mr. Lutes, of Lincoln, submitted the following paper, which was read and ordered to be placed in the minutes.

To the State Prohibition Convention to be held at Ottawa, Kansas, August 25th 1885, the Prohibition Party of Lincoln County through its Executive Committee sends greetings and a partial report of the work being done.

Prohibitionists of Lincoln county are actively engaged in canvassing the different townships and school districts in behalf of their cause.

Large audiences greet the speakers in most parts of the county and the enthusiasm elicited indicates that the movements is not deficient in power. Prohibition clubs and local temperance unions are scattered here and there, doing their best to create and organize public sentiment. By far, the larger portion of the prohibition element here is of the St. John type. The G. O. P. is still holding out rare inducements for our return while at the same time it is fighting prohibition through its Representative in the State Legislature.

The chairman of our Prohibition Central Committee was, last fall, an enthusiastic Republican. The change which has come about in him is only one instance among others without number. The officials of the Lincoln Co., Temperance Union are pledged as a body to the third party.

The Lincoln Beacon, formerly a strong Republican paper, is now an ardent advocate of partisan prohibition.

Our party is organized on a firm basis in Lincoln Co.

We expect on the 12th of next month to put a strong ticket in the field and we expect to support it.

ANNA C. WAIT.

Rev. Mr. Jack offered the following resolution, which was adopted by a standing vote, and an order made to add it to the platform resolutions already adopted;

That the Prohibition Party in Kansas recognises in the W. C. T. U. its most potent ally in the great work in which it is engaged.

Mr. Benham, of the committee on permanent organization, made the following report of persons to constitute the State Central Committee, which report was adopted;

1st. District. Miss Jennie Newby, Leavenworth.

2nd. District. Rev. A. M. Richardson, Lawrence.

3rd. District. M. V. B. Bennett, Columbus.

4th. District. W. S. Piper. Emporia.

5th. District, Dr. D. M. Gillespie, Salina.

6th. District. W. S. Wait, Lincoln.

7th. District. Joseph Langellier, Ness City.

At large, J. C. Hebbard, Topeka. H. J. Canniff, Topeka. Charles H. Branscombe, Lawrence. J. E. Rastall, Burlingame. Cyrus Corning, Quenemo. Wm. G. Brooks, Topeka. ☐L. H. Berky, Esq. of Sumner County, was called upon, and made a fifteen minutes speech exposing the principles and practices of the Brewer's organization of the United States.

The Convention then adjourned to 8 P. M. at which time the convention was called to order by the President.

The President read the following telegram:

Harrisburg, Pa. Aug. 25, 1885;

To the State Prohibition Convention of Kansas, Ottawa:

The State Prohibition Convention of Pennsylvania, the largest ever held in this state, sends greeting. Your Ex-Governor, and our late candidate for president is with us. May God bless you as we feel his blessing upon us.

A. A. STEVENS,
Chairman.

The President responded as follows:

Ottawa, Kansas, Aug., 25, 1885;

To the Prohibition State Convention of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg:

Kansas State Prohibition Convention return greeting. We have had a successful and enthusiastic session and have ordered a movement all along the whole line. All hail, St. John.

C. H. BRANSCOMBE.

The balance of the evening till eleven o'clock was devoted to speeches by Miss Jennie Newby, and Hon. M. V B. Bennett.

After a song, and concluding remarks by the President, the convention adjourned.

H. J. CANNIFF,
C. J. ENGLISH,
Secretaries.

The third party people are gradually increasing. W. S. Wait, an old time Republican, editor of the Lincoln Center Beacon, charges the Republican party with having failed to keep its pledges. He tells us that "they—the Republican party—could have strengthened the prohibition law instead of making it weaker if wished. They have simply given the druggists a monopoly of the saloon business without any effective restrictions, while their railroad legislation has been entirely in the interest of railroad monopolies." There is no disguising the fact that the duplicity of party leaders with reference to prohibition justifies Mr. Wait in the statement that "the history of the party shows that they are ready to make any pledge necessary to catch votes and break them as soon as they have gained power"—Junction City Union.

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The following paragraph is reproduced from Webster's Practical.

Book, bŏŏk, n. A collection of sheets of paper, etc., bound together; a literary composition, written or printed; a subdivision of a literary work. (Mer.) A volume in which accounts are kept. — v. t. [BOOKED (bŏŏkt), BOOKING.] To enter, or register in a book. — Book'ish, a. Given to reading; more acquainted with books than with men. — Book'-bind'er, n. One who binds books. — -bind'ery, n. A place for binding, etc. — -bind'ing, n. Art or practice of, etc. — -case, n. A case with shelves for holding books. (Bind.) A book-cover. — -cov'er, n. (Bind.) A case for a book; a cover of cloth or other material prepared for casing a book. — -keep'er, n. One who keeps accounts. — -keep'ing, n. Art of recording mercantile transactions and keeping accounts. — -learned, -lĕrnd, a. Versed in books; ignorant of life. — -learn'ing, n. Learning acquired by reading, — esp. as opp. to practical knowledge. — -mak'er, n. One who writes and publishes books; a compiler; a sporting man who makes a record of bets. — -mak'ing, n. The practice of, etc.; compilation; systematized betting. — -mark, n. Something placed in a book by which to find a particular place. — -plate, n. A label indicating ownership, place in a library, etc., usually on the inside of the cover of a book. — -post, n. The post-office arrangement by which books are mailed. — -sell'er, n. One who sells books. — -shelf, n. A shelf to hold books. — -shop, -stall, -store, n. A place for selling books. — -stand, n. A stand for selling books in the streets; book-stall; a support to hold books. — -worm, n. A worm or mite that eats holes in books; one excessively addicted to study.

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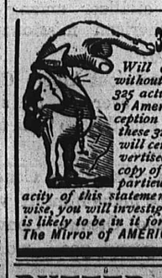
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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending Sept 5, 1885.

G. F. KIMBALL. EDITOR.

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

The Ottawa Convention.

The Third Prohibition State Convention held at Ottawa, on the 25th of August was a great success.

Never mind what the enemy says.

The dispatches sent out were gross lies.

They went from the office of the Ottawa Republican, manifestly a paper utterly destitute of moral character.

Little harm can they do, however. Every one of the three hundred members of that Convention went home impressed with the fact that the Republican party is in a desperate strait if it cannot stand more truth than the Ottawa Republican sends out.

If political demagogues are mislead into fancied security by such reports, the greater will be their surprise when we see them later.

The Ottawa Convention was more noted for the evidence it furnished of the breaking up of the old parties, than for any thing else.

There were no differences as at Lawrence one year ago. At Ottawa there were many who were in favor of John A. Martin one year ago, and they were free to acknowledge their mistake.

The numbers who voted for Blaine and Cleveland were unexpectedly large.

It appears that many democrats were willing to leave their party, just as it returned to power, because it repudiates Prohibition.

Republicans have left their party by hundreds because it has taken such rapid strides backward.

The permanent chairman of the Convention, was, last year, a Blaine man. So were, at least, fify others.

Read the report from Lincoln Co., to be found in the official proceedings on our first page.

One year has now passed since the Lawrence convention of Sept. 2 1884.

Results have justified the most extreme action taken at that time.

Martin enforces no more laws than Glick. The Capital, the Republican State Organ, the Fort Scott Monitor and other leading papers that were for Prohibition, these now endorse the regulation policy of Ohio. Lawrence has no prohibition paper, but two Republican and one Democratic paper against it.

It is openly announced now that Prohibition will not again appear in a Kansas Republican platform.

They say it who told us at Lawrence last year that no third party was needed in Kansas, because the Republican party was so devoted to prohibition.

The Capital says the question ought no longer to disturb the harmony of the party.

Three hundred thinking, acting men went away from the Ottawa Convention satisfied that the Republican party of Kansas, and of the nation is false to Prohibition and determined that it must go down.

They are willing to work and to wait.

It will not be long before the treachery of the party leaders becomes known.

Ohio will open the eyes of tens of thousands in six weeks.

Kansas will follow with county elections in November.

The nominations, so far made, like those of Shawnee county, show that the policy of the politicians is to prevail, and prohibition is not a disturbing element.

Such harmony means that whiskey men are being noninated for county offices.

The men who were at Ottawa will note things, and so will thousands who were not there.

The people will not be sold forever.

Dr Boole, on coming to Kansas to attend the Ottawa Camp Meeting, fell into the hands of Republican Phillistines, who led him to doubt whether a Third, or Prohibition party was really needed in Kansas. But his doults were soon removed. When he went to Ottawa and found the Methodist church closed to him because he was not a Republican he needed but little more to satisfy him that the proscription and intolerant features of Kansas Republicanism, made a new party more needed here than any where else.

Bro. E. H. Benham, of the Columbus Times, made a capital ten minute speech at the Ottawa Convention.

The late republican couhty convention in Shawnee county did not in its resolutions refer at all to the prohibition question, but placed its candidates on the national republican platform of 1884.

We are informed that this course was agreed upon lately at a meeting held in this city, at which were some of the members of the executive committee of the State Temperance Union, some of the state officers, and many prominent republicans from different portions of the state. At this meeting it was agreed that in the future the question of prohibition or anti-prohibition should not be taken into consideration, or account in the platforms of the party whether state or county.—Commonwealth, Sept. 2.

The above from the Commonwealth of Sept. 2, may be considered by authority. It is in accord with what the Capital has said, and indicates the future policy of the Republican party in Kansas. It has at last struck bottom. Prohibition is to be ignored, and the State Temperance Union yields to the cry. The issue is now made. We want to see the true Republican Prohibitionists who can stand with his party now that it deserts Prohibition.

The Letting Down in Iowa.

Those who have read the platform adopted at the republican state convention are convinced that the party is giving unmistakable signs of taking a more liberal position on the liquor question. The platform declares as plainly as words can make it that belief in prohibition is not a test of party fealty. One year ago such a declaration could not have passed the scrutinizing inquiry of the leaders of prohibition in the state. It was emphatically declared by the prohibition organs of the state that to be a republican necessitated a belief in the doctrine of prohibition and so thorough was this belief that men were ostracised because of holding opinions at variance. But this year not only the resolution, but the temper of the convention showed emphatically that the party had advanced to more liberal grounds. A more conservative, which is more liberal sentiment, unmistakably exists in the party and the disposition is manifest to allow the largest possible liberty of thought touching this question.

The above is from the Council Bluffs Nonpareil. It shows the letting down in Iowa by Prohibition Republicans. It corresponds with the action taken in this state by Republican leaders. The party that has boasted of what it has done for Prohibition is going back on it now, as fast as possible. Well, the Whig party was its example.

From Ottawa County.

The following resolutions passed by the Third party of Ottawa County, Kansas, in convention Aug., 22, were sent to us for presentation at the State Convention on the 25th, but did not reach us in time.

We give them here as the voice of the northwest. It will be seen that the convention did adopt resolutions covering the ground.

WHEREAS, The Third Party in Ottawa County, Kansas, does espouse and maintain views favoring Nation-Prohibition and demands legislation against the iniquities of monopoly and all impositions of Capital against labor, and

WHEREAS, It is proper, and to the interests of our party to adopt a name under which we can unite Prohibitionists and Anti-Monopolists, each of which contend their principles are of paramount importance, be it

RESOLVED, That we insist that the Prohibitionists in State convention at Ottawa, Kansas, Aug, 25 1885, adopt the name "National"—Party—and pass resolutions requesting the prohibitionists of the Nation to adopt the same name. And further

RESOLVED, That the State Prohibition convention be and is hereby requested adopt in their platform of princples a demand for National Prohibition and for Legislation against Monopoly, and OMIT all questions which are not political issues at this time.

WARREN REED.
Secretary.

A. B. Campbell has a good, fat office and he is willing to let prohibition alone.

The Republican party is killed. Now for a fair strike at the Democratic party.

The appointment of Dr. Canniff as State Organizer was a good move. Now let him be well supported.

The Romish Church and Prohibition is a better civilizer among the heathen than American missionaries and free whiskey.

We wouldn't rule out Albert Griffin. He'll come over to us soon enough, but we would have him take a modest back seat.

Bro. Thomas Owen of the Concordia Critic did not make himself very conspicuous at the Ottawa Convention, but he is a grand, good worker for all that.

Foraker didn't dare to meet Dr. Leonard in open debate. The Prohibition committee of Ohio have sent a challenge to Hoadley, the same as they sent to Foraker. We shall see if he is any better metal.

County Tickets.

As there is no state ticket in the field this year, many are of the opinion that no Prohibition Party tickets should be placed before the people in the several counties for the coming election; but as the "ice must be broken" sometime, we think the sooner we begin the better; yet we must admit that many good meaning people who in a general way are favorable to our cause, yet they are opposed to any Prohibition ticket at all, provided that either of the old parties put up good men,—while others think we should make up a ticket of the best selected from all of the other tickets, that by this means a ticket composed of good men could be got, as there are usually enough good men on both the other tickets to make one good one, that by this means we would stand some show of electing our ticket.

Now, in regard to the old parties the officials elected by them are often prevented from doing their whole duty by means of an over load of policy, expediency, etc., while under the deceitful phrase "law and order men",—enemies of our cause have frequently been palmed off upon the people, and with regard to the selection business, we think it also delusive; because by that means we do not get credit for the work we have done,—the part we have played, for if we only make selections from the other tickets, when the vote is counted, it is counted as Republican, Democratic or Greenback as the case may be, and it will be just as hard next year "to tear loose" from our old associates as though we had not been in the field at all, and, alas, when we come to balence the books we will find that really no progress has been made.

Taking this view of the matter, we are decidedly in favor of putting straight out prohibition tickets into the field and no "fusion;" of course this may not always be easily accomplished, yet we believe with a little caeeful, earnest and judicious work a ticket might be put before the people in nearly every county in our state.

In the selection of suitale men for candidates to be put on the tickets, we say let them be good and capable, with clean characters, and while we do not object to them being popular, influential and well-known over the county; yet we cannot reasonbly expect to get men of these last qualifications, because such men usually have "an ax to grind" with one or other of the old parties, and if selected are liable to desert us just at a time when we have not time to amend the breach. Therefore, we say, as a rule, steer clear of such men.

In case enough suitable men cannot be got to fill the ticket, do not fill it up with men from other tickets,—better by far leave one two office blank on the ticket, to be supplied at the discretion of the voter or left blank as he may choose, so that none can say that we are leading them up to the polls, to trade them off like sheep to some one of the old parties.

In conclusion, we say to Prohibitionists go to work at once, organize,—work up a ticket in your county, and give the friends of our cause a chance to stand up and be counted, to vote the principles which they believe to be right, and in addition to the reasons already mentioned, you will find there is nothing that will educate the people up to this Prohibition party idea more quickly than to put tickets into the field all over the land. Then let us go to work in earnest for the cause which we have espoused—let friend and foe see that we mean business, and that we are in field until victory is declared.

For God and Home and Native Land.

D. M. GILLESPIE.

Some of our friends make a good deal of ado about enforcing the prohibitory law. But what is gained when it is enforced? With the best enforcement there is nothing to prevent a drinking man from signing a statement that he has dyspepsia, or gout, or pain in the side, or some other ailment, and presenting it to a legalized druggist, and getting anything he wants in the way of liquor. To be sure, he must say he does not want it as a beverage, nor to sell nor to give away. But the smallest of white lies are not difficult to surmount. Of course it is taken as a medicine, but unlike other medicines, it must not be taken on the premises.

The Ottawa Republican must certainly take the palm as the champion newspaper liar of the state.

Peace, peace good brothers of the Capital and Nationalist. Why pluck out each others eyes? Are you not two good Prohibition Republicans, and did you not both pull for John A. Martin.

The Inside Track.

He came to the bower of her I love.
Twanging his sweet guitar:
He called her in song his snow-white dove,
His lily, his fair, bright star,
While I sat close by the brown-eyed maid
And helped her enjoy her serenade.

He sang that his love was beyond compare
(His voice was as sweet as his song);
He said she was pure, gentle, and fair,
And I told her he wasn't far wrong.
I don't know whether he heard me or not,
For his E string snapped like a pistol shot.

He told how he loved her o'er and o'er,
With passion in every word,
In songs that I never knew before,
And sweeter ones ne'er were heard,
But the night dews loosened his guitar-strings
And they buzzed out of tune, the crazy things.

He sang and he played 'till the moon was high,
Oh, sweet were the love-lorn strains;
And the night caught up each tremulous sigh
And echoed each sweet refrain:
But I laughed when a beetle flew down his throat,
And choked in a snort his highest note.

She liked it; and I did—just so-so;
I was glad to hear his lay;
I ever echoed him, soft and low,
When he sang what I wanted to say.
'Till at last I leaned from the window and then,
I thanked him and asked him to call again.
And then he went away.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

FROWNS AND SMILES.

Mrs. Briggs had made a mistake. She owned as much herself. And a mistake must be very patent, indeed, before Mrs. Briggs would own to it. For she was one of those high-nosed, domineering females, who pretend to an almost superhuman foresight, and believe they can read character as if it were an open book.

"I never was so disappointed in a girl in my life," said Mrs. Briggs. "I thought she had some grit about her. But there! I might as well have an old dish-rag in my kitchen as Meta Milton!"

Meta, herself, if the truth were to be told, was equally disillusionized. She had fancied that life in the country was all roses, new-mown hay and nightingales; and when it came to getting up at day-break, churning by the half hour in a blue-mold-smelling cellar, scrubbing kitchen floors and baking hot cakes for a tableful of shirt-sleeved farm hands, she was completely taken aback.

There were no lanes wherein to linger at dusk (Mr. Briggs was a great deal too careful of his land to let any part of it run to waste), no picturesque old well-sweeps or ivy-clad ruins.

Cabbages grew in rows; onion patches flung their perfume on the air, and directly in front of the main door there was a field of monster tobacco leaves.

"And ef you've got any time to spare," said Mr. Briggs, "you'd better lay it out in pickin' them plaguy big worms off the terbacker, instead o' cuttin' round the country arter wild-flowers."

Meta had been a shop-girl in a Bridgeport store before she came to her Cousin Briggs'. Her health had failed; the doctor had advised country air, new milk and a change of scene.

Mrs. Briggs, on being written to, had unwillingly consented that Meta should spend the summer there.

"She must be a poor cretur, indeed, if she can't earn her board and a little more into the bargain," said Mrs. Briggs, who was one of those griping, grinding task-mistresses who think of trade and profit alone.

But Meta had not passed triumphantly through the ordeal. Perhaps she had not fully regained her strength. Perhaps she had become discouraged with the endless treadmill of work which Mrs. Briggs provided for her.

She was a pale, pretty girl, with fair hair, large, sorrowful blue eyes, and a color that came and went with a flickering brilliance.

"And it's my opinion," said Mrs. Briggs, who was in the habit of flying around the house with her head tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief, "that she spends a deal too much time a-fixin' up and primpin' before the glass—white lace at her neck every day and a ribbon bow and white aprons of an afternoon. Checked gingham is good enough for me and it ought to be for her."

At the end of the first month Mrs. Briggs told Meta, with engaging frankness, that she had not proved equal to the emergency.

"I guess we don't want you here no more," said Mrs. Briggs. "You ain't got no more strength than a rabbit, and, anyway, there ain't no calculation about you. You may do very well as a store-gal, but you won't never earn your bread at general housework."

Meta sighed.

"But what am I to do?" said she. "Where am I to go?"

"That's your affair," said Mrs. Briggs.

And then she went to take her bread out of the oven.

John Perkins, the nephew of the old deacon who lived in the brick house on the hill, and had more money than the best arithmetician in Yellow Plains could count, came the next day to drive Meta and her poor little trunk to the stage station.

John had seen Meta at church. He had stood beside her more than once at singing school; and one night when the cattle were obstreperous he had come to the rescue and helped Meta drive them home.

So when Farmer Briggs sent over word that his horse was lame, and asked for the loan of Deacon Perkins' roan cob to carry Meta Milton to the station, John himself had volunteered to act as charioteer.

"Going away, hey?" said John, when they had ridden a short distance in silence.

"Yes," said Meta, sadly, "I am going away."

"Didn't like the folks?" said John.

"I tried to like them," said Meta; "but Mrs. Briggs was not suited with me. The washings were too heavy, and it gave me a pain in the side to lift the tubs."

"You do look rather slim," observed John.

And he chewed a straw in silence for some time before he asked, with some abruptness:

"And where are you bound for?"

"I don't know," said Meta. "I can't go back to the store because my lost place is filled; and it's very hard to get work anywhere at this time of the year. The doctor said I ought to stay a year at least in the country; but Mrs. Briggs has got another girl and——"

Here John Perkins suddenly arrested the course of the roan cob, and began turning him scientifically round.

"Dear! dear!" said Meta, "have we got into the wrong road?"

"No," said John Perkins. "Not that I know of. But if the doctor said you ought to stay a year, then a year you stay."

"But where?" said Meta.

"With us," said John Perkins. "I've taken a notion to you, Meta. The first time I ever set eyes on you, I said to myself, 'Here's the gal for me!' and if you'll marry me, Meta, I'll do my best to take care of you and be a good husband to you."

"Marry you!" repeated Meta, and she looked timidly into John Perkins' honest gray eyes, and then she added, "Yes, Mr. Perkins, I will."

"Shall we go right to the parson's?" said John.

"I—I suppose so," said Meta.

"It's the best way," said John. "If I begin a job, I generally like to go on with it."

So they were married. Meta went back to Mrs. Briggs' house until her young husband could break the news to his uncle. Mrs. Briggs received the bride with some faint semblance of welcome.

"John Perkins is a likely fellow," said she, "and the deacon is the richest man in Yellow Plains. I will allow, Meta, that you haven't done badly for yourself. If you'd told me what you was calculatin' for——"

"But I was not calculating," said Meta, indignantly. "I never thought of such a thing, until John asked me to be his wife."

"That'll do to tell," said Mrs. Briggs, with a dry chuckle.

Meanwhile, John went bravely to his uncle.

"Uncle," said he, "I guess you'll have to spare me a bigger room after this."

Deacon Perkins, a dried-up, withered old man, with a strong likeness to the chimpanzee tribe, looked up from his account book with a snarl, which revealed a set of ragged, yellow teeth.

"A bigger room?" said he. "What for?"

"There's at least a dozen rooms in the house you don't use," said John, "and besides"—as if this was a mere incidental fact—"I've been getting married."

The deacon dropped his spectacle-case, and as John picked it up and handed it back to him, he added:

"To Meta Milton."

The deacon's little eyes glittered like very small gas lamps, seen through a November fog.

"You've married her, have you?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said John.

"Well, then," said the deacon, "you can take her somewhere else and support her, for I'll never see nor speak to either one of you again as long as I live!"

"Do you really mean it, uncle?" said John.

"Am I in the habit of joking?" said Mr. Perkins, with an ugly grin, that made him look more chimpanzee-like than ever. "If you're so very independent, you can go and hang out your flag of freedom at your leisure!"

This was rather hard on John, who had always been taught to regard himself as his uncle's adopted child.

But he was too proud to sue for a rich man's favor.

"Just as you please, sir," said he. "But won't you let me bring Meta to see you?"

"No, I won't," said the deacon.

"Oh, John, I have ruined you!" said Meta, when he came back to tell the tale.

"Ruined me puss?" said he, cheerfully, "not a bit of it! You've been the making of me. It ain't good for nobody to hang on the coat-skirts of a rich man. I'm more independent now than I have been for ten years. If Mrs. Briggs will let us stay here for a few days——"

"I couldn't possibly!" said Mrs. Briggs, freezing visibly. "If your good, pious uncle discountenances you, it ain't for me to set myself up ag'in his judgment."

"Very well," said John; "Farmer Drake wants a hand to clear up the maple hills this winter—I'll engage with him. My Meta shall have a good home somewhere!"

When Mrs. Briggs heard that John Perkins had rented the little one-storied cabin by the railroad, and furnished it for his bride, she shook her head forebodingly.

"If Meta can put up with a hole like that, she hain't no proper pride," said she.

But Meta was as happy as a lark.

It was a humble home, but it was her own. And John came home to it every night, with a face as cheerful as the dawn.

"I wish it was a palace, puss, for your sake," said he.

"I couldn't be happier, John, if it was," Meta brightly answered.

"And you don't mind your Cousin Briggs passing you in the street, without speaking to you?"

"Not in the least, if you don't mind Deacon Perkins returning your letters unopened?"

"He is an ill-tempered old crab," said John, with a hearty laugh.

"And she," merrily retorted Meta, "is a venomous old gossip."

While the public opinion of Yellow Plains unanimously condemned Mr. and Mrs. Perkins to the poor-house in the course of a brief time.

"He hasn't a cent of capital," said one neighbor.

"And she ain't no management and never had," said another.

"Buys baker's bread, and makes her pie crust with butter instead o' drippin's," said Mrs. Briggs. "Did any one ever hear of such shiftlessness! I, for one, wash my hands of them."

Until, one day, Deacon Perkins died sitting in his chair, with his spectacles on his nose.

"We'll go to the funeral, Meta," said John to his wife. "Of course he has left all his money to the Gattawooche Indian Mission, as he always said he would. But he was my uncle after all."

"Very well," said Meta. "We'll go."

All the neighborhood was there, of course. The richest man in Yellow Plains did not depart this life every day. But every one looked curiously upon the young couple as they entered, and Mrs. Briggs studiously evaded them.

When the burial ceremonies were over, Mr. Briggs sidled up to the lawyer, a fat man, with a shining bald head and a white moustache.

"It's about the mortgage, Squire Coyte," said he. "That one that Deacon Perkins had on our farm. I do hope the Gattawooche Indians won't be particular about takin' it up jest yet, because times is hard, and I ain't noways prepared. The interest is a little behind, to be sure, but——"

"What have the Gattawooche Indians got to do with it?" said the squire, crisply.

"Why, they're the heirs, folks tell me," said Mr. Briggs, uneasily twirling his thumbs.

"Not at all," said Mr. Coyte. "The Gattawooche Indian will was destroyed long ago; and Mr. Perkins never made another. The heir to all the property is the next of kin, his nephew, John Perkins."

Public opinion changed as quickly as only public opinion can do, when this piece of news became bruited abroad.

Everybody discovered all of a sudden that they had always sympathized with the dear young couple—that John Perkins was a noble fellow, and his wife Meta one of the salts of the earth.

And Mrs. Briggs came humbly to the red brick mansion on the hill to see Meta, and beg her to intercede with her husband in their behalf.

"About the mortgage," said she, "that Deacon Perkins had on our farm. It's over-due, and Briggs hasn't been as regular with the interest as I could have wished; but I do hope, Meta, he won't be hard with us.

It was a bitter pill for Mrs. Briggs to swallow, but Meta did not exult over her fallen foe.

"Of course he will not be hard with you, Cousin Briggs," said she, loudly. "Are we not relations? And now you must sit down and have a cup of tea with us, and John will send the box wagon down for your husband to come and spend the evening."

The tears came into Mrs. Briggs' eyes. "I do feel sort o' faint," said she. "I never slept none last night, thinking what would become of us if the old home was took away. But I'm all right now, Meta, thanks to you."

And she said, when she got home to her fireside:

"If ever coals of fire was heaped on a human head, Meta Perkins heaped 'em on mine this day."

"She's a good gal," said Farmer Briggs,—"a good gal!"—*Helen Graves.*

Arm-Chairs.

It is much to be regretted that when more luxurious notions began to prevail the fine oaken chairs of our castles, halls and country houses were banished to the servants' hall or the lumber-room, or sold as worthless antiquities that few persons cared to preserve. It is possible that some of them were put to even lower uses. When Sir Roger de Coverley had seen the two coronation chairs in Westminster Abbey, Addison says he "whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw these two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco stopper out of one or t'other of them."

When Sidney Smith entered upon his newly built parsonage at Boston, near York, he gave a carpenter who came to him for parish relief a cart-load of deals and a barn to work in, with the laconic injunction, "Jack, furnish my house." One of the chairs that Jack made stood for some years in Sidney Smith's "justice room," then found its way into the kitchen, was given to Mrs. Kilvington, and is now in the possession of his new biographer. Mrs. Stuart J. Reid. It is a rustic chair of justice, and as such it is worthy a passing allusion.

The transition from the arm-chair to the easy chair was not made all at once. When men and women wanted real repose they formerly found it in divans, couches, sofas, and what in Shakspeare's time were somewhat reproachfully called "day-beds." A loose cushion was made for wooden chairs, and it was sometimes placed upon, at other times underneath, a richly embroidered cloth or an animal's skin. It is doubtful whether for many hundred years the easy-chairs of western Europe were anything more elaborate. The fixed seat and padded back and arms did not come into use in England until Queen Elizabeth's time. An arm-chair was, in fact, an article of costly luxury, and sometimes of reproach. In Wycliffe's New Testament, he makes the scribes fond of the "first chaierers in Sinagogis." Marston, an English dramatist, describes "a fine-fac'd wife in a wain-scot carv'd seat," as a "worthy ornament to a tradesman's shop," but he is lashing the practice with his whip. Ben Jonson, satirizing the way in which women spend their time, writes:

At twelve o'clock her dinner time she keeps,
And gets into her chaire, and there she sleeps,
Perhaps till foure, or somewhat thereabout.

—Brooklyn claims a population of 700,000, or about half that of New York.

—The only way to tell a good cigar is to smoke it. Color has nothing to do with it.—*Chicago Herald.*

—As a rule not more than one letter out of twenty written to the President reaches its destination.—*Washington Post.*

—About one acre in a hundred of the arable land in the country is occupied by zigzag fences.—*Nashville American.*

—The Vermont State Prison contains six persons serving life sentences for murder and three serving ten, twelve, and eighteen year sentences for manslaughter.

—People of violent temper, says a barber, have close, growing hair. Coarse hair denotes obstinacy, while fine hair indicates refinement, and people whose hair is harsh have amiable but cold natures.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—It having been brought to the notice of a tramp who was mentally enfeebled that there were authenticated instances of weakness of the mind having been cured by work, he smiled idiotically and inquired: "Who wants to be cured?"—*N. Y. Mail.*

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Get us five subscribers at 60 cents each, and we will send you free the Webster's Dictionary, advertised elsewhere. Send us One Dollar and we will send the Spirit one year and the Dictionary besides.

Go to the 10 ct. Emporium corner of Sixth and Jackson and see for yourselves the great variety of useful articles for the low price of 10 cts. each. Articles that are really worth several times that amount are sold for that small sum.

AGENTS WANTED.

To sell the Best Life of Grant that is to be published in this generation. The uncertainty attending the publication of Grant's Memoirs leaves this work the most important and the nearest to the great soldier that will appear for some time to come.

Ready early in September. Send 80c for canvassing book and begin at once.

For circular and particulars write to us.

We have had our choice for this state of all the "Lives" that are now in press and am sure we have the best.

Address G. F. KIMBALL, Topeka Kansas.

The Ottawa Convention was the grandest one that has yet been held by the Prohibition Party in this state. If there are those who do not think it had any significance, we can afford to let them have all the comfort they can find in it.

A man named Krohn of Atchison, in a late interview, re-elects Governor Martin next year by an unheard of majority. Whiskey is not always necessary to make a man stupid. It is

SICK FISH.

The Ailments of the Aquarium's Golden Ornaments—How Most Owners Kill Them With Kindness.

"Please sir, our gold-fish is sick," cried a little girl the other morning, as she hurried breathlessly into one of the best known gold-fish emporiums in the city, "and mother wants you to come and see it right away."

The fish-dealer smiled at the girl's excitement.

"What seems to be the matter with it?" he asked.

"It's sick. It won't eat anything, and it is turning white, and won't swim around any more."

"All right; I will be there presently," and the little girl, apparently satisfied, took her departure.

"Is doctoring fishes a part of your regular business?" asked the surprised enquirer.

"Yes, indeed. In fact, I might say that I have a gold-fish hospital here at my place of business just now. All of those tanks on the south side of the room contain sick fishes. The gold-fish is naturally a hardy animal—much more apt to live for years in aquaria than the common pond varieties, because life in captivity has become second nature with the race. But people will not give their gold-fish half a chance. They feed them too much. Every case of disease in the tanks is directly traceable to overfeeding. But do not misunderstand me, please; the fish do not eat too much, they are merely given too much to eat."

"That seems to be a distinction without a difference."

"Not at all. Unlike a human being, a gold-fish will not eat more than is good for it, and when too much food is placed in the tank it putrifies, tainting the water, and very often breeding parasites, which fasten upon the fish and eventually kill it. One meal a day is enough for gold-fish. It should consist of flies or prepared fish-food, and no more should be put into the aquarium then will be at once eaten up.

"A good idea is to keep two or three tadpoles and snails in the tank, and if the owner should chance to provide a fly or two more than the fish will eat they will take care of it. They are first-class scavengers, and you may make a note of the fact that the parlor aquarium which does not contain tadpoles or snails is sure, sooner or later, to need a visit from the fish-doctor. Now, let me show you a fish suffering with consumption."

At the extreme right of the row of hospital tanks was one mounted on an iron frame, and containing about two gallons of water. It contained a single fish, which was resting near the bottom of the tank, with its head held much lower than its tail. To an unpracticed eye it was evidently a very sick fish. Its body, instead of being plump and of an even contour, was as emaciated as a dried herring and the rich vermillion color of the average gold fish had faded into a sickly pink. Its fins were half drawn in toward the fish's body, and seemed to be glued into a fixed position by a gummy, slimy substance which covered them.

"Do you see it cough?" asked the fish dealer.

"No."

"Well, watch it closely for a minute or two, and you will see what I mean."

The fish began moving about slowly and feebly, occasionally stopping to brush it's gills against the stalk of a plant growing in the water, as though endeavoring to brush away some obstruction. At these pauses a convulsion sometimes shook the fish from head to tail, and this the dealer declared to be occasioned by a cough.

HIGH ART IN NECKTIES.

How They Are Made and Sold—Special Grades and Fabrics Designed for Neckwear.

"There are special grades and designs of silks and satins made exclusively for the necktie trade," said a manufacturer. "These materials are made from patterns designed by men who do nothing else than study up new things in neckties. The goods are of heavier quality than dress silks and of patterns which never find their way into any other branch of trade. For these reasons they are higher in price than ordinary goods. Samples are sent by the makers to New York for the inspection of buyers. I go to New York to look at new designs about once every two months. There are from fifty to seventy-five necktie factories in this country and ten or twelve first-class makers. The latter usually secure exclusive right to use certain styles of goods from the makers by buying either the entire stock offered to the American market or a large quantity of it. But the success of making up the goods is just like a lottery ticket. Perhaps one year I may make a hit on some particular design and it will become so popular that all the other makers will be forced to adopt it. But the next season some one in Boston or New York may make the hit and I will have to follow him. There's never any telling how a necktie is going to take with the public until it is put on the market. Then its success may depend altogether on who adopts it first. If he happens to be a howling swell, and on the right side of popular favor, that particular necktie will sell like all possessed."

"Are the styles of making up neckties originated abroad?"

"Not now. They were until less than three years ago, but our styles are so much superior to the European now that they are coming over here to get patterns. However, there is a tendency to English fashions for the fall. They are like this," he continued, taking a couple of ties from a box. "Dreadfully flat and square in shape, you see. They have a genuine 'Johnny Bull' appearance, and won't stay very long in favor on this side of the Atlantic. The 'four-in-hand' tie and scarf are the most fashionable neck-wear at present. The 'four-in-hand' scarf of plain white pegrie will be much worn during the warm weather. No scarf pins are worn with these two styles, and only the smallest and least conspicuous with any kind. Scarfs of white pongee are very desirable for evening wear."

"Are men or women employed to make up neck-ties?"

"Oh, women. There are eight hundred girls working at this business in Chicago alone."

"What wages are they paid?"

"They work by the piece and make more or less money, according to their expertness. A good finisher can make eight or nine dollars a week. She takes a necktie after it is put together and finishes every detail perfectly, so that it is ready to box. Three different colors of the same design, made in the same style, are boxed together to give a dealer an assortment in the one make. The finisher must see that all of this kind are exactly alike in point of finish and make-up. We have one girl who does nothing but turn the bands of neck-ties and who makes fifteen dollars a week. She is capable of turning twenty-five or thirty dozen bands each day. Other girls who are not so expert may not make more than three or four dollars a week and from that up to nine dollars."

"Wh[illegible]re is the cheap neckwear made [illegible] shown so extensively this [illegible]

[illegible] cheap wear' now flooding the [illegible] composed of old styles, made [illegible] goods, which the cheap trade [illegible] ork has succeeded in buying [illegible] sending all over the country. [illegible] well-made necktie costs from [illegible] to one dollar and a half. As [illegible] as any man needs can be [illegible] or seventy-five cents. As a [illegible] show no discrimination in [illegible] neckties. They look into a [illegible] ee a tie that takes their fancy, [illegible] ush in to buy it, never stop- [illegible] the price. Thus, they are [illegible] buy one of the cheap kind [illegible] ot look well a week as one of [illegible] lity. So there's lots of these [illegible] goods being sold, and busi- [illegible] sequently dull just now. A [illegible] tie is the result of art and [illegible] can't be turned out for a [illegible] *hicago News.*

VALUABLE DOG.

[illegible]k Young Man Played it on a [illegible]ot of Street Loafers.

[illegible]y afternoon, about three [illegible]og with a tin kettle tied to [illegible] machinery was observed [illegible]n street. The dog did not [illegible] much more alarmed at the [illegible] the average politician is [illegible] nominated to a lucrative [illegible]e took it as a matter of [illegible]ere was a tall, sleek-look- [illegible]an standing near a crowd [illegible]walk. He looked intently [illegible]r a moment, and then ex- [illegible]

[illegible]er! that is banker Thomp- [illegible]aughter's lost dog that he [illegible]ifty dollars for."

[illegible]ent men, with their tongues [illegible] like mucilage bottles, try- [illegible]e, and saying, "that's a [illegible]oggy," advanced on the [illegible]imal. One very respect- [illegible] gentleman, with a silk hat [illegible]etain the animal by his [illegible]e dog got mixed up with [illegible]own he came like a pile [illegible]al hackmen, who were [illegible]arrested for leaving their [illegible] in the canvass, and when [illegible] turned the corner, with [illegible] tin kettle attachment [illegible] advance, almost every [illegible] cosmopolitan population [illegible]te in the pageant.

[illegible]s that the sleek young [illegible]himself up and went be- [illegible]oor until his emotions [illegible] —*Texas Siftings.*

[illegible]k sells at about eight [illegible] in some of the markets [illegible] Germany.

FARMERS' HOMES.

Sanitary Conditions of Farmers' Dwellings and Surroundings.

The country with its blossoming orchards and fragrant clover fields is looked upon as the healthiest place in which to live, but this is often a delusion. About the farm buildings have been congregating for perhaps fifty years a collection of animals and men, and unless unusual precaution has been taken, the surroundings are likely to be just such as cholera germs would thrive upon, also those of diphtheria and typhoid. Prospect of cholera—which those who ought to know say is coming this summer—should cause a thorough clearing up. Some of the oldest farming sections of this State, settled nearly a century ago, that have proved healthy in the past, are now becoming afflicted with miasma, on account of gradual accumulations destructive to health.

The sanitary condition of the country is simply abominable—far worse than of cities, although the general opinion is to the contrary. The soil about dwellings becomes saturated with filth from dish-water and slops. The water pipes from the kitchen sink may become frozen in winter and clogged in summer, causing the foul water to soak under the foundations of the house, and make a breeding place for disease. I know a back yard that was dug up to be planted, not supposing there was anything objectionable, but upon exposure to the hot sun a terrible stench arose, showing the condition of the soil about buildings where everything was considered clean and nice.

In regard to drinking-water, the great source and medium for the dissemination of disease, the ruralist can never feel absolutely certain of its purity. Suppose he is dissatisfied with his present supply and determines to sink a new well. He does not know the history of the place, and there is nothing to prevent his locating the well at or near a point decidedly objectionable, owing to an out-house vault that may have been located there in the past. It is commou practice to fill up such vaults with earth without removing the contents, and remove the out-house to another spot, this being found to be the easiest method of avoiding a nuisance. This practice should be condemned. But who knows how many such covered pits may have been on the place before he purchased it?—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

NAVY BEANS

How They Should be Cultivated and Harvested.

If the crops on a farm are varied there will be less risk from drought and other causes. A subscriber desires us to give information in regard to the cultivation of white navy beans, which we consider an excellent suggestion.

Beans are a warm weather crop, as the slightest frost injures them. They grow and mature quickly, and are adapted to either light or heavy soils. In the garden the rows are marked off with a line, two feet apart, and a bean placed every six inches in the row, and cultivated with a hoe. For field culture they must be laid off so as to permit the use of the horse hoe or cultivator between the rows. The seed is usually placed from a foot to eighteen inches apart, dropping two seeds in a place. They must be kept clean, and perhaps the use of the hoe may be necessary once or twice. They should be picked by hand from the vines as fast as they ripen, if the best quality and cleanest beans are desired, but the usual practice is to allow them to remain on the vines until the whole crop is thoroughly ripe when the vines are pulled up and packed loosely in the barn, where the pods are picked off during such unseasonable weather as will not permit of other work. The beans are separated from the pods by shelling in the usual manner by hand, but it is tedious, and hence the plan of flailing the beans on a clean floor is best.

The cultivation of beans demands considerable labor, but they usually sell at a fair price, and return a large profit in proportion to the care and time bestowed upon them. They are usually a sure crop and easily marketed. In some sections they are grown almost exclusively, and will produce as many bushels as wheat, and bring a higher price. They will grow where wheat will not thrive, and we doubt if they call for more labor or expense than wheat when all the details of the cultivation of both crops are compared.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Glucose Meal.

Glucose meal, or as it is now called gluten meal, is the waste of the manufacture of glucose or syrup from corn. Acids and alkalies were and are used in the process, and not all of these corrosive substances are removed from the waste residue which is dried and offered by the manufacturers, as cows' feed at a price more than the original value of the corn. A ton of corn in Chicago is worth about sixteen dollars, but a ton of gluten meal is held by the manufacturers at twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. This must be a profitable price for a waste product, and the exorbitant value is fixed by the scientific process of estimating the protein contained in it at exactly the same value as that contained in good oats or wheat bran. This is the same delusive process by which roasted leather, utterly useless as a fertilizer, is valued for its nitrogen on a par with guano. In truth, farmers have little to thank "science" for when it is made the instrument for defrauding them in such ways as this.—*N. Y. Times.*

—To secure fall blooming among roses after blooming in the spring, the strong, new canes should not be cut back, but be allowed to remain and be bent down to or toward the ground, fastening them securely with pegs. In this position a great many shoots will start out, and these will show more or less bloom. In the following spring cut away as much of the previous year's growth as may be thought best. Very strong-growing kinds can be allowed more wood than the weaker ones.—*Exchange.*

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, on the *Morus multicaulis*, 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 1830 proposed a grant of forty thousand dollars to one M. D'Hormergue for the establishment of a normal school of filature 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, 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 help 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 old. 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 savey is shown by the following: Yesterday afternoon a number of representatives from the fish-markets of this city embarked on the steamer Calliope 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.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—All the profit derived is from the labor. Bare land, unstocked and unworked is unproductive. Farmers should remember this fact, and they will be less likely to destroy their chances of profit by unwise economy in farm labor.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—When putting away the silver tea or coffee-pot, which is not used every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow fresh air to get in and prevent the mustiness of the contents, familiar to hotel and boarding-house sufferers.—*Boston Globe.*

—Carrot soup is a light summer soup, easily made. A quart of grated carrot gives it the flavor and color, and the other ingredients are two quarts of stock, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour, one of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, an onion, and a pink of milk or cream.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Boston tea cakes: One well-beaten egg, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar sifted into the dry flour, two heaping cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of butter, melted. Bake in small tins.—*Boston Budget.*

—Inexpensive plum cake: One-half pound of butter beaten to a cream, then mix a half pound of moist sugar, one pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of mixed peel (or less to taste), cut very small, one-half pound of flour and four eggs well beaten. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours. The cake should not be eaten new, and is better kept some days.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Mothers should understand that the excessive habit of handling and kissing pet cats and dogs is often dangerous. Pampered animals are very liable to diseases of mouth, throat or stomach. Their exhalations breathed by the children who fondle them frequently create sickness, and sometimes death, the cause not being even suspected. A medical writer says: "It is a source of danger that should be widely known and prevented."—*Boston Herald.*

—A farmer proposes the following novel plan for catching moles: Take two old cow horns and place them point to point, turning the hollows outward in the track of the mole, and then replace the earth over them. The mole will come along soon and crawl into the horn just as far as he can go, and remain there, trying to get through, as he can not turn round, and moles never go backwards. Scratch up and examine your horns occasionally and you will soon have your mole.—*Chicago Herald.*

RAISING SMALL FRUITS.

How to Commence a Small Fruit Farm Without Capital.

There are plenty of waste places in the neighborhood of nearly every town or city just suited to such operations. They are now probably occupied by hazel brush, which is doing the owner no good, and who has to pay heavy taxes on it every year. Take a lease on ten or five acres of land for ten years, with the privilege of buying it at a specified price any time within the life of the lease. There is no need of a man working more than half his time to make a living for himself and family. This, however, will not include twenty-five dollars per year for cigars, the same for whisky and beer, nor include the idle time usually spent in town standing on the street corners, imitating the dummies on which goods are displayed. Nor do we suppose it will supply your family with many ornamental or fancy articles of clothing. But as such things are not for comfort, but to show the world how rich you are, there will be no use for them, as you are not rich yet. The real articles of comfort in food and clothing are few and cheap. So it is really but a small matter to live comfortably.

The other part of your time can be devoted to preparing the soil—putting it in good condition for the purpose intended. It is probable you have yet got to learn how to raise small fruits, how prepare them for market, and to work up a market for them. This will all take time, so there must be no hurry. The only road to success by all classes of farmers, is not only to know how to produce, but how to market. The latter is fully as important as the former. So commence moderately. Set out a few plants of each kind intended for operating with, at first. In this way but a small amount will be needed to buy plants. Raise them. And as you learn to raise and market, increase the size of the orchard. Watch carefully in having the best qualities of the kinds. Leave nothing to luck, chance, or the unfriendly elements. Protect, wherever it is necessary, from the borean winters, and in this matter, trust not to ignorant or self-important counselors. Of all things do not economize in labor in taking care of the plants in summer and winter.

By producing the very best articles and putting up in the neatest style, create a home market. There are plenty of people yet who will freely pay a good price for a superior article of berries fresh and fragrant. Build up a home market. Increase your acquaintance by honest dealing, and thereby increase your customers. A distant market has many backsets. Frequent delays occur in the transportation, and the fruit is injured or ruined, and does not pay expense. At a distant market dependence has to be had on commission merchants, who are expensive, and sometimes not honest. At large cities there is greater competition and less prices are obtained. So we would urge the beginner to pursue such a course that his fruits will be in demand in preference to any other and at better prices. Keep out of debt, with as firm a resolution as you would keep out of the fire. Economize in all operations. Do, as far as possible, all the work in the orchard and marketing. Do not crowd the business beyond your ability to control, nor beyond the demands of the market.

This is the road to success. No one who ever pursued it rightly, ever failed of eminent success. Those who commence with capital frequently do.—*Iowa State Register.*

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Fourth Street, Between Jackson and Van Buren.

TOPEKA, - - - KANSAS,

I offer for sale

The Best Hand-Made Solid Walnut Furniture, comprising

Bedsteads, Center Tables,
Chamber Sets, Stands,
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Washstands, Desks.

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Old Furniture made new. I keep NO Second-hand Goods. Furniture of all kinds made to order.

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Manufacturer.

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

Will you go to work and get up a club for the Spirit? We depend upon Prohibitionists in every part of the state to give it a wide circulation.

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

See advertisement these books on last page of this paper.

All kinds of Summer Millinery at half price at Mrs. Metcalfs. 239 Kansas Avenue.

We are making prices to close out seasonable goods.

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Webster's Dictionary Free!

Get us five subscribers at 60 cents each, and we will send you free the Webster's Dictionary, advertised elsewhere. Send us One Dollar and we will send the Spirit one year and the Dictionary besides.

Go to the 10 ct. Emporium corner of Sixth and Jackson and see for yourselves the great variety of useful articles for the low price of 10 cts. each. Articles that are really worth several times that amount are sold for that small sum.

AGENTS WANTED.

To sell the Best Life of Grant that is to be published in this generation. The uncertainty attending the publication of Grant's Memoirs leaves this work the most important and the nearest to the great soldier that will appear for some time to come.

Ready early in September. Send 80c for canvassing book and begin at once.

For circular and particulars write to us.

We have had our choice for this state of all the "Lives" that are now in press and am sure we have the best.

Address G. F. KIMBALL, Topeka Kansas.

The Ottawa Convention was the grandest one that has yet been held by the Prohibition Party in this state. If there are those who do not think it had any significance, we can afford to let them have all the comfort they can find in it.

A man named Krohn of Atchison, in a late interview, re-elects Governor Martin next year by an unheard of majority. Whiskey is not always necessary to make a man stupid. It is possible to become besotted by the use of tobacco.

We have very little sympathy with the movement for an expensive monument at Leavenworth, or any where else, in memory of General Grant There are many uses to which the money can be put to far better advantage.

The late Ottawa Prohibition Convention was noted for the great number of new men who were present. Probably not less than fifty of the most earnest third party members who were there, voted for Blaine and Logan, and perhaps half as many for Cleveland. They are for the Prohibition Party now, and it means something.

A great many of our temperance friends living outside of the state, are under the impression that a medical prescription is necessary to get liquor at a Kansas drugstore. Not at all. Every one is his own docter. All that is needed is to sign a statement to the effect that he, the applicant, wants so much liquor for medical purposes, because he has a pain in the back, or for some other cause, and that it is not to be used as a beverage to sell or give away. Then if he wants to drink it, he must go out to do it, when he may return and repeat his lie and get another drink. It is a wonderful law.

But, aside from these private and personal reasons, ordinarily members of a party ought to support the party ticket. Prohibition and anti-prohibition ought not again to disturb the harmony of any republican convention in Kansas.—Topeka Capital.

So? And the Capital falls into line with the whiskeyites, who only want to be let alone. The first result is seen in the Shawnee county Republican Convention where the harmony is not disturbed and an anti-prohibition county ticket is nominated.

Twenty-five years ago the secessionists said, "Don't disturb our harmony."

SICK FISH.

The Ailments of the Aquarium's Golden Ornaments—How Most Owners Kill Them With Kindness.

"Please sir, our gold-fish is sick," cried a little girl the other morning, as she hurried breathlessly into one of the best known gold-fish emporiums in the city, "and mother wants you to come and see it right away."

The fish-dealer smiled at the girl's excitement.

"What seems to be the matter with it?" he asked.

"It's sick. It won't eat anything, and it is turning white, and won't swim around any more."

"All right; I will be there presently," and the little girl, apparently satisfied, took her departure.

"Is doctoring fishes a part of your regular business?" asked the surprised enquirer.

"Yes, indeed. In fact, I might say that I have a gold-fish hospital here at my place of business just now. All of those tanks on the south side of the room contain sick fishes. The gold-fish is naturally a hardy animal—much more apt to live for years in aquaria than the common pond varieties, because life in captivity has become second nature with the race. But people will not give their gold-fish half a chance. They feed them too much. Every case of disease in the tanks is directly traceable to overfeeding. But do not misunderstand me, please; the fish do not eat too much, they are merely given too much to eat."

"That seems to be a distinction without a difference."

"Not at all. Unlike a human being, a gold-fish will not eat more than is good for it, and when too much food is placed in the tank it putrifies, tainting the water, and very often breeding parasites, which fasten upon the fish and eventually kill it. One meal a day is enough for gold-fish. It should consist of flies or prepared fish-food, and no more should be put into the aquarium then will be at once eaten up.

"A good idea is to keep two or three tadpoles and snails in the tank, and if the owner should chance to provide a fly or two more than the fish will eat they will take care of it. They are first-class scavengers, and you may make a note of the fact that the parlor aquarium which does not contain tadpoles or snails is sure, sooner or later, to need a visit from the fish-doctor. Now, let me show you a fish suffering with consumption."

At the extreme right of the row of hospital tanks was one mounted on an iron frame, and containing about two gallons of water. It contained a single fish, which was resting near the bottom of the tank, with its head held much lower than its tail. To an unpracticed eye it was evidently a very sick fish. Its body, instead of being plump and of an even contour, was as emaciated as a dried herring and the rich vermillion color of the average gold fish had faded into a sickly pink. Its fins were half drawn in toward the fish's body, and seemed to be glued into a fixed position by a gummy, slimy substance which covered them.

"Do you see it cough?" asked the fish dealer.

"No."

"Well, watch it closely for a minute or two, and you will see what I mean."

The fish began moving about slowly and feebly, occasionally stopping to brush it's gills against the stalk of a plant growing in the water, as though endeavoring to brush away some obstruction. At these pauses a convulsion sometimes shook the fish from head to tail, and this the dealer declared to be occasioned by a cough.

"There is no cure for that fish," he said. "I keep it here more as a warning to my customers than anything else. After telling them plainly just how much food and fresh water to give their fish, I bring them back here and let them see the effects of disregarding what I say. Impure water affects the creatures' gills first. The gills, you know, are the fish's lungs, and, while disease of the gills is not always consumption, it is always fatal unless checked.

"In the next tank we have a couple of common gold-fish in the first stages of asphyxia, which is perhaps the most common form of disease, and one most easily treated if taken in time. But most people are so obtuse that they have no idea their fish is sick until the case is too far gone for cure; and even if they do discover the illness in time and call me in they fail to follow my directions to the letter, and in consequence the fish dies. It was on account of this last fact that I originated my gold-fish hospital. Now when I am called to a sick fish, instead of prescribing for it, if the case is curable, I immediately dip it out of the aquarium, place it in my bucket and carry it here to the hospital, where it receives what it needs, which is plenty of pure water and sunlight.

"The pair in this tank came to me yesterday. The only evidence of disease was the fact that they were losing color and appetite. The trouble was brought on by a sudden change in temperature in the water of the aquarium in which they lived. The only thing to be done with them—and, by the way, it is the best thing for the unpracticed owner of gold-fish to do in every case of incipient disease—is to keep the water fairly warm, to give no food for a few days, and to dissolve a teaspoonful of common salt in the water in the aquarium.

"When your gold-fish begin to grow fat at an alarming rate, and several of their scales loosen and come off, the chances are that they are in trouble, No matter how voraciously they may eat, no matter how plump they may look—in fact, because of both these things—you may set it down as truth that your gold-fish have the dropsy. If cared for at the beginning they may recover, but if neglected death will ensue in the course of about three months.

"Because I have so many sick fishes here you must not imagine that the rearing of gold-fish is attended with greater mortality than the raising of almost any living pet. They may be reared from the egg by almost anyone who will take as much care of them as of an average house plant, and they are quite as healthy as a canary bird."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

HIGH ART IN NECKTIES.

How They Are Made and Sold—Special Grades and Fabrics Designed for Neckwear.

"There are special grades and designs of silks and satins made exclusively for the necktie trade," said a manufacturer. "These materials are made from patterns designed by men who do nothing else than study up new things in neckties. The goods are of heavier quality than dress silks and of patterns which never find their way into any other branch of trade. For these reasons they are higher in price than ordinary goods. Samples are sent by the makers to New York for the inspection of buyers. I go to New York to look at new designs about once every two months. There are from fifty to seventy-five necktie factories in this country and ten or twelve first-class makers. The latter usually secure exclusive right to use certain styles of goods from the makers by buying either the entire stock offered to the American market or a large quantity of it. But the success of making up the goods is just like a lottery ticket. Perhaps one year I may make a hit on some particular design and it will become so popular that all the other makers will be forced to adopt it. But the next season some one in Boston or New York may make the hit and I will have to follow him. There's never any telling how a necktie is going to take with the public until it is put on the market. Then its success may depend altogether on who adopts it first. If he happens to be a howling swell, and on the right side of popular favor, that particular necktie will sell like all possessed."

"Are the styles of making up neckties originated abroad?"

"Not now. They were until less than three years ago, but our styles are so much superior to the European now that they are coming over here to get patterns. However, there is a tendency to English fashions for the fall. They are like this," he continued, taking a couple of ties from a box. "Dreadfully flat and square in shape, you see. They have a genuine 'Johnny Bull' appearance, and won't stay very long in favor on this side of the Atlantic. The 'four-in-hand' tie and scarf are the most fashionable neck-wear at present. The 'four-in-hand' scarf of plain white pegrie will be much worn during the warm weather. No scarf pins are worn with these two styles, and only the smallest and least conspicuous with any kind. Scarfs of white pongee are very desirable for evening wear."

"Are men or women employed to make up neck-ties?"

"Oh, women. There are eight hundred girls working at this business in Chicago alone."

"What wages are they paid?"

"They work by the piece and make more or less money, according to their expertness. A good finisher can make eight or nine dollars a week. She takes a necktie after it is put together and finishes every detail perfectly, so that it is ready to box. Three different colors of the same design, made in the same style, are boxed together to give a dealer an assortment in the one make. The finisher must see that all of this kind are exactly alike in point of finish and make-up. We have one girl who does nothing but turn the bands of neck-ties and who makes fifteen dollars a week. She is capable of turning twenty-five or thirty dozen bands each day. Other girls who are not so expert may not make more than three or four dollars a week and from that up to nine dollars."

"Where is the cheap neckwear made which is shown so extensively this spring?"

"The 'cheap wear' now flooding the market is composed of old styles, made of poor goods, which the cheap trade in New York has succeeded in buying up and sending all over the country. A good, well-made necktie costs from fifty cents to one dollar and a half. As nice a one as any man needs can be bought for seventy-five cents. As a rule men show no discrimination in purchasing neckties. They look into a window, see a tie that takes their fancy, and then rush in to buy it, never stopping to ask the price. Thus, they are as apt to buy one of the cheap kind that will not look well a week as one of better quality. So there's lots of these low-priced goods being sold, and business is consequently dull just now. A good necktie is the result of art and study. It can't be turned out for a song."—*Chicago News.*

A VALUABLE DOG.

How a Sleek Young Man Played it on a Lot of Street Loafers.

Yesterday afternoon, about three o'clock, a dog with a tin kettle tied to his wagging machinery was observed on an Austin street. The dog did not appear to be much more alarmed at the kettle than the average politician is when he is nominated to a lucrative position. He took it as a matter of course. There was a tall, sleek-looking young man standing near a crowd on the sidewalk. He looked intently at the dog for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"By thunder! that is banker Thompson's little daughter's lost dog that he has offered fifty dollars for."

Five different men, with their tongues sticking out like mucilage bottles, trying to whistle, and saying, "that's a good little doggy," advanced on the astonished animal. One very respectable looking gentleman, with a silk hat on, tried to detain the animal by his handle, but the dog got mixed up with its legs, and down he came like a pile driver. Several hackmen, who were subsequently arrested for leaving their teams, joined in the canvass, and when the procession turned the corner, with the dog and tin kettle attachment twenty feet in advance, almost every class of the cosmopolitan population had its delegate in the pageant.

Then it was that the sleek young man doubled himself up and went behind a store door until his emotions had passed off.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Horse steak sells at about eight cents a pound in some of the markets in France and Germany.

FARMERS' HOMES.

Sanitary Conditions of Farmers' Dwellings and Surroundings.

The country with its blossoming orchards and fragrant clover fields is looked upon as the healthiest place in which to live, but this is often a delusion. About the farm buildings have been congregating for perhaps fifty years a collection of animals and men, and unless unusual precaution has been taken, the surroundings are likely to be just such as cholera germs would thrive upon, also those of diphtheria and typhoid. Prospect of cholera—which those who ought to know say is coming this summer—should cause a thorough clearing up. Some of the oldest farming sections of this State, settled nearly a century ago, that have proved healthy in the past, are now becoming afflicted with miasma, on account of gradual accumulations destructive to health.

The sanitary condition of the country is simply abominable—far worse than of cities, although the general opinion is to the contrary. The soil about dwellings becomes saturated with filth from dish-water and slops. The water pipes from the kitchen sink may become frozen in winter and clogged in summer, causing the foul water to soak under the foundations of the house, and make a breeding place for disease. I know a back yard that was dug up to be planted, not supposing there was anything objectionable, but upon exposure to the hot sun a terrible stench arose, showing the condition of the soil about buildings where everything was considered clean and nice.

In regard to drinking-water, the great source and medium for the dissemination of disease, the ruralist can never feel absolutely certain of its purity. Suppose he is dissatisfied with his present supply and determines to sink a new well. He does not know the history of the place, and there is nothing to prevent his locating the well at or near a point decidedly objectionable, owing to an out-house vault that may have been located there in the past. It is commou practice to fill up such vaults with earth without removing the contents, and remove the out-house to another spot, this being found to be the easiest method of avoiding a nuisance. This practice should be condemned. But who knows how many such covered pits may have been on the place before he purchased it?—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

NAVY BEANS

How They Should be Cultivated and Harvested.

If the crops on a farm are varied there will be less risk from drought and other causes. A subscriber desires us to give information in regard to the cultivation of white navy beans, which we consider an excellent suggestion.

Beans are a warm weather crop, as the slightest frost injures them. They grow and mature quickly, and are adapted to either light or heavy soils. In the garden the rows are marked off with a line, two feet apart, and a bean placed every six inches in the row, and cultivated with a hoe. For field culture they must be laid off so as to permit the use of the horse hoe or cultivator between the rows. The seed is usually placed from a foot to eighteen inches apart, dropping two seeds in a place. They must be kept clean, and perhaps the use of the hoe may be necessary once or twice. They should be picked by hand from the vines as fast as they ripen, if the best quality and cleanest beans are desired, but the usual practice is to allow them to remain on the vines until the whole crop is thoroughly ripe when the vines are pulled up and packed loosely in the barn, where the pods are picked off during such unseasonable weather as will not permit of other work. The beans are separated from the pods by shelling in the usual manner by hand, but it is tedious, and hence the plan of flailing the beans on a clean floor is best.

The cultivation of beans demands considerable labor, but they usually sell at a fair price, and return a large profit in proportion to the care and time bestowed upon them. They are usually a sure crop and easily marketed. In some sections they are grown almost exclusively, and will produce as many bushels as wheat, and bring a higher price. They will grow where wheat will not thrive, and we doubt if they call for more labor or expense than wheat when all the details of the cultivation of both crops are compared.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Glucose Meal.

Glucose meal, or as it is now called gluten meal, is the waste of the manufacture of glucose or syrup from corn. Acids and alkalies were and are used in the process, and not all of these corrosive substances are removed from the waste residue which is dried and offered by the manufacturers, as cows' feed at a price more than the original value of the corn. A ton of corn in Chicago is worth about sixteen dollars, but a ton of gluten meal is held by the manufacturers at twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. This must be a profitable price for a waste product, and the exorbitant value is fixed by the scientific process of estimating the protein contained in it at exactly the same value as that contained in good oats or wheat bran. This is the same delusive process by which roasted leather, utterly useless as a fertilizer, is valued for its nitrogen on a par with guano. In truth, farmers have little to thank "science" for when it is made the instrument for defrauding them in such ways as this.—*N. Y. Times.*

—To secure fall blooming among roses after blooming in the spring, the strong, new canes should not be cut back, but be allowed to remain and be bent down to or toward the ground, fastening them securely with pegs. In this position a great many shoots will start out, and these will show more or less bloom. In the following spring cut away as much of the previous year's growth as may be thought best. Very strong-growing kinds can be allowed more wood than the weaker ones.—*Exchange.*

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, on the *Morus multicaulis*, 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 1830 proposed a grant of forty thousand dollars to one M. D'Hormergue for the establishment of a normal school of filature 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, 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 help 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 old. 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 savey is shown by the following: Yesterday afternoon a number of representatives from the fish-markets of this city embarked on the steamer Calliope 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.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—All the profit derived is from the labor. Bare land, unstocked and unworked is unproductive. Farmers should remember this fact, and they will be less likely to destroy their chances of profit by unwise economy in farm labor.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—When putting away the silver tea or coffee-pot, which is not used every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow fresh air to get in and prevent the mustiness of the contents, familiar to hotel and boarding-house sufferers.—*Boston Globe.*

—Carrot soup is a light summer soup, easily made. A quart of grated carrot gives it the flavor and color, and the other ingredients are two quarts of stock, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour, one of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, an onion, and a pink of milk or cream.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Boston tea cakes: One well-beaten egg, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar sifted into the dry flour, two heaping cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of butter, melted. Bake in small tins.—*Boston Budget.*

—Inexpensive plum cake: One-half pound of butter beaten to a cream, then mix a half pound of moist sugar, one pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of mixed peel (or less to taste), cut very small, one-half pound of flour and four eggs well beaten. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours. The cake should not be eaten new, and is better kept some days.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Mothers should understand that the excessive habit of handling and kissing pet cats and dogs is often dangerous. Pampered animals are very liable to diseases of mouth, throat or stomach. Their exhalations breathed by the children who fondle them frequently create sickness, and sometimes death, the cause not being even suspected. A medical writer says: "It is a source of danger that should be widely known and prevented."—*Boston Herald.*

—A farmer proposes the following novel plan for catching moles: Take two old cow horns and place them point to point, turning the hollows outward in the track of the mole, and then replace the earth over them. The mole will come along soon and crawl into the horn just as far as he can go, and remain there, trying to get through, as he can not turn round, and moles never go backwards. Scratch up and examine your horns occasionally and you will soon have your mole.—*Chicago Herald.*

RAISING SMALL FRUITS.

How to Commence a Small Fruit Farm Without Capital.

There are plenty of waste places in the neighborhood of nearly every town or city just suited to such operations. They are now probably occupied by hazel brush, which is doing the owner no good, and who has to pay heavy taxes on it every year. Take a lease on ten or five acres of land for ten years, with the privilege of buying it at a specified price any time within the life of the lease. There is no need of a man working more than half his time to make a living for himself and family. This, however, will not include twenty-five dollars per year for cigars, the same for whisky and beer, nor include the idle time usually spent in town standing on the street corners, imitating the dummies on which goods are displayed. Nor do we suppose it will supply your family with many ornamental or fancy articles of clothing. But as such things are not for comfort, but to show the world how rich you are, there will be no use for them, as you are not rich yet. The real articles of comfort in food and clothing are few and cheap. So it is really but a small matter to live comfortably.

The other part of your time can be devoted to preparing the soil—putting it in good condition for the purpose intended. It is probable you have yet got to learn how to raise small fruits, how prepare them for market, and to work up a market for them. This will all take time, so there must be no hurry. The only road to success by all classes of farmers, is not only to know how to produce, but how to market. The latter is fully as important as the former. So commence moderately. Set out a few plants of each kind intended for operating with, at first. In this way but a small amount will be needed to buy plants. Raise them. And as you learn to raise and market, increase the size of the orchard. Watch carefully in having the best qualities of the kinds. Leave nothing to luck, chance, or the unfriendly elements. Protect, wherever it is necessary, from the borean winters, and in this matter, trust not to ignorant or self-important counselors. Of all things do not economize in labor in taking care of the plants in summer and winter.

By producing the very best articles and putting up in the neatest style, create a home market. There are plenty of people yet who will freely pay a good price for a superior article of berries fresh and fragrant. Build up a home market. Increase your acquaintance by honest dealing, and thereby increase your customers. A distant market has many backsets. Frequent delays occur in the transportation, and the fruit is injured or ruined, and does not pay expense. At a distant market dependence has to be had on commission merchants, who are expensive, and sometimes not honest. At large cities there is greater competition and less prices are obtained. So we would urge the beginner to pursue such a course that his fruits will be in demand in preference to any other and at better prices. Keep out of debt, with as firm a resolution as you would keep out of the fire. Economize in all operations. Do, as far as possible, all the work in the orchard and marketing. Do not crowd the business beyond your ability to control, nor beyond the demands of the market.

This is the road to success. No one who ever pursued it rightly, ever failed of eminent success. Those who commence with capital frequently do.—*Iowa State Register.*

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

Grace Lilburne's Secret.

A STORY OF

TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT GRACE SAW AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT.

The tables had been cleared away, the guests had returned to the grand old hall, and dancing had been going on for nearly a couple of hours, when the band ceased playing, and a company of conjurors and jugglers, specially engaged for the occasion, made their appearance.

All the lights were lowered, and the large party of guests seated themselves in a half circle round the performers.

The host this evening was more than restless, he was nervous and excited, and as the minutes and the hours went on he seemed to find it difficult to turn his eyes from the door.

"Are you expecting anybody, papa?" Grace had asked him more than once as she observed his singular manner.

"Yes—I don't know," he had replied impatiently; "don't mind me, go and amuse yourself."

And he turned away as though annoyed at being questioned.

Grace was too much troubled with her own perplexities to pay much heed to her father, and when the jugglers commenced their tricks, and she believed all eyes were fixed upon them, she rose from her seat and quietly left the room.

She had made all her preparations.

The previous year she had soiled her delicate dress, and she remembered how Roland Ayre had looked at her as he pointed out the stain.

Now she was more prudent.

She hastily buttoned on a dark ulster that completely covered her pale-blue gown, and otherwise protected herself against the cold, for she recollected even now, with a shudder, how the wind, rushing up from the dark aperture, had seemed to strike her with its icy breath and chill her to the very bone.

There was no snow on the ground this year; it was a green Yule-tide, and old people talked of there being a full churchyard, while others, more hopeful and less prone to take a gloomy view of matters, said there was frost in the air, and before New Year's Day there would be skating on the river and the lakes.

With her nerves strung by a nameless fear to the horrible task before her, Grace Lilburne went swiftly to the chamber which, a year ago this very night, had been the scene of such a cruel tragedy.

It was not until she had lighted the lantern and fastened the door behind her, and she felt herself quite alone, with the consciousness that her victim was lying only so many feet below the spot on which she stood, that her courage wavered, and for a few seconds she felt that she could not look upon the face of the dead.

Her courage soon returned and she knelt down on the floor and pressed the hidden spring with all her strength. Slowly the boards moved back, disclosing the large square aperture, from whence the wind came rushing up with a damp mouldy smell that made her feel sick as it swept over her.

She waited a few seconds, and then she took the lantern and carefully examined the sides of the dark mysterious-looking well.

Her heart stood still as she discovered that not only were the sides of the shaft formed of solid masonry which had been scarcely affected by the hand of time, but that on one of the four perpendicular walls iron clamps were fixed, forming a kind of ladder let into the stone, and clearly intended to be a means of ascending and descending the shaft.

Taking the lantern in her hand she examined the cord attached to it, to see that it was securely tied, then she slowly lowered the light into the darkness below.

She kept her eyes fixed upon the iron ladder, but every bar of it was intact, and so intent was she on noticing this, that though the lantern had been swayed a good deal by the wind in its descent, she was suddenly startled by finding that it was resting upon something and seemed to be able to go no further. And she saw that what she had believed to be a damp and almost bottomless well, was not in reality more than some twenty or thirty feet below the false floor that covered it.

Still it is deep enough for the fall to have stunned Kate if it did not instantly kill her; and now, with burning anxiety and breathless terror, Grace leans over to look, as she hopes, upon the corpse of her sister.

Can it be true? do her eyes deceive her? or is she the victim of some cunning delusion—some horrible nightmare?

The crushed mass of satin and lace, pearls and flowers, that she had so often pictured to herself as lying here was not to be seen, and she might have believed that she had dreamed the events of the last Christmas Day but for two things which the light of the lantern on being moved about revealed.

One was a pearl necklace, the other a lace handkerchief, both of which had belonged to her ill-fated sister. The effect of this discovery upon Grace Lilburne was to paralyse her for the time.

She could not act or think; she simply sat on the floor like a creature stunned, and it was only the sound of voices in the corridor that ultimately roused her.

Even now she could not move quickly, but she drew up the lantern slowly, pressed the spring that made the floor slide back into its place, then she deliberately divested herself of her ulster, extinguished the light, and walked out into the corridor.

She did not observe Miriam Hindman and Victor Gayherd standing only a few paces from whence she emerged, for she was like a woman walking in her sleep; and though stunned by the sudden discovery she had made, she had not as yet begun to realise what it meant for her.

There was a strange look in her eyes as she rejoined her father and their guests, and Amy Goulburne asked if she was ill, and somebody else suggested that she was about to faint.

But she smiled absently and declared she was quite well, and she gave the signal that the dance was to recommence, though she herself declined to take part in it.

"I am a little tired and I will look on," she said to a gentleman who asked her to dance with him.

She sat and watched them, absently and vacantly, and she saw the looks of love that passed between them.

Grace knew quite well that Victor would never have thought of marrying her if he had not believed her to be her father's only surviving child and sole heiress, and now she wondered if Miriam had persuaded him that Kate was really alive, and if at the last hour he meant to desert her for his old love.

She knew not what to do nor which way to turn. When her mind became more accustomed to the situation she began to think that she was frightening herself unnecessarily, for now she remembered that the bottom of the shaft into which Kate had fallen seemed as though it were only a portion of a room or cellar which was probably as large as the chamber above.

If this were the case, the injured girl might have crawled away into some dark corner, and there remained until death had mercifully ended her sufferings.

"I wish I had possessed the courage and the presence of mind to descend by those iron steps and see for myself what is hidden below, and where the place really leads.

"There may be many secret chambers beneath the old part of the castle, of which neither my father nor I ever heard. I must do it sooner or later; I shall never sleep in peace again until I know that Kate is past troubling me."

And all this time the fun never flagged.

The band played, and the guests danced and flirted and talked about the morrow, and whispered among themselves of the great good luck of Victor Gayherd at having won so rich an heiress.

But Mr. Lilburne was not good company this evening.

His lost daughter was constantly in his mind, and every now and again he felt as though if he looked round he should see her.

Miriam was quick to observe his manner, and to divine the cause, and she at length said:

"It was about this hour last year, was it not, that Kate was lost?"

"Very nearly," he replied, his eyes wandering to a clock.

Then he and the girl both sat silent—waiting for they knew not what; but with their eyes fixed upon the clock as though they had been watching the old year out, and were anxious to welcome in the new.

Grace and Victor had been dancing, but the band had stopped suddenly, and they had paused very close to where Mr. Lilburne and Miriam were seated.

"What do they mean by breaking off like this?" asked Grace in a tone of annoyance.

Her question was never answered.

At that moment, the house-steward, who rarely showed himself except to announce distinguished guests, now came to the open doorway, and announced:

"Mr. and Mrs. Roland Ayre!"

Mr. Lilburne sprang to his feet and started forward with a cry of welcome, and Grace likewise took a step towards the new comers.

But no sound escaped her lips. For a moment she swayed like a sapling shaken by a tempest, then she fell forward on her face, and when they picked her up they thought that she was dead.

CHAPTER VII.

THROUGH THE SNOW.

We must go back to the night when Kate Lilburne so mysteriously disappeared. It will be remembered that the snow began to fall only a very short time before she was persuaded to go with her sister and hide.

The snow might be a very seasonable visitor on Christmas night, but the servants at Silverton Castle took very good care to close every door carefully against it, and there was consequently no danger of any solitary watcher outside the mansion being observed.

Indeed, with so much free-handed hospitality inside the mansion, and such a warm welcome extended alike to rich and poor, it would naturally be supposed that no man in his senses would have wandered like an unquiet spirit round the building when he could take shelter from the cold white flakes of snow, and from the biting blast by the side of a glowing fire, and solace his inner man with an abundance of Christmas cheer.

Despite the folly of such a proceeding, however, a man, wearing a thick ulster, and judging from his appearance well-to-do in the world, certainly was loitering outside the castle on this eventful night.

If you could have looked well at his face, you would have seen that he was young and handsome, and you would probably also have observed that he was nervous and ill at ease, as though he knew he was doing something of which he was more than half ashamed. He seems doubtful now as to whether he will carry out the purpose that brought him here, or go away without accomplishing it.

And yet his object in coming is not to wrong anyone, even though it may increase his own pain by feeding the flame of a perfectly hopeless love.

Yes, it was love that had brought Frank Fairfield to this cheerless spot. He felt all the keen sorrow of hopeless love as he wandered outside the house that held the jewel he adored, yet dared not seek to win.

All through this day the demon of unrest has been upon him, and at length, unable to control his actions, he had left his mother's house, and harnessing the cob to a phaeton, which he had borrowed for a week from a neighbor, he drove the old vehicle in the direction of Silverton Castle.

Arrived at the outskirts of the village, he left the horse and carriage in a shed, and set off to perform the rest of his journey on foot.

He soon got tired of walking, however, and as he came near the deep narrow river, he bethought himself that he could approach the castle in a boat with very much less chance of being recognised.

So, in spite of the cold, he took a dingy, and then, though the darkness of night was setting in, he began to row towards the castle, for he knew every winding of the stream that flowed beneath its walls.

It was quite dark when he moored his boat under the Castle walls, and went cautiously round the mansion, to inspect it, and to try to catch one glimpse of Kate.

The dogs did not bark at his approach, for they knew him, and he had some difficulty in quietly getting away from their too demonstrative affection.

But the object of his fatiguing journey was not attained. He could not get into any position where he could see Kate without being observed and recognised.

He did not wish to speak to her. He only wanted to look upon her face, and to know that she was happy.

The hours went by, and he was becoming sick and numbed, and his heart was heavy, for the sounds of mirth and joy, of music and laughter, were in painfully strange contrast to his own desolate condition.

The falling snow warned him that he must soon retrace his steps and make for his mother's cottage, for his practised eye told him that the snow-storm would be both a long and a heavy one.

"I will see her, come what may," he muttered with sudden resolution, when midnight was approaching, and the sound of music from the hall had ceased.

He approached the disused tower, very close to which his boat was moored, and pulling aside some low bushes, he felt about in the darkness for some time with his hands.

At length he seemed to find what he wanted, for his hand came in contact with a small grating, and half lifting this he was able to take hold of a handle which, on being turned, enabled him to push inward a portion of the masonry at the foot of the tower as though it were a door.

This indeed it was, an iron door, with stone so carefully and cunningly fitted upon it that only a person who knew the secret could ever detect the spot, or suspect the existence of any means of ingress.

Frank passed through this door, but he did not close it, for he had no fear of anyone disturbing him, and he meant to enter the castle without observation and hide himself in some dark corner, so that he might have one view of the gay scene in the ball-room, where the lady he loved was sure to be the belle, and then he intended to return to the grounds as he came, leaving no trace of his stolen visit behind him.

He had not been in this place for many years and he advanced carefully and cautiously, more than once tempted to strike a light, yet fearful of betraying himself by doing so.

This fear was increased by two or three strange circumstances.

In the first place the wind seemed to rush through the vaulted passage in a perfect blast, and he fancied—though of course he could not be sure, as there was no light to guide him—that the false floor of the chamber above must be out of its place.

Fear of detection, and of coming suddenly upon somebody he knew, made him stand and eagerly listen for every sound.

He had just come to the conclusion that whatever might be the condition of the floor above, the coast for himself was clear, and he was about to take a few steps forward and mount the iron ladder which he had often used before, when the rush of wind increased and the sound of voices overhead became distinct.

There seemed to be words of expostulation and of encouragement, then there was a despairing gasp of terror as something appeared to fall.

Whatever it was its descent was arrested for a moment, but only for a moment, then with a heavy thud the something fell close to his very feet.

He looked up, but there was no light.

Whatever it might be that was lying so close to him it uttered no sound, and he was standing bewildered, not knowing what to do, hesitating whether to go away at once, or strike a light and ascertain what had happened, when, as he was hesitating and doubting, he heard indistinctly a voice overhead, and then, more plainly, the grating sound of the floor above being forced back into its proper place.

It was only at this moment that the conviction dawned upon his mind that some fearful crime had been committed of which he had been the unintentional and unsuspected witness.

A low groan close beside him roused him to immediate action, and he took a box of wax-matches from his pocket and struck a light.

The desire that had brought him here this night above all nights was gratified: his eyes rested once more upon the face of Kate Lilburne.

If ever a prayer was granted, and came to the suppliant as a curse, surely it was so now with Frank Fairfield.

He looked upon Kate as she lay senseless at his feet; blood was flowing from a wound on her forehead, and from a second wound on the side of her head.

And yet her fall had been slightly broken by her gown having been caught by some projection from the wall.

The wounds on her head were serious, however, and Frank tried to staunch the blood with a couple of large handkerchiefs he had in his pocket.

This was no easy matter, as he had to do it in the dark, his wax-matches being of no use except for a second or two at a time.

Kate remained senseless, and the young man tried to revive her by forcing some brandy which he had in his flask down her throat.

But his efforts were in vain, and the dank vault in which they both were chilled the blood in his veins, while the girl who was laying on the floor was almost as cold as though she were dead.

His first thought was for Kate, and he took off his thick warm ulster, wrapped her in it as well as he could, then, turned to leave her so that he might rouse the inmates of the castle, and bring them to her assistance.

He had only taken a few steps, however, for this purpose before he paused, suddenly rendered powerless by the difficulties and dangers of the situation, not only to himself, but to Kate, until she should be sufficiently recovered to explain what had happened.

What business had he in the castle? would naturally be the first enquiry, and he was compelled to admit that he had none—that he was a midnight trespasser and might be taken into custody as a suspected person.

Then again, it was evident that a deliberate crime had been committed of which Kate was the victim; but who had planned or executed it, he had not the faintest idea.

"No one can nurse her like my mother, who has been the only mother she has ever known," he murmured as he lifted the fair girl tenderly in his arms, and carried her out of the vault into the open air, and to the boat.

How he accomplished that journey through the snow-storm he never rightly knew, but when he was obliged to leave the boat as the river would have taken him out of his way beyond a certain point, he bribed a homeless tramp whom he found taking shelter in the deserted boat-house to help him carry "his brother, who," he said, "had met with an accident," to the shed where he had left his cob and phaeton.

He placed Kate in the carriage, and thus the tramp only saw an inanimate figure wrapped in a brown ulster.

And the man, when the task was completed, went on his way, glad of the handful of silver given him for his pains, and, as day after day took him farther away from this part of the country, he never heard of the strange disappearance of Kate Lilburne, and even had he done so, he would probably have failed to connect it with the piece of good fortune that had befallen him this bitter night.

Frank roused his mother to attend the unconscious girl. Mrs. Fairfield's face was white and stern as she angrily asked:

"What have you done to her? Is she dead?"

"God only knows," he replied dejectedly; "but I have done her no harm. I have saved her from certain death if she is not already dead."

"Go for the doctor and don't come back without him."

Her words were brief; her son might tell her what story he liked, she had already formed her own conclusion, and she mentally resolved that if Kate Lilburne died she would not in any way shield her son from the consequences of this night's work.

[*To be Continued.*]

Our Drink and Tobacco Bill

Compared with Other Items of Expenditure.

We pay annually in the United States the following bills:

Drink	$900,000,000
Tobacco	600,000,000
Bread	505,000,000
Meat	303,000,000
Iron and Steel	290,000,000
Woolen Goods	237,000,000
Sawed Lumber	233,000,000
Cotton Goods	210,000,000
Boots and Shoes	196,000,000
Sugar and Molasses	155,000,000
Public Education	85,000,000
Christian Missions	5,500,000

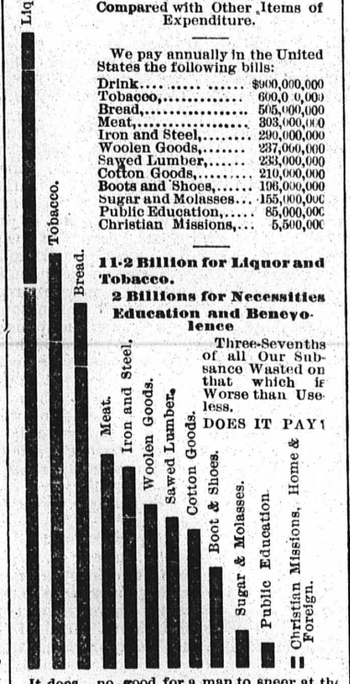
11-2 Billion for Liquor and Tobacco.

2 Billions for Necessities

Education and Benevolence

Three-Sevenths of all Our Subsance Wasted on that which is Worse than Useless.

DOES IT PAY?



It does no good for a man to sneer at the agitation in regard to the liquor traffic. The subject is altogether too important to be laughed down, ignored, or passed over without any serious attempt to settle it. Aside from the law-defying spirit which it has elicited, aside from all its moral the religious aspects, the question considered purely as one of dollars and cents, in its effects upon the National prosperity and wealth, is one of the most important that can be named.

Directly and indirectly, this country spends in the liquor traffic every year, a sum exceeding half the National debt. The cost of that 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 put aside with a sneer?

There is certainly spent for drink in this country more than $800,000,000 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 about $700,000,000.

But the cost of the liquor drunk 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 this country who is rendered idle by his habits, or incapacitated for work. These persons, at the ordinary wages of workingmen, would earn, if industrious and fairly employed, over $200,000,000 yearly. The proportion of persons in hospitals, who reach them because of excess in drink is very large, but cannot be definitely ascertained.

A 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 $30,000,000,000 in 1870, to $50,000,000,000 in 1880, about one-half being in real estate. Probably it does not average profits exceeding 4 per cent. yearly, taking bad investments with good but at that rate, the yearly interest on all personal property of all kinds is only $1,000,000,000, and the direct or indirect cost of the liquor traffic must be greater.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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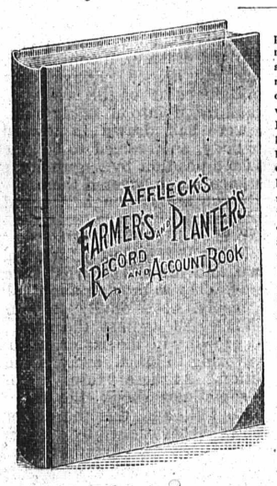

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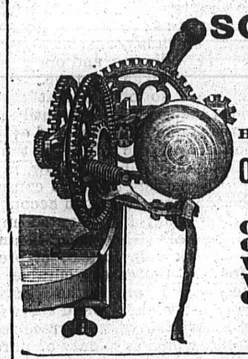

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