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

Those who have used the Boss ZINC and LEATHER PAINT and ANILINE BOOTS may think we are the best and cheapest house to buy from. They will last a life time. Sold by Harness makers on 60 days trial. DEXTER CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

For Sale

Or trade, a Millinery stock and fixtures. For particulars inquire at this office.

Spring Hats and Millinery just received at Mrs. Metcalf's, 239 Kan Ave.

The Cheapest of all Cheap Stores.

GO TO
B. T. JOHNSON'S
10 Cent
BARGAIN STORE,
212 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.
Dealer in Tinware,
Glassware, Queensware
and Notions.

Great Bargains in
5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, & \$1.00 Articles.

Don't forget the place. Opposite Windsor Hotel. Near Central Bank.

B. T. JOHNSON.

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 Downs Elevator & Seed Co.,
73 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

THE NEW MARKET!

ON THE AVENUE, BETWEEN R.
AND THE BRIDGE.

CHEAP AND FIRST-CLASS MEATS AND
GROCERIES.

Loin Steak - 12 1-2 Cents.
Porter House Steak - 12 1-2 Cents.
Round " 10 Cents.
Rib Roast " 19 Cents.
All Sausages, our own make, 3 lbs. for 25 Cts.
Hams, our own rendering, 3 lbs. for 25 Cts.
Lard, our own rendering, 3 lbs. for 25 Cts.
Beef, 5 to 8 Cts.

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

Albert Firner,
201 Kansas Avenue. PROP.

Coal! Coal!

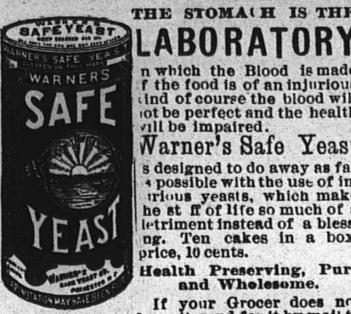
Attention Farmers.

I am selling the best Cherokee coal for \$4.50, Osage \$1.00, and Scranton \$3.75 per ton, at South east corner of Sixth and Main Sts., Topeka. Now remember the place and come and see me. W. C. AMEISH.

THE LIGHT RUNNING
SIMPLE
NEW
HOME
SWIFT
HOME
SEWING MACHINE
HAS NO EQUAL.
PERFECT SATISFACTION
New Home Sewing Machine Co.
—ORANGE, MASS.—
30 Union Square, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.
Atlanta, Ga. Dallas, Tex. San Francisco, Cal.
FOR SALE BY

Mason & Hamlin

ORGAN AND PIANO CO.
154 Tremont St. Boston. 46 E. 14th St. (Union Sq.)
N. Y. 149 Wabash Ave. Chicago.



THE STOMACH IS THE LABORATORY.

An Indispensable Quality in Cattle to Both the Breeder and Grazer.

In which the blood is made of the food is of no importance (and of course the blood will not be perfect and the health will be impaired). Warner's Safe Yeast is designed to do away as far as possible with the taste of inferior food, which is often the host of life so much of a detriment instead of a blessing. Ten cakes in a box, price, 10 cents.

Health-preserving, Pure and Wholesome.

If your Grocer does not keep it, send for it by mail to Warner's Safe Yeast Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Last Thursday evening a banquet and reception was given to Col. A. S. Johnson, land Commissioner of the Santa Fe Company. It was a grand affair and one of the best speeches was by John A. Martin. It was as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—If any one at this hour of the night—half past twelve o'clock—should attempt to make a lengthy speech, even to a class of men who, for sixteen years, have been talking up Kansas land, I am sure they would feel like asking him to take his seat. It seems to me that I have witnessed here a rather strange phenomenon. You have been talking of the greatness of Kansas for many years, and you have done a laudable work. Yet, several of you, after experience have been almost most speechless. Why is this? Is it because, having done your work, you have nothing more to say? Kansas isn't finished yet.

You have undoubtedly done a great work in populating this state. I expect that sometimes you have been guilty of well perhaps we have better call it "painting the Hib." And yet in the wildest flights of your fancy concerning Kansas, you never imagined the Kansas of the present. The worst exaggeration always been surpassed by the Kansas of to day. There never was a land agent in this state, since its organization, who was able to keep up with the state of Kansas. The wildest expectations of the most sanguine friend of Kansas have been more than realized by the development you have witnessed, so that no man in the future will be accused of having told any lies in regard to Kansas.

Your work is now drawing to a close. Some one has said that your occupation is gone. But I am satisfied that the men who have done so much to build up this state can always be found among its most prosperous and energetic citizens.

I think, too, that on an occasion of this character it may be said that the work you have performed was very properly and appropriately in charge of a chief who was the first white male child born in the state of Kansas.

The individual animals reared for beef alone are not intended to have long lives.

The object of their entrance into the world is their early exit; but their fitness to meet the demands of the business for which they are produced must be inherited from their parents, which must have, otherwise they can not transmit, the desired generosity and early completion of growth.

The breed, therefore, kept for the purposes of this business,

must be one which speedily reaches the height of maturity, and, as a necessity consequent to a recognized law of nature, having soon passed the turning point of life, begins at an early age a speedy descent on the other slope of the hill.

We must not be too exacting about stamina, or about length of days, when extremely early maturity is our object.

The early maturity is gained and improved, we must remember, by the forcing and housing of many successive generations, and the means employed to promote it have also that other more sure result, the reduction of the power of the constitution to bear the strain of rough life, or the wear and tear of prolonged life.

To the feeder the question what his stock could do if their lives were spared is without interest. He does not mean to spare their lives. His business is to know what stock best suits his place and means of feeding off; and as these are widely various throughout the length and breadth of the United States, it is evident that we have room for many breeds, and for more than one class within each breed. Any breed may be trained, in time and by the necessary means, to faster or slower development, to harder or more generous living, so that in all breeds there is some elasticity to adapt themselves to circumstances, although certain breeds exceed others in readiness to do so.

National Live Stock Journal.

With this number the Spirit begins its seventeenth volume. We celebrate the event by putting on a new dress, as you may have noticed.

Vacant store rooms and vacant houses on the North side have nearly all been filled, and many strangers have daily observed on our streets.

Charles Charles, of this city, who is working up an African Colonization scheme, is trying to get Congress to render financial aid.

Topeka's allotment of the public school fund was \$3,707.88, being twenty eight times that of any other district in the com.

Our city school teachers and many other are actively preparing for the coming national teacher's meeting, that is to be the event of the summer in Topeka.

Messrs. J. B. Ward & Son have opened a shop as merchant tailors next to the Spirit office 431 Kansas Avenue. They are very competent, careful workmen and we commend them to all in want of good and stylish work. They also do cleaning and repairing.

The Topeka Assembly Knights of Labor have secured the hall in rear of the Spirit, and meet every Monday evening. Considerable delay has resulted from delay in receipt of supplies, but they have been received, and new members are joining rapidly.

Some time ago W. W. Vrooman gave a lecture on phrenology at the Dover school house. Some of his remarks offended one Sage, and a fight ensued in which Sage was hit on the head with a skull. It all resulted in a criminal prosecution of H. C. and W. W. Vrooman on a charge of assault with intent to kill. It has cost the county \$400, and the boys have been acquitted.

The officers for the city elected yesterday are as follows:

Councilmen—First ward J. B. Marshall,

Second ward F. M. Newland, Third ward J. N. Strickler, Fourth ward A. D. Thatcher.

Members of the School Board—J. W. Priddy, A. K. Rodgers, R. B. Welch, H. C. Speer and J. C. Burnett.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1886

SERENITY.

The trumpet of armistice fills the air,
The crash of hostile navies jars the seas,
Intense tumults, horror jars and despair
Crown on the mind to rob it of its ease
But in the wide arch of the vaulted blue
The stars still keep their old untroubled ways.

Aretus in still splendor meets our view,
Orion wears his royal robes serene.

The breath of deadly pestilence affrights,
Cities are trembling, and the peopled hills
Shriek in their terror, through the shuddering nights.

The voice of wild lament earth's circuit fills,
But still the peaceful valleys, drowsed in sleep,
Repose, and fill the air with spicy balm.
Nature in quietude of mind doth keep.

Through stress and strain of human life,
How calm.

Oh! there are tragic partings and distress,
The soul of cruelty and ruth than raised to bless,
More hands are raised to smite than raised to bless,
And that note, death, ends every gladsome song.

Yet still the mountains rear their stately forms
In silent grandeur, with their robes of mist,
And through life's shocks and tumults, winds and storms,
They wear eternally their crown—repose.

And shall we nature's heartless calm accuse?
Cry out to her to rend her silent rocks?
What's better like her refuse
To lay her calm to fate's most deadly shocks?

Nature is wise; like her let us attain
To that other contemplation, which shall

Our souls above each pang of earthly pain,
As here beneath the eternities we drift.

Hattie Tyng Griswold, in Chicago Advance.

• • •

STELLA MAKES A "HIT."

Her Striking Song, "Little Birdie on the Tree."

If I had been caught in such a situation by anybody but John Benton I should have been terribly annoyed. There I was on the floor of the nursery, with hair tumbled, my face red and sticky with candy and a great rent across the front breadth of my overskirt, where it had been caught by a nail a few minutes before during a fierce blind-man's-buff scrimmage. My little sister Alice was having a birthday party and of course I had to assist in entertaining the guests. They were just twelve, seven boys and five girls. Supper was over (every body was too excited to sit long at the table) and we all retired to the nursery at the top of the house, where there were no restrictions as to noise, and where the seven boys exercised their shouting franchise to the utmost, assisted in a more subdued way, by the five girls, the youngest a wee little thing of four years, who had insisted on sharing her stick of candy with me.

When John Benton tapped at the door I said "Come in," carelessly, supposing it was a servant.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Latour. They said I should find you here. But perhaps I have made some mistake."

"Not at all, Mr. Benton," said I, as I scrambled to my feet. "We are pleased to see you. Sit down on—on the piano stool." The chairs have been taken into the other room. We have been playing blind man's buff."

"I received this invitation," went on Mr. Benton, taking an envelope from his pocket and reading from the gilt-edged card within: "Miss Latour requests the pleasure of your company on Tuesday, December 29, at five o'clock."

I looked reproachfully at my seven-year-old sister Alice. She had sent one of her printed invitations, in which the printer had neglected to insert the name "Alice," to John Benton, and the great booby has taken it for granted that I was the Miss Latour. So he had come, without even sending an acceptance to herald his approach, in full dress, with a great expanse of white shirt-bosom, white necktie, and yes, I am sure of it—his hair crimped. A nice contrast to my torn dress and dishevelled hair!

"Well, I am glad you have come, though I suppose this is not exactly the kind of gathering you expected to find it?"

I did not care much what I said to John Benton. Ever since I had met him at the Warren's ball three months ago, when he insisted on dancing with me three times in the course of the evening, and trod on my toes each time, my brothers all declared that he was in love with me, but was too bashful to tell me. I often met him, and though I am sure I am not an awe-inspiring personage, I could not help seeing that he was never at ease in my presence. Not that he was backward where auncs were concerned. My brother took me to the Oil Exchange one morning, and the first thing I saw was John Benton, with his hat on the back of his head, grasping a brass railing with one hand and shaking the other, holding some papers, in the face of a savage-looking man, and shouting at the top of his voice in the most defiant manner. Will said the savage-looking man was a bear, and that Mr. Benton was a bull. Then Mr. Benton caught sight of me, and came and stuttered and stayed with me for ten minutes. Will told me afterward that in ten minutes the market dropped nearly a cent, and Mr. Benton lost a thousand dollars.

But it was evident that Mr. Benton was not thinking about the market as he walked over to the piano-stool in his dress-coat and white necktie, and sat there, with one of the most sheepish smiles I ever saw on a young man's face.

"Now, Lou, you must sit down on the floor agaist, so that we can play forfeits," said my tyrannical sister Alice. "And you too, Mr. Benton. Come on."

John Benton blushed and looked at me.

"We shall have to obey, I am afraid, Mr. Benton," I said. "But you can sit on the piano-stool, if you prefer it."

"Oh, but I don't, Miss Latour. Allow me to assist you to—sit down." And he actually tried to make a

courtly proceeding of depositing me on the floor, as if it could be anything but ridiculous, however it was effected.

Then he sat down himself, with little Stella, the four-year-old mite, between us, and the game of forfeits went on. Most of the penalties were in the shape of kisses, and I felt nervous until my turn came. Alice held the forfeits over the head of a particular friend of hers, a girl of her own age, and it was the duty of the latter to say what should be required of the owner of the article. There was my handkerchief! I am ashamed to say that my heart beat quickly when Alice repeated the familiar nursery jargon: "Heavy, heavy, what hangs over," etc., and it fairly jumped with Alice, with a mischievous glance at Mr. Benton and myself, stooped and whispered to her friend. Then she went on with the question: "What shall be done with the owner?"

Clear-cut and distinct came the answer: "She shall kiss Mr. Benton."

"Oh, it's Lou—it's Lou!" shouted Alice, and amid the tempest of laughter Mr. Benton sat looking straight before him with a crimson face, while he fumbled at his white necktie until the bow was under his left ear.

There was a silence, and everybody except Mr. Benton looked at me to see the operation performed, when a small, baby voice at my side said: "I'll kiss him for you, Lou."

So Stella climbed up to Mr. Benton's neck, with one of her hands on his white shirt-bosom, and, as she said herself, "tossed him right on the mouth, and it tickled my nose!"

I did not want to play at forfeits any longer—it was too dangerous; so I proposed that we should all sing.

"Ess, I tan sing," said Stella. "I know lots of songs."

She did not feel at all abashed over the fact that she had left a dark, sticky impression of her fingers on Mr. Benton's starched shirt-bosom, and, as for him, he seemed to feel flattered at her evident preference for him. I sat down at the piano and played accompaniments for school singing, while the children stood around me and bawled the words into my ears with the excruciating flat intonation peculiar to the young, untrained voices. Mr. Benton was sitting near the window, with little Stella on his knee, apparently enjoying the noise, and with his eyes fixed on me in a blank stare of admiration that I could not help seeing whenever my face was half turned in his direction.

"Now, let me sing a song all by myself," said Stella.

Mr. Benton looked inquiringly at me and I said:

"Yes, Stella. Let us hear you sing all by yourself."

So she commenced, deliberately: "Little birr-die, on—the-tree! (a long breath) on—the-tree! (another long breath) on—the-tree!" Then she stopped, and with a haughty disregard of the desires or opinions of her audience that would have been worthy of a petted prima donna, turned carelessly around on Mr. Benton's knee and looked out of the window, while we awaited her pleasure.

"Oh, loo—loo at the big birds on the tree out of the window," she said, suddenly pointing downward toward where I knew a tall poplar grew close to the house.

Mr. Benton was apparently startled by this evidence of Stella's keen vision, for I saw him jump as his eyes followed the direction of her finger. He controlled himself at once, however, as he replied quickly:

"I guess that is the shadow of a cloud in the moonlight, and not a birdie, Stella."

"No," she persisted; "I saw a birdie on the tree."

He put her down and she ran over to me. As I took her on my lap I heard the door close, and saw that John Benton had disappeared.

"That is rather uncanny," I thought. "Well, I do not care whether he does or not," as I made up my mind that the festivities could proceed without him. I sat Stella on the end of the piano and played a lively polka for the children, with Stella's assistance, she drumming on two or three of the keys in the bass intervals, with a very weird if not harmonious effect.

"I want some more tandy," announced Stella, imperiously.

"I shall have to go down stairs for it, Stella. It is all in the dining-room," I said.

"Well, I'll go down stairs. I'll be do'd."

Of course I had to go. I left Stella in Alice's charge and ran swiftly down the stairs. The nursery was on the third floor. I do not know what induced me to open the door of my parents' bed-room as I passed it. I did so, however. It was quite dark, save for one narrow bar of moonlight forcing its way through the poplar just outside the window. I glanced carelessly into the gloom, with my hand on the handle of the door, and was about to continue my journey to the dining-room when I felt a draught from the open window and saw something white gleaming in the moonlight for an instant, and then disappear.

"What is that?" I thought, as an indescribable feeling of terror passed over me and left me shivering. "It looked like a hand." There was not a sound to be heard in the room save the rustling of the curtains as the light wintry breeze blew them from the window, but I was certain some one was there.

What was that? Surely a man climbing in through the window! Yes, I was not mistaken. My eyes had become accustomed to the darkness by this time, and I could see the outlines of his figure clearly defined against the window. In that terrible instant all I had ever heard or read about burglars and their desperate actions when brought to bay passed through my mind. I remembered half a dozen stories, more or less improbable, wherein a young girl had successfully outwitted expert midnight thieves, and captured them alone and unarmed.

The man, with his round head covered by some kind of closely-fitting cap, was cautiously creeping through the window, and I saw the poplar shake, as if just relieved of a burden. He had evidently climbed the tree to reach the room, and I remembered hearing my brother Will say only the day before that it was a favorite plan of thieves in robbing a house to get up

to the second story by means of a porch or tree, while the family were gathered in the lower rooms in the early evening. I could not move! There was no light in the hall outside the room, and I could not be seen by the intruder as I stood with my hand on the door-handle, watching him, and listening in dreamy way to the noise of the children in the nursery overhead. He was inside the room by this time, and I noticed that his footsteps were noiseless, as if he had no shoes on, as he moved across the bar of moonlight toward the bureau where my mother always keeps her jewelry. I saw a round patch of bright yellow light fall on the keyhole of the top drawer, and then heard a metallic rattling. The thief was picking the lock!

If I could only scream, or call Will!

The drawer opened; the man was fumbling at its contents, when—crash!

The yellow patch of light disappeared, and, with a fearful word, I saw the man fall, another man holding him! Then a pistol shot rang through the room, and echoed up and down the stairs, and the room was flooded in light. Somebody had touched the electric button down stairs and lighted the gas. For a few seconds my eyes were so dazzled that I could not see anything. Then I saw two men rolling on the floor in a desperate struggle, while a pistol lay just out of their reach. The man underneath, with his closely fitting plush cap, was scowling at me, as he tried to release himself, and I thought I could see murder written on his thin lips and short, turned-up nose so plainly that I should have been in favor of hanging him on the spot.

But who was the other man, holding the thief with a grip of iron, as each tugged and writhed in the attempt to subdue the other? Surely that was the bow of a white necktie at the back of his neck! That was a dress-coat, with the tails spread out like the wings of an eagle, or I was much mistaken! In the battle, just as Will and my father reached the room and rushed past me, the combatants rolled over, and a very red face, which, however, was anything but sheepish now, was turned toward me. The face of—

John Benton!

Will had the thief by the arm in a minute, while John Benton lay panting on the floor. Then it was that I saw a great red stain on the white shirt bosom. It was blood! Somehow I forgot all about the thief, Will, my father—everything, as I threw myself down by the side of John Benton and pressed my handkerchief over the red stain.

"John, John! What is it? Where are you hurt? Oh, father, he is killed!" I screamed. "What shall I do?"

I will never believe again that John Benton was ever bashful, for he just put one of his hands on the back of my head, pulled my face down to his, and whispered: "Do just what you are doing now, and as you have commenced to call me John, do it all the rest of your life, and let me call you Lou."

There was a sudden disturbance! The thief had broken away from Will! The poplar tree shook violently, and Will said, as he put his head out of the window: "Well, let the rascal go. It will save a good deal of trouble. Ah! There is his pal, who was on guard. They are both running as if the whole detective force were at their heels."

Then, turning to John: "How are you hurt, Mr. Benton? You don't look as if it was very serious."

"It is not serious," said John, sitting up. "That fellow cut his hand in some way while opening the drawer and he rubbed the blood all over my shirt; that's all."

I bit my lips and gave John a look that should have frozen him. It did not have the proper effect, however, for he followed me up stairs to the nursery, where the racket of play had rendered the children oblivious of the disturbance below. As he took Stella on his knee he said: "Do you know, Stella, you made a tremendous hit with your song? You must sing 'Birdie on a Tree' for us again. Will you?"

"Ess, I will sing it for you, but you must tiss Lou for me now. She has given me lots and lots of tandy, and she is awfully dood."

"Yes, I think so," said John. "And I'll tiss her for you."

And he actually did it.

Moreover, he says now it is his privilege, and I suppose, under the circumstances, he is right.—George C. Jenkins, Pittsburgh Bulletin.

THE COOPER'S DANCE.

A Curious Custom Observed by the Coopers of Munich.

A curious custom, known as the "cooper's dance," is observed in Munich from the second week of February until Ash Wednesday periodically. The custom dates from early in the sixteenth century, and originated as follows: During the plague of 1517 Munich gave way to the most abject terror. In order to buoy up the spirits of the inhabitants some followers of the art of coopering adopted the very original course of performing dances in the open spaces and streets of the town. Thus a less melancholy feeling was created, and the courage of the people was revived. Since this time it has been customary to commemorate the dance of cooperers every seventh year, and the present year the time-honored observance came round again. A number of journeyman cooperers—the most amiable and attractive fellows to be found—are chosen to dance to an old melody in public places and before the dwellings of leading citizens. The dance is a sort of ballet, and the dancers have in their hands hoops with green foliage. As nearly as possible the old costume is imitated, and every thing is done to reproduce the quaint spectacle which the good folks of Munich laughed at in the midst of their terror over three hundred years ago.

What was that? Surely a man climbing in through the window! Yes, I was not mistaken. My eyes had become accustomed to the darkness by this time, and I could see the outlines of his figure clearly defined against the window. In that terrible instant all I had ever heard or read about burglars and their desperate actions when brought to bay passed through my mind. I remembered half a dozen stories, more or less improbable, wherein a young girl had successfully outwitted expert midnight thieves, and captured them alone and unarmed.

The man, with his round head cov-

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

Rules to Be Observed in Setting Out Trees
In Spring and Fall.

In removing seedlings from the nursery or forest to the orchard, lawn or site of the grove or shelter belt it should be kept constantly in mind that trees are living things, that they are very liable to injuries of various kinds, and that their roots are mouths. It is impossible to dig up a tree from the ground where it sprang from a seed without cutting off or bruising some of the roots. Still, wounds will heal on the roots of a tree as well as on the trunk and branches. Not unfrequently a tree is benefitted by having some of its roots removed or shortened. The root of a tree that has received an injury should receive the same kind of treatment that is given to an injured branch. It should be entirely removed with a sharp knife or saw or cut off above the point of injury with some instrument that will leave the surface smooth. If this is done fibrous roots will generally start out from the end and be of great service in supporting the tree. If roots are very long it is generally better to cut them off in the ground than to attempt to dig them up at their full length or to pull them out of the soil. If they are drawn through ground that has not been loosened they will be likely to have their bark removed from them or to become split and stripped of lateral roots. If they are injured in any of these ways they will be likely to die if left on the tree.

The roots of many kinds of trees are likely to be greatly injured between the time they are dug from the ground and set out. Roots of trees out of

the ground are much like "fish-out-of-water." They will live if they are kept moist, but will die if they are allowed to become dry. They can be kept from becoming dry by keeping about them some of the earth in which they grow.

By covering them with damp cloth, moss or hay, or dipping them in a pool of water that contains considerable clay or ordinary soil in a state of solution or suspension. These substances will form a coating which will prevent the dry air from striking the surface of the roots.

The operation of coating the roots of trees with mud is called "puddling," and should be practiced by all who remove trees quite a distance during windy, dry or warm weather. It is comparatively easy to so protect the roots of trees that they can be carried across the continent without injury.

But the roots of trees are often greatly injured by being hauled a dozen miles in an open wagon. The covering of the roots of trees is very tender and liable to be bruised by rubbing against the side of a wagon. It is also liable to crack if exposed to the action of the wind and sun.

Ground in which trees are to be planted should be well prepared before the trees are brought to it. The sod should be rotted and the soil deeply plowed and well pulverized. If the trees are to be planted quite near together a saving in digging holes may be effected by opening double furrows in the line of the rows. A sharp spade and, if the ground be quite hard, a pick should be employed in preparing the hole for the roots. It should be of a size to hold all the roots without bending or crowding them. If the soil is loosened for some distance beyond the end of the roots they will be encouraged to push themselves in the direction of it. At least two persons are needed to set out trees expeditiously and economically. One person is required to hold the tree in position while the other places the earth about the roots. The earth should be rich and firm. All turfs and hard portions of earth should be rejected. If possible, trees should be planted when the soil is in the best condition to work. If it is quite dry it is well to throw a pail of water about the roots after the hole is half filled. This will carry the soil about the fibrous roots, where it is needed. After an hour or two the filling may be completed with soil that has not been wetted. The earth should not be heaped up around the tree, but left flat and tramped down.

In setting out trees it is generally best to incline them a little in the direction from which the prevailing winds come. After a heavy wind the trees should be righted, if they have been blown partly over, and the earth pressed about