THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL. EDITOR.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.
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There is actual need of a first class printing house in the first ward. It is our purpose to fill this want. We have been here longer in the business than any competitor. Our material is not old or second hand. Our prices are the lowest in the city. Our work is strictly firstclass and will stand comparison with the very best.

Because some persons have reported that we do not pretend to do first-class work, we hereby declare this statement to be false.

We do the very best work, with the latest styles of new type, using only superior stock.

We solicit the patronage of the largest and best houses in the city, and to those having large orders of fine commercial work, we will give prices that cannot be touched by any other concern. We can furnish all kinds of office stationery, and make a profit, at prices that can be done no where else except at a loss, and this we are ready to demonstrate to any customer. We have for example a new method of printing envelopes, of our own invention which gives the most speedy results, and permits the use of the finest hair line type without injury, which, is usually very difficult on account of the unevenness of the envelope.

We have invented, patented, and have in use several labor saving appliances not to be found in any other office in this city.

We have had long experience in every department of the newspaper, book and job printing business, and have successfully managed the same equal to any thing now in this city. In order to build up a printing house on the North side equal to anything now on the South side, nothing is needed but the united support of the business men of the first ward, on terms as favorably to them as they can obtain elsewhere, for the same class of work.

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A 24 page pamphlet mailed free to all who send their name and address on a postal-card to Reporters Bureau, Iowa City, Iowa.

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In Millinery, to close out entire Stock gardless of cost; Elegant goods and rge assortment at Mrs E. C. Metcalf's. Kan. Ave. Country produce taken in hange.

Notice.

In order to advertise my Teas, Coffees, and Spices more extensively, I will for the next 30 days, sell 2½ lb, of Uncolored (new crop) Japan Tea, for $1.00.

N. B. This tea has always sold for 60c. a lb. At Chas. E. Sweet's Tea Store, No. 236 Kansas Avenue. Between 7th and 8th. sts. Telephone 272.

Twenty five cents for this paper three months, and Dr. Foote's Health Hints, or Fishers Grain Tables.

For 25 Cents,

This paper until Jan. 1, and Dr. Foote's Health Hints, a 25 cent book.

Messrs. Gibb & Lee, the undertakers, have added a pair of fine black horses to their equipment.

Call at Baum &Co's for Teas, Coffee, Spices, Sugars, and Canned goods.

FRANK E. VAN HAREN, Druggist, east side Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

The Union Pacific company has adopted the twenty-four hour system.

The new bank of Small Bros. will be opened for business next Monday. The furniture equipment is very neat, and the house will be a great convenience to a great part of the first ward.

The manufactures of this city foot up to over three millions, but this should be largely increased.

A drunken police officer in such a boasted prohibition town as Topeka, is a travesty upon any such claim.

The Mail Carriers had a ball at Music Hall on Thursday evening. It was not altogether a male affair.

The third annual convention of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association will meet in Music Hall, on the 11th inst. preparatory to an attack upon the legislature.

The Catholic fair opened in Luken's Opera house, Wednesday Evening.

A Mrs. Hunt, a widow lady, living at 261 Kansas Avenue, while descending a stairway for water, fell, and broke her hip. The injury is one that will confine her a long time. As she is poor, the Masonic Fraternity are generorsly providing for her.

Miss Rose Van Ness and company gave a concert at Valley Falls on Monday evening.

Ed. Holman was suddenly attacked with congestion of the stomach, while driving a delivery wagon on Tuesday.

The Santa Fe Company are to establish extensive locomotive works in this city, and have applied to Judge Guthrie to have appraisers appointed to value a tract of land adjoining their present shops, which they wish to purchase.

Railroad companies with a nominal capital of not less than $100,000,000 have taken out charters in this state within the last twelve months. Many of these charters are doubtless taken out simply for speculation. The law regulating the organization of stock companies, might be amended. It costs nothing, not even the blanks necessary or convenient for organizing. In Missouri the necessary papers cost $50., and a large part of the stock must be subscribed and actually paid in.

The State Teacher's meeting is the great event of the holidays in this city.

The Topeka Daily Journal often displays a vein of dry humor. Some days ago it referred to the "Troop nee Gordon house." On Christmas eve it quoted a few lines, "Twas night before Christmas, when all through the house, etc.," and quietly credited it to Tom. Moore.

Charlie Conkle is enjoying his vacation. He has gained nineteen pounds. Country air and country fare, and a good conscience evidently agree with him.

Mr. Gus Ela, formerly with Watt & Powell, but recently with the Chicago Boot & Shoe Store, fell through an elevator opening, and was fatally injured. He was twenty five years of age, and unmarried. His mother lives in Grinnell, Iowa.

The river is frozen over, and the boys have a good time skating.

The Sunday School of the Church of the Good Shepherd, had their Holiday Entertainment on Tuesday Evening. The little folks, and the larger scholars, too, were remembered by their teachers, and all hearts were happy. The singing was well rendered, and the addresses by the Rector, and the Rev. J. H. Lee, of Manhattan, were very interesting.

F. H. Collier, formerly of the Mail, has returned from Garden City, where he has been employed on the staff of the Daily Sentinel, and he is now the North Side reporter for the Daily Journal.

The Topeka Board of Trade is getting down to practical business. The membership has been largely increased of late, and a permanent salaried secretary provided in the person of T. P. Rogers, at $100. a month.

Mr. Violand, of Junction City, is in town preparing to open a new clothing store in the room lately occupied by Samuel Dolman.

The Rev. A. J. Coe has spent most of the holidays on the sick list.

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R. L. COFRAN, Propr.

Topeka, - - Kansas.

J. Q. A. Peyton has a huge pile of rock on the ground, where he will erect a commodious business block, on the Avenue between Laurent and Gordon, early in the spring.

Bridge-Policeman Brummel of this city and Mrs. Harriet Brumel, of Leavenworth, were married in that city on Monday.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." This is true of nations as well as of individuals. There are times in a battle when everything depends on the action of the moment. There are times in the life of nations when the same is true. The student of political science may easily see that we have reached a point where almost everything depends on the action of the next few years. Some one has said that "Five hundred years of time in the process of the world's salvation may depend on the next twenty years of the United States history." There are points in history where all lines seem to converge, and then from which they seem again to radiate. The closing years of the nineteenth century is such a point, and wise and good men, who care to be instrumental in shaping the political destinies of their country, can do more in the next few years than can be accomplished in centuries later.

"Let every heart and hand unite
In the benignant plan,
The noble purpose, just and right,
To aid our fellow-man."

—Rough lands can best be utilized by pasturing. The natural toughness of the land is subdued in this way, and the growth of bushes and other undesirable plants kept down by constant treading and feeding. And stock can pick about among stumps and stones where the plow could not be run. While the stock is a good thing for the rough pasture, the rough pasture is not always the best thing for the stock.—*Albany Journal.*

—A clever woman who delights in beautiful surroundings has just completed a novel set of window curtains. On the finest batiste she has painted conventionalized corn flowers, poppies and bluets, of natural size and at regular intervals, in reds and blues. These are outlined with silk. As the light passes through the curtains the effect is most pleasing. The colors have been so chosen that even by lamp light they are effective, the sheen of the silk gleaming charmingly.—*Toledo Blade.*

At the meeting of the Connecticut State Grange at Hartford this month the morning and afternoon sessions of the second day were "open to the public," and a well arranged program was carried out, led off by the Lecturer, J. B. Olcott. Each Grange in the State contributed something, either in the way of a short address or carefully-prepared paper, and all interspersed with music and songs. A portion of the third day's session was devoted to a discussion of the Tariff as it relates to the farmers of Connecticut, with good talkers on both sides as invited guests to speak.

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If so, it is of great importance to you to be fully informed as to the cheapest, most direct and most pleasant route. You will wish to purchase your ticket via the route that will subject you to no delays, and by which through trains are run. Before you start you should provide yourself with a map and time table of the Gulf Route (Kansas City Fort Scott & Gulf R. R.), the only direct route from and via Kansas City to all points in eastern and Southern Kansas, Southwest Missouri and Texas. Practically the only route from the West to all Southern cities. Entire trains with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and Free Reclining Chair Cars, Kansas City to Memphis; through Sleeper Car, Kansas City to New Orleans. This is the direct route, and many miles the shortest line to Little Rock, Hot Springs, Eureka Springs, Ft. Smith Van Buren, Fayetteville, and all points in Arkansas. Send for a large map. Send for a copy of the "Missouri and Kansas Farmer," an eight-page illustrated paper, containing full and reliable information in relation to the great States of Missouri and Kansas. Issued monthly and mailed free. Address,

J. E. LOCKWOOD.
G. P. & T. A. Kansas City.

Now is the time to give this paper a lift. Let every friend send in a few subscribers. We will give more local, county and state news for 50 cents, in clubs, than you have ever had for $1.25.

Job Printing.

In connection with this office we have a select assortment of new type and other facilities for doing all small commercial and other printing. Additional facilities will be added as fast as possible.

We ask the business men of North Topeka to give us their business and we will soon build up a creditable and profitable printing house on the north side. Nothing but their patronage and economical management is necessary, and such an enterprise is needed here.

Try Purified Middlings for cakes; it beats buckwheat. 2cts. per pound, at S. A. Stearns' 606 Kansas Avenue.

Why pay $1.25 for one paper, when you can get the Leavenworth Weekly Times, and this paper both for $1.00.

There are papers and papers, but Western farmers, stock-raisers and business men have learned by years of experience that they are always safe in relying on the long-established weekly LIVE-STOCK INDICATOR, of Kansas City. For the quantity and quality of its matter it is unsurpassed, and as an accuate mirror of the live stock, grain and produce markets it is invariably consulted and quoted both East and West as the standard authority. Its low price of $1.50 per year, or five copies for $5. (if sent in at one time,) puts it within reach of all, hence there is no reason why the poor man should not be as thoroughly posted as his more forehanded neighbor as to where, when and how to sell at the highest and buy at the very lowest prices. The Spirit advises all its wide-awake friends to address The Indicator, at Kansas City, for a free specimen copy, and see for themselves if we have not spoken correctly.

TOPEKA STEAM DENTAL Establishment.

245 Kansas Avenue.

Fine set of Teeth only $8. Both Upper and Lower, only $15; warrented wear the same that would cost $30 elsewhere.

All Work Warrented.

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Of 101 East 7th Street,
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Send 25 cents for a copy of

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Have shaken the bottom out of prices and you can now get the following goods at H. I. COOK & CO'S at about your own figures:

Chain Pumbs, Iron Cistern Pumps, Deep Well Pumps, Farm Pumps, Drain Tile, Sewer Pipe, Cheap Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges, Base Burners, for hard and soft coal.

We also manufacture all kinds of sheet metal works; do roofing, spouting and guttering. Call and see us at

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None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK.

Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely *water* and *wind* proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND", send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

Produce the Choicest Flowers, Vegetables and Crops. Doubles ALL YIELDS. NEW OATS, WHEAT, POTATOES, BARLEY AND VEGETABLES. SEEDS WARRANTED. 100,000 7 CENT Plants. Don't buy till you see catalogue With Prize Offer. JOHN A. SALZER, LaCrosse, Wis. **BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS**

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Ed. Buechner. City Meat Market.
Dealer in choicest fresh meats, poultry, game, fish, etc
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Dealer in hardware, tinware, stoves, ranges, edge tools, etc.
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Shaving, Shampooing and hair-cutting in first class style,
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Gold, Beveled Edge Cabinet Photograpns for $2,50 per doz. until further notice.
The German Language spoken.
197 Kansas Avenue, Over Barnums. South Topeka.

THE CENTRAL MILL.
North Topek, Kans.

The Central Mill has been recently thoroughly remodeled by J. B. Billard, and is now prepared to supply straight grade Burr Flour, Patent Roller Flour, Meal, Graham and Rye Flower of the best quality. All kinds of grain bought and sold.

Custom Work Done.
And satifaction guaranteed. A modern dump.
J. B. BILLARD.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Jan, 1, 1887.

Special Announcement.

The readers of the Spirit are informed that we have made arrangements for clubbing that famous 48 col. weekly story paper, THE YANKEE BLADE, a periodical which needs no recommendation from us, as one of the brightest, cleanest, and best story papers in America. Each number contains nine or ten complete stories, one or two serials by the best authors, poetry, household recipes, witty sayings, and in fact, everything that goes toward making a bright and and interesting story paper. The regular price of the YANKEE BLADE is $2.00 a year. We offer to either old or new subscribers, THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS and THE YANKEE BLADE from now untill Dec. 31st. 1887, for $2.00. The regular price of both papers is $2,75. Those who wish to take advantage of this extraordinary offer, can secure a sample copy of THE YANKEE BLADE by sending their addresses to the Publishers of THE YANKEE BLADE, 20 Rawley St., Boston, Mass. In ordering please remit to this office the amount above stated, giving your full address

Offer Extraordinary.

For $2.15 we will send the following to all who remit us that amount within the next 30 days:

1st. The Blade one year, or till Jan. 1, 1888, price $2.00.

2nd. The Spirit one year, price 75 cents.

3rd. The Marvelous Library, 45 volumes, advertised elsewhere, price, retail, $2,25.

4th. The Leavenworth Weekly Times, 1 year, price, $4.00

Or $6,00 worth for $2.15. We guarantee that any one making this order will be astonished at the amount of reading they will get.

We will send the Spirit and Blade three months, both for 25 cents, or the Blade three months and the Spirit oneyear, for 50 cents, if ordered within 30 days.

Address SPIRIT OF KANSAS,
Topeka, Kan.

The McPherson Republican has a good word for Jehu Baker for President. It is a rapidly growing conviction that to again take up Blaine will be a useless risk, and so a diversion has been made in favor of Sherman. The contest will be close and policy would dictate the selection of a man less vulnerable than either Blaine or Sherman. Baker has the same strong points that gave Lincoln strength great ability, stern integrity and pure republican simplicity.

Equal Suffrage Convention.

The Convention will open on Tuesday, January 11, at 2 p. m. All sessions of the Convention will be public, and all are cordially invited. Susan B. Anthony will be with us the first day, and will occupy most of the first evening. The other speakers from abroad will be Mrs. Elizabeth L. Saxon, of Tennessee, and Mrs. Clara B. Colby, of Nebraska, editor of the Woman's Tribune.

☐Kansas speakers already promised are Professors James H. Canfield and W. H. Carruth, of the State University; Mrs. Fanny H. Rastall, State President of the W. C. T. U.; Rev. C H. Rogers, of Seneca; Mrs. T. B. George, President Topeka W. S A.; Miss Sarah A. Brown, President Social Science Club, who will respond to welcoming addresses; Mrs. Anna L. Diggs, of Lawrence; Mrs Nellie T. Butterfield, of Florence; Mrs. W. E. Lease, of Wichita, and many more to hear from.

All Auxiliary and other Equal Suffrage Societies in the State are earnestly requested to send delegates. A full report of the work of each society should be made by its representative, or by letter if no delegates are sent.

Free Entertainment will be furnished all delegates. Those who wish to avail themselves of this liberality should report to Mrs. T. B. George, 385 Van Buren Street, Topeka, by the first of January, if possible.

By order of Executive Committee.

ANNA C. WAIT, President
BERTHA H. ELLSWORTH, Cor. Sec.

The sale of liquor for medical purposes as contemplated by the law appropriately belongs to druggists, and if there is a will, such restrictions can be provided as will protect the druggist, and keep the sale within proper bounds. Among other things a physician prescription should be required but that alone is not sufficient.

Attorney General Bradford has made a good beginning in the enforcement of the prohibitory law, and makes some good recommendations in regard to amendments. There is a general feeling among republicans that the will of the people as frequently expressed on the temperance question, must be carried into practical effect.

When Gen. Logan was last elected to the Senate, his opponent was W. R. Morrison. The democrats are not by any means united in the support of Morrison, and they will not take him up again, even though he will soon be without a place in Congress. The best man the democrats can take is Ex-Gov. John M. Palmer, a gallant soldier and an early Free Soiler and republican, but who, like Geo. W. Julian has for many years been identified with the democratic party.

The death of Gen. Logan is the greatest national loss our country has sustained since the death of President Garfield, and possibly greater than that. He was one of the leading men, active, sterling, strong. He was not one of the greatest of men, as other statesmen are counted great, but he was a man of the times, a man peculiarly qualified for emergencies, a man of the people. His loss is great because he was still in active life, and not like his greater contemporary, Gen. Grant, retired from service. To most persons his death was a great surprise. But few were aware that the disease to which he had been subject for many years was liable to suddenly terminate his life, and these supposed that a sudden end, if it came at all, would come through a rheumatic attack upon the heart. Gen. Logan should have been first on the last presidential ticket, and if this had been the case, there is little reason to believe he would have been defeated. The Illinois legislature meets on Wednesday of next week, and his successor will be elected at an early day. The legislature is republican, but no one yet named for his place is worthy to fill it, if we except Jehu Baker, who was recently elected to the lower house in place of W. R. Morrison, and it is not likely that he will be elected, so as to thereby open the way for Morrison's return.

The very idea of granting pensions to families of deceased statesmen, is one of the growing evils of the day. Already there is talk of pensioning the widow of Gen. Logan. The whole principle is wrong, and unrepublican.

For many years agriculture has been compelled to contribute largely to favored interests without an equivalent return; farmers are paying taxes for others better able to pay them than they are. By the operations of pools and schemes favored with monopolies he is legally "sheared" of the products of the soil. Agriculture pays much the largest share of public indebtedness, local and national, and after paying the numerous demands upon it there is frequently no profit left as interest on the investment, often not even paying for the labor. The remedy is a thorough organization by farmers.

"The indifference of those engaged in agriculture and the other industrial pursuits to matters of legislation and public affairs has, in other times and in other countries, been the primary cause of class legislation, which has degraded labor and robbed it of its just rewards, built up a moneyed aristocracy and monopolies which own and control not only the wealth of the country, but the Government itself. Such a condition of affairs can only be averted in this country by educating the wealth-producing classes to understand their privileges, and in the full exercise of their political rights to demand a fairer representation in the legislative departments of of the Government and equal protection to their interests. In this great work of educating and elevating the agricultural classes of this country, and to save them from the impending fate that has befallen the agriculturist of the old world, was our Order created."—J. J. Woodman, Michigan. Past Master of the National Grange.

The first lesson a candidate learns as he enters a Grange meeting for the first time, is, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." We need honest men in these days, and we need them very bad. A constantly growing procession is on the road to Canada. Will not the teachings of the Grange, at least, help; not alone as a prevention, but as a cure?

—A cage of lions belonging to a circus at Kingston, Can., fell into a hole and capsized, the lid being knocked completely out. A fire was built around the cage in order to frighten the animals into remaining inside, and the cage was replaced by the exertions of two elephants.

—Two young men of Augusta, Me., who were driving out lately thought it a good joke to scare an old soldier who was standing out in his yard. They fired a pistol at him twice, when the veteran dodged into the house, got a revolver and succeeded in wounding one of the young scamps in the hand. —*Boston Journal.*

—Mr. Frank Stockton is credited by Arlo Bates with sending a ponderous door key to a friend just sailing for Europe with the message: "He says it is the key to one of the very best boarding houses in London. He is sorry he has forgotten the address; but if you try the doors until you find the one this fits, you may be sure the place is a capital one."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Patient—Then you think my finger will have to be amputated, doctor? Surgeon—Yes, it will have to come off. Patient—How much will the job cost? Surgeon—Fifteen dollars. Patient—Is that the best you can do, doctor? I'm a poor man. Surgeon—Yes, fifteen dollars is the best I can do for one finger, but I'll cut two of 'em off for twenty-five dollars.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE stockholders of the Texas & Pacific railroad are reported endeavoring to defeat the scheme of Jay Gould to absorb that road for the benefit of the Missouri Pacific system.

A FIRE the other morning at Pensacola, Fla., burned thirty buildings and caused a loss of $60,000. The walls of several buildings were thrown down by exploding powder. One hundred people were burned out of their homes.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—John A. Logan, Jr., has become a partner in a real estate firm in Washington

—William M. Singerly, of the Philadelphia *Record*, has sixty-six dwelling houses in course of erection in that city.

—Nathan B. Moore, a Maine hunter, aged sixty-eight, has killed two hundred and seventy-five moose since his youth.

—The first female clerk employed by the Government was Miss Jennie Douglass, appointed to the Treasury Department by Secretary Spinner, in 1862.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Captain David Buskirk, the largest man in Indiana, died at his home near Bloomington recently. He was seven feet tall in his stockings, and weighed four hundred pounds.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—P. T. Barnum is reported to have remarked in a moment of confidence that if he lived much longer and retained his present activity he would exhibit himself in a side tent as "one of the greatest curiosities Barnum ever handled."

—A. G. Nye, of Weymouth, Mass., claims to be the first inventor of the Morse telegraphic instrument. If it was Bill Nye who made such a claim people would understand it, for Bill is a great inventor, but it is a little late in the day for A. G.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Harvard professor and his wife were guests at a reception in London, which had been given in their honor. A hundred men and women had been invited by the hostess to meet them. But there were no introductions, and the Harvard professor amused himself during the evening by talking to his wife.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—Mr. Moody has received from William Mackinnon, a Scotch ship builder, a model of Solomon's Temple, made of cedar overlaid with gold, with many of the smaller articles of solid gold. It is one-fifty-fifth the size of the original, having the court, tabernacle, altar, laver, ark, holy of holies, mercy seat, and cherubim in proportion and relation to each other.

—Alexander Stewart, of Staunton, Va., aged ninety-one years, recently attended the funeral of S. G. Wayland, aged eighty-one years, who had been his best friend for half a century. The next day while Mr. Stewart was recalling to a party of visitors scenes and incidents in which he and his friend Wayland had participated, he fell over on the ground and died in a few minutes.—*Washington Post.*

—Tom Scott, of Waco, Tex., had a rather unusual experience recently. He went to see his mother, who is sixty years old and resides in a neighboring town. On arriving at his home he found that the old lady had eloped with a man half her age. When Mr. Scott returned to his own home he was paralyzed by the information that his wife had gone with a handsomer man. Then there was music in the air.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The Rochester *Post-Express* says A life insurance agent states that he has just concluded an insurance upon the life of a man aged 102 years. The centenarian enjoys good health and appears to be in the possession of his faculties. He states that his father lived to the age of 110, and met his death by an injury due to the breaking of a millstone. His grandfather was, he asserts, accidentally killed in his mill at the age of 126. His great-grandfather lived to the age of 133.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—To-day is a good deal closer than yesterday," said Smith to Jones. "Yes," said Jones, "it's nearer."

—The wonders of art.—

They have made a piano of paper,
What wonders art is achieving;
If they'd make a paper performer
Life yet might be worth some one's living.
—*A. W. Bellaw, in Tid-Bits.*

—Customer—But ain't the trousers too long? Merchant—Too long? Dey is made to fit a man exzekly your size. If your legs happen to be a trifle short you must quarrel mit nature—not de tailor.—*Judge.*

—Lately, in a music hall, after the ballad lady had warbled, "Would I Were a Bird," great excitement was created by a stalwart miner in the audience shouting, "Would I were a gun."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Tommy (who has just received a severe scolding)—Am I really so bad, mamma? Mamma—Yes, Tommy, you are a very bad boy. Tommy (reflectively)—Well, anyway, mamma, I think you ought to be real glad I ain't twins.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—"Laura," said Mrs. Parvenu, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter, "Laura, go and ask the leaders of them orchestras to play that 'sympathy from Middlejohn' over again. It's such an awful favorite of mine, and your father's, too!"—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—An amusing contemporary informs its readers that a man at the East End calls himself, on his card, "Temperance Bootmaker," and suggests that the need of temperance boots is apparent, for though they are not generally drunk, it is a notorious fact that they are often very tight.

—First Omaha banker—I notice that another big lot of American gold was shipped to Europe a few days ago. Second Omaha banker—Yes; must be about "half seas over" by this time. "Half seas over?" "In other words, money is tight, and that's what causes it."—*Omaha World.*

—Gentleman (looking at flat)—I am afraid my wife won't want to come up as high as this. It's the tenth story, isn't it? Landlord—Yes, tenth story, including the basement. I think your wife will like it up here, sir. The family who occupied it last summer told me that they preferred it to the White Mountains.—*Boston Bulletin.*

—Fashionable miss—I am going to a seaside resort and want something pretty for a bathing suit. Dry goods clerk—Our bathing suit fabrics are at the other end of the store, and—. F. M.—O, I have looked over them and don't like them. Here is something just lovely. D. G. C.—But that won't stand water. F. M.—Well, I'll be careful and not get it wet.—*N. Y Mail.*

MARVELOUS PRIC[illegible]

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Complete Novels and Other Works, by Famous Authors, Almost Given Away. The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, and all are printed from **good type upon good paper.** They treat of a great variety of subjects, and we think no one can examine the list without finding therein many that he or she would like to possess. In cloth-bound form these books would cost **$1.00 each.** Each book is complete in itself.

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Better Still: We have made arrangements with the publishers, by means of which we propose to supply the *Weekly*

Prairie Farmer

AND THE

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Both Papers for $1,50.

A burglary was atte[illegible] Tuesday [illegible] but was [illegible]

It is now regarded as certain that the general offices of the Rock Island will be located in Topeka.

Mrs. J. E. Holman and her mother Mrs. Sherwood returned Wednesday to their home in Blue Rapdis, after visiting a week with friends in this city.

"THE IDEAL MAGAZINE"

for young people is what the papers call St. Nicholas. Do you know about it,—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and see if it is n't just the element you need in the household? The London Times has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some leading features of

ST. NICHOLAS

for 1886-87.

Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and **Frank R. Stockton,**—several by each author.

A Short Serial Story by Mrs. Burnett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of ST. NICHOLAS.

War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Badeau, chief-of-staff, biographer, and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl of to-day took part.

The Serial Stories include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, author of "On Both Sides"; also, "Jennie's Boarding-House, by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

Short articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil" and "Among the Gas-wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child-sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder: "Victor Hugo's Tales to his Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. T. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc., etc.

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THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN,

By His Confidential Secretaries, JOHN G. NICOLAY and COL. JOHN HAY.

This great work, begun with the sanction of President Lincoln, and continued under the authority of his son, the Hon. Robt. T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Its authors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were most intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his term of office, and to them were transferred upon Lincoln's death all his private papers. Here will be told the inside history of the civil war and of President Lincoln's administration,—important details of which have hitherto remained unrevealed, that they might first appear in this authentic history. By reason of the publication of this work,

THE WAR SERIES,

which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W. Caale, stories by Mary Hallock Foote, "Uncle Remue," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the Christian Advocate; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN

PROSPECTUS FOR 1887.

The Serial story for the year, by that charming writer for children, Mrs. M. F. Butts, will be entitled,

Wanderers in Bo-Peep's World.

It will be accompanied with twelve full-page drawings by Elizabeth S. Tucker. The author of "Little Talks about Insects," gives an amusing series about

Tiny Folks in Red and Black,

in which she tells about ants and their wise and curious ways,—how they work, how they harvest their grain, how they milk their cows.

Ten Little Indians,

by Mrs. Helen E. Sweet, tells many interesting things about Indian boys and girls, their sports and their strange ways of living. The History Chapters for the year will consist of

Adventures of the Early Discoverers,

by Mrs. F. A. Humphrey, following on from the voyages of Columbus given last year, and relating the story of Ponce de Leon and his search for the Fountain of Youth, the romantic tale of De Soto, the exploits of Capt. John Smith, in Virginia,. etc.

All these will be profusely illustrated, as also will be the verses and short stories by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, Sara E. Farman, Mrs. Olive Howard, Charles E. Skinner, Bessie Chandler, H. R. Hudson, etc.

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This illustrated monthly contains thirty-two to forty pages each number of enjoyable and helpful literature and pictures, equally suited to Sundays and week days. The editor, "Pansy," will furnish a new serial to run through the year, entitled

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☐The Golden Text Stories will be continued under the title of "A Dozen of Them." Margaret Sidney will contribute a serial called

The Little Red Shop,

telling how Jack and Cornelius and Rosalie earned money to help mother take care of the baby. There will be more "Great Men," and more "Remarkable Women." Fayre Huntington will write of flowers and plants in

Mrs. Brown's Botany Class.

Rev. C. M. Livingston will furnish stories of Great Events, People, Discoveries, Inventions, etc. A novel feature will be a story by eleven different authors. R. M. Alden will direct a new department of Church, Sabbath School and Missionary News. The present departments will continue, and new ones be opened.

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Price Reduced from $3.00 to $2.40.

D. Lothrop and Company announce that leading in the great literary movement toward lower prices and larger sales, they have made without reducing quantity or quality, an extraordinary reduction in the price of WIDE AWAKE, the best illustrated young folks' magazine (1000 quarto pages and 500 original pictures yearly,) and will now receive subscriptions at the former wholesale price of only $2.40 year.

Serials, New Features, Etc.

The Story of Keedon Bluffs, by Charles Egbert Craddock, author of "The Prophet of the Great Smokey Mountains," "Down the Ravine" etc. Illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett.

Romulus and Remus, By Charles Remington Talbot. This tale is not a tale of ancient Rome, but modern high comedy. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill.

Montezuma's Gold Mines. By Fred A. Ober, author of "The Silver City." A Serial of romantic adventures based on Mr. Ober's own search for the lost mines of Montezuma. Illus. by Hy. Sandham.

The Secret at Roseladies. By M. H. Catherwood Western Life on the Wabash. Ill. by W. A. Rogers.

Howling Wolf and His Trick Pony. By Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney. The hair-breath adventures of a bright little Indian boy. Illustrated by H. F. Farney, and from photographs.

Birk-Talk, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. A delicious grorp of twelve poems.

In War-Time at La Rose Blanche. By Mrs. M. E. M. Davis. Twelve stories relating the adventures of a great southern sugar-plantation household from the beginning to the end of the great Civil War. Illus. by E. W. Kemble.

Ballads about Old-Time Authors, by Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Fahous Pets. By Eleanor Lewis.

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Christmas-Tide Stories. A pretty Scarecrow, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Taffy and Buster, two stories by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, A Christmas Masquerade, by Mary E. Wilkins. A Christmas Guest, by Sarah Orne Jewett. A wee wedding by Sophie May.

Successful American Women. By Sarah K, Bolton. Twelve inspiring papers, with portraits.

Wonder-Wings, Mellangongs, Colossii and others. By C. F. Holder. Twelve marvel-chapters of animal life. Ill. by J. Carter Beard.

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PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Lecturer's Department, National Grange.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD,
Middlebush, N. J.

It is the design of these weekly columns to give not alone the words and thoughts of one individual, not to advance the Grange in any one direction alone; neither are they prepared for Patrons only; but rather to gather from as wide and varied a field as possible such ideas, lines of thought, work and progress as will illustrate the great mission of the Grange in the State and in the Nation; its social, educational and financial features. Thus "line upon line," proving its principles true, its aims high, its work successful. Sent forth with the hope that they will encourage the despondent, strengthen the strong, and secure not alone the good wishes and respect of our unorganized farmers—but their help by joining with us and working with us for home and farm and native land.

It is a fact to plain to be longer disguised, that the wealth procured by the masses is gathered in by a few men, when compared with our nearly 60,000,000 of people, and after it is so gathered, consolidations and monopolies are formed to control the political element, elections, legislation, courts and government to an alarming extent. This evil should be corrected—it must be corrected—or our American liberties will soon depart forever, and the American farmers become the serfs of a moneyed aritocracy. The only remedy is organization and education. The Grange is the organization and its highest object is education.

Excursion rates were refused the Patrons of Indiana for their State Grange meeting last month by the "Central Traffic Association," composed of thirty different railroads, because said Association had agreed to issue them only to the following classes of societies: Religious, benevolent, educational, or medical, and "as your society does not come under either of the above heads we cannot under our rules grant you any reduction."

Who will educate the railroads? The Grange does come under the first three heads and perhaps the fourth also. Its U. S. Supreme Court and congressional medicine is hard to take. A plank in the Grange platform reads: "We shall advance the cause of education among ourselves and for our children by all just means within our power."

H. E. Hayes, Worthy Lecturer of the State Grange of Oregon, has invaded the Territory of Idaho, and to good purpose. Idaho is under the jurisdiction of the Worthy Master of the Oregon State Grange. Brother Hayes has organized two good Granges within a month in Idaho. They are live active, enthusiastic Granges and report to the Secretary of the National Grange that they "are in Idaho county, Idaho Territory, to stay, progress, build up the Order and be a voice and power in the National Grange ere long."

The printed proceedings of the twentieth annual session of the National Grange, a book of 195 pages, are now being sent out through the different secretaries of State Granges; two copies for each Subordinate Grange. The important reports of officers and committees should be carefully read and studied in every Grange that the plans and work of our Order may be well understood, and then all should help earnestly in the work of carrying them on to success.

The Patrons of New Hampshire are arranging for a series of lectures during the Winter, covering all parts of the State. Six different lecturers will follow each other in this lecture course. Massachusetts Patrons are also to have a series of lectures by the Lecturer of the National Grange in February. Brother C. L. Whitney will continue his work in Nebraska during January. He reports six Granges re-organized and ten more nearly ready to take up the work. Brother D. H. Thing, Past Master and present Lecturer of the Maine State Grange, has accepted the appointment as one of the four Deputy National Lecturers provided for at the last session of the National Grange. He will work in some nine different States, and will be busy nearly all the year. Pennsylvania State Grange will follow up the successful lecture work of last year.

PROGRESS.

Illinois Grange, No 772 Macon county, Illinois, reports 12 new members.

North Brookfield Grange, Massachusetts, has just received 17 additions.

Indiana Grange, No. 313, Pa., dedicated a fine new hall a few weeks ago, and has seven applications for membership.

Moorestown Grange, No. 8, N. J. has just completed a fine new Grange hall, of brick, two stories; number over 100 members.

Connecticut Patrons are arranging for a Fire Insurance Company "for Patrons only."

"Let us remember that the crowning glory of our organization is to educate and elevate the American farmer, and bring good cheer to the family household." W. H. STINSON,
Master New Hampshire State Grange.

Question for discussion by Subordinate Granges: What proportion of the profit paid by producers upon the cost of farm products goes to the farmer, and how can we "save for wife and home an honest share of what our harvests yield?"

Several matters are now before Congress that every Patron, every farmer and every Grange should take prompt action upon.

1. Favoring the bill creating a Department of Agriculture and Labor, with its head a member of the President's Cabinet.

2. Favoring the Reagan inter-State commerce bill, protecting farmers and others from unfair discrimination in charges, etc.

3. Favoring the Hatch Experimental Station bill, appropriating $15,000 annually to each State to sustain an experiment station.

4. Opposing all Tariff legislation being asked for by manufacturers and others that will place "raw materials" (all farm products, wool, hides, hemp, flax, etc., are "raw materials") on the free list, and leave a High Tariff on the manufactured goods that farmers have to buy.

5. Opposing all legislation that will cut off, hinder or prevent the working of the oleomargarine law.

Write personal letters to the Congressman of your district and both your U. S. Senators. Prepare a memorial on these subjects, attach the name of the master and secretary of your Grange, make three copies, and send one to your Congressman and one to each of your Senators.

"Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

—Frog soup, made by the following recipe, is recommended for persons with weak lungs or suffering from severe cough. After skinning the hind legs of twenty-four frogs, put them in cold water for one hour. At the end of this time drain them, put them in a sauce-pan and set upon a slow fire, stirring occasionally until they turn yellow. Take them out of the sauce-pan, mince the flesh quite fine, and put it back in the pan with a leek and stalk of celery chopped in small pieces, one carrot sliced, a little salt, and water enough to cover all. Simmer for two hours, then pass through a colander; mix with a little butter and serve.—*Exchange.*

FORMING OPINIONS.

The Power of Induction and Deduction and How to Use It.

To look on both sides, and choose the better side; to dissect the rhetoric of a demagogue, to strip off his coat of many colors, and to show him for what he is; to decide between rival plans, and to determine one's aim, for one's own purposes, by one's own abilities—all this is the duty of a man. Without this, he forfeits a man's privilege. He is a chip on the current, whirled down in this flood, whirled up in that eddy, or left stagnant in some standing pool. How often, alas! one meets a man who never knew the luxury of an opinion. He has taken his morning impression from one newspaper, his evening impression from another. Meanwhile, he has been the tool and the fool of every person who chose to use him, or to tell him what to think and what to say. To keep clear of that vacancy of life, a true man cares diligently, lovingly, for the weapons which have been given him, weapons of defense, yes—and sometimes weapons of attack, if need may be. He learns how to reason, how to search for truth, how to question nature, how to interpret her answers. He learns how to arrange in right order such eternal truths and such visible facts as relate to the matter he has in hand. He clears and enlarges his power of reasoning.

The power of induction and deduction man has because he is a child of God. It is the faculty which distinguishes him from the brutes. A body of wolves in the Pyrenees may gather around the fire which a peasant has left, and will enjoy the warmth of the embers. A group of chattering monkeys on the rock of Gibraltar might gather so round the watch-fire which an English sentinel had left burning. They can enjoy the heat; but they can not renew the fire. They can not work out the deduction which is necessary before one kicks back upon the glaring embers the black brand which has rolled away. Were it to save their lives, they must freeze before one of them can deduce, from what he sees, the law or the truth as to what he must do. Here is it that man differs from the brute. He can learn. He can follow a deduction. He can argue. He can rise, step by step, to higher life.

This he does when he takes the control of thought. He rises to a higher plane, and lives in a larger life.

This is certain, that no one learns to think without thinking. I believe we may say more. I believe he must make a business of thinking. He must take hold of the control of his thoughts intentionally, resolutely and energetically. If he does this, I believe he will think more clearly, and with better results, next year than he does to-day.—[illegible]

ABOUT FUSSINESS.

A Great Offense of Which No Housekeeper Should Be Guilty.

There is no foe to domestic peace and comfort like that of fussiness. It arises largely from a lack of system or plan and from too great attention to minor details. Some housekeepers have the habit of stirring up everything at once. They begin their day's work anywhere without any relation to what is most urgent or necessary to be accomplished. They lose sight of the always excellent rule—one thing at a time, and that first which is most important. It is a good plan to sit quietly down at the beginning of each day and take a survey of the domestic field. Decide what must be done, and what in case of lack of time, or the intervention of other duties, may be put off, and then set to work without undue haste to perform necessary duties. Learn to do it quietly, without noise. Be careful to take no useless steps. There is a vast amount of strength expended in this way, and nervous energy wasted.

I know a young housekeeper who accomplishes more in one day than the majority of women do in two. She never seems to be in a hurry, never gets into a "stew" but she works as noiselessly and steadily as the sunlight. What she has to do she accomplishes without any indirection. She has no cross purposes to contend with. She aims right at the mark through every movement of her hand and by every footstep. If she has house-cleaning to attend to she doesn't commence by tearing up every room in the house, and putting the entire establishment in a chaos of confusion. But she takes one room at a time, has it cleansed and purified and put to rights again before there is any further upheaval. The usual spring cleaning comes and goes in that family without producing any discomfort or any great amount of inconvenience.

I was once a guest in a household where confusion was the law of daily experience. The poor little housekeeper never seemed to know what should be done first, and there was always such an array of things to be accomplished she was never serene, but went about like a small cyclone, stirring up every thing with which she came in contact, leaving things "all in a heap" as she flitted off in the direction of whatever occurred to her as needing attention. Her house was never in order, and she was never at rest. She wanted to do everything at once, so nothing was ever complete. She charged all along the line, yet never stopped to carry the work at any one point. So she was always routed, and domestic affairs were uniformly in a state of insurrection. As a result she was always "fussing."

System is an essential in the government of the household as in that of the State. Order, promptness, punctuality, industry and good judgment are the necessary and efficient forces in the home. To these add cheerfulness, patience and a thoughtful care for the general comfort and happiness of its members, and you will avoid all unpleasant friction, and make the home what it should be, the center of all that is best and dearest to the human heart. —*The Household.*

MISER GREENLEAF.

A Man Who Lived the Life of an Anchorite to Enrich a College.

Harvard's latest endowment comes from an unexpected source. A miser named E. P. Greenleaf recently died, leaving property amounting to nearly $500,000, the bulk of which he had willed to Harvard College. Mr. Greenleaf lived the life of an anchorite. He was a thoroughbred miser, so to speak; hoarding up every cent he accumulated and denying himself even the comforts of life. His appearance was that of a tramp or a begger, and yet, unlike the tramp, he refused companionship at all times. He seemed to have just one desire, one ambition, and that was to be immortalized by Harvard. For this he lived; for this he became a hermit; for this he became a miser; for this he hoarded his dollars and denied himself every thing. He died, leaving his property and his photograph to Harvard. Some men, not misers, worth ten times his wealth, have died and left little or nothing for anybody or any thing outside the family circle. Some men, possessed of multiplied millions, will read the story of the life of Miser Greenleaf, of Quincy, Mass., and be amazed. The world is full of surprises because of those who give, and because of those who do not give.—*Detroit Tribune.*

—Recently Oscar Kidd, of Port Jervis, N. Y., dreamed that a watch, wrapped in cotton in a tin box, was secreted in a cellar of a certain house in that town. The owner of the house laughed at Oscar, who wanted to look for the watch, but finally went down to the cellar with him, and sure enough Kidd found the watch just as he had dreamed. Then the owner of the house claimed the watch because it had been found on his premises, and he kept it, too.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—George Greer, of Santa Maria, Tex., dreamed three times that a box containing five thousand dollars in gold was buried under one corner of his house, and had a party of friends help him remove the building and search for the treasure. After digging down several feet and finding nothing he gave it up. It cost three hundred dollars to have the house returned to its place and his friends "cared" for.

—The Board of Trade at Chattanooga, Tenn., had decided to do everything in its power to encourage the building of railroads in that neighborhood.

POULTRY DISEASES.

Directions for the Treatment of Catarrh, Roup and Diphtheria.

The symptoms of catarrh in fowls are a watery or slimy discharge of mucus from the nostrils, swelling of the eyelids, and in extreme cases swelling of the face. Boiled potatoes, mashed and well dusted with black pepper, are a good diet. Pills made of mashed potatoes covering cayenne pepper, and administered every other day at feeding time, for a few days, are an excellent remedy. The following prescription is also highly recommended for catarrh: Take finely pulverized fresh burnt charcoal and new yeast, of each three parts; flour, one part; and pulverized sulphur, two parts; mix them with water so that boluses the size of a hazel-nut can be made. Three of these are to be given daily. The same authority recommends cleanliness and frequent bathing of the eyes and nostrils with warm milk and water.

Roup often follows catarrh, if the latter is not promptly taken in hand. The symptoms are similar. A frothy substance appears in the inner corner of the eye; the lids swell, the eye-ball being in severe cases wholly concealed, and the fowl unable to see or feed, loses all spirit, and often dies. A fetid smell is emitted by fowls in the advanced stages of this disease.

In aggravated cases this prescription will be found excellent: Powdered sulphate of iron, a half drachm; capsicum powder, one drachm; extract of liquorice, half an ounce; make into thirty pills, and give one at a time, thrice a day for three days. Then take half an ounce of sulphate of iron, and mix with it one ounce of fine cayenne pepper, using butter as a medium. Give one-tenth of this mixture twice a day. Wash the head, eyes and inside of the mouth and nostrils with vinegar.

Another remedy which rarely fails to cure, is to strip a feather to within a short distance of the tip, dip it in nitric acid (quite dilute), and thrust it into the nostril of the sick bird. Repeat this two or three times a day, removing the burnt scab before applying the acid. Another remedy is solitary confinement in a warm, dry place, with a tablespoonful of castor-oil every day for a week, as medicine, and soft food, mixed with ale and chopped vegetables. In all cases the patient should be at once separated from its companions.

Diphtheria, in some respects, a similar disease, is caused by sudden changes of temperature, damp roosts, and the like. Wholesome food, and dry, well ventilated coops are the surest preventive. The wind-pipe is filled up with a white, ulcerous substance, emitting an offensive smell. Unless relieved, the bird pines away and pies. Nitrate of silver and powdered borax are used as remedies. Remove the ulcers as far as possible from the throat, and apply the nitrate of silver with a feather. The borax is applied in the same manner, wetting the feather, dipping it into the powder and swabbing the throat. A little chlorate of potassa dissolved in the water which is given the fowls to drink, is very serviceable. A quarter-ounce to a half-gallon of water is a good proportion.—*American Rural Home.*

SOLID HORSE SENSE.

Three Stories Which Prove That It Is Possessed by Many Faithful Animals.

One dark night at a late hour a traveler asked for lodging at a country tavern. After talking with the guest a few moments the landlord suddenly turned pale as he asked: "Pray, sir, which way did you come?" The gentleman answered that he had come from a certain direction—the south. "Impossible!" exclaimed the landlord, "for to-day all the planks of the bridge were removed for repairs." "It may be so," exclaimed the man, "but I have come from such a town since noon." There was no other possible way for the traveler to have come, and in the darkness of the night he had trusted to the intelligent animal he rode to keep the way. While the master was wholly unconscious of the perilous feat the horse had actually walked the string-piece of a long bridge and kept his footing. The timber was scarcely a foot wide. Had it been in the daytime no sane man would have dared to attempt such a ride.

An old horse that had for years been ridden by an old commander when he became disabled for such use was sold to a farmer. Several years after, when he had been reduced from old age and hard work to a meager Rosinante, he was in the service of backwoods surveyors' assistants. It so happened that not far from the land under inspection a large number of volunteer soldiers were drilling. When the old war-horse heard the fife and drum the martial spirit took possession of him. Away he went, over fences and ditches. The jerks and pulls from his rider were of no avail; in front of the regiment he took his place and capered and danced as well as his old legs would let him. The civilian equestrian upon his back could not induce him to leave the ground so long as the troops remained there. To the great amusement of the volunteers, and the no small annoyance of his rider, he insisted upon marching into the town in his chosen place.

One of the old writers tells of a horse that was conscious of his triumphs. When he was in the Olympic games he would proudly direct his steps to the tribunal judges for his crown. This same thing is related of the fast trotters of America. As soon as the race is over they can not be restrained until they have stopped at the judges stand and had the bridle decorated with the winners' badge.—*Omaha Bee.*

The more often carpets are shaken the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the thread.

GAMBLERS' OMENS.

Sporting Men Who Will Make No Bets at Certain Times.

Sporting men are noted as being the most superstitious persons. Those who bet on horses are all more or less influenced by certain events which they look upon as omens of good or ill luck. All these signs they eagerly look for and are influenced by them on the way they place their money on the steeds whose chance they favor.

"No, I'm not betting to-day," was the reply of one of these turfmen, in answer to an inquiry from another of his ilk whether he had bought any pools on the races.

"Busted?" was another laconic inquiry.

"No, but I laced one of my shoes up wrong this morning. It's a bad sign. I'll let 'em alone to-day."

"Are you superstitious?"

"I frankly confess that I am," he replied, as he lit a cigar, "and I don't know of a sporting man or a gambler that is not superstitious, and, furthermore, I do not believe there is a human being living who is not. Of course, some are more so than others; but take gamblers and horsemen as a class and you will find that each one has his own peculiar quilp. Now, this morning I laced my shoe up wrong. If I had left it that way it would have been a lucky day for me, but I did not. I unlaced it, and I'll bet two to one if I bought pool on a horse he would break his neck before he came under the string."

"That's quite interesting. Would you mind giving me some of your experience? What do you consider a lucky omen?"

"You want to know what I consider a lucky omen, eh? That's just as the idea strikes me. I used to count white horses. Supposing I was standing at the corner of Broadway and Wall street. I'd take out my watch, when I had one, and time myself and count the number of white horses that turned into Wall street from Broadway in five minutes. I would sometimes go on the odd numbers and sometimes on the even. Like this: If I made up my mind on even horses and an even number went by during the five minutes, then I would be lucky, and vice versa."

"You gamble on cards, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I make my living as a sporting man."

"Does your superstition affect you in playing cards?"

"Yes, indeed. If I am going to play cards for money I always hunt up a beggar and give him some money for luck. I have walked sometimes two miles to find a beggar. I know a gambler who goes daily to an Italian on Greene street, who has three little canaries that tell fortunes by pulling an envelope out of a pack. He always follows the advice of the bird, and I have actually seen him shed tears over some of the slips he got, not from grief, but from vexation, if it went against his grain.

"I have had gamblers tell me that they had acquired the habit of trying their luck in different ways, but I claim it's not a habit; it's nature, born in a man, and it never comes out. Why, I know dozen of people who laugh at superstition that will have a regular case of the dumps if they see the new moon over their right shoulder for the first time. They think if they see it over the left shoulder and make a wish they will get their wish.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

AN ODD TROUGH.

The Deep Moral Which It Is Intended to Convey to Mankind.

There is a watering-trough at Stockbridge, in this State, that is not wholly without interest. It was made by digging out a large hole in an uncut block of marble. Beside it stood another rough, post-like piece of marble, and on the face next to the trough is a bronze mask of a faun, copied from the antique, and whose concentrated intention and expression is to convey the water that passes through its mouth in the most spiteful and animally vigorous way. But in the Stockbridge faun the water dripples down as though it was ashamed of its very existence, presenting an incongruity of impression that can not be described. But this is only the suggestion, the delicate preliminary of the deep moral of modern missionary aims. On one end of the trough is carved in large letters this ponderous sentence: "Utility is better than grandeur." In another part of the same town there is a fountain whose intention is more human, and the moral of which is wisely left to the forcible charm of tradition. It represents a cat and dog in attitudes natural to their species. The latter, a lively Scotch terrier, approaches the former in a ready, inquiring, and doubtful way, as much as to say: "if I can get my jaws on your neck I'll paint the name of Edwards with fur." The cat crouches, ready to make a blind dog as soon as the occasion requires, and hisses through her mouth the water of the fountain into the dog's face. The older cruel interpreters of Stockbridge animals assert that this group is a symbol of the former gossipping activities of that section of Berkshire County. Later historians declare that time has not lessened the truth or force of its significance.—*Boston Post.*

—Several years ago a young girl near Aiken, S. C., was in the act of placing a pitcher on a fence-post when she was struck dead by lightning. Since then the pitcher has remained on the post, safe by superstition from the touch of negroes, who believe that the arm which touches it will be paralyzed. Storms and cyclones and earthquakes have not displaced it, although the post which holds it is fast crumbling with decay.—*Charleston News.*

Farm Notes.

Plum shoots grafted upon wild plum stocks do well.

Texas fever is reported in Missouri, but only a few cases have been heard of up to tnis time.

To properly keep straw and hay in stacks the stacks must be so constructed as to shed water.

The editor of the Orange County Farmer trains his tomatoes to poles and they grow six feet high.

A successful western dairyman says he has only one ration for his cows, and that is crushed oats and bran.

Every farmer must know what kind of swine breed well and are wanted in the markets. That is the kind which can be bred with profit.

It is estimated that 50,000,000 eggs are consumed every day in this country, or above one for each inhabitant, which includes, however, those used in the arts.

The value which competent judges have assigned the various features of butter is as follows: Flavor, 25; keeping qualities, 20; texture, 25; color, 15; appearance, 15; total, 100 points.

A pound of Minorci eggs will require only six eggs, while with some other breeds eight eggs are necessary to a pound. This shows the unfairness of selling eggs by the dozen instead of by weight.

The coming buttermaker, according to the National Stockman, must have a clean mouth and breath, as well as clean clothes and a clean apron be honest, neat, smart, level-headed, and able to keep accounts.

Commenting on the opposition of Professors Brown and Sanborn to the use of ensilage the editor of the American Dairyman says: "The poorest ensilage we have ever seen has been in the silos of agricultural colleges."

While milk is standing for cream to rise, the purity of the cream, and consequently the fine flavor and keeping of the butter, will be injured if the surface of the cream is exposed freely to airmuch warmer than the cream.

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"TOO MANY OF WE?"

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked, with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your childs could die."

She was only three years old—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who 'round her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor.
Worn out with the care of a noisy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Claire
In her tiny white trundle-bed
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.

—*Caroline B. Le Row, in Woman's Journal.*

MILLY'S COMFORTER.

It Inspired Much Hope and Saved Many Lives.

It was woven of fleecy, crinkly zephyr, and was red, but that vivid scarlet we sometimes see in the flash of a bird's wing or the glow of a brilliant sunset. Ruskin says this is the color of life, and though Milly had not heard this she felt it every time she wound the gay thing about her slender throat and tossed its tasseled ends coquettishly over her shoulder. Her mother was apt to smile at it, as hardly in keeping with Milly's rich, fur-trimmed garments and velvet head-gear, but the latter loved it as the gift of a dear little cousin in the country, and when Mrs. Wentworth saw how picturesquely it contrasted with her daughter's dark hair and eyes, and harmonized with her glowing cheeks, she made no further objection, but let the child wear it where she would—except to church.

One short, raw, wintry afternoon Milly was hastening home from school, well wrapped in its folds, when her brisk pace was arrested by a heavy sob, and, looking around, she saw a sight rather rare on those quiet, aristocratic streets—a little boy thinly and raggedly clothed, sitting on the curbing, his head bent forlornly on a pile of papers in his lap, which he was evidently making damper than usual with his tears.

Milly looked at him pitifully, walked on a pace or two, hesitated, glanced back, and then stepped resolutely toward him and tapped his shoulder.

What's the matter?" she asked, quietly; "are you sick or hurt?" He raised his head and turned upon her a surprised, wobegone face which, however, in spite of tears and dirty streaks, was far from unattractive.

"I—can't—sell—my—papers," he sobbed, brokenly.

"Of course not, up here," said Milly, in brisk, business-like tones. "You don't see any body up here but women and children, and they don't want papers. You ought to go down town where the stores are; then, if you'll wait till six o'clock, the gentlemen will be going home to supper, and they'll take them fast enough."

"But they hustle me about so, and I'm awful cold and hungry," he moaned.

"Poor child!" Milly's tones softened. "But you must hustle back, and hold your own ground. Guess you never sold papers, did you?"

"No'm," he returned, gazing at her as if she were an oracle. "I never had to before. Tom takes care of me. He's my big brother, and a sailor. We've got a nice little room that he pays the rent, and when he goes off on long v'iges I eat with the Jenkinses acrost the entry. He pays them, too. Tom's awful good, but he came home sick this time, and the money's most gone. I thought I could get some more selling papers, but I've spent all Tom's fifty cents, and I haven't made a thing!"

He sighed dolefully again, while the sudden memory of a dime saved for taffy in the corner of her handkerchief made Milly's face radiant as she dropped it into his dirty little paw.

"No, no," she laughed, as he handed out a paper; "I don't want any—wouldn't read it for a dollar, and papa buys his down-town—if you could find him now. He takes the brown cars near the common, a big man with a fur overcoat, and a moustache, and a sealskin cap, and eyes that twinkle, and like as not he'll throw you a quarter and say 'Never mind the change.' It's just like him!—and here, this'll keep you warm."

With a quick movement the red comforter was transferred from Milly's neck to his, and before he could speak she had nodded a gay good-bye and disappeared around the corner. He looked after her a long minute, then down at the soft, scarlet wrap, and, gathering himself up with new resolution, turned and walked away, burying his chin in its fleecy folds with a delicious sense of returning warmth and comfort.

Two hours later a superb-looking gentleman, striding rapidly toward his car—a smile in his eyes as he thought of the box of French bon-bons in his pocket ready for Milly's searching fingers—felt a gentle pull at his sleeve and such a pleading: "O! please, sir, buy a paper—please do!" that he involuntarily stopped.

It was a little fellow who held them eagerly forward, a little fellow with a smiling, tear-streaked face, and a vivid bit of scarlet about his throat that made the owner think of Milly, so he said, in her own brisk way: "All right! Got the *Transcript?* That's it! Here—never mind the change; there's my car!" and with a rush forward he swung himself lightly aboard, leaving a silver quarter in the boy's hand, exactly as Milly had prophesied.

"I knowed it," muttered the child, gazing after him with shining eyes, "I knowed 'twas her pa!" But an impatient "Paper, boy!" brought him to his senses, and in a short time, with arms empty, but heart and pocket full, he rushed in upon his brother, cold and hunger alike forgotten.

"I done it, Tom. I sold every one. Here's the money," and quite a shower of coppers and nickels, to say nothing of the silver dime and quarter, rattled out upon the bed.

Tom's wan face brightened at the sight. "Why, you little clipper," he cried gayly, "who'd a thought it! Come, reel off your yarn, quick, and then let's have grub; I'm as hungry as a dolphin."

"Well, 'twas all the little lady's doin's, you see," began Jimmy, and told the story you already know, displaying the red comforter as triumphantly as a conqueror displays his trophies.

At that very minute Milly sat munching a bonbon upon the arm of her father's easy chair before the grate, while he, lying back luxuriously in dressing-gown and slippers, with *Transcript* across his knees, looked teasingly into her face.

"Whom did I buy my paper of? Bless the child! What curiosity! How can I tell now, I'd like to know? Let's see, though—him. He was little, and pathetic, and dirty, with big blue eyes, and a beautiful red comforter, much like yours."

He glanced laughingly at his wife here, for this comforter was one of those things they liked to joke about in private, but Milly jumped up and down with pleasure.

"It was—O, papa, it was him. He really, really knew you. O, how perfectly splendid," and all in a breath she told the pleasant story of the afternoon, while her father's face grew tender, and the glances exchanged with his wife were so full of love and happiness that neither could be content until she had perched upon the other arm, while the happy man enfolded them both in what he merrily called a "triple hug."

Weeks slipped by, while Jimmy continued to sell papers, with varying but ever increasing success, and Tom rapidly regained health and strength, to finally ship again as deck-hand on board a great vessel which was to carry grain to Southern France, and return (God willing) loaded with the rich wines and luscious fruits of that favored country.

"You can earn enough to pay the rent," said his brother, as they talked it all over, "and Mother Jenkins says you shall share her bite and sup so long as they last, and I'll pay when we drop anchor in the bay again. There, there, boy, keep up a good heart; and it won't be long, you know."

But Jimmy cried all night, it was so lonesome with Tom gone. Then a bright thought checked the tears and he slept peacefully. Next morning the thought returned, and, acting upon it, he crept out of bed, took the precious red comforter from his little shelf, and folding it with a loving touch laid it in Tom's sea chest, which, packed, but not yet corded, stood by the bed.

"It's all I've got to give him," thought Jimmy sadly, "and it 'll keep him warm when he stands watch these cold nights."

So, all unknown to Tom, the long, red length of comfort went with him to help the battle against cold and storm, while Jimmy was left to fight the colder world and stormier fate at home.

Another great vessel, very different from the clumsy concern Tom sailed in, left the bay a week later—a steamship with flying pennons, decks gay with people, and enough shiny wood, gilding, and mirrors to have furnished a dozen houses—an ocean passenger steamer bound for Havre, freighted with a thousand souls and the 10,000 things necessary to their comfort. Upon its decks stood Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth and Milly. They were going to France for the lady's health, while Milly was to have an outing and learn from Nature's great school for a while. About three days out the weather became very unpleasant, rain and chilling fog vied with tempestuous wind and storm to delay their course, but the luxurious ship—a world in itself—laughed at old ocean's moods and plowed steadily onward, quite undaunted. It was, however, far worse for draught vessels, often overloaded and ill-managed, and dependent upon wind and tide for their safety. But Milly never thought of these, as, glorying in her perfect immunity from seasickness, she roamed the great steamer fore and aft, making friends with passengers and crew, and asking questions which often made the latter scratch their heads in perplexity.

They were about a week out and far from either shore, the fog had lifted, and a brilliant morning sun lighted the broad, comparatively smooth, expanse of sea. The captain, glass in hand, was slowly scanning the horizon, and Milly, close by, with no lens but those of her keen young eyes, scanned it with equal dignity and care. About southwest his glass came to a sudden standstill; then he took it from his eyes and was eagerly rubbing the lenses, when the watch suddenly sang out: "Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" cried the captain, readjusting his glass.

"To leeward," came the prompt reply, and in a moment the two were consulting in eager tones.

Soon after the steady plunging of the engines grew slower, then almost ceased; a boat was lowered, gentlemen passengers began to climb to elevated places and gaze through their own glasses, and she heard one say:

"Yes, it's an open boat; evidently a small one, too. See, they are going to the rescue. It's well the fog lifted when it did or we would never have sighted them in the world."

The excitement increased, for every incident becomes an event in the monotony of sea life, and especially every thing that speaks of danger and shipwreck.

Milly watched them lower the boat and man it, the officer descending last of all and giving orders which caused each upraised oar to drop as if run by machinery, sending the little craft cutting swiftly through the waves. then, throwing her glance beyond it for the first time, she saw a speck against the sky—a black speak with a fiery tip, apparently—could that be the lost boat? Supported on the taffrail by her father's arm, she could see the fiery tip was really a flag or pennon floating upon the masthead, and at last could make out the shape of the boat and even the few figures within it. Then the ship's boat reached it, figures bobbed about, mixing themselves indistinguishably, after which the life-saving craft put about and came rapidly shipward, towing, the others in its wake. A nearer view showed Milly five men and one boy, lying at full length, apparently dead; a still nearer view (could it be possible?) discovered that gay pennon to be her own red comforter, tassels and all, streaming in the breeze. Speechless, she turned to her father, but, notwithstanding, he lifted her down, and ran with the crowd to see the rescued men helped aboard.

Meanwhile down the cabin gangway fled Milly, and burst in on the astonished ladies there with a cry:

"Mamma, mamma, what do you think? They've saved them and my comforter was the flag."

"Milly, my child!" cried the mother, springing to her feet. "Good Heavens! has this excitement driven the child mad?"

But, persisting that she was still sane, Milly dragged her mother deckward to see for herself. Yes, there was no mistaking it—there, in its vivid warmth of color, fluttered the comforter, a little sea-stained to be sure, but unmistakably the same.

"O, mamma, I see it all!" cried Milly, suddenly. "I see it all! I see it all! The boy said his brother was a sailor—that boy in the boat must have been he—do, do go and ask the captain if he is alive, and if we may see him."

"Yes, yes, dear, when papa comes. Now you must sit down, for you are trembling all over."

In less than an hour word was brought by the steward that all the rescued men were conscious, and the ladies might talk with them if they chose, so, accompanied by Mr. Wentworth. they went below.

"They've had a dreadful time, poor fellows," exclaimed the steward as he guided them into the hitherto unknown depths; "out four days in that leaky boat. Their vessel foundered Monday night, they took to the boats with what little provisions they could snatch, but the wind and sea drove them apart, and when daylight came the fog was so heavy they couldn't take their bearings. Their provisions—what weren't spoiled by salt water—gave out Wednesday morning, and they've lived on faith ever since. It nearly finished that poor boy, he isn't very strong, I guess, and pretty young for such service—not over twenty, I'll wager. This way, ladies," and he stood beside a bunk where lay a ghastly young fellow, with great blue eyes, so like Jimmy's that Milly could no longer doubt the relationship, had she not been already convinced.

"He is the one, papa—he's Tom!" she whispered excitedly. "Speak to him."

He answered their questions in a weak, languid tone, but when it became clear that Milly was the young girl who had given his little brother the scarf, he had risen eagerly upon his elbow, while a big tear rolled down his face.

"O, miss, it brought a blessing—that comforter," he said, eagerly. "The dear lad slipped it unbeknownst to me in my chest, and I was a-wearin' it the night we foundered, and when we was lookin' about for signals to hoist I rigged that up, and, bless God, it's brought us safe here."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—If an acre of land that cost a hundred dollars yields sure profit on all cost of labor and seed, as well as investment, to the amount of ten per cent., that is counted as very good. But there are thousands of acres upon which the percentage of profit may be doubled by increasing labor of tillage, and the larger profits constitute unanswerable argument in favor of the larger expenditure.—*Toronto Mail.*

—A curious mistake has been made in Mexico. The people of that country have mistaken a Frenchmrn named Thiers, who is visiting the republic, for the late President of France. The presiding officer of the Mexican Chamber made him an address and a dinner was given in his honor. The Jockey Club had fun with him also.—*N. Y. World*

A BONANZA FOR PRINTERS

New and Popular Process for making Leads, Slugs, Small Furniture, and for Light Stereotyping.

Unhesitatingly Endorsed by the most Critical Printers.

PATENT ALLOWED SEPT. 1886.

Why do you pay out money continually for leads and slugs, which are also continually wasting, when you can make them yourself as well as the best foundry in the world.

Why will you bother with wood reglet, why split up old cigar boxes, why patch up slugs for long lines, why waste your time with labor saving leads and slugs, when you can supply yourself with an abundance of true shaved leads and slugs from your old metal now lying worthless, and always accumulating in your office?

Time saved is money earned, and in a printing office valuable time is in no way saved so effectively as in having all sizes of leads and slugs at hand without the necessity of combination.

Save your time and that of your best workmen; save money and no end of annoyance by making your own slugs and furniture.

For nearly twenty years the inventor of this process has not bought a lead or slug, although for much of that time conducting one of the largest Book and Job Offices in Illinois. He then used moulds with iron surface with which it is almost impossible for the unskilled to succeed. These moulds were less than one foot in length, and only cast 6 and 4 to pica leads and nonpareil and pica slugs. They cost $60 and were then the best investment in an expenditure of $20,000. These moulds were loaned to a Chicago Type Foundry after the great fire, and were the first to be used in that city after that destructive event.

This is mentioned simply to show that this new process, and the apparatus herein mentioned are not the conception of a theorist, but of a practical lead and slug maker and printer, who knows the wants of the craft.

DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.

But it is not easy for one to cast leads and slugs perfectly in the ordinary way. It requires long and persistent practice to succeed. Much depends upon the manipulation of the metal by the old process. Much less skill is required by the new, and our Manual of Instructions gives the information that could not be had from foundries, and that cost much time and experience. We assert without qualification that all difficulties have now been so overcome that the work of making leads, slugs and furniture with this outfit is thoroughly practical for any printer in the most remote office.

With our outfit it is now easier to make leads and slugs three feet or more, in length, than it has heretofore been to make them one foot.

POPULAR DISTRUST.

We are not ignorant of the popular distrust that greets all such claims as we make, and, in fact, the whole idea of home-made leads. This is natural enough. The country is full of Hoe's $25 ten inch moulds, and others, that the ordinary printer could not manipulate, or that turned out, in their hands, very imperfect work. Home made leads have not been a success generally.

But this prejudice yields to a little unbiased investigation of the new process. We refer confidently to those who have seriously tried our plan. Wonderful improvements have been made all along the printing line within the past few years, and no doubt others are to follow. But there have been none simpler than this, and none of so much practical value compared with the cost.

FURNITURE.

By this process any size metal furniture up to 12 em pica or more and a yard long, is made, light or solid, as may be desired. Two, four and six line picas are as readily made as pica slugs. In short, there is no longer any need of wooden reglet or wooden furniture about a printing office.

STEREOTYPING.

On the same general principle, light stereotyping may be done with paper moulds. Our outfit only provides for single column matter, and as long as may be desired up to three feet. Stereotyping is more complicated than slug making, but is very simple when moulds are prepared, as in the ordinary way. Full directions are given in our Manual of Instructions, together with directions for treatment of metal, mixing, melting, tempering, fluxing, etc. Metal rule and letters may be made from any sample on hand, and be multiplied at will, and in this way sorts for fonts of wood type may be supplied. Stereotyping, however, is not so simple as slug-making. We claim nothing in this line beyond the fact that we furnish a 36 inch casting box, newspaper width or less, as good as those sold for $15, making only a ten inch cast. The whole process of stereotyping, is simple enough for any one with some skill to master by a little patient practice.

Office Rights to make and use these Moulds, with Instructions, Models, Specifications, etc. are for sale. It will not cost any printer $2 to make all sizes that he will want.

It is our purpose, in putting this outfit low, to bring it within the reach of every one. No foundry makes slugs over eighteen inches long at most, so that if one desires to set a column advertisement lengthwise, he cannot do it without using wood reglet or patching. The longest columns will not equal the length of our slugs.

At these prices not an office can afford to be without an outfit. When the best kind of leads and slugs can be made out of your old metal, there is no economy in using labor-saving leads, etc. Labor is saved by making your metal into all lengths, so as to avoid patchwork and save time.

So, too, one need not be particular to avoid cutting leads, when time is an object, as he knows the metal can readily be recast at leisure.

We guarantee the most perfect satisfaction. We invite investigation. Consult those who are using it. If it equals the claims we put forth all can judge of its value. To acertain this, if you are in doubt, write to references here given.

We will supply these office rights to newspaper publishers with whom we are doing business, and take all or part of the cost on advertising account, as your case may warrant.

KIMBALL'S

HANDY WORK BENCH.

THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE AND USEFUL ARTICLE FOR PRINTER'S USE EVER INVENTED.

This really indispensable adjunct to the well furnished printing office is a part of Kimball's Lead, Slug and Furniture Making Outfit, but may be used independent of the casting apparatus. It was originally designed for the finishing of leads, slugs, stereotype plates, etc.

With some modification, and the addition of some marvelously convenient tools, it becomes the ever ready friend of the good and rapid printer, certain to be called into use every half hour in the day, regardless of the uses for which it was at first intended.

The Handy Bench consists of a solid hard wood base, two inches thick, one foot wide and four feet long. It may be mounted on legs, or simply laid upon a table or stone when in use, and stood away at other times.

It has a shoot board with adjustable back guage, for dressing edges of lead, slug, furniture and stereotype casts, and adjusttable plane for shaving the face of the same, with device for holding casts of all sixes Also planes for soft metal, brass and wood mitering and squaring.

Vise, with five inch steel face jaw, two inch opening, double screw, with bench stop, making a small and complete carpenters bench.

Anvil and cold chisel.

Lead cutter, with 30 inch guage.

Mitering machine, complete, adjustable to any miter or square.

Miterbox, for cutting slugs, furniture, &c, and squaring box for dressing cuts, and casts of job type, from moulds furnished.

Device for curving leads, rules, etc.

In fact, the the Handy Bench contains more useful tools than have ever before been combined into one article and all convenient and ever ready for use, while the total cost is less than is often asked for but one feature of this friend of the printer.

We offer the Handy Bench, either alone or with our Lead and Slug Making outfit Price of Complete Bench alone $20.

G. F. KIMBALL, - - TOPEKA, KANS.

TESTIMONIALS.

A Printer's Bonanza.

Mr. G. F. Kimball, of North Topeka, has invented a process for making leads and slugs that beats anything we have seen for cheapness and convenience. Any printer in any office can make his own slugs, leads, etc., out of the old material which lies around every office. No printer need ever spend any money for slugs or leads. Mr. Kimball has manufactured us a large quantity of leads and slugs which are as good as those bought from type foundries. We shall say more about them in the future. Publishers of country newspapers should write Mr. G. F. Kimball, at North Topeka, Kansas, for information.
The North Topeka (Kansas) MAIL.

Mr. G. F. Kimball, of Topeka, formerly editor of the TRIBUNE newspaper of this city, has invented and applied for a patent on a device for casting slugs and leads for the use of job printers and newspaper offices. By the same machinery the practical printer is also enabled to do light stereotyping for newspaper work. Mr. Kimball has evidently hit upon something that will be of great utility in the art of printing, as all printers, especially job printers—have long felt the necessity for a cheap and simple process by which they could supply themselves with slugs and leads—two things that are absolutely indispensible in the art.—Lawrence (Kansas) Tribune.

OFFICE OF THE ST. MARYS EXPRESS.
ST. MARYS, KAN, APRIL 20, 1886.
I can cheerfully testify to the valuable invention which Mr. G. F. Kimball of North Topeka, Kan., has recently made. Its work is very satisfactory, and, above all, it places within reach of the humblest country printer the privilege and opportunity of manufacturing his own slugs and working over his old metal. Mr. Kimball deserves the thanks of the fraternity generally, (and their patronage as well,) for the service he has renderered them.
F. E. HOFFMAN, Publisher.

We had a pleasant call Wednesday from Mr. G. F. Kimball, of Topeka. He is the inventor of a process of manufacturing printer's leads, slugs, furniture, &c., which will enable newspaper men and job printers to manufacture these articles for themselves, and at nominal cost. The samples shown us were of fine finish and would pass muster any where, and were some three feet in length. Publishers will do well to send to Mr. Kimball for circulars.—Wamego (Kans.) Democrat.

A Lawrence Man's Invention.

Mr. G. F. Kimball, formerly publisher of the Tribune of this city, called on us last week. Mr. Kimball is an old practical printer and has recently invented an improved apparatus for casting leads and slugs, which will prove valuable to every printer. The outfit consists of moulds for leads, slugs and furniture, a steel plane for squaring, a dressing machine with adjustable steel knife, a shute board for finishing, squaring and mitering, and dressing bench and galley. It is quite complete and with it any printer can with small expense and little trouble, keep himself supplied with leads, slugs and furniture of any size. The outfit costs only $25.00 and is very cheap at that price. Every printer will appreciate the advantages of this cheap but perfect apparatus and we are sure our old townsman will sell hundreds of them to the craft. He certainly has hit upon a very clever invention and one that will be of much practical benefit to printers and publishers.—Lawrence GAZETTE.

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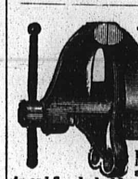

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