

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

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Or Two Copies \$1.00.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Strong brine is reported to be taking the place of alcohol for preserving specimen fruits. They keep size well, and preserve their color better.

Coal gas which emanates from the stove in a closed room is not only disagreeable to people, but also endangers the welfare and even life of many plants. Guard against it.

To remove creases from a waterproof India rubber garment of any kind, warm the article till thoroughly pliant, and then stretch over a table, or hang properly, spread out against a wall.

For making troches: One ounce of pulverized cubes; one ounce of licorice; one ounce of gum arabic; one lb. of powdered sugar. Moisten gradually with water, working in a very little flour. Then roll out thin, and cut with a thimble or any convenient cutter. Set in a cool place to dry.

Sleep as a Tonic.

Sleep, if taken in the right moment, it is said, will prevent an attack of the nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch the symptoms of its coming they will notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. That is the time a sleep of an hour or even two, as nature guides, will effectually prevent the headache. If not taken just then it will be too late, for after the attack is fully under way it is impossible to get to sleep until far into the night, perhaps. The giving of anodynes and the forming of the disastrous opium habit has often arisen out of such circumstances, and ignorance of the preventive value of sleep. It is so common in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients waked to take medicine if they are asleep when the hour comes around that the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is better for the sick than medicine. But it is not so well known that sleep is a wonderful preventive of disease—better than tonics, regulators and stimulants.

Children's Hair.

We are very glad says an exchange, to see a protest against the sopping of children's hair with water, or using a wet brush in dressing their hair to save the nurse or mother in arranging it. Water removes the natural oil of the hair; it should be used on the scalp only to cleanse it, or at fixed times to wash the hair, and this is preferably at night, when the head can be well covered up to avoid taking cold. It will be found quite dry in the morning. The use of hot water instead of cold, for cleansing the scalp and hair may be recommended. Hot water is a stimulant and should give the hair good color. It is known that sulphur is a component part of the natural color of the hair, and some of the hot-water hair dressers avow that they can distinctly smell the sulphur developed by this process in the hair with the hand-rubbing that accompanies its use. Hair dries more quickly, also, after the hot water application than the cold. But be sure to pin the head up—after rubbing—in a towel which can be removed and replaced, if it becomes wet. Opinions differ as to the effect of salt water on the hair, but if salt is applied it should be with hot water. Occasionally this application will give a sound sleep to restless or fatigued heads.

THE MARIANNA PLUM.

The Marianna Plum is an accidental seedling found growing in a mixed orchard in Texas. Fruit large, earlier than the Wild Goose and fully equal to it as a shipper; a deep cardinal red when fully ripe, changing color while ripening from green to yellow and all the various tints to red, resembling the cherry. Of a basket sent last summer to that old nurseryman, Langdon, of Mobile, Ala., he writes, "the finest basket of plums we have ever seen in the South."

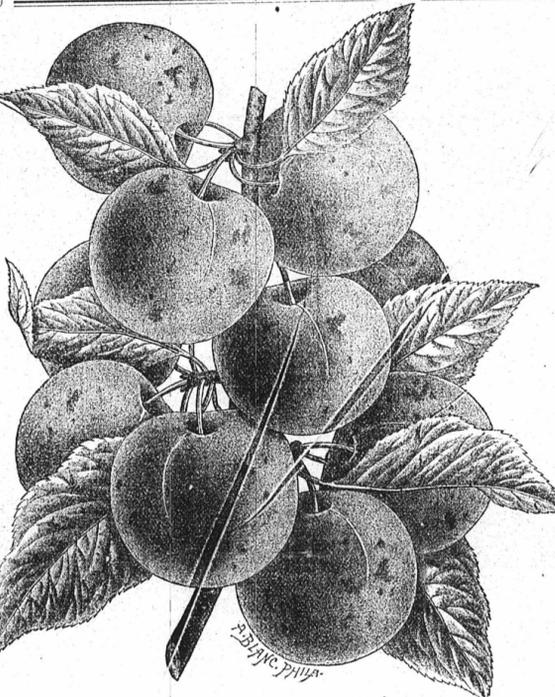
The tree and fruit is entirely free from insects. In eight year's experience and tests with other varieties which the curculio has destroyed, this plum has never been attacked, bearing uniformly heavy crops every season. The fruit is persistent, and not easily blown off by heavy winds. It is an enormous bearer. From a seven year old tree a picker filled a peck basket without moving the position of his feet. The wood being perfectly clear of thorns or spurs, it can be picked more rapidly than any other plum. The tree is very rapid in growth, and in a favorable season bears the second year.

The trees grow very large. Of ten eight-year-old trees the trunks average two feet in circumference, they are eighteen feet in height, and have a spread of twenty feet across. Trees nearly evergreen, retaining their leaves until removed by heavy freezing. It stood the test, with Samuel Miller, of Missouri, Mr. J. R. Hallet, of Michigan, and in Canada, of 40° below zero, while in tender condition. As to drought, Mr. Hallet writes: "It is the only tree in our nursery that came through the drought—1884—without shedding its leaves." Agents are appointed, one only in each state.

B. F. Smith, of Lawrence, holds the agency for the State of Kansas.

CHANGE YOUR SEED. BUY SOME OF

My Superior Pedigree Field SEEDS, the choicest new and standard varieties at lowest living prices. Such as the Celebrated Champion White Pearl Corn, (of which I am the originator) at \$2.00 per bushel. Genuine J. S. Leaming Corn \$1.25. Pride of the North \$1.80. French Imperial Spring Wheat \$1.65. Welcome Oats \$1.25. Mansury Barley \$1.50. Dark Red Potatoes \$1.55. Also Broom Corn, Sugar Cane, Buckwheat, Melon, Pumpkin, Squash, etc., etc., in large variety. Seeds warranted true, pure. Write for what you want, and I will quote you low prices. Address, J. C. Saffern, Seed Grower, Bement, Ill.



STOCK AND DAIRY

Over stocking is a common source of loss. Too much stock is always a loss. Fewer animals and better care pay best.

The more attention and care that can be bestowed upon animals, with a view to their comfort, the more will they be of service and a source of profit to their owners.

An overfat animal unless for the butcher, is not desirable in all cases. Fat animals are poor breeders, as a rule, though there are exceptions, but exercise and surrounding conditions affect the animal, and render it suitable or unsuitable according to the objects desired to be obtained.

It does not follow that because a sow is in farrow that therefore she should be kept hog fat. Fat is not alone a source of heat, it is the occasion of fever, and fever means irritation and weakness, hence we find so many pigs dying in coming, and being laid upon or killed by the dams. Breeding sows must be kept in good heart, have plenty of exercise and a variety of food, to be a success.

It is stated that French farmers have succeeded in preserving ensilage for green soiling in the open air. It consists of stacking exclusively green fodder on a bed of rough stones, on a dry place, and covering the mass with a weight of a ton or a ton and a half to the yard. In soiling, it will be remembered the outer crust, of varying thickness, is unfit for food, and of course in this open air-system the crust is much thicker.

Western farmers complain severely of the heavy decline in prices of beef cattle. Some beeves bought a year ago and fed with corn all the time bring less per pound now than then. One cause of this excessive supply is the forcing of the market of large herds pastured in Indian reservations. Another cause is the extra abundance of hog products caused by fears of

hog cholera. Both these causes are temporary.

Professor Morrow says: "Our practice is to have the calves dropped at all seasons, the hot months being the least desirable, but for rearing on skim milk the preference is given to those dropped in the Autumn. With comfortable quarters these will make almost or quite as much growth when young as those dropped in the spring. They can be weaned at the time when they can go on grass, and will come to the second winter robust and in shape for the change to dry feed. Spring-dropped calves must go into winter quarters soon after weaning."

If it can be by any possibility be avoided hogs should never be fed on the ground when it is soft. It makes a material difference in the health and vigor of every animal, whether its food be pure, or adulterated with the filth of its own droppings. Many seem to think that it makes no difference; that a hog can digest and make flesh out of one thing as well as out of another; that foul and filthy slush and dung and urine are all alike, but there is where they make one great mistake. If our hogs must be fed corn by all means give it them pure and unadulterated. As well give them oleomargarine at once, as corn in such foul sauce.

Popcorn.

It is said that a large part of the popcorn used in the world comes from Bloomington, Ill., where the farmers' wives and children used to consider it their perquisite. In 1883 the crop was so large that the price fell to two cents a pound, and then experiments were made to use it as a food rather than a confection. A farmer who fed his cows with popcorn says they gave more milk than ever before. Others made "mush" of it, and I found it more palatable than the ordinary article. Then the chemist analyzed it and declared it to contain more albuminoids than most of the other cereals. So popcorn bids fair to become a recognized diet.

The Bohemian oats swindle cost four farmers near Wabash, Ind., \$2,000.

Nine Ways to Commit Suicide.

1. Wear narrow, thin shoes.
2. Wear a "snug" corset.
3. Sit up in hot, unventilated rooms until midnight.
4. Sleep on feathers in a small, close room.
5. Eat rich food rapidly, and at irregular times.
6. Use coffee, tea, spirits and tobacco.
7. Stuff yourself with cake, confectionery and sweetmeats, and swallow a few patent medicines to get rid of them.
8. Marry a fashionable wife and live beyond your income.
9. Employ a fashionable and needy doctor to attend you in every slight ailment.—Dio Lewis's "Nuggets."

DRYING TOMATOES.—In Italy an extensive business is carried on in drying tomatoes. They are dried in preference to being canned. The tomatoes are allowed to remain on the vines until they are quite ripe, when they are picked and pressed into bags made of coarse cloth, which allows the pulp to pass through, while the seeds and skins are retained. The pulp is then spread out thinly on cloth, boards or shallow dishes, and exposed to the sun to dry. When it has become quite dry it is broken up fine, or ground, and put into boxes or bags and sent to market. It is largely used in soups, but much of it is employed as we do tomatoes preserved in tins or other cans. When used it is soaked for a few hours in warm water, and then cooked in the ordinary manner. This method of preserving this fruit is preferred there on account of the prejudice—well grounded, too,—against canned tomatoes, much so prepared being unwholesome.

The Chicago Tribune says: It is unquestionable that the present generation is leaving the farm in large numbers, and that the next will leave in still greater, and that were it not for the accretion of foreign agricultural labor our farms would suffer very heavily.

A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

I will sell five or ten-acre lots at

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Kaufman & Thompson,
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STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,
128 Kansas Ave
Just received a new lot of California Fruit.
Country Produce bought and sold.

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Dealer in choicest fresh meats, poultry, game, fish, etc. North Topeka.
406 Kansas Avenue.
- J. D. Pattison,** Stoves.
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44 Kansas Avenue.
- W. H. Moody,** Barber.
Shaving, Shampooing and hair-cutting in first class style. North Topeka.
427 Kansas Avenue.
- GEO. DOWNING,** Photographer.
Gold, Ectelated Edge Cabinet Photographs for \$2.50 per doz. until further notice. The German Language spoken. 197 Kansas Avenue, Over Barnums. South Topeka.
- D. C. Hewitt,** BLACKSMITH.
When you have any blacksmithing or wagon work you want done I will pay you to go to my shop where you will get the best of work at the lowest possible price.

AGENTS WANTED—STOCK-DOCTOR

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1886
Believing that if a man has dealt squarely with his fellow-men his patrons are his best advertisers, I invite all to make inquiry of the character of my seeds among over a million of farmers, gardeners and planters who have used them during the past thirty years. Raising a large portion of the seed sold, (few seedmen raise the seed they sell) I was the first seedman in the United States to warrant (as per catalogue) their purity and freshness. My seeds are established and I lower Seed Catalogue for 1886 will be sent FREE to all who write for it. Among an immense variety, my friends will find it (and in none other) a new drumhead Calumet friends will find it (and in none other) a new drumhead Calumet friends will find it (and in none other) a new drumhead Calumet. Just about as early as Henderson's, but nearly twice as large! James J. H. Gregory, H. Blackwell, Kans.

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ARE ANNUALLY SUPPLIED WITH
SEEDS Peter Henderson's **PLANTS**
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Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.
PETER HENDERSON & CO., 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

—A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them fading.—Philadelphia Press.
—The growing of mustard for seed is said to be very profitable, as the seeds not only produce an excellent quality of oil, but can also be utilized after having been pressed.
—On setting out fruit trees they should be bent slightly toward the prevailing winds and then well staked; but as the stakes are lifted by freezing and thawing they should be looked after in winter and spring and reset.—N. Y. Herald.
—Daniel Stewart, of Allegheny City, Pa., says he is the oldest brother of General Stewart, the hero of Abu Klea and Shaabacat Wells.—Chicago Inter Ocean.
—Baked Eggs: Take five eggs and put the yolks in a bowl and stir with a little salt and pepper. The whites should be beaten to a stiff froth, and if there are more whites than yolks, the dish is so much better. After the whites are stiff as can be, pour the yolks over them and mix lightly with a spoon, then turn all instantly into a hot baking-dish with a little melted butter in the bottom and bake immediately.—Boston Globe.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Feb. 27, 1886.

Mrs. Mary Macomber, of Jonesville, Mich., raised a chrysanthemum that had 400 blossoms.

Iowa has nearly discarded the raising of wheat, the yield has fallen off so much. From forty or fifty bushels to the acre, the production has dropped to ten or twelve bushels. The wheat belt of the country is steadily moving to the frontier. Civilization seems to destroy the capacity of the land for wheat-raising, and our best wheat lands are now found in Dakota and the Northwest.

The Oldest Seed House.

The oldest seed house in America is Landreth's, now in its second century. The Landreth's have their own farms and raise their own seeds, and so they are better adapted to our soil and climate than foreign seeds. We have just received Landreth's Companion for the Garden and Farm, a beautifully illustrated manual, with four colored engravings and full of information. Price 10 cents. We also have their catalogue which is sent free. D. Landreth & Sons, Philadelphia.

The Southern Bivouac for February is just at hand. This magazine, which is distinctly southern, is one of the most readable publications of the country. Since it passed into the hands of Messrs. Avery & Sons, the wealthy and well-known plan manufacturers of Louisville, Kentucky, its circulation has increased from 1500 to as many thousands. The Averages seem to be as successful as publishers as they are as manufacturers. The price of the Bivouac is \$2.00, at which figure we can furnish both it and the Spirit one year.

People sometimes talk, write, or lecture about the immense losses caused by insects to fruit. They base their estimates on the idea that had the insects left the fruit alone the price for the full crop would have been the same as for a short crop. But this is a delusion, of course. An over-supply market is always about as bad for the growers as the devastation of insects in the orchards, or worse even, as fruit already destroyed causes no expense in shipping. The insects damage railway freights and consumers mainly, and those growers who lose all their crops. Where the insects damage proportionately, uniform growers would, practically, not be damaged at all if the principle is true that supply and demand control prices. But this is not always the case.

The farmer who worries the least, and does more work than his neighbor with less trouble apparently, is the one who is never behind with his work. A farmer who is behind with his work is in a worse predicament than a business man of a city; for he deals more with nature's laws, and nature waits for no one. Knowing how to do a thing, and then doing it at the proper time, are two of the most important steps toward success. The best farmer I know is a young man who acquired the habit of neatness, promptness, accuracy and haste in his father's drug store. These habits put in practice on the farm, are the only reason why he succeeds better than his neighbors.—Supt. Thompson.

Kiowa Herald: There is but one thing that we know about farming in Kansas and we have learned that by twenty years of experience and observation—mostly observation. The early farmer in Kansas is the only one that raises the crops. Farmers, coming from the east govern their farming by the experience gained there, and hold back from putting their crops in the ground, to avoid the cold, spring rains and late frosts.

A Kansas Spring is just the opposite. There are no cold rains and no frosts. Corn will come up and grow with the grass. The first day that the plow can be started it ought to be put into the work, the ground prepared and the seed planted; but little rain will fall in March, April and along in May. The corn will come out of the ground and time given to cultivate it and clean out the weeds. The latter part of May the rains will begin to fall and continue through June. Lucky is the man whose corn is in good condition to go into the wet spell. A cold wet spring that rots the corn in the ground is the exception, and frosts never. The early farmer rises crops in Kansas, is the experience of farmers of this state.

The flour mills of Kansas employ \$3,000,000, and their products is valued at \$3,889,000. Last years output of flour consumed 14,500,000 bushels of wheat. In 1872 the capital employed was \$2,000,000.

THE GARDEN.

Saturate the soil when watering, and do not go on the principle of a little and often.

Water only when the plants require it, which may be from two to three times a week. This depends on how fast the soil dries.

Cuttings need sunlight as well as rooted plants. If kept too much in the shade with copious watering they are more liable to rot than to root.

We like to grow verbenas from the seed, thereby getting larger and healthier plants than from cuttings. Sow the seeds early.—Orchard and Garden.

Permanganate of potash is not only a good disinfectant, but a small quantity of it mixed with the water for watering roses or other plants in pots and vases, promotes luxuriance and health. Sprinkling the foliage with this same mixture drives away the green fly and keeps off mildew.

The failure of squashes and other vines to fruit is generally due to imperfect fertilization. It may be that pinching back will check the growth of vines and thus induce fruit production, but a more certain way is to artificially fertilize by transferring pollen to the female flowers.

The garden can, in a measure, satisfy the soul-longings for the beautiful. The smooth, grassy lawn with its handsome trees of varied forms and foliage, the climbing vines that embower the porches, the flowers of every type and tint, these gratify wants that are felt by the higher man. As we make our homes beautiful by ornamenting the grounds with trees and plants, we are educating ourselves and our children in a higher life—a life distinct from that of the brute creation, and which is the glory of man, the lord of earth.—Vick's Magazine.

If you do not have a greenhouse, take a box a few inches deep as long as one of your unused windows is wide, and as wide as convenient. Fill it with good garden soil and sow lettuce seed in it. A shelf in the window will accommodate a second box. The lettuce with its bright green leaves will make your room bright and cheerful. Lettuce bears a tolerably hard freezing, and will look better than many stunted window-plants we so often see. Later, some of the plants may be transplanted into the garden.

Grape Growers Maxims.

1. Prepare the ground in Fall; plant in Spring.
2. Give the vines plenty of manure, old and well decomposed, for fresh manure excites the growth, but does not mature it.
3. Luxuriant growth does not insure fruit.
4. Dig deep, and plant shallow.
5. Young vines produce beautiful fruit, but old vines the richest.
6. Prune in Autumn to ensure growth, but in Spring to ensure fruitfulness.
7. Plant your vines before you put up trellises.
8. Vines, like old soldiers, should have good arms.
9. Prune spurs to one developed bud, for the nearer old wood, the higher flavored the fruit.
10. These who prune long must soon climb.
11. Vine leaves love the sun; the fruit the shade.
12. Every leaf has a bud at the base, and either a branch or a tendril opposite it.
13. A tendril is an abortive fruit bunch; a bunch of fruit, a productive tendril.

It has been determined that 3,100 pounds of corn products, including grain, cobs, and stalks is equal in nutritive value to 3,612 pounds of hay.

The Burlington company that is making milk sugar from whey finds the demand outgrowing the supply and has sent west for material to make the sugar off.

Plow at the right time, plant at the right time, and sell at the right time. Always sell on a rising market, and don't wait too long. Keep account with every animal, field and crop, and know where the gains come and how to stop losses.

Farmers in general, and renters in particular, plow too many acres—attempt to put in more than they tend well. This hinders in two ways—first it makes poor crops, and second, dirty foul land.

Thresh wheat as soon after harvest as you can, and sell from the machine. It saves loss in shock and loss in storage and handling. You are sure of these, and may get more than if held in the grainary for the better price—which seldom comes.

POULTRY YARD.

Vermin in the windpipe suffocating the fowl. Give wheat dampened and rolled in sulphur. Clean and white-wash the hen-house thoroughly; sprinkle with carbolic acid in water to keep away lice. No lice, no gapes.

Best fowl food: one bushel of boiled, mashed potatoes, mixed hot with twenty pounds of bran, and ten pounds of mixed corn and oatmeal. The heat of the potatoes will cook the meal and bran, and when cold will cut like mush.

Fowls can be fattened well in a fortnight if they are cooped up where they can obtain gravel, and are fed on scalded corn meal, given them three times a day. For drink, skimmed milk is very desirable and will be drunk with eagerness; pulverized charcoal kept either in their boxes, or mixed with their feed, will materially assist the fattening process.

The instinct of a fowl leads it to scratch even in feeding on a heap of whole grain. This causes it to stop eating long enough to swallow. We give fowls too much at a time, and this causes them to stuff themselves so as to injure their crops if fed dampened meal. A little whole grain scattered among straw will make poultry scratch for what they get and conduce to their healthfulness.

Two Valuable Remedies.

In speaking of remedies the Farm and Stockman remarks: The two most valuable remedies for all diseases of poultry, considering cost and ease of administering, are coal oil and carbolic acid which sells for about 25 cents per quart—liquid—in the crude condition, and as only a tablespoonful is necessary for disinfecting a large space, it is very cheap substance. It may be used in many different ways. In summer a small quantity of it may be mixed with water, in a watering pot, and sprinkled all over the quarters, and although it will eradicate lice for a period, it should be repeated occasionally, to prevent them returning. It is a great purifier, thereby assisting to ward off disease and impurities arising from contact of the fowls with each other as well as from decomposition of the droppings. Every one interested in poultry should keep a supply on hand, as it is indispensable to success as corn, wheat or oats. It should be used with care as it is a virulent poison, yet harmless in the hands of a careful and judicious person. An excellent method of using it is to put a tablespoonful in a bucket of whitewash and apply the whitewash thickly to every part of the poultry house. Let no crack or opening be overlooked, but place it everywhere—on roosts, in nests, and even on the floors. Daub it on freely and use plenty of it.

Coal oil—the ordinary kind used in our lamps—is used for anointing the roosts. Being an oil it should not be placed in the nests. It is a terror to lice and all other kinds of insects, and also destroys the eggs of disease. Some breeders consider a half a teaspoonful daily an excellent cure for cholera. When injected into the nostrils with the use of an ordinary sewing machine can, as a remedy for roup, it has given very satisfactory results. It should never be used on the bodies of fowls, nor should grease of any kind be applied in that manner, but a few drops on the head of a chick will often drive away lice. The cheapness with which coal oil and carbolic acid are procured, and the number of uses to which they can be applied, render the two substances boons to poultrymen, and have no excuse for dereliction in not preventing lice and many diseases to which fowls are often subject through mismanagement.

Pay as You Go.

The best of all rules for successful housekeeping and making both ends of the year meet is, "pay as you go." Pass-books are the bane and pest of domestic economy—a perpetual plague, vexation and swindle. But the worst of it is, that the housekeepers have ordered what they have not the means to pay for, and when the time for settlement comes they are straitened. A family can live respectably on a very moderate income, if they always take the cash in hand and buy where you can buy to the best advantage. Then they will be careful to get what is necessary. It is as bad policy to buy on credit. No wise dealer sells so cheaply on credit as for cash.

Put in half as many acres and put on them twice as much labor, and you will have twice as much to sell and keep up the land better.

LIFE RULES.

A Great Deal of Impractical Nonsense Written About the Laws of Health.

A thoughtful writer observes: "It really seems sometimes as if hygienic science were all wrong, and as if late hours, much hard work done under the gaslight, and the smallest amount of fresh air were the way to be healthy, if not wealthy and wise. Who lives under more unhealthy conditions than our legislators or the leading counsel learned in the law? But our statesmen are in a green old age at seventy-five and lawyers are quite boyish at sixty; so, too, are actors and actresses." Our contemporary then goes on to say: "Sanitary guides should tell the meaning of these things."

"So far as we may presume to respond to this appeal," replies a physician in the same journal, "we must be allowed to point out, first, that there is a fallacy in the inference that because members of Congress, busy counsel, and, perhaps, actors and actresses, live in the spite of the adverse influences of surroundings which are held to be injurious to health, therefore the surroundings of their lives cannot be as injurious as the surroundings of the subjects of the statistics as brought to bear upon sanitary questions was the drawing of an inference that, because the London night men, who slept as they might by day, and spent the hours of darkness in emptying cess-pools, were able, as a class, to claim a very low rate of mortality, their mode of life and the work in which they were engaged could not be unhealthy. A good deal of excitement, we remember, was produced by this delivery some forty years ago. It was forgotten that another point of view was possible, and that, in truth, none but the mured could live under such conditions! So it is with members of Congress, busy counsel, and actors and actresses, who are not wont to enter into a way of life which must obviously prove unsuitable. At the same time, we are quite prepared to meet our contemporary half way in his argument, though the inference with which he opens the debate is obviously faulty. We think a great deal of unpractical nonsense is talked and written on the conditions of health, and we are quite sensible of the fact that regimen practicing may be carried too far. Practitioners and those who set themselves up as apostles of sanitary science are too prone to measure other people's corn by their own bushel. For example, a physician or surgeon may himself have been a too free liver—it is easier to preach than to practice—and he may have become a vegetarian just in the nick of time or with great advantage to his health; but this is certainly no reason why he should spend the remainder of his days in trying to persuade others that vegetarianism is good or necessary for them also. Again, a medical man may have a miserably weak digestive faculty, and need to avoid certain dishes which other folk can take, not only with impunity, but with benefit; but that is no reason why he should advise abstemiousness, and that disagree with him, while they agree perfectly well with the majority of mankind. By pushing dieting to the verge of starvation, we are simply pretending to cure, not curing; we impose on ourselves and on those who confide in our practice."—Scientific American.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

How She Sought to Send a Telegram to a Detroit Friend.

"Can I get some one to write a message for me?" asked a lady, accompanied by another lady, at one of the windows of the Western Union Chicago office Saturday. Then a young man was detailed to do the work. He sat down at the table, flanked on either side by a form divine. The young man wrote: "Chicago, March 14."

One of the ladies looked over his shoulder and said: "This isn't the 14th, is it?"

The young man said he could not be mistaken.

"I thought it was the 15th," the second young lady remarked, adding, with an upward tendency of the voice: "Isn't it the 15th?"

The young man insisted it was the 14th.

"What day does St. Patrick's Day come on?" asked No. 1, crossing her hands on her lap like a corpse.

"Tuesday, the 17th," the young man answered.

"Then this is the 14th," No. 1 concluded.

"To whom do you wish this message sent?"

"To my friend in Detroit."

"Yes," sighed the young man; the name, please, and the number."

"No, yes; I forgot that. Why to Thomas—got that? W.—Thomas W.—G.—i.—b.—s.—Thomas W. Gibbs."

"Number, please?"

"He—I don't know. Kitty, what is Tommy's number?"

"Really, I haven't it."

"How stupid I am. But never mind. Just send it to me as I told you, and then I'll write to him to-night when I go home to call on the telegraph office and get the message. How much is that?"

THE HEBREW HERO.

Some Particulars of the Work of the Deceased Sir Moses Montefiore.

LONDON, July 29.—Sir Moses Montefiore, the great Jewish philanthropist, is dead. His death occurred at Ramsgate at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The death was peaceful. His malady was congestion of the lungs. The funeral will take place on Friday next, and the remains will be interred beside the remains of his late wife. The Mayor, at a meeting of the Town Council, spoke of the death of Sir Moses as a great loss to the town. The Council resolved that the town hall should be draped and the municipal authorities should attend the funeral. Sir Moses Montefiore was born October 24, 1784. His father was an English merchant, and traced his ancestry back to Spain, from the time when his forefathers were driven by persecution to flee into Italy, where the early Montefiores amassed great wealth. The baronet's earlier years were passed in Italy, where he received his education and began his business career. In 1812 he married a sister-in-law of Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the founder of the London branch of the greatest banking establishment in the world. He made his first trip to Palestine in 1823, its purpose being to make a personal investigation of the causes of the abject state of the Hebrews residing in the country. A result of his inquiries was that the Palestine fund was established for their relief, of which Sir Moses Montefiore has ever since been the administrator. He was appointed Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1837, and during the same year was knighted by the Queen at Guildhall, on the occasion of her first official visit to that city after her accession to the throne; and, in 1846, as a recognition of his services in behalf of his race, both at home and abroad, he was created a baronet. His influence with the Pasha of Egypt and the Sultan of Turkey in 1840, after the massacre at Damascus, his untiring efforts with the Czar Nicholas in behalf of the Russian Jews in 1846, his able and successful labors with Louis Philippe, King of France, in reference to the persecution of 1847, and his pleadings with the Spanish authorities in 1863, are all remembered with gratitude and thanksgiving by the subjects of his race who have been benefited by his exertions. The dream of this philanthropist was to see Palestine the seat of a Jewish Empire and Jerusalem his capital, and he had given the best years of his life to the accomplishment of these objects. Sir Moses Montefiore lived at East Cliff Lodge, a short distance from Ramsgate, where the Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, once resided.

ARMADILLOS.

Peculiarities of the Mail-Clad Warriors of Nature.

The armadillos are the mail-clad warriors of nature; and the most completely armored of the whole odd family of armadillos is a beautifully-ornamented little fellow called by the naturalists Tolypentes, and by the Brazilians "bolita." "Bolita" means "little ball," and the armadillo was so named because it has the power of rolling itself up into the shape of a ball. Its various shields are so arranged that when the bolita rolls itself up it makes a perfect ball or hard shell.

A traveler in Brazil tells of watching some little children at play tossing a large ball, about the size of a foot-ball. When they were tired of the game they threw the ball on the ground, and to his surprise it turned into an animal and ran hastily away. It was one of these little armadillos.

The same traveler says that he has seen these animated balls used by a little child in playing with a kitten. The game may have annoyed the bolita, but it could not have caused it any injury because of the perfect protection afforded by its armor.

It has need of all the protection it can have, for it lives in a land where the mischievous monkey is plentiful. Anybody who has seen monkeys teasing each other will be able to gain some idea of the torment the slow-witted armadillo must undergo as it is passed about from one to another of a party of monkeys. When Tolypentes is set upon by the frolicsome monkeys, he never, it is said, curls up, and is safe from himself. The baffled tormentors turn it over and over, looking in great astonishment for the tail they know must be there. If Tolypentes had any sense of humor, he would certainly laugh heartily within his shell at the chattering, grinning crowd.

As the bolita, like the other armadillos, burrows in the earth, it has forefeet suited for that work. Its toes are armed with long and hard claws, which enable it to dig with wonderful quickness. Instead of walking upon the flat part of its front feet, the bolita walks upon the tips of its toes, and in doing so looks comically dainty and mincing. At the same time it can move with considerable swiftness.

The armadillos live only in South America, and are all small in size compared to the gigantic armadillo that lived ages ago. The largest now living is not more than three feet long, while that of former ages was as large as a big ding-table.—John R. Coryell, in St. Nicholas.

How Bruin Hugged a Buzz-Saw.

"Talking about funny things" said a big brozzed, bearded man in the reading-room of an up-town hotel last night, "the funnest thing I ever heard of happened in my saw-mill out in Michigan. We used a heavy upright saw for sawing heavy timber. One day not long ago the men had all gone to dinner leaving the saw, which ran by water power, going at full speed. While we were away a big black bear came into the mill and went nosing around. The saw caught his fur and twitched him a little. Bruin didn't like this for a cent, so he turned around and fetched the saw a lick with his paw. Result: a badly-cut paw, a blow with the other paw followed and it was also cut. The bear was by this time aroused to perfect fury and rushing at the saw caught it in his grasp and gave a tremendous hug. It was his last hug and we lived on bear steaks for a week. When we came up from dinner, there was half a bear on each side of the saw, which was going ahead as nicely as though it had never seen a bear. This is a fact, so help me, Bob," and the big lumberman bit off a fresh chunk of tobacco.—N. Y. Tribune.

FALLING BUILDINGS.

Two Buildings in Brooklyn, N. Y., Collapsed and Caught Fire.—Fatal Loss of Life.

New York, May 5.—When the workmen were engaged putting up a girder in the basement of the building in the rear of No. 12 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, this morning one of the needles used in packing up beams gave way, causing the entire building to collapse. On the second floor was a soap manufacturing company, in which were the furnaces for heating the cauldrons. There were two hundred and fifty persons in the building, including many girls employed on the upper floors. The west wing of the building fronting Atlantic avenue went down entirely, and it is supposed that many persons were carried down in the ruins. The flames communicated to the remainder of the structure, which was standing and soon the whole building was in flames. The fire alarm sounded after much delay and brought the first firemen, but they were unable to cope with the flames, which were now mounting high above the building and leaping forth from different windows. A second and third alarm and finally a great one was sounded and soon the streets swarmed with fire apparatus of all kinds. The firemen soon had streams playing on the structure.

The buildings were parted in the rear of the buildings fronting Atlantic avenue, and Columbia Place. The entrance to them was on Columbia Place, State street and through the alleys on Atlantic avenue. When the wing of the collapsed building fell, it crushed into the tenement houses 53 and 55 Atlantic avenue. Mrs. Henrietta Hans, sixty-eight years old, and her daughter, Emma, aged thirty years, were in the rear of the second floor of the house, No. 55. They were buried under the ruins. Fireman Duff, of the engine No. 4, soon succeeded in digging them out. They were both badly injured. Mrs. Hans died while being moved to a hospital and little hope is entertained for the daughter. Subsequently, while the men of the engine were engaged in throwing streams on the flames, the wall gave way and buried Firemen Bernard and Stark and Michael T. Regan. They were quickly extricated from the body and suffered severe scalp wounds. Both were taken to the hospital. Fireman Doucherty, of the Star Company, was struck on the head by a falling brick and badly hurt.

It is now believed that thirty lives were lost in the Brooklyn disaster. The building was occupied by twenty small manufacturers and there were about 500 men and women employed therein. It was five stories high and erected twenty-seven years ago.

The cause of the fire was the overturning of the boilers in the soap factory on the second floor.

The west wall of the middle wing on Atlantic avenue had settled.

The workmen were screwing it up with jacks. The middle jacks had been screwed up too high and it was lowered, when the whole weight of the wall came upon the two jacks at the end and it fell with a crash.

Policeman McCormick, of the third sub-district, heard that the building had fallen and ran thither immediately.

The firemen injured were Bernard Stort and Michael F. Fegan of engine company No. 4; Patrick Docherty of hook and ladder company No. 3, and fireman Hardy. Their wounds are all scalp wounds caused by falling bricks.

Among the employes known to be injured are: Henry Maurer, scalp wound and fractured leg.

Mrs. Henrietta Hans, reported to have died on the way to the hospital.

Miss Mamie Hans, her daughter, severely hurt.

Two unknown women were pulled from beneath the burning timbers by the chief of the fire department.

Edwin Butler was seen to jump from the second story into the ruins. He has not been seen since.

Four of the men employed by the Judd manufacturing company are also missing.

The women were taken from the second floor by firemen who had raised ladders to the State street building.

Chief Nevin said: "I believe there are at least twenty-five people in the ruins. There may be more."

The loss is estimated at \$300,000; insurance unknown.

The building was owned by Nat Cushing, of Boston.

THE VOICE.

What It Tells and What It May Be Considered to Indicate.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, but they can be lowered, and so far the expression hidden.

In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be falling and tremulous.

Certain voices grate on the nerves and set our teeth on edge, and others are just as calming as they are irritating, quieting, or like a composing draught.

A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician—the "bdside voice," which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution.

Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art and becomes artificial; as such it may be admirable—telling; as such it may be impressive in address, but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting.

An orator's voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place beside a sick-bed as a broaded silk for the kitchen-girl.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know or allow.

One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is in indistinct or confused utterance; no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial, and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate and stutter.

A thick, loose, fluffy voice does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the most active work, and when a keen-witted man draws and lets his words drip instead of bringing them out in the sharp, incisive way that ought to be natural to him there is a flaw somewhere.—Ephraim.

"NOT HERE; HE IS RISEN."

There was for me in all the world one grave, And a that dear and silent spot there lay...

I made that quiet grave a sacred shrine, I bent my footsteps to that hour by hour...

So as the days went on, that grassy mound, A very bow of fragrant beauty seemed...

And there all day I lingered and I dreamed.

Untended and uncultured were my home flowers; My poor, whom I of old had clothed and fed...

Went cold and hungry, but their wistful eyes Haunted me not, sitting beside my dead.

"Surely 'tis good here to remain," I said; "There is no spot so safe, so free from sin;...

No echo of its tumult and its din.

"Why then do I not find my Master here? Where is my Lord? Why comes He not to me?...

With mourners once He wept beside a grave, And comforted by Him I fain would be.

"O Jesus, Saviour, do I love Thee not? I seek Thee here from weary day to day,...

What shrine more fit for Thee to bless, my Lord? And at what altar could I pray?

It was an Easter morn. Fair rose the sun, And waked the world to beauty and to light;...

But, as I knelt beside my grave, within My hungry, longing soul, it still was night.

"Where is my Lord? Where is my Christ?" I moaned. When suddenly there fell upon my ear...

A faint, sweet sound, like distant angel tones, Which every moment seemed to draw me near.

The children chanting loud their Easter hymn, Out rang the clear, glad sound: "He is not here!"

Once and again, and yet again it came: "He is not here! Our Christ, He is not here!"

"Not here! Then I can never find my Lord! Where have they laid him? Master, help, I pray!"

The answer came, my grave seemed open wide, As though an angel robed the stone away.

And, looking in, I saw no light, no life, It was dark, a cold, a drear, a prison;...

Then rose within those dim, those vacant eyes: "He is not here, not here; He is arisen!"

And, lifting up my eyes, I saw once more The Sun, the Day-Star fair, the world's pure light;

Blinding those tear-dimmed eyes, so used to see Naught but the tomb's dark loneliness and night.

"Rabboni, Master," penitent, I cried, "Forgive! And still the silvery voices sang:..."

"But so your way and my disciples' tell— And I—while yet upon the air it rang;..."

Jehey my Master's order, and went back His poor to feed, to clothe, to show the way.

To wandering ones, His little lambs to lead; And so I found my Lord, that Easter day. —Annie T. Stinson, in "Easter Lilies."

THE OLD ORGANIST.

An Affecting Story of an Etonian—Even Hallelujah.

It was a dreary Easter even, but behind it all was the glory of the resurrection time. One knew it by the fresh smell of the ground as the rain fell up on it, trying, with gentle touch, to coax from it the frost and hardness of the winter.

One knew it, too, by the tiny blades of grass, the tender green of which gleamed in the sunny corners of sheltered door yards; and away in the woods, under its warm covering of decaying leaves, the little hepatica told anew the old story of "death unto life."

People roused themselves from the lethargy of winter, and the hopes over whose death they had grieved, because their fruition seemed so far away and uncertain, came trooping back full of joy and promise as before.

It was Easter even in a dull narrow street, the dreariness of which was made more manifest by the flickering light of half-a-dozen oil lamps, and the quiet strongly emphasized by the continual patter of the soft spring rain upon the side walks, and upon the low roofs of the cottages which stood at irregular intervals upon either side.

The street was a short one, and at the upper end of it, just where it curved around a corner into a wide and pretentious avenue, stood a church, the cross on whose spire glittered in the uncertain light. The windows in the choir end of the building gleamed with light, and through the open doorway came the sound of organ and chor, now in anthems, again in joyful carols, and at last a soprano voice in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." As the last note died away into silence the organ alone burst into the Hallelujah chorus, and the grand chorals swelled in power until the whole edifice trembled with the glory of their majestic harmony. Then all was quiet. The choir came out in twos and threes, and dispersed in various directions. One by one the lights were extinguished, there was a sound of closing doors, and the last Easter rehearsal was over, and the last Easter rehearsal was over.

As the outer door was closed and fastened, two persons came down the steps of the church and turned into the dull and narrow street. They were an old man, seemingly feeble, and a younger one upon whose arm he leaned.

"Dear master," said the young man, "you should not have exerted yourself so greatly to-night; you are not strong and so much depends upon you to-morrow."

"Ah, dear Paul," the old man replied, "when one is like me, old and feeble, to-morrow means so much less than to-day. But you need not fear for me, I shall have strength sufficient for to-morrow. Ah, but that Handel was divine, and the chords of the Hallelujah are the finest he ever wrote."

"That is so, indeed, but it required a great deal of your precious strength to make that organ utter them to-night," Paul said earnestly.

The old organist looked at his companion for a moment, and then said: "Do you know that for forty years there has not been an Easter even when

I have not played the Hallelujah, and should I fail to-night?"

"Yes," Paul answered, "so you have told me before, and I have always fancied there must be some story connected with this custom of yours. Is there one, and can you tell it to a dear friend who loves you?"

The organist was silent a moment, and then said very gently: "Come home with me Paul, and I will tell you the story. Simple though it be, perhaps it will interest you, because as you say, and as I believe, you love me."

The two figures, the old bent form clinging closely to the arm of the strong and vigorous one, passed slowly onward until they reached one of the smallest houses in the street, which they entered. The organist lit a quaint lamp which stood upon a table in the small room, and its light revealed the low walls hung with pictures of great composers, a small piano, and in one corner an old-fashioned cabinet filled with rare scores, cherished with a tender affection by the aged musician.

The old man sank upon a lounge which was drawn near a fire, and said: "Paul, bring your chair close beside me, and I will tell you, if I can, the story I promised. I do not know why I am impelled to speak thus to you to-night. I have never been a man to whom speech was easy, least of all I have cared to speak of a grief which is as fresh to me to-night as it was forty years ago."

"Of course you know that I am not of this country, although I have lived here so long that I love it and its people well. Yes, it is a great land, my friend, with good laws, and good government, and although I am as I say attached to it, yet it is not my own country, my dear Fatherland, my Germany. Ah, there the musician is at home, there is the land of harmony! I grant you that of late years much has been done here in that direction, but it is all so new, so unaccustomed, in Germany are the memories of great composers, whose living forms we do not remember, but their works are left us, and we are conscious that they are our countrymen. I think of them, Mozart, Handel, Mendelssohn—but why name them, you will recall them all, and you know, too, the impetus the memory of such men give to the art of which they were the apostles."

The old man paused, and Paul, who was burning with patriotic anxiety to defend the musical honor of his native land, forebore to interrupt with his voice the reverie into which the old organist seemed to have fallen, and waited patiently for him to continue. In a few moments he resumed:

"I need not tell you the story of my early life, for it would have little interest for you. It was quite uneventful and filled with hard work. When I was about twenty-five an event occurred: a rendering of Handel's Messiah was to be given in the town where I lived, and the organ was intrusted to me. The soprano came from a neighboring town, and perhaps you will be incredulous when I tell you that never before nor since have I listened to a voice equal to hers; dear and sweet and powerful, and full of the sympathetic quality which is so seldom an attribute of the soprano voice. When she first sang I was startled, but when as the oratorio progressed and it came to her at last to voice the greatest song in music ever wrote, I held my breath for a moment. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Oh! I knew it then; never before had the blessed knowledge been so revealed to me. My fingers trembled on the keyboard, and my heart was full of praise and thanksgiving. Later, when the Hallelujah chorus came it was the hallelujah of my own heart to which my fingers gave melody, and never was the dear old organ more obedient to their touch, or the voices it sustained more in harmony with its guiding tones."

"When it was all over, the soprano, Thekla her name was, came to me and said: 'How grandly the organ sounded in the Hallelujah; it spoke to me! I remember so well how she looked; her sweet eyes shining with pleasure, and her face glorified with the genius of song. That was the beginning of my acquaintance, you can imagine how it ended.'"

"She was your wife?" said Paul, gently.

"Yes," said the old man, "she was my wife, my darling, my angel wife."

Paul silently pressed the old organist's hand and waited.

"Yes, within a year we were married, and Thekla sang in the church where I was organist. Ah, me, how happy we were! She was not so strong, and after a few years her health failed so rapidly that I could not blind myself to the agonizing truth that she must leave me. She was obliged to give up her church singing and it broke my heart to listen to a voice, not hers, singing to my accompaniment. And yet we were happy, she in my love, I in hers. She was to leave me, we both knew that, but it was only a going before, she is to wait for me to come to her, I to wait to go to her. Ah! dear Paul, the love that is eternal recognizes no separation; when the agony of the short parting is over, completed the joy of the reunion is in prospect."

"It was some months before she became so very ill that we knew her departure could not long be delayed."

"It was late winter and she was anxious to live until the Easter bells made music once again. 'Sweetheart,' she said, 'I should like to hear you play the Hallelujah once more, and if God will be so good to me, I pray Him to grant me strength to go to church on Easter day and sing the song I love.' And we prayed to God that He would grant us this wish."

"The spring was late, and when Holy Week came the weather was still cold and cheerless, and we were at a loss. On Good Friday the sun shone warmly and Saturday was a lovely spring day, the sky blue and the air balmy. There was to be a choir rehearsal at five o'clock, and as it came near that hour the sky became cloudy, and although the sun was still warm, there seemed to be rain in prospect. Thekla said to me: 'Dear love, the church is near, it is warm to-day, perhaps it may not be so to-morrow; to-day is ours, let me go with you to the rehearsal. If I wait until to-morrow it may be too late.' I tried to dissuade her, yet in my heart I wished to see her in the old place once

more, and so, warmly wrapped, she went with me to the church. She seemed so bright and happy that my foolish heart began to hope, although I knew that hope to be a sweet delusion."

"Reaching the choir gallery Thekla took her old place, the soprano who had supplied it forcing her to do so, with many exclamations of delight. How happy I was; the organ responded to my will as it had never done before, and the voices it sustained were full of melody. I looked at Thekla whose face was radiant. At last when the time came I tried to prevail on her not to sing, but in her pretty coaxing way she insisted, saying she had longed for it so, and I must not deny her. I struck the first two chords of the melody, and her voice rose clear and sweet as that of an angel. I know that my Redeemer liveth." Those who listened were startled at the unearthly loveliness of her tones, and the tears which glistened in their eyes were a tribute to her power. At last it was over, and Thekla sank back exhausted but with a glory in her face which blinded me. I rose from the organ to go to her, but she motioned me not to do so. The rehearsal was over and the singers departed, leaving with Thekla many kind words. When they were all gone she said to me: 'Now, Ernest, play the Hallelujah for me.' I obeyed, and the grandeur of the melody reverberated through the church; when I had finished, I turned to my wife and found she was leaning back, it seemed to me unconscious, I hastened to her and found that she had fainted. She revived in a moment, and said: 'do not take me away, it was here we met, let me go from you here.'"

"Ah, the agony of that moment, for I realized that what she said was true, and that the parting was indeed at hand. I took her in my arms, vainly fancying that the embrace in which she had so often rested would avail to keep her with me. She lay quietly for some moments, and then said in tones so low that I bent my ear to her lips to catch them: 'Dear Ernest, we have been so happy and it is only for a little while that we shall be parted. Dear heart, will you play the Hallelujah for me every Easter even until you come to me? I shall listen for it.' With my lips pressed to hers, I promised her; when I raised my head I saw that Thekla had received my last kiss."

The old organist's voice broke and his eyes glistened with tears. Paul pressed his hand and said softly: "And that is why, dear friend, you have always played the Hallelujah on Easter even. I understand now; and all these years you have waited to go to her?"

"Yes," said the old man, "it was a long time before I cared for life after she left me. It was so hard to think that she who had for so long been the object of my tenderest solicitude was beyond any care-taking of mine. I was sure she needed me, and I could not go to her. Ah, that thought was so bitter. My faith assured me of her happiness in heaven, but my self refused to be comforted. My only solace was my organ, and it was then I learned of the divine comfort of music, the glorious harmony which God has given to His children. None but those who have sorrowed will understand it, for only upon them has it been revealed. At last I came to this country and to this town, and became the organist of the church from which she came to-night. Every Easter even since she left me I have played the Hallelujah, and Thekla has listened. Here I have lived alone but all I did not think of dear God until I knew me from her so long."

The old organist's voice grew faint, and Paul said: "Dear friend, you are not well; let me stay with you to-night."

"No, Paul, dear boy, it is nothing. Go home and do not be sorrowful because of what I have told you to-night. I love you, my dear pupil, and I am glad I opened my heart to you. Good night, sleep well, and hope that the Easter morning may be bright and beautiful."

With a warm hand-clasp the two friends parted, Paul filled with many misgivings and half inclined to insist upon remaining with the old man. The next morning when he reached the church the organist was not there, and, fearing, he knew not what, Paul hastened to his home. The old man lived alone, and Paul finding that the outer door yielded to his touch, entered and opened the room in which the previous evening had been spent. His heart sank with him as he saw, in the midst of the sunlight which streamed through the window, the lamp still burning as when he departed, while on the lounge before the ashes of the burned out fire lay the form of the old organist just as he had left him. Hastily touching the cold hand and quiet heart, Paul found his worst fears confirmed.

While the robins were singing their Easter anthems in the early quiet of that resurrection morning, the old man had gone to Thekla, and with her he joined in the "seven-folk chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies." —Albany, (N. Y.) Argus.

"What's the use of going to school?" one street boy asked of another, in surprise. "Why, I pick up bits of things in school. For instance, I found out to-day what a m. means, whatever you see in der papers all der time."

"What does it mean, anyhow?" "It means after midnight, of course; and p. m. means pos' morton, and that's French for evening." —Harper's Bazar.

"A charming young girl, accompanied by her octogenarian great-grandmother, who is all that the name implies, enters a dry-goods store. 'How much is this ribbon?' she asked of the polite young clerk, who has bounded eagerly over several stools to wait upon her. 'A nice yard!' replied the young man, gallantly. 'Give me ten yards, then.' 'Grandma!' play on—she always settles the bills when we go shoppin'." —Ch. ap. in Revue.

"History writing is slow work. Mr. George Bancroft began collecting material for his history at twenty-three, and at eighty-four he is just finishing it. Mr. Richard Hildreth did not publish his first volume till twenty years after beginning the work. Mr. John Lothrop Motley spent several years in his researches before issuing his Dutch Republic."

HANGED BY A MOB.

A Negro Lynched at Girard for an Outrageous Assault Upon a Young Girl.

GIRARD, KAN., July 7.—Late in the afternoon of the Fourth of July a girl thirteen or fourteen years old was waylaid, outraged and horribly mutilated near Baxter Springs in Cherokee County by a colored boy named John Lawrence who was arrested for the crime, and for fear of being lynched was taken to Columbus on a hand car that night. A mob followed and in some manner a young white man by the name of Wolf was shot and killed near Columbus. The colored boy was lodged in jail and the next morning brought to Girard and put into the alleged county jail here which is nothing but a mere shell. Heavy irons were kept on one of the boy's ankles. When the 11:23 train arrived from the south yesterday, about forty men got off at or near the station and scattered through the town. At about twelve o'clock the Sheriff received a telegram from the Sheriff of Cherokee County, which read: "Get our little nigger out of town before the Gulf train gets here." Half an hour later a number of armed men made a dash for the jail, broke down the iron door, took the prisoner on a march, him up one of the main streets, untied a horse hitched to a wagon in front of a business house, threw the colored boy in and drove off, armed men surrounding him and keeping the citizens from interfering. They took the negro about two blocks west of the jail and hung him to the rafter of a house just being completed by Arthur Sharp. One of them, said to be the father of the girl, emptied his revolver into the body, and she fell to the ground. The crowd was so unexpected that the people here were entirely taken by surprise and those who did try to interfere had revolvers pushed uncomfortably close to their persons and were warned to stand back. A coroner's jury was organized and the hearing testimony rendered a verdict that the "colored man, whose name is unknown to the jury and whose age is supposed to be about seventeen years, came to his death by strangulation, caused by hanging by a mob composed of from twelve to twenty men, at least two of whom were from Baxter Springs, Cherokee County, State of Kansas, and whose names are H. C. Tripp and Captain Price, and that the act was felonious." The body of the victim was then cut down and buried by the city authorities.

WEST POINT.

The Board of Visitors Commend the Management.

WEST POINT, N. Y., July 8.—The Board of Visitors to the West Point Military Academy have submitted their annual report to the Secretary of War. The report states that the board found the discipline strict yet reasonable, and well calculated to reach regularity and system, and cheerful obedience to orders, because they are orders. It recommends that increased opportunities and instructions be given with a view to obtaining the highest excellence in the use of small arms. The board says that the quarters for the families of enlisted men are very indifferent, and new ones are needed. The board further recommended that the Chief of Engineers be made inspector of the academy and that the number of appointments at large be restored to ten per year. The report includes communications from the professors of the academy in regard to the time devoted to mathematics. The majority of the professors say the time is not disproportionately great. The board calls the attention of the Secretary of War on this subject, and recommends that the Academic Board be asked to take into consideration the relative value of the various subjects now taught at the academy. The Board of Visitors consisted of John Bigelow, of New York City; C. R. Codman, Boston; Governor George Hoard, Columbus, O.; Prof. E. S. Holden, Wisconsin; General Fitz Hugh Lee, Virginia; George L. Miller, Omaha, Neb.; and General J. C. Taylor, Arkansas; Senators Beck and Hawley and Representatives Blount, Kelly and Mills.

—Cabbage Salad. Cut the cabbage very fine, and put into a dish in layers, with salt and pepper between. Then take two teaspoonsful of butter, two of sugar, two of flour, two of mustard, one cup of vinegar and one egg. Stir all together, and let it come to a boil on the stove. Pour it hot over, and mix well with the cabbage; cover up. —The Householder.

—A decided improvement on the old-fashioned bibs for children is made of a towel. Take a towel long enough to cut two bibs, cut it in half and hollow out for the neck at the top. If you take an all-white towel you can work a fancy border in colored worsteds, but be careful not to get the towel too wide, or the bib will always be over the hands. Bind the neck with white tape and cut-stitch with color.

—Excellent corn bread is made of two eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and very light, one pint of corn meal, a good lump of butter about the size of half an egg, one quart of boiling milk, half a teaspoonful of salt; put the lump of butter into the hot milk, and while stirring with one hand scatter the meal in with the other, a little at a time, so that there will be no danger of lumps. When entirely smooth add the yolks and then the whites of the eggs. Have a bread pan well buttered, pour the mixture into it, and bake in a quick oven. —N. Y. Post.

—New York school teacher—"Which is the highest mountain in the State?" "Boy—" "Sing Sing." Teacher—"Why?" Boy—"Father went up a year ago, hasn't come down yet." —Boston Beacon.

—"Denny, answer me now; what was the name of the little boy who was playing wicket out in the yard this mornin'?" "Donohue." "Well, I want you to be findin' out who; I won't have yez playin' wid any an' everybody's children." —Merchant Traveler.

—Ysa Fooled. Hans fell in love with a shrewd little maid, and every night he would go to her room, and there with a jolly sherrisade, He voked out der whole nabobhood. But fairly he level ones to rouse: Dot maik out her sherris ad powitchen; He was play on der front of der house, Und der sherris in der jockie pack ketchen. —Carl Fritzel.

—"Pa," said a young Danbury boy to his father, "where are you going?" "To a hog-guessing match, my son." "What do the hogs guess about, pa?" was the next query. "Little boys should be seen and not heard," said the father in an impressive voice. —Danbury News.

Stuart Robson's Mistake.

While Robson and Crane, the comedians, were playing an engagement in this city recently, they made up a party of a dozen actors, among whom were several stars besides themselves, who were playing at other theatres, to visit the Forrest Home for Aged Actors, at Holmesburg. Stuart Robson originated the scheme, and acted as pilot to the party. After he had made some inquiries as to the location of the home, the party went to the Broad street station and boarded a train for Holmesburg Junction. On alighting, Robson led the way up the maple grove lane that leads to the home, but instead of turning to the left he kept straight ahead. After the party had walked about three-quarters of a mile, Robson stopped in front of a handsome brown-stone mansion, with beautifully appointed grounds, supposing it to be the Forrest home.

"Are you sure this is the place, Rob?" asked Crane.

"Sure," was the sanguine answer of Robson, as he pulled the door-bell. A colored manservant came to the door, and Robson asked him: "Is the superintendent in?"

"The superintendent? Do you mean the gentleman of the house? The proprietor?"

"Yes, yes," said Robson. "The gentleman of the house or the proprietor, or whatever you call him."

The colored man looked at the dusty actors suspiciously, and said: "I'll go call him. He's in the field looking at the gardeners."

The band of actors were left standing in the hall, and they remarked to one another that the hospitality of the home was rather freezing. The colored man had been absent about fifteen minutes, when Robson said: "This is damned awkward, boys; let's stroll through the home ourselves."

So the party walked about the elegantly furnished parlors and reception-rooms, and then Robson led the way up-stairs. The first room they came to was magnificently appointed.

"I suppose this is the superintendent's room, boys," said Robson. "He takes good care of himself, don't he?"

Just then Robson turned around and saw a handsome, elderly gentleman standing with white face and clenched fists at the head of the staircase, trembling with rage.

"How dare you, sirs?" began the old gentleman.

"Ah! here's the superintendent, boys," said Robson. Then, addressing the old gentleman, he said: "We're making a room of inspection. You've a beautiful room for yourself."

"Inspection, sir?" This house is not open to inspection," gasped the proprietor of the palatial mansion.

"Now, look here," said Robson, "we are the heirs of the dead man. We are actors were his fellow-laborers and associates."

The elderly gentleman, almost beside himself with anger, cried out: "This is not the Forrest home. This is—"

But before he could finish what he was going to say, Robson plunged down-stairs, followed by his actor friends, who ran pell-mell out of the house into the road. They did not go to the Forrest home, and Robson never spoke a word until he got back to his room in the Continental hotel. —Philadelphia Times.

How We're Missed.

The late Col. Freeman Norvell had some well-defined ideas on the subject of the Essentiality of the Individual in the Universal Scheme, and he was used to illustrate them in this way:

"When I was a gallant young Lieutenant of Marines, stationed in Washington, I was pretty numerous in society. I wasn't a ball, a reception or a swell blow-out of any sort that (according to my notion then) could get on or go off without me. In fact I had become (in my own mind) an indispensable unit in the social problem of the capital. One day I got orders to go to sea. That was a terrible blow to Washington society, but it was my duty to sacrifice it, and sacrifice it I did by going on board my ship and sailing away. True, I was at a loss to guess how the town could survive my absence, but I consoled myself with a promise to return as soon as possible.

"Well, I was absent three years! You can't estimate the gross measurement of my grief for the people of Washington, but it was my intention to assuage the general woe by a course of gracious and benign patronage on my return. That, of course, made me feel a little less like a criminal than when I went away, and I looked forward to the day when I should again set foot in Washington with great eagerness.

"In due time we reached town. Before I had walked a square I met a dear old friend who waved his hand at me and exclaimed: "How do, Norvell! Been out of town? Haven't seen you in three weeks or know of it." —Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Like a Kicking Seat.

"Do you see that shaft?" said a deck hand on board a Fort Lee steamer recently. "You notice it is only eighteen inches above the deck, and passengers easily step over it when they want to get abaft or forward of it. On Sunday a fellow came aboard at Fort Lee, after trying hard to induce a friend who was with him to stay there all night. He seemed to be awfully tired, and when the boat was well under way for New York he saw the shaft, and did not seem to notice that it was revolving. 'Here, Jim,' he said, 'let us sit down,' and he sat down on the shaft, with his pipe in his mouth and his face toward the stern. Of course the shaft carried him over, landed him on his back on the deck, and began sawing away at the tail of his jacket. He was greatly surprised, and, getting on his feet, he looked steadily at the shaft for a minute, and then said to his friend: 'I got up on the wrong side; didn't I, Jim?' Then he tried to sit down with his face toward the bow; but the shaft wouldn't let him. It butted him off and threw him forward. At last he turned to me very angrily. 'Larnation, mate,' he said, 'haven't you got a seat aboard that won't kick?' —N. K. Sun.

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