



# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Feb. 13, 1886.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS, as heretofore announced, has withdrawn from the support of the Third or Prohibition party. Up to this date the management of the party in this state has been such as to bring the movement into contempt, and it has to-day less of organized force than it had twelve months ago. This is due solely to the stupidity of would-be leaders, and not to the want of a wide-spread conviction that a great political work is needed outside of the old parties.

The SPIRIT is not a paper that can afford to lend its support to the work of a lot of blunderers, although they may be in earnest. The best interests of the people require the entire suppression of the liquor traffic, in state and nation. Much has been done in Kansas towards this end, and much more remains to be done. But no progress will be made in the new movement, or by means of a third party, until men of more comprehensive knowledge of political methods and of greater capacity, be put at the head of it than has been so far.

The SPIRIT made a great sacrifice in taking up the Third Party cause in the first place, and not only failed to meet with any degree of encouragement, but actually met with opposition from those who were the most forward, and who unable to rise above petty prejudices.

It was no favor that the SPIRIT asked when it endorsed the Third Party movement. It was granting, not receiving a favor, when it stepped out of its more prosperous field, and joined an unpopular move, and when it appeared that the head of its Central Committee was ready to give it no countenance it did not hesitate to get out of the way.

The publisher of the SPIRIT has been a lifelong prohibitionist, and does not propose abandoning the field. It is his intention to issue the Kansas Prohibitionist at an early day, as a monthly. The Prohibitionist will not be an organ of any party but will give its support to all prohibitory efforts.

Every number of the Prohibitionist will be copyrighted, papers for which have already been taken out. The Prohibitionist will be red-hot and furnished at 25 cents a year.

At this season of the year farmers can often buy run down horses around the livery stables and from other sources in the city for almost a song, which often, when turned out on the farm for the winter, comes out in the spring almost as good as young horses.

In keeping a horse fat there is as much in the driver as in the feed. A horse well curried and rubbed with a woolen rag afterwards is sure to make a sleek-coated horse, and when well groomed is, we may say, half fed. A cross and nervous driver will fill the horse with fear and dread, and will rapidly run his horse down. Use any animal kindly. Always be firm and make it mind, but never get excited. A cool headed driver makes a long headed horse.

During 1885 over 600 cows were tested for butter, that produced over fourteen pounds per week.

If farm implements cannot be planted, brush them over occasionally with crude petroleum.

M. P. Wilder, the veteran pomologist, heads his peach trees down to two feet when he sets them.

One thing is certain, we must enrich the soil if we expect an orchard to prove profitable. The idea that an orchard after it once gets started will take care of itself is a decidedly mistaken one, and if we expect to raise some other paying crop in the orchard extra care in this respect must be given.

Where good judgment is exercised in their use, no implement is more valuable than the roller, but there are none the less some crops which, like corn, need a light, loose soil where the roller will do more harm than good.

Good seed is one of the most important things on the farm, and a poor article is one of the most disastrous to the farmer.

A Kentucky paper calls their state horse "an old bat hall." That is a base hit.

The tallow of the billy-goat makes the best oleomargarine. He is a good butter to begin with.

Through the Eastern states there are many who think there no difference between eastern and western Kansas, and a failure in some new county in the western part goes abroad as a "Kansas failure." It should be remembered that Kansas is upward of 400 miles long and the western part some 2,500 feet higher above the sea level, than the eastern; and the air is much dryer at the higher altitude. While eastern Kansas is high enough to be healthy and the air pure, it has sufficient rainfall to warrant an average crop each year as the statistics given by the report of the State Board of Agriculture show.

The pupils at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, located at Olathe, in this state, issue a paper every week which they call the Kansas Star. The girls have organized a literary society, called the A. C. L. S. Every two weeks they meet and have reading, recitations, debates etc. all conducted in the deaf and dumb language. They set the type for their paper and learn to do other kinds of work in addition to their studies. These institutions are among the most useful in our country, and enable a very unfortunate class of young people to become educated and useful citizens.

Miss Frances E. Willard informs us that a series of "Readings" to make the local W. C. T. U. meetings more interesting and for the information of its members will soon be published at The Union Signal office, 161 La Salle St., Chicago. These will be very helpful to Presidents of local unions, and ought to be in the hands of every member of the W. C. T. U.

### To Make Boys Good Farmers.

The Indiana Farmer has this sensible talk to farmers about their boys: From the first, boys on the farm should be induced to take an interest in the farm, in the stock, in the implements, and in all that pertains to business. Tell them all your plans, your successes and failures; give them a history of your life and what you did and how you lived when a boy; but do not hary to much on the degenerate character of the young men of the present age. Praise them when you can and encourage them to do better. Let them dress up in the evening, instead of sitting around in their dirty clothes, as is too often the case. Set an example before them of attending church on Sunday, and such other times as are convenient, and take them out enough in the world, so they will not be bashful, awkward, or ignorant of the ways of genteel society. But do not encourage strolling over the country, in company with other boys on Sunday, or allow them to go where they please of nights. They may think you a little strict, but in mature life will thank you. In order to interest them on the farm, and make their lives agreeable and pleasant, give them a piece of land to cultivate as their own, and allow them to have the money for their productions. A boy who is industrious because he is afraid of being punished can't amount to much as a farmer. Such a boy won't stay at home any longer than he can help it. When they secure money from any source which is the fruit of their industry, help the boys to invest a good share of it in a pig, cow, or colt, and allow it to grow up on the farm as theirs. Show them the folly of spending their money foolishly for every thing they see, but encourage them to invest a share of their earnings in useful books and tools, for their instruction and amusement. Provide warm and neatly furnished sitting and bedrooms and brilliant lights. Teach them industry, economy, morality and Christianity, and steady, temperate habits.

Mosquito bills have been settled. The works of candle makers are wicked, still we make light of them. A locomotive engineer says that mothers are the only tenders who never misplace a switch. A little girl who went to a sleigh-ride said she was full of happiness, and could not be happier until she grew some.

This is the boys and girls campaign. Are they not enthusiastic over their grand old parties?

Some mothers play base ball with their boys. Mothers make the hits on the base while the boys bowl.

Of course the hue of the ocean is water color.

Berry plants are favorites with undertakers.

A good hen lays eggs; a mason lays bricks.

Oh, these dull times. Only the business of the petty thief is picking up.

The plumbers are finding this a fruitful season.

## DIAMONDS.

Description of a Valuable Collection of Unset Stones.

Every one knows that the diamond is nothing but crystallized carbon, that chemically considered, it is the same thing as coal, which is sold at so much a ton, but few persons realize that all diamonds are not of a pure and sparkling white; that there are, in fact, some varieties which the average observer can not distinguish from a lump of coal or worthless pebbles. Those who imagine that this kind of jewel wears no other aspect than that of whose dazzling beauty adorns the white neck of some fair young woman, or the expansive shirt front of her millionaire papa, should go and see the costly collection of natural stones now in the possession of a diamond dealer. It is the finest collection in the country, and the most costly one of the kind in the world. It contains 904 specimens, having an aggregate weight of 1,877 carats and including every variety of shape and hue. Pink, yellow, blue, green, brown, red black diamonds in all those forms with whose seventeen syllabled names the scientist delights to wrestle, are there in costly profusion. From the coarse conglomerate containing minute diamonds, and only valuable for g. fading up to form polishing dust, up to the perfectly pure white or yellow crystals weighing twenty-five carats and worth \$3,000 or \$4,000 there are 125 gradations.

The collection was made by a rich diamond dealer in France, and is valued at \$30,000. The black diamond—the prosaic realist—the poetic figure of the novelist—is a tough subject, known to the lapidary as the extreme of 904 specimens, having an aggregate weight of 1,877 carats and including every variety of shape and hue. Pink, yellow, blue, green, brown, red black diamonds in all those forms with whose seventeen syllabled names the scientist delights to wrestle, are there in costly profusion. From the coarse conglomerate containing minute diamonds, and only valuable for g. fading up to the perfectly pure white or yellow crystals weighing twenty-five carats and worth \$3,000 or \$4,000 there are 125 gradations. The collection was made by a rich diamond dealer in France, and is valued at \$30,000. The black diamond—the prosaic realist—the poetic figure of the novelist—is a tough subject, known to the lapidary as the extreme of 904 specimens, having an aggregate weight of 1,877 carats and including every variety of shape and hue. Pink, yellow, blue, green, brown, red black diamonds in all those forms with whose seventeen syllabled names the scientist delights to wrestle, are there in costly profusion. From the coarse conglomerate containing minute diamonds, and only valuable for g. fading up to the perfectly pure white or yellow crystals weighing twenty-five carats and worth \$3,000 or \$4,000 there are 125 gradations.

Once the reporter held in his hand a pin set with a pure yellow African diamond of 125 carats, absolutely without blemish. It was valued at \$100,000, and nothing but the fear of incommensurable loss prevented him from departing in haste to attend a certain pressing engagement. George F. Kuntz, the diamond expert in whose charge the collection now is, says that the taste of Americans is more keeping in view the increasing demand.—N. Y. Tribune.

### Telegraphers' Paralysis and Telegraphers' Mistakes.

Telegraphers' paralysis is an ailment the most dreaded of all by telegraphers. It comes on very suddenly, sometimes. On the night of the election, when the returns came pouring in, one of the best men in the New York office was struck and compelled to give up. There is hardly an operator of any experience in that city that has not had a touch of it. Many telegraphers, after a-ving for years, are forced to throw up the sponge on account of this form of paralysis. Apart from the evil effects, physically speaking, arising from the ailment, operators trace many mistakes they make in sending messages, to the same source. The slightest pressure on the key will oftentimes produce other than the letter the operator wishes to indicate. Mistakes are often the cause of much annoyance, and frequently loss, in a pecuniary way, as many operators can attest to their sorrow, as they are held responsible for mistakes. When an operator is attacked he soon finds that his keen sense of touch has disappeared. N. Y. Telegram.

A teacher in one of our schools inquired the other day if any of her scholars could give the definition of the word "dandy." This seemed a puzzler till a little boy near the front held up his hand and said: "I know what a dandy it is." "And what is it?" "It is a boy what kitheth the girlth."—Brooklyn Gazette.

### Anxious to Save Tides.

"Does your mother ever speak of me, darling?" "Oh, yes; every morning." "I'm so glad." "She says she hopes we'll be married very soon." "That's pleasant. If she likes me so much we'll be very happy, won't we?" "Oh, ma thinks we ought to get married at once." "She is anxious to have me for a son-in-law, isn't she?" "No, it isn't that; but she says you back hair has ruined every tye in the parlor."—San Francisco Chronicle.

## THE MAIDEN'S SUITORS.

SUITOR NO. 1.  
Sweet maiden with the face so fair  
And eyes that like the diamonds shine,  
Bright maid with the queenly air,  
Once more I ask, wilt thou be mine?  
Oh, give consent and be my wife,  
Some pity kindly show to me;  
I love thee better than my life,  
And cheerfully would die for thee.

THE MAIDEN.  
Oh, do not tease me now I pray;  
Talk to love me some other day.

SUITOR NO. 2.  
The reason why "I've said to-day  
Is this—er—well, upon my life  
I scarcely know just what to say—  
You'll never know life's care nor wife!  
In such and jewels you shall shine,  
Some pity kindly show to me;  
I'll foot your millinery bills,  
And—well, in brief, will you be mine?

THE MAIDEN.  
This is so sudden! But—oh, la!  
I think you'd better speak to pa.

—Boston Courier.

## THE "BAD LANDS."

Marvellous Volcanic Formations of Surpassing Beauty.

Sketch of the Strange Region of the Mauvais Terres, Called Also Pyramid Park—A Rival of Yellowstone Park.

Some of the strangest and most interesting scenes on the North American continent are to be found in the wonderful Bad Lands of Dakota. I question whether the marvels of the Yellowstone National Park are equal and they certainly are not superior to the wonders of this romantic region of peculiar butte formations. Here for ages past the mighty forces of water and fire, fiercely battling, have wrought a scene of strange confusion. This chaos of buttes, so curious and fantastic in form, so beautiful and varied in color, lies almost entirely in Dakota near the boundary line of Montana, on both sides of the Little Missouri River, which flows through it from south to north. The district is about twenty-five miles wide from east to west, but has a length in the opposite direction of nearly three times its width. The earliest French "voyageurs," who came into the country during the last century on hunting or trapping expeditions to trade with the natives for furs, pelts and skins, described the region as "mauvais terres." With our happy-go-lucky carelessness Americans translated this to mean "Bad Lands," and the Northern Pacific Railroad Company have since named it Pyramid Park. The name "Bad Land" is certainly a misnomer, for Pyramid Park is really one of the most fertile spots in the Northwest, and was at one time the home of thousands of buffalo and other herbivorous game animals. There is a legend of the Bad Lands told by Red Bird, an old chief of the Mandan Indians (whose tribe, it is said, afterwards lived among the pile of wonderful buttes composing this section) which has been handed down from chief to chief, until we find it today a part of the unwritten history of this once powerful and great nation.

"Many hundred years ago what is now the Bad Lands was a high plain or table land, covered with rich pastures and forests abounding in all kinds of game. These were the favorite hunting grounds of all the tribes who annually came to participate in the chase, or procure the winter supply of meat—the salumet grounds, where all could meet in common and the blood hatchet was buried as in the famous Pipestone Valley in Minnesota, where all nations of the red men could meet with no enemy to molest or make them afraid. But finally a fierce mountain tribe of many thousands took possession of these famed hunting grounds, driving and keeping all other people out. Many futile attempts were made to dislodge them without avail. Many lives being lost in the numerous battles for their recovery, a great council of all the tribes on the plains was called and their medicine men ordered to invoke the Great Spirit in their behalf. After fasting many days and offering self-inflicted tortures, as directed by the medicine men, the Great Spirit heard their cry and shook the earth with his wrath. The earth became darkened, smoke and fire belched forth from the ground, vivid lightning flashed and terrible thunder rolled, the mountains sank and the valleys upheaved to the sky. The earth rose and fell like the heaving of a storm-tossed ocean, burying all in one common grave. Towering buttes and desolation marked the spot where stood the fertile plains. Not one buck, squaw or pappose was left to tell the tale of the haughty tribe of the mountains who had incurred the anger of the Great Spirit, leaving these Bad Lands a monument of his wrath."

There is little doubt but that the Bad Lands were, in remote ages, the bed of some great lake or pond that covered the country for miles round about, among the fossil remains are oysters, clams and crustaceans. Before or afterwards a stately forest grew in the bed of this lake. Mammoth tree trunks turned to stone crop out from the sides of the conglomerate mounds and appear all through the valley. Petrifications are to be found on all sides that are susceptible of a finer polish than marble, while others have the appearance of being made of heavy yellowish clay. Some hunters tell a story of finding in the depths of the Bad Lands an unexplored canyon, upon riding into which they saw a prairie dog village, and at the mouth of each mound one of the little animals sitting on its haunches with paws folded across the breast in a perfectly natural manner. Contrary to their usual custom, the dogs did not dive into their houses at the approach of the strange visitors. To the great surprise of the latter they remained motionless. Investigation showed that every one of them was stone dead. The whole village of dogs had been evidently killed at the same moment by some unknown power ages ago, and then petrified. Strange still, the hunters found scattered among the dogs and in the same condition the owls, and snakes which are known to share their home.

The petrifications found in the Bad Lands are marvellous. Signs of petrifications can be seen hours before reaching the wonderful place. When the rough lands begin to break away from the prairie in small buttes and hills, almost at every step small pieces of detached limbs and larger slumps of trees may be seen, and in fact whole trees, some of them four, five and even six feet in diameter, lying on their sides turned into solid, heavy stone. These trees are partly as opaque as obsidian and partly as translucent as rock crystal.

## HORSES.

Some Hints About Them Which May Interest the Average Driver.

"Have I time to give you a few remarks about horses? Why, certainly, don't you know that a man always has time to talk politics or 'hoss'?" You don't expect me to 'give away' any tricks of the trade. Well, I shan't—not that there aren't plenty of tricks in the horse trade, but we're established here with a good reputation and we have to deal squarely; so we leave the 'funny business' to gypsies and other outside dealers. We have to study a buyer often and humor him a good deal, especially the chap who doesn't know any more about a horse than a horse knows about him. If a man really knows something about a horse we can deal with him comfortably enough, but the chap who only knows 'hoss books'—he's the 'daisy' to deal with. He'll twirl his eye-glasses and ask Latin questions enough to paralyze a first-class veterinary surgeon. We can always pick out the man who is buying his first horse—and he's another 'daisy.' He'll pound the horse all over, muss his kid gloves trying to open his mouth for aggs marks; and then come the questions: "Is he a free driver, speedy, gentle if driven by women or children? Will he stand without being tied? Is he afraid of bands of music, steam-cars or whistles? Is he apt to shy or kick or balk?" In fact, he seems to want to buy a cheap horse-angel!

"You see it's as hard to find a long combination of good traits in a horse as it is in a man. Any horse that's tough and sound enough to be a free driver, with good speed is pretty sure to have some little kinks that a horse book wouldn't mind at all. Of course, nobody wants an outright kicker, or other vicious beast, but a horse often gets a bad reputation through the ignorance of the driver. Take shying, for instance; a horse isn't near as nervous as most humans. He quite naturally notices an unusual object and expresses his surprise by a variation in gait or a side jump. Now the first thing amateur drivers think of is to do it in the case to yell at the beast and give him a slash or two with the whip. Well, the horse thinks—oh, you may laugh, but he does think all the same—well, he thinks his driver is frightened, too, and that he has a double reason to be scared, and perhaps runs away. Who knows, he may do it with the intention of putting himself and driver in a place of safety! Now a horse never shies without notifying a watchful driver. If a cause is in front of him, he will throw an ear sharply in that direction; if behind, he will point an ear inquiringly back; then, an experienced driver, who ought always to be on the lookout, at once gets ready to hold him and at the same time reassures him with a calm, firm, stable word or two that he is used to. Yes, sir, any horse that can see the object to shy and when any horse tells you he will not, it will be about as near the truth as that hostler or waiter who told Mr. Pickwick that his horse 'wouldn't shy if he was to meet a raggin load of monkeys with their tails burnt off.' That's the funniest horse story I ever read—oh, you've read it, have you? Good.

"Speak of punishing a horse; always be careful about using a whip on a horse you don't know; see how difficultly horses take a whipping; just like youngsters—some will tremble and lose their spirit, others will become stubborn and balk, a spanky one will jump right out of your hands, and you might not get him back time enough to save a broken wagon or head. And here's a bad practice you ought to speak of, the lighting of those snappy parlor-matches on a wheel-hire; many a horse has been started in that way. Smoking a horseback is a very bad practice. A falling spark from a pipe or cigar has caused many riders broken bones or bad bruises.

"What is the best color for a horse? Well, that is about as much a matter of taste as importance. To be sure, few persons want a 'calico' or circus horse, as the boys call them, nor do they want a conspicuous, red or yellow animal! White horses are objectionable because they become uncleanly in muddy weather. Sorrels, bays and the darkest hues are the most popular, and they are more easily matched than light ones. Grays, iron-grays and roans have a settled reputation for strength and toughness—but you might fill a big book with concrete and traditions about the marks and colors of horses. Some traditions have much weight in the estimation of a horse; one of the strongest is:

Four white feet and a white nose,  
Cut off his hide, give him to the crows.

"I suppose that idea about feet has been handed along for centuries from Oriental horsemen; an old Eastern translation says:

One white foot, buy him;  
Two white feet, try him!  
Three white feet, look well about him!  
Four white feet, do without him!

"The Turks regard white forefeet as lucky; one white fore and hind foot unlucky.

"Do I think the clipping of horses cruel? Well, it depends upon the horse and also on the owner. A sound, strong horse that is driven for pleasure only, that can be given fine feed, careful grooming, heavy blankets and a light stable, wouldn't be apt to suffer badly. He really does dry off better after speeding than an unclipped horse in cold weather under such circumstances. I think it's a mistake to clip the average working horse."—Boston Budget.

—Mrs. Tom Thumb, now the Countess Magr, wears for shoes a child's No. 5 and the Count wears a child's No. 8.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Granger, of Pittsfield, Mass., who has been a widow seventy-five years, celebrated her one hundredth birthday anniversary recently.

—A town in Buffalo County, D. T., has been named in honor of the first lady resident, Slade. Mrs. Slade was nearly killed in a cyclone there in 1888.

—Denver Tribune.

—Robert Collyer says the scientific length of a sermon is thirty minutes. If a man has anything at all worth saying he can say it in that time without repeating himself.

## THE MAIDEN'S SUITORS.

SUITOR NO. 1.  
Sweet maiden with the face so fair  
And eyes that like the diamonds shine,  
Bright maid with the queenly air,  
Once more I ask, wilt thou be mine?  
Oh, give consent and be my wife,  
Some pity kindly show to me;  
I love thee better than my life,  
And cheerfully would die for thee.

THE MAIDEN.  
Oh, do not tease me now I pray;  
Talk to love me some other day.

SUITOR NO. 2.  
The reason why "I've said to-day  
Is this—er—well, upon my life  
I scarcely know just what to say—  
You'll never know life's care nor wife!  
In such and jewels you shall shine,  
Some pity kindly show to me;  
I'll foot your millinery bills,  
And—well, in brief, will you be mine?

THE MAIDEN.  
This is so sudden! But—oh, la!  
I think you'd better speak to pa.

—Boston Courier.

## THE "BAD LANDS."

Marvellous Volcanic Formations of Surpassing Beauty.

Sketch of the Strange Region of the Mauvais Terres, Called Also Pyramid Park—A Rival of Yellowstone Park.

Some of the strangest and most interesting scenes on the North American continent are to be found in the wonderful Bad Lands of Dakota. I question whether the marvels of the Yellowstone National Park are equal and they certainly are not superior to the wonders of this romantic region of peculiar butte formations. Here for ages past the mighty forces of water and fire, fiercely battling, have wrought a scene of strange confusion. This chaos of buttes, so curious and fantastic in form, so beautiful and varied in color, lies almost entirely in Dakota near the boundary line of Montana, on both sides of the Little Missouri River, which flows through it from south to north. The district is about twenty-five miles wide from east to west, but has a length in the opposite direction of nearly three times its width. The earliest French "voyageurs," who came into the country during the last century on hunting or trapping expeditions to trade with the natives for furs, pelts and skins, described the region as "mauvais terres." With our happy-go-lucky carelessness Americans translated this to mean "Bad Lands," and the Northern Pacific Railroad Company have since named it Pyramid Park. The name "Bad Land" is certainly a misnomer, for Pyramid Park is really one of the most fertile spots in the Northwest, and was at one time the home of thousands of buffalo and other herbivorous game animals. There is a legend of the Bad Lands told by Red Bird, an old chief of the Mandan Indians (whose tribe, it is said, afterwards lived among the pile of wonderful buttes composing this section) which has been handed down from chief to chief, until we find it today a part of the unwritten history of this once powerful and great nation.

"Many hundred years ago what is now the Bad Lands was a high plain or table land, covered with rich pastures and forests abounding in all kinds of game. These were the favorite hunting grounds of all the tribes who annually came to participate in the chase, or procure the winter supply of meat—the salumet grounds, where all could meet in common and the blood hatchet was buried as in the famous Pipestone Valley in Minnesota, where all nations of the red men could meet with no enemy to molest or make them afraid. But finally a fierce mountain tribe of many thousands took possession of these famed hunting grounds, driving and keeping all other people out. Many futile attempts were made to dislodge them without avail. Many lives being lost in the numerous battles for their recovery, a great council of all the tribes on the plains was called and their medicine men ordered to invoke the Great Spirit in their behalf. After fasting many days and offering self-inflicted tortures, as directed by the medicine men, the Great Spirit heard their cry and shook the earth with his wrath. The earth became darkened, smoke and fire belched forth from the ground, vivid lightning flashed and terrible thunder rolled, the mountains sank and the valleys upheaved to the sky. The earth rose and fell like the heaving of a storm-tossed ocean, burying all in one common grave. Towering buttes and desolation marked the spot where stood the fertile plains. Not one buck, squaw or pappose was left to tell the tale of the haughty tribe of the mountains who had incurred the anger of the Great Spirit, leaving these Bad Lands a monument of his wrath."

There is little doubt but that the Bad Lands were, in remote ages, the bed of some great lake or pond that covered the country for miles round about, among the fossil remains are oysters, clams and crustaceans. Before or afterwards a stately forest grew in the bed of this lake. Mammoth tree trunks turned to stone crop out from the sides of the conglomerate mounds and appear all through the valley. Petrifications are to be found on all sides that are susceptible of a finer polish than marble, while others have the appearance of being made of heavy yellowish clay. Some hunters tell a story of finding in the depths of the Bad Lands an unexplored canyon, upon riding into which they saw a prairie dog village, and at the mouth of each mound one of the little animals sitting on its haunches with paws folded across the breast in a perfectly natural manner. Contrary to their usual custom, the dogs did not dive into their houses at the approach of the strange visitors. To the great surprise of the latter they remained motionless. Investigation showed that every one of them was stone dead. The whole village of dogs had been evidently killed at the same moment by some unknown power ages ago, and then petrified. Strange still, the hunters found scattered among the dogs and in the same condition the owls, and snakes which are known to share their home.

The petrifications found in the Bad Lands are marvellous. Signs of petrifications can be seen hours before reaching the wonderful place. When the rough lands begin to break away from the prairie in small buttes and hills, almost at every step small pieces of detached limbs and larger slumps of trees may be seen, and in fact whole trees, some of them four, five and even six feet in diameter, lying on their sides turned into solid, heavy stone. These trees are partly as opaque as obsidian and partly as translucent as rock crystal.

"Have I time to give you a few remarks about horses? Why, certainly, don't you know that a man always has time to talk politics or 'hoss'?" You don't expect me to 'give away' any tricks of the trade. Well, I shan't—not that there aren't plenty of tricks in the horse trade, but we're established here with a good reputation and we have to deal squarely; so we leave the 'funny business' to gypsies and other outside dealers. We have to study a buyer often and humor him a good deal, especially the chap who doesn't know any more about a horse than a horse knows about him. If a man really knows something about a horse we can deal with him comfortably enough, but the chap who only knows 'hoss books'—he's the 'daisy' to deal with. He'll twirl his eye-glasses and ask Latin questions enough to paralyze a first-class veterinary surgeon. We can always pick out the man who is buying his first horse—and he's another 'daisy.' He'll pound the horse all over, muss his kid gloves trying to open his mouth for aggs marks; and then come the questions: "Is he a free driver, speedy, gentle if driven by women or children? Will he stand without being tied? Is he afraid of bands of music, steam-cars or whistles? Is he apt to shy or kick or balk?" In fact, he seems to want to buy a cheap horse-angel!

**TO ADVERTISE** and meet with success in value of newspapers, and a correctly displayed advertisement will enable you to advertise **JUDICIOUSLY** **CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS** **NEWSPAPER ADVERTISERS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

**THIS PAPER** is the largest of the kind in the world. It has a circulation of 1,000,000 copies daily. It is published every day except on Sundays and public holidays. It is the only newspaper in the world that is published in 100 languages.

**C. M. SMITH, M. D.**  
**Physician & Surgeon,**  
 office and residence 221 Kansas Avenue, 1/2 block South of Windsor hotel. Night call promptly attended.

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

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

**Hendrick & Co.** have opened a new Boot & Shoe store, and a selling goods way down. They also have a good work shop attached. They are between railroad and bridge. Give them a call and you won't regret it.

Those who have used the **Boes Zinc and Leather** Pans and Axle Bars say they are the best and cheapest, because most durable. They will last a life time. Sold by **Harris** makers on 60 days trial. **DIXIE-CURTIS, Madison, Wis.**

**TOPEKA SEED HOUSE.**  
**ORCHARD GRASS.**

Timothy, Clover, Blue Grass. Our Garden Seeds are direct from growers fresh and true to name. Orders promptly filled. Send for Price list of Seeds.

Address, **S. H. DOWNS**  
 Manager for Down's Elm Water & Seed Co., 78 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

**THE NEW MARKET!**

ON THE AVENUE, BETWEEN R. R. AND THE BRIDGE.

CHEAP AND FIRST-CLASS MEATS AND GROCERIES.

Loaf Steak 12-12 Cents.  
 Porter House Steak 12-12 Cents.  
 Round 10 Cents.  
 Rib Roast 10 Cents.

All Sausages, our own make, 3 lbs. for 25 Cts.  
 Head Cheese 3 lbs. for 25 Cts.  
 Lard, our own rendering, 3 lbs. for 25 Cts.  
 Canning Beef 5 to 8 Cts.

Give us a call and get your money's worth.

**Albert Firmer, PROP.**  
 207 1/2 Kansas Avenue.

**Snow Cream**

**DANDRUFF CURE.**

Preserving and Beautifying the Hair

A sure cure of Dandruff, if used as directed. There is nothing to compare with it for Ladies' and Children's hair dressing. It is not only to soil the clothing or hats. Because it increases the beauty of the hair—it keeps the hair in any position—is a delightful dressing. It cures dandruff, it prevents the hair from falling out, it prevents the hair from turning gray. It renovates the scalp and puts it in a healthy condition. Price 50 cents. Prepared by **L. P. STONE, Barber,** North Topeka, Kansas.

**Laundrying**

You should go to **Thomas Rodgeis.**

He does the best work and as cheap as the cheapest. We especially soil ladies' washings. The only first-class Laundry in North Topeka. We go after and deliver washings when requested. Office in back part of the Adams House.

**Coal! Coal!**

**Attention Farmers.**

I am selling the best Cherokee coal for \$4.00. Oregas \$1.00, and Scranton \$3.75 per ton. At South east corner of Sixth and R. R. street. New remember the place and come and see me. **W. C. ARNOLD.**

**THE LIGHT RUNNING**

**SEWING MACHINE**  
**HAS NO EQUAL.**  
**PERFECT SATISFACTION**  
**New Home Sewing Machine Co.**  
**—ORANGE, MASS.—**  
 30 Underwood Bldg., N. Y. Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo. Atlanta, Ga. Dallas, Tex. San Francisco, Cal.

**SPANKED THE BOY.**

The Signal Success Which Attended Interference in Family Matters.

All the adult passengers in the waiting-room had their attention attracted by his antics. He wanted candy, and he wanted to see the river, and he wanted to go aboard the train, and he wanted more than any city the size of Detroit could possibly furnish free gratis. His mother hushed him up the best she could, and several times he slapped her face and kicked her shins and got off without ever a pinch. By and by an old man who sat near her, and whose feet the boy had walked on several times, began to get nervous, and, turning to his right hand neighbor, said:

"Land o' massy! but I've either got to get out here or spank that boy!"

"He just aches for it!" growled the other.

"He does. He puts me in mind of my William. I've seen 'em all when nothing on earth but a spanking would put good nature into 'em."

"I say I will go!" shouted the boy at this moment.

"Please, Johnny, be good," entreated the mother.

"I won't!"

"Oh, do! See how they are all looking at us."

"I don't care if they are!"

With that he walked up to the old man and made a kick, and then the curtain went up on the play. With one twist and two motions he was seized, whirled over a pair of knees, and before he could squawk once the spanking machine began its work. If ever a boy of seven was neatly worked up and the ugly taken out of him inside of sixty seconds the work was no more complete than in this case.

"There!" said the spanker as he upended the child and placed him on a seat, "you'll feel better—a heap better. Hated to do it, you know, but saw that you was suffering for it. Beg your mother's pardon for interfering in family matters, but you set right 'till the train is ready!"

The boy "set," and such a calm and solid peace stole over the crowd that the yells of the hawkman-outdoors gave everybody a pain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**REFORM IN WOMEN'S DRESS.**

What Boston Has Recently Evolved as That Interesting Line.

Speaking of unseen features of feminine toilets, Boston has evolved something in that line. The dress reform committee of that city are the authors of what they call the corset-abolishing underwear. One of their enthusiasts, Abby Gould Woolson, has brought some of the articles to New York for missionary purposes. She showed them to an invited gathering yesterday, and who noticed that very adroitly the girl who acted as a figure model on which to exhibit them was a slim-waisted creature, who might as well go without corsets as not, so good were her natural endowments.

The outfit consists of three garments, viz.: A balmore skirt, composed of a deep princess waist, you have not a belt in your whole attire nor a bit of gathered fulness, save what is found in the skirt flounce. A lift from the shoulders meets resistance only from the tops of the stockings, so loosely worn and connected is your entire garb. Summer discards the flannel undersuit and reduces the number of garments to three.—*Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

**Extent of the British Empire.**

The British Empire covers nearly a sixth of the land surface of the earth. The entire surface of the globe is estimated at 197,000,000 square miles, of which a little more than a quarter, or 51,500,000 square miles, are land, and the total extent of the British Empire is 8,990,211 square miles, which may be tabulated thus:

Great Britain and Ireland	121,115
Indian possessions	1,832,311
Other Eastern possessions	30,000
Australasia	8,181,244
North America	460,000
Guiana, etc.	270,000
West Indies	12,100
European possessions	12,100
Various settlements	96,171
Total	8,990,211

**PERSONAL AND LITERARY.**

—The most popular and successful newspaper writer is the paragrapher. His work is always read.—*West Tennessee Whig.*

—William F. Laffan, who succeeds the late Isaac W. England as publisher of the *New York Sun*, is the "Owl" of the Title Club, and edited Harper's "Christmas."

—Garibaldi's memoirs will not be published until ten years have elapsed from the time of his death. This is in accordance with the wish of the Italian Government.

—Charlotte M. Young is now in her sixty-third year. She began to write in 1854, and one hundred and twenty-five years ago, she bears tribute to her incessant energy.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Stephen Bulmer, the well-known English author, recently deceased, left five thousand dollars to his co-worker, Bradlaugh; and to his own wife, who had supported him for years, he left the princely allowance of three dollars a week.

—The oldest actor was Jean Noel, who died in Paris January 13, 1829, aged 118 years. He entered the profession in his eighth year, and still acted when ninety years old, having resided in all 2,760 winters. He acted 28,010 times.

—Rev. David Winters, who died at Dayton, O., recently, had been in the ministry for sixty years, and is said to have married more people than any other man in the country. Up to April 22 he had married 5,090 couples.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—The *New York Tribune* says: "The name of the Rev. Dr. Leroy Sunderland, who died recently at Hyde Park, near Boston, aged eighty-two years, is unfamiliar to many of the present generation. But forty years ago he was one of the best-known writers and lecturers of the day."

**FARMERS AND "HIRED MEN."**

Are the Former as a Class, Close-Fisted and Penurious.

It is a rare occasion when a representative of the men who labor on the farm or wages undertakes to present in an agricultural journal any views he may entertain on topics that especially concern his class. For this reason we give the gist of an article, in which "A Hired Man" talks back quite rigorously at the farmers.

We do not by any means indorse his inferences, however. Even though the farmers, as a class, were proven to be the close-fisted, hard, selfish men the writer would have them, we do not quite see that the indictment would need. So there are, among men engaged in any other business or profession. But, as a class, agriculturists are fashionable morally and mentally very much like the rest of the human race, and endeavor to deal fairly by those with whom they have business relations.

The farmer, of course has his foibles. So do other men. The farmer is eager to get the best possible price for the products from his farm, and the merchant and manufacturer when disposing of their wares. When the farmer goes to town shopping, he does not wish to pay more than he can help for his clothing or other needful articles. But the same fact is true of the merchant, mechanic or artisan. It is human nature, that is all.

As we understand it, the gist of the complaint of "A Hired Man" may be briefly expressed thus: The farmer is not justly paid for his services, he pays as little as possible for wages; he desires to get more work than he is entitled to from his help, and in various other directions is anxious to get something for nothing.

The truth of the matter is that the farmer readily learns that success can only be purchased by the constant practice of economy in every department of his business. Circumstances will generally compel him to pay wages that represent the market value of labor; he would be foolish to pay a higher price for the help he needs. It is a matter that regulates itself. Hired help will generally abandon a situation where there is danger of starvation. But we believe that, as a rule, farmers have enough food on their tables, and the quality and variety of the fare is above criticism.

During the seasons of raising and harvesting crops, many minor matters on the farm have necessarily to be attended to early in the morning or late in the evening. But there are thousands of wage-workers who would only be too glad to be assured that their services would not be called for during the hours which the farm laborer can call his own.

Of the other hand, the farmer's man usually has to work hard and his pay does not begin to be as big as that of the President of the United States, but there are many pleasant and attractive features connected with his avocation, and, at the worst, he suffers no privations or hardships that are not experienced, perhaps in greater measure, by other laboring men. As a class, the farmer's helpers are a pretty good body of men, of course, as our country respects, there are to be found farm laborers who are ignorant, wicked, dissipated and lazy. But it would be unfair to condemn the thousands of industrious, painstaking hired men of good character on that account. And it is no less unfair to write down the whole body of farmers because a few of their number are guilty of meanness and selfishness in their dealings with others.—*Field, Farm and Forge.*

**BASE-BALL IN CUBA.**

Spanish-American Audiences Which Have to Be Divided for Safety.

There are three leading base-ball organizations in Havana—the *Havanas*, the *Almendares* and the *Fes*. The *Havanas* have beautiful grounds in a suburban village, supplied with grand stands and an elegant pavilion that has a spacious ball-room in its upper story. The *Almendares* Club, composed of young men from leading Cuban families, has its park a little ways out on Reina Street, near the Captain-General's botanical gardens. The diamond is a fine one: there is an immense roofed stand for the common herd, and back of the catcher's place is a superb iron pavilion, open on all four sides, with a fine floor for dancing and tiers of chairs in front, with private boxes below.

Honorary members are admitted to this pavilion on presentation of the proper pass showing that they have paid up all dues. I attended one match game between the *Havanas* and the *Almendares*, at the park of the latter club. The view from the grand stand was a unique one. A row of stately royal palms loomed up in graceful outline against a blue tropic sky at the farther end of the grounds. On the sides an occasional tall shrub, or scrub tree of some sort, appeared above the high board fence, and generally it proved to be loaded with human fruit. The grand stand was filled with, perhaps, one thousand people, while the pavilion was thronged with a typical high-toned Cuban audience.

The friends of the *Havanas* occupied one end of the pavilion, while the *Almendares* crowd occupied the other. I was told that it would not be safe to let the audience miscellaneously distributed. A riot would be precipitated at the first doubtful point. These fiery Cubans get so excited that they can not control themselves.

"Do you have a regular league here in Cuba?"

"It could hardly be called that. Six or eight years ago an organization was elected, and championship games were played three or four of the subsequent years. But the feeling runs so much higher during a game here than in America that ruptures took place during the other years, and the contest would not be played out. The *Havanas* have always held the flag thus far, but we *Almendares* men think we are the strongest club this season. No contest is being held this season, as the clubs could not agree, and this is only what we call a dignity game."

"Do you use the American League rules?"

"Yes, sir. Indeed we even call out in English 'one strike,' or 'four balls,' or 'foul,' as the case may be, and we use the English terms 'umpire,' 'fair ball,' etc."

"Do many of the players speak English?"

"About half of us, who contracted our fondness for the game while in your country. But of course the language of the diamond is Spanish, save for these incidental expressions."—*Havana Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.*

**Our Little Ones in Holland.**

Holland is a very strange country. Most of the land is below the level of the sea. The people have built dikes on the sea shore and on the banks of the rivers to keep the water out. These dikes are high banks of earth. In some places they are built of stone. They plant trees on the dikes of earth, and the roots keep the water from washing them away.

On many of the dikes there are long lines of windmills. They are used for pumping out the water from the inside of the dikes. There are a great many canals in Holland. In some of the cities canals are used as streets. Boats go all over the country. A great many people spend their whole lives on the water. Our little ones there are often born, brought up and spend their days in boats.

The whole family of the boatman eat and sleep in the little cabin. The little children play about the deck. The Dutch women are very neat, and they keep the cabin as nice as a parlor. The space is small on the boat, but the home is just as it would be on the land. The growing plants, and pussy eating, her milk seem to be odd sights on a boat.

Some of the vessels go out to sea. The family go with them. The fisherman often has his wife and children on board. The mother of the little ones has to work like a man. She helps catch the fish and land them. Sometimes mamma has to steer the boat. Sometimes she and the boys have to drag the boat with a rope while papa steers.

In Holland dogs have to work for their living. They are harnessed to small carts or wagons. They draw the milk, butter and cheese, fruit and vegetables, to market. The farmer's wife usually goes with them and sells the loads in the city. I have seen carts and wagons drawn by one to four dogs. Sometimes half a dozen of the little ones take a ride for pleasure.

The children in Holland as in America and England, are very fond of flying kites. The country is flat and the winds are steady. The boys and girls of the poorer classes wear wooden shoes. They are heavy and clumsy and make a clumping noise when the wearer walks on the floor or pavement. Little girls wear caps like grandmothers.

**WHY DOES THE BOY WHISTLE?**

A Question Worth Thoughtful and Careful Consideration.

This problem becomes one of practical interest at once, when we remember that if we can but find the cause of an evil we can generally find a cure for it. It is certainly worth thoughtful consideration.

If the above question was propounded to a person who had never heard a boy whistle, if we can imagine such a being, he would doubtless answer that boys whistle because they love music—just as birds sing. Such an idea, of course, never occurs to anyone who has ever heard a boy whistle. A philosopher would be more apt to think that the boy whistles because he dislikes music; that he has an innate antipathy to all harmonious sounds, such as it is well known some other animals have, and that instead of merely trying to escape, like them, from the hated sounds, he delights in offering a continual and public insult to harmony and all its lovers. This theory is also sustained by his well-known admiration and friendship for organ-grinders and tinkers.

But on more careful consideration it is evident that this idea is too absurd for the mind of the boy, and he certainly never rests long enough from the whistling to think so much.

It has been suggested that perhaps he whistles because he thinks it is a manly vice, something like smoking and drinking, only cheaper. But the fact is, men seldom whistle, except in consideration, and the boy is so much farther from the man in this respect that it is as absurd to suppose that the younger imitate the elder as it would be to assert that Irving Hall copies its political methods from Tammany.

The plausible theory is that the boy whistles to attract attention to himself. It is true that the boy is ordinarily anxious to be prominent, whether for the sake of a new imitation gold scarf-pin or merely a cigarette, and we might rest satisfied with this explanation if it was only one boy that whistled, or even a few boys, but when all boys whistle, their well-known shrill and defiant caricature of some popular tune becomes only a signal of warning to drive all within range from the vicinity.

The last and best suggestion is that the boy whistles simply because he loves noise. It is undoubtedly a fact that the boy is very fond of noise, and he will go a long way to hear a brass band or even a cabinet organ. But it is also evident that noise is not his sole object in whistling, for there are too many other means of making even more noise without in his reach for which he does not care. The kazoo is inexpensive and has great possibilities. It makes a sharp and disagreeable sound, and should be very popular with him. A tin horn is simple and has a very harsh and resonant tone. And yet none of them has enjoyed any permanent popularity with him. No, there is something beside the love of noise that impels the boy to whistle. Something which the boy does not know himself. Something which we shall never find out. Something which makes the frog croak and the bee buzz and the flies buzz.—*Life.*

**Jenny Primrose.**

Jenny Primrose was sitting in her chair close by the door, when grandma came in. Somehow, grandma pushed Jenny, and over she went and broke her head into four pieces!

But as Jenny Primrose is a doll, it was not quite so bad as though she were a real live girl. But Nellie cried, and grandma almost cried, when they saw the four pieces.

"Never mind, Nellie," said grandma. "I can make a new head for Jenny that will not break."

So she got out her piece-bag, and hunted up a bit of white linen. This she cut in the shape of a doll's head and neck. She sewed it up and stuffed it with cotton. Then she sewed it on to Jenny's body.

"Now, Nellie, bring me your paint-box," said grandma. The paint-box was brought, and grandma painted a pair of lovely blue eyes, red lips, and rosy cheeks. Then grandma held Jenny up for Nellie to look at.

"O!" said Nellie, "if she only had some real hair, she would be nicer than ever."

"Very well," said grandma, "she shall have some of your own yellow hair. I saved it the first time it was cut." She fitted a piece of stiff lace to Jenny's head. This she sewed the hair. Then she glued the little wig to Jenny's head. And there she was, as charming a Jenny Primrose as any little girl could wish.

And if she should be knocked over a dozen times, her head could never be broken again.

Then Nellie's brother Dick made a rhyme about Jenny:

—M. M. HATHAWAY, in *Our Little Men and Women.*

**The Broken Bowl.**

Howard was about ten years old. He was generally a good boy, and he tried to be a brave boy. But he was a coward about one thing. He was not afraid of the dark, nor of being naughty; but he was afraid of being punished. If he did anything wrong he did not tell of it, but waited to be found out.

He had a big dog named Nero. Nero was very fond of Howard, and would let no one touch him to harm him. Howard's mother had a beautiful blue china bowl, it stood in her parlor on a table. It cost a great deal of money, and she was very fond of it. One day while she was out Howard was in the parlor playing with his ball. He should not have

been playing there and he knew it. He thought nothing would happen. But something did happen. He tossed his ball up, but did not catch it when it fell. The bowl did catch it and was broken in pieces. Howard was so frightened he ran out of the room, without stopping to shut the door. He played in the yard for a little while, and tried to forget, but could not. He knew he ought to tell his mother as soon as she came home; but he was afraid. He knew she would be displeased and punish him. Pretty soon he went back into the house. Nero was not with Howard. He liked so much to lie on the soft parlor carpet, that when Howard ran out, leaving the door open, he went in and laid down. When Howard's mother came home and found the dog in the room with the pieces of the bowl, of course she thought he had broken it.

"Oh, you bad dog!" she said, "I shall whip you for this!" She went into the hall for a little whip she had there. Howard stood by the door. "What are you going to do, mamma?" he asked.

"I am going to whip Nero," she said, "he has broken my bowl."

Howard followed his mother into the parlor. Nero looked very sad when he saw the whip. Then Howard grew very brave, for he could not let Nero be whipped. "Don't, mamma," he said, catching her hand. "Nero did not do it, I did."

Howard had to stay all day in his room, and have nothing but bread and water for dinner and tea; but he was glad he had not let Nero be punished. ANNA M. TALCOTT.

**HEADACHE**

Positively Cured.

Thousands of cases of sick and nervous headaches are cured every year by the use of TURNER'S TREATMENT. Mrs. C. W. Turner, of Parsons, Kan., who was appointed by the governor and State of Kansas lady commissioner to the World's Fair at New Orleans, says: "TURNER'S TREATMENT completely cured me, and I think it has cured me of all my ailments arising from a disordered stomach or from nervous debility. For female complaints there is nothing like it."

**To the Women!**

Young or old, if you are suffering from general debility of the system, headache, backache, pain in one or both sides, general lassitude, bearing-down pains in the abdomen, if you are of that painful class of women who suffer in the breast, fainting sensations, nervous debility, coughing, neuritis, wakefulness, loss of power, memory and appetite or weakness of a private nature. We will guarantee to cure you with from 1 to 3 packages of the treatment. As an utterance there is no equal.

**Nervousness.**

Whether caused from over-work of the brain or impudence, is speedily cured by TURNER'S TREATMENT. In hundreds of cases one box has effected a complete cure. It is a special specific and sure cure for young or aged men and women who are suffering from nervous debility or exhausted vitality, causing dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of ambition, etc. For

**DYSPEPSIA.**

Strengthening the nerves and restoring vital power the discovery has been made equal to ladies and gentlemen will find TURNER'S TREATMENT pleasant to take, sure and permanent in its action. Each package contains one month's treatment. The treatment, with some late discoveries and additions, has been used for over 30 years by the inventor in St. Louis, in private and hospital practice.

Price Turner's Treatment, per package, \$1.00. Three packages, \$2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Thousands of cases of disease mentioned above have been cured by one package and knowing as we do the value of our treatment, we will send our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Send money by postal note or at our risk. Address E. L. Blake & Co., Sixth and Market Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

**The Edward Harrison**

ALL KINDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, STATIONERY, CARDS, AND BOOKS. Also, all kinds of printing and bookbinding. Address: 100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

**CARDS**

200 ACRES. IS ORANGE-HOUSE. **TREES AND PLANTS**

We offer for the Spring Trade a large and fine stock of every description of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, Small Fruits, Flowering Plants, Fruit Tree Seedlings and Forest Tree Seedlings. Price Catalogue, Spring seedling trees on application.

**BLOOMINGTON (PHENIX) NURSERY.**

Established 1856. BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

All kinds of nursery stock, including all kinds of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, vines, small fruits, flowering plants, fruit tree seedlings, and forest tree seedlings. Price Catalogue, Spring seedling trees on application.

**20 VIRGINIA FARMS**

20 New Style Concrete Hides, 100 Cts. Each. Address: 100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

**SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE**

It is the best general purpose wire fence in use. It is a strong net-work without barbs. Don't put your stock in a wire fence. Put it in a Sedgwick fence. It is made of the best material, and is the only fence that will stand up to the test of time. It is the only fence that will stand up to the test of time. It is the only fence that will stand up to the test of time.

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere The skies are blue and days are always fair; The gentlest showers upon the grasses beat; And birds sing sweetly in the green retreat...

Somewhere When we are struggling with our load of care, And troubles weigh us with their burdens down...

Somewhere Repose rests like a presence on the air; And while we struggle in our constant grief...

CLAIMING HIS SKELETON. A Weird Story of the Michigan University.

When John Wentworth put his last touches to his work he stood back and regarded it with admiration. He stood with his hands in his pockets and his cap well back on his head...

you know," and Wentworth with a ruler touched John W. under the chin, and the two gleaming rows of teeth came together and remained in that fixed grin so characteristic of all skeletons.

Wentworth had placed a narrow table against the wall, and on it John W. sat with his skull fastened to the wall so as to keep him upright, while his spindly white legs dangled down and swayed gently to and fro...

The medical students sat down, and Wentworth was telling Smilie how he had overcome certain difficulties in articulation, when there entered with unnecessary silence a stranger.

But the bones of John W. Stodgers deceased. Now it would rest with you to prove that this was your skeleton, and as people are not in the habit of serving a private mark on their skeletons, I flatter myself we would have you right at the beginning of the case.

"You are a very young lawyer," replied the ghost, with a sort of a post-mortem sneer. "If you examine the teeth of that skeleton you will find the one on the left lower side next the back filled with silver, and, if necessary, I can tell you into what liquid the sort of cap that is under the silver to cover the nerve that once was there."

All the young men looked at J. W., who, as if enjoying the point made by its other self, suddenly clicked down its jaw and beamed on Fulmer with its silent laugh.

thin air, and the next instant Wentworth was in the hands of the outraged constable.

From the lock-up the dejected young man wrote to Smilie: For my sake, buy a cemetery lot and bury John W. Stodgers, charging the cost to me, Yours,

That ended the fight. Wentworth, I regret to say, is not the first student who came to grief by letting spirits get the better of him.

AT APPOMATTOX. The Apple-Tree Business Authoritatively Settled.

General Grant, in his personal memoirs, describes the Wilderness campaign, and estimates Lee's strength at eighty thousand men. The latter, he says, was operating in a country with which his army was thoroughly familiar, while to the Federal forces it was entirely unknown.

HUMOROUS.

A man in New Mexico caught the bronchitis riding a pony. He first caught the broncho. Chicago Current.

"My friend," he said, "would you do me a favor? What was that beverage you regaled us with last night? It was a pleasant liquor, but it was muscular, my friend, very muscular, I should judge—if taken to excess."

Mr. Duke's Explanation.

It was at a big August meeting in Wake Co., N. C., and there were acres of darkeys present. The "Crossing of the Red Sea" was the subject of discourse, and the Rev. Mr. Dukes, a "manipulated minister, was treating it in the most frigid manner.

METHUELLIN. A Beverage That Once Knocked Out Sam Ward.

An amusing anecdote of the famous judge of estates and drinks, Sam Ward, is thus related by Halston in the New York Times:

"Talking of good judges of liquor," said a gossip friend the other day, "poor Sam Ward, that's gone, had been a pilot as the best of them. Sam was proud of his sagacity in detecting adulterations in good old brandies, liquors, and cordials, although I have heard him boast but once or twice about his skill in that line."

General Grant, in his personal memoirs, describes the Wilderness campaign, and estimates Lee's strength at eighty thousand men.

"I have no wish to discuss law with you. I have demanded the skeleton and propose to have it whether you are willing or not."

"I am in a mood for chaff," said the speaker, severely. "Finally, will you give up my skeleton?"

"I certainly will not," cried Wentworth. "Why, Smilie, I had to drill one hundred and fifty holes in that skeleton. No, sir! J. W. Stodgers remains here."

"I am in a mood for chaff," said the speaker, severely. "Finally, will you give up my skeleton?"

"I certainly will not," cried Wentworth. "Why, Smilie, I had to drill one hundred and fifty holes in that skeleton. No, sir! J. W. Stodgers remains here."

"I am in a mood for chaff," said the speaker, severely. "Finally, will you give up my skeleton?"

"I certainly will not," cried Wentworth. "Why, Smilie, I had to drill one hundred and fifty holes in that skeleton. No, sir! J. W. Stodgers remains here."

WANTED. Salesmen, to sell Eastern or Commission. Steady employment for honest canvassers.

Use the best Zinc and Leather Interfering Boots and Collar Pads. They are the best.

Agents make FAMILY SCALES \$5 a Day Sell 100 Pounds a Week.

SEED. Large Garden Guide FREE to all. You should have it. Post Card to T. T. Parsons, Peoria, Ill.

Arbor Vitae for HEDGES, WIND BREAKS and timber culture.

AGENTS COIN MONEY who sell Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Receipt Book.



Breakers there a man with soul so dead Who never to his wife had said, "I will a flower garden make."

The Guide is a work of 100 pages, Colored Plates, 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables.

NEWLY INVENTED. LUMBER, PAINTS AND CEMENTS. Write for Circular, name on file, 1500 N. W. 10th St., Chicago, Ill.

SALARY of \$80 a month to travel and sell. Agents everywhere.

PLANT SEED COMPANY'S RELIABLE SEEDS FOR THE GARDEN AND FIELD.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS.

Sibley's Tested Seeds. Catalogue free on application. Send for it.

Ohio Improved Chester Seed. 2806 lbs. Send for description of this famous breed.

THE BUYER'S GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year.

Free Annual of all kinds of seeds, fruits, and vegetables. Catalogue free.

THE BUYER'S GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year.

Free Annual of all kinds of seeds, fruits, and vegetables. Catalogue free.

THE BUYER'S GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year.

Free Annual of all kinds of seeds, fruits, and vegetables. Catalogue free.

THE BUYER'S GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year.

Free Annual of all kinds of seeds, fruits, and vegetables. Catalogue free.

THE BUYER'S GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year.

Free Annual of all kinds of seeds, fruits, and vegetables. Catalogue free.

THE BUYER'S GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year.

Free Annual of all kinds of seeds, fruits, and vegetables. Catalogue free.