Historical Society

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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL. EDITOR.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.

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There are hundreds of old subscribers to the Spirit of Kansas, who did not renew last year. To any such who may receive this notice marked we offer to send it to the end of this year on receipt of 25 cents, provided the same be forwarded within the next 30 days. Our purpose is to get them again on our list, where we believe they will remain. At our reduced rates of 50 cents a year (in clubs of two or more) we lose few subscribers. Old subscribers may send in names at 25 cents, for the rest of the year.

Advertisers who would reach the most readers for the least money, must patronize the Spirit of Kansas. Every one sending a cash order for advertising at regular rates of $2.00 for one inch for four insertions, may at same time order $1.00 worth of subscriptions free, for each $2.00 of advertising. That is two yearly subscriptions, four for six months, or eight for three months. Papers will be sent to address of each subscriber or be sent in clubs to one address. In this way we expect to place thousands of papers just where they will do the most good. For instance, if ten stockmen place eight hundred copies among purchasers of stock each one will have the benefit of this increase, and induce others to do the same. The same of all other advertisers. This idea has been suggested to us by some of the heaviest advertisers, who are taken by the low price of our paper which makes the plan feasible. We shall be glad to hear form others and to receive further suggestions.

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

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

We are receiving clubs for the whole of the present year, at 25 cents each, for 30 days only.

State Board of Agriculture.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture met in this city Wednesday evening of this week. The following subjects are on the program for discussion.

"Sheep Husbandry in Kansas"—J. S. Codding, Louisville.

"The Fattening and Marketing of Cattle and Hogs"—Max Buek, Burlingame.

"The Chinch Bug"—Prof. F. H. Snow, Lawrence.

"Practical Fair Management"—George Y. Johnson, Lawrence.

"Chemistry of Natural Gas"—Prof, G. H. Failyer, Manhattan.

"Fat Stock Shows, their Importance to the Live Stock Interests"—Prof. J. W. Sanborn, Columbus, Mo.

"Sugar Making in Kansas and the Importance of Agricultural Experiment Stations,,—Prof. M. Swenson, Fort Scott.

"Notes from the Experimental Tree Planting at the Agricultural College"—Prof. E. A. Popenoe, Manhattan.

"Care of Domestic Animals in Health and in Disease"—Dr. A. A. Holcombe, Topeka.

"Studies on Rainfall in Kansas"—Prof. T. Lovewell, Topeka.

"The Value of Manure on our Prairie Soils"—Joshua Wheeler, Nortonville.

"Practical Husbandry"—Edwin Snyder Waskaloosa.

"Agricultural Fairs, their Establishment and General Management"—J. S. Edward, Burlington.

"Wheat Growing in Kansas"—A. W. Smith, McPherson.

"The Relative merits of Hedge and Wire Fences"—Martin Mohler. Osborn.

"Our Method of Growing Corn in Jewell County"—J. S. Foster, Jewell.

"The value of Sorghum as a Food Plant for Domestic Animals"—H. A. Ensign, Newton.

"The Breeding, Rearing and Management of Thoroughbred Hogs; Management of Fairs, and the Necessity for Expert Judges"—T. A. Hubbard, Wellington.

"Oleomargarine and its Bad Effects upon Farmers"—John Kelly, Goddard.

"Quality in Meat Producing Animals"—J. F. True, Newman.

"Practical Experience with Tame Grasses in Pottawatomie county"—J. W. Arnold, Louisville.

"Wheat Growing in Kansas"—A. P. Collins, Solomon.

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Kansas has no King. But corn, wheat, hay, sugar, stock are all princes. Even eggs and chickens are grand dukes.

The Kansas State Temperance Union will meet in Music Hall, in this city on Wednesday of next week. It will endeavor to secure such further amendments to the prohibitory law, as will make it still more effective.

Acknowledgments.

We have B. J. Treacy's Catalogue of fashionable-bred Trotting stock at Ashland Park Stock Farm near Lexington, Ky. It shows a rare collection of high bred stock.

We have the Kansas Methodist, publised in this city. The Methodist is ably edited, well printed and a credit to the state. The Methodists of this state are strong enough, and should have local pride enough to make this paper a complete success. No matter what other church paper they may take, at $1.00 a year there are ten thousand earnest Methodists in Kansas alone, and probably three times that number, who ought to have the Kansas Methodist.

We have before us the annual catalogue of the celebrated Plant Seed Company of St. Louis. The seeds of this company are very reliable, and specially adapted to this soil and climate, a not unimportant consideration. The catalogue contains valuable descriptions, illustrations, and information. As the mail now takes seeds to the doors of every one, it will be worth while for our readers to send for this catalogue.

The Spirit of Kansas acknowledges the receipt, charges paid, of a large jar of choice apple butter from Mr. N. P. Deming of Orchard Hill near Lawrence. Mr Deming is one of the largest and most successful of our fruit growers. His fruit is of the choicest varieties, His capacious cold storage cellar enables him to keep his apples the year round if necessary. Mr. Deming is a close student of the insect pests that infest our orchards, and at all our horticultural meetings his name is found connected with important committees.

Horse Breeders.

A stockholder's meeting of the Kansas association of Trotting Horse Breeders was held in the Copeland parlors Tuesday evening at eight o'clock with G. W. Studley, chairman, pro tem. After roll call, report of secretary was read and received. The following recruits were added to the executive committee: W. A. Roberts, C. E. Westbrook, and A. E. Ransom. Report as submitted at the last informal meeting was adopted. The association now has thirty-four members, and entries exceeded the preceding year by ten. The Treasurer's report read and accepted, showing a balance in cash of $228.25 Mr. Dudley in his remarks in general stated that he was in favor of a home register, properly arranged, and kept by the secretary, so as to enable each purchaser of trotting stock to keep his progeny straight. The standard must go, and merit must enter in its stead in make-up of the true standard. It is not the intention nor desire of this association to foster bogus standards, etc., but to propogate, develope and maintain choice horses.

Several committee reports were attended to, then the matter of fees wss taken up, and motion prevailed that section 5 of rules be changed so as to make the membership fees at $2.50 for the trotting course.

Unfinished business was taken up and occupied some time. The secretary was granted same amount of cash for ensuing year as paid him for past year. By consent, the stockholders meeting stood adjourned, and the executive board went into session and allowed sundry bills, etc., after which the meeting was open for short talks, and time improved by the Hon. A. H. Lackey, president of the Marion County Agricultural society; Dr. Buck, of Peabody; and A. B. Hildreth, Esq., of Newton, who each advanced many good thoughts and suggestions, pertaining to the best interests of the fair, trotting stock, etc., coming under this special department of display in agricultural arenas. The object being from what was said, to get above the demoralizing effects of jockying, which has proven so degrading to the speed ring. The aim of this association being improvements, both morally and financially.

Gov. Martin's Inaugural.

Gov. Martin and the state officers elected in November, were inaugurated on Monday of this week. All the ex-governors of the state, none of whom have yet died, were present and the occasion was one rarely witnessed. Gov. Martin has made an excellent executive, and his address on this occasion was one of much value. We give herewith an extract of unique historical interest to every citizen of the state.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I heard a gentleman say recently: "I have known all the Governors of Kansas." I asked, "How many Governors has Kansas had?" He thought a moment, and replied, "nine." I presume a very large majority, even of those best informed in the political history of the state, would make the same wrong reply. For Kansas has had sixteen real and four acting Governors, and, since its admission into the union, the state has had ten. I am glad the Committee having charge of the ceremonies to-day did not forget this fact, and so did not omit to invite the Hon. N. Green, who was Governor of Kansas from November 4, 1868, to January 11, 1869.

It is not inappropriate, I think, on an occasion of this character, to briefly recall some facts connected with the incumbents of the Executive office of Kansas. I have known all of our Governors, Territorial and State, except two, Reeder and Geary; and all of the acting Governors except one, Woodson. The territorial period extended from June, 1854, to January, 1861, and during these six years and a half seven Governors and Secretaries who at times acted as Governor, were appointed by the President. Kansas had a small population then; but then, as now, the voice of Kansas was heard in the land, and it was no puling infant's cry! So the President sent out, to govern this lusty young giant of the American desert, strong men, distinguished men, men who had had a large and valuable training in civil affairs, and they were, one and all, glad to come, and to link their names and fames with that of Kansas.

The Territorial Governors appointed were, in succession: Andrew H. Reeder, John L. Dawson, Wilson Shannon, John W. Geary, Robert J. Walker, James W. Denver, and Samuel Medary, and the Secretaries were Daniel Woodson, Frederick P. Stanton, James W. Denver, Hugh S. Walsh, and George M. Beebe. All came to Kansas, and served in the positions to which they were appointed, except one, Mr. Dawson, who declined. Of these seven Governors, all were lawyers except two, Geary, who was a merchant, and Medary, who was a printer by trade. Five were born in Pennsylvania; one, Shannon, in Ohio, and one, Denver, in Virginia.

As I have stated, these Territorial Governors were generally distinguished men:

Governor Reeder, previous to his appointment as Governor, had never held an office, but he had been, for many years, one of the most eminent lawyers of Pennsylvania.

Wilson Shannon had been twice elected Governor of Ohio, and had also served as Minister to Mexico, before coming to Kansas.

Robert J. Walker had been a United States Senator from Mississippi, and Secretary of the Treasury during President Polk's administration.

James W. Denver had represented California in Congress, and served as Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Samuel Medary was an editor of national reputation. and had been Governor of Minnesota.

All except Geary were over forty years of age when appointed, and he, the youngest of them all, had been a soldier in the Mexican War. After leaving Kansas he rose to the rank of Major General in the Union army, and was, later, elected Governor of Pennsylvania.

Thus three of our Territorial Governors have been the Chief Executives of three other states.

All of the Territorial Governors appointed, except one, Denver, are dead; but the Secretaries of the Territory, all of whom acted as Governor during their terms of office, are all living except one, Hugh S. Walsh.

Kansas has also elected three Governors who never served, viz: Charles Robinson, elected under the Topeka Constitution; George W. Smith, chosen under the Lecompton Constitution; and Henry J. Adams, elected under the Leavenworth Constitution, My honored predecessor, Charles Robinson, thus enjoys the distinction of having been elected under two Constitutions. He is the first Governor of Kansas in a double sense—he was chosen to that office under the first and last Constitution framed for the state.

Of the Governors of the State, four were under thirty-five when elected; all except two are now past fifty; and the oldest was first chosen. All have been residents of Kansas for more than twenty years; two, the first and the present Governor, for over twenty-nine years; and all except one, Governor Harvey, are still citizens of the State. Eight of the ten served in the legislature previous to their election to the Executive office, and the other two, Governors Robinson and Anthony, have since served as members of the law-making branch of the State government. One, Governor Robinson, is a native of Massachusetts; three, Carney, Green and Glick, are natives of Ohio; two, Osborn and Martin, of Pennsylvania; and, Harvey, of Virginia; one, Anthony, of New York; and one, St. John, of Indiana. Governor Robinson was a physician; three, Crawford, St. John and Glick, were lawyers; one Carney, a merchant; two, Osborn and Martin, were printers; Green was a clergyman, Harvey a surveyor, and Anthony a tinsmith. All except four, Robinson, Carney, Osborn and Glick, served in the Union army during the war. Only one of our governors, Green, graduated at a college or university. One Governor Harvey, was elected to the United States Senate after the expiration of his term as Governor, and Governor Osborn represented the country as United States Minister to Chili and Brazil.

Twenty-six years have come and gone since the first Governor of the State took the oath of office, and he and all of his successors are with us yet. Here are the Executives who organized the splendid regiments young Kansas sent out to battle for the honor of the flag. Here are those who saw the dawn and morning of that marvelous developement which began with the close of the civil war, and has since spread over four hundred miles of fair and fertile country. Here are those who were called upon to protect our frontiers against repeated invasions by merciless savages. Here are those who witnessed the still more dreadful desolation wrought by insects whose baleful flight darkened the light of the sun at midday. Here are those who have occupied the Executive chair during the later years of peaceful prosperity and unexampled growth.

We greet them, one and all cordially and gratefully. We salute them as citizens whom the people of Kansas have deemed worthy of their highest trusts. We honor them as men who have guided the State through difficulties and dangers, onward and upward to the shining stars. We testify, willingly and thankfully, our appreciation of the courage and fidelity with which they discharge their always laborious and often difficult and perplexing duties. We receive and welcome them as the honored guests of this occasion. And, speaking in the name of the people of Kansas, and expressing, as I am sure I do, the sentiment which fills all hearts, I fervently pray that their days may be as long and peaceful, and that prosperity may abide with and bless them to the end.

State Historical Society.

Topeka, Kan. January, 5 1887.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Kansas State Historical Society will be held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, at Topeka, on Tuesday Evening, January 19th, 1887, for the election of one-third the members of the Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

A meeting of the Board of Directors will be held at three o'clock p. m. of same day, in the rooms of the Society. All members are requested to be present.

F. G. ADAMS, Secretary. D. R. ANTHONY, President.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Jan, 15. 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 Hawley St., Boston, Mass. In ordering please remit to this office the amount above stated, giving your full address

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

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

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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,
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Our Growing Aristocracy.

An aristocracy is not made in a day. It is a thing of growth. Our government was founded on a principle antagonistic to aristocratic influence. The germs of this fatal political evil were with the colonies at the time of the Revolution, and have remained with us. It was the aim of the fathers to smother the evil, or to enable the nation to outgrow it. This might have been accomplished but for unforeseen circumstances such as no human prescience could forecast. There had been speculative eras in other countries, Notably, France had its George Law bubble; England had its East India and its Hudson's Bay Companies; Spain had its colonies built upon silver and gold mines, and both the Dutch and the Spanish speculated in the flesh of human beings. But all this was under an existing aristocracy, and instead of building up, it oftentimes degraded that feature of a tyrannical government.

Early in our history there developed new lines of speculation. The cotton gin was one of the first things to open the way. It dates from the beginning of the century. Scarcely fifty years ago the railroad was fairly introduced. The organization of states and municipal corporations threw into the markets an enormous amount of bonds. The early construction of canals had given impetus to the bond system. The discovery of petroleum less than thirty years ago, has greatly accelerated the evil of speculation and monopoly along with the blessings in its train.

Then came the terrible civil war when the land was flooded with bonds, without which it could not have been carried on.

These events have made speculation not only possible but profitable, because the proper protection has not been thrown around the great popular interests. A class of speculators has grown up no better than Cortes and Pizarro—no better than the feudal lord of the old order, and perhaps no better, no worse than the southern slave owner of a later day. The tyrants of all ages have been the creations of false systems. Other circumstances and conditions would have made them—taken as a class—different beings.

So we are today giving countenance to political systems that are breeding an aristocracy, cold, heartless, grasping, selfish. The American idea of liberty and equality goes down as this creature comes up. It is a creation still in its infancy, but even now its grasp is like that of a young Titan.

The country is full of murmurs. There is a vague dread in the public mind, of some calamity yet to come, which is, to most men, little more than a darkening shadow. Henry George feels its weight and presents his remedy. Grand Master Powderly feels it, and the Knights of Labor multiply under his talismanic influence. The Patrons of Husbandry were stirred by it and organized in the rural districts. Political anti-monolists and greenbackers have felt its touch and urge the necessity of party action. Democrats and republicans alike recognize the existence of the evil, and in their platforms pledge the nation to a reform, and then utterly forget every such promises.

There is growing up in this nation an aristocracy, the lowest meanest, and most dangerous of any that history has ever known. It is this because it is gross, corrupt, crude. It is not held in check by any pride of blood, nor any refinement of culture. It is a conscienceless outgrowth from the old root of all evil. It does not attach itself always to bad men. It insidiously corrupts the good. No one is safe from its influence. The strongest fall before its syren-power. Powderly accepts a salary of $5000 a year that he would have refused two years ago. The common Knight of Labor who meets with success leaves the order and repudiates the principles he held when a simple workman. The greenbacker who becomes a bondholder becomes a republican or a democrat. The anti-monopolist when he becomes a railroad director or a bank president ceases to war upon monopolies. This is the rule. You, reader would do the same, and we are no stronger.

The remedy then must come from a change in the system. The possibility of such speculation should be stopped. The government should look better after the public bonds. It should take control, if not actual management of the railroads, telegraphs, telephones. It should abolish the national banks and pay the national debt, as fast as possible. It should reduce the salaries of the public officers.

The people should demand these, and other reforms if not for their own protection, at least for that of coming generations.

The Knights of Labor have evidently passed their day of usefulness. Already there are such internal dissension that the order will soon become disrupted. At the last general assembly the salary of Master Workman Powderly was very unwisely and inconsistently raised from $1,500 to $5,000 a year. Now if there is any case where any man should have that salary, whether railroad president, governor, or United States Senator, then it might be reasonable to give it to Mr. Powderly. But an order, party, or class of men who advocate economy and reform, and then vote their own officers more than can be absolutely earned by the most intelligent labor, say from $2,000 to $2,500 a year, at the outside, simply makes itsel ridiculous.

It has been charged that Mr. Powderly's enemies were instrumental in voting him a princely salary in order that it might be used for his overthrow. This may or may not be true. The fact gives occasion for complaint, and the complaint comes from a very large class of Knights—those who, in many places, like Topeka for example, are impractical, extreme, or socialists and anarchists.

Mr. Powderly is daily growing more convinced of the necessity of suppressing the revolutionary, murderous element in the order and in this he has the support of its best intelligennce and the encouragement of all good citizens. It is this that is widening the divisions in the order. It is a breach that cannot be healed without a complete surrender by one of the parties. Powderly is not another Napoleon, but he has shown some qualities that so far resemble some of the characteristics of the little Corsican, that we venture to say he will not recede.

As goes one, so must they all go. One Leavenworth saloon has been closed by Attorney General Bradford.

Some one must rise up and invent a means of heating passenger coaches without fire. People enough have been roasted alive in wrecked railroad trains.

It may not be wise to entirely prohibit all corporations as some states are attempting, but it is wise to restrict their powers, and to hold them to rigid account.

At a late meeting of a few third party prohibitionists of this state they asked for a national conference of the party. The New York Voice, the national organ of the prohibitionists now asks "To confer about what?"

Paola has a full supply of natural gas. A vein has been struck at Quenemo, and a company formed to develop it. Coal is found in almost all parts of the state. There seems to be no end to the resources of Kansas.

It is well to be careful in voting bonds to railroads and other corporations. Douglas county is now paying $30,000 a year interest on its railroad bonds, voted for roads, which the Tribune says have mostly proven useless.

Farmer Smith is Speaker of the House.

Agricultural Kansas is coming forward to the control of state affairs.

No Kansas governor has yet died, and all are in robust health with perhaps one exception.

Kansas east of the state capital is over balanced by Kansas west of Topeka. The east rejoices in the growth of the west and accepts its fate gracefully.

For sixteen years Kansas has seen no dryer season than the past, and still the crops were abundant, and although times are close, a condition of remarkable prosperity abounds.

The Union Pacific Company begin the year by taking out thirteen charters for so many branch railrords, the same covering nearly every part of the state. It certainly looks as if the railroad boom will run through the year 1887.

Every other part of the state will sympathise with Lawrence in its $200,000 fire. No city in the country, of its size, has so suffered from fire and sword as our city of Lawrence. It is a dull old town and without the state university it would have little outside of its history to attract one, although it is one of the most beautiful towns in the west. But beauty without life counts but little with most men.

There seems to be a renewed interest in the Grange, and this revival appears to be general over the country. We are certain that a better organization of the producing classes is the need of the day. It does not need to be an organization of farmers alone, but of the people generally, merchants mechanics, farmers, teachers, and wage workers. Their interests are all identical. The growth of the Grange can be seen from a report of the national lecturer given in another column.

A Grand Document.

Gov. Martin's address to the legislature is a remarkably comprehensive document and cannot fail to attract the serious attention of both houses. It is quite lengthy, and yet it treats concisely of many points of practical interest. We have never been a partisan of Gov. Martin, but this fact should never blind one to real merit. The people everywhere are demanding reform and economy in government affairs. Gov. Martin recognizes this, and points out some cases where reforms can be made and which have never been generally discussed. For instance, he shows the evil of the mileage system as applied to members of state boards. He is firm and clear on the prohibition question. The labor question he touches in the most sensible manner. On the enforcement of law he calls attention to the fact that the executive has little power, because proper authority has never been conferred upon him. While congratulating the state upon the grand extension of our railroad systems, he points out that they are not unaccompanied with danger unless the proper restrictions are thrown about them so as to make them the servants and not the masters of the people.

An unpleasant feature of a Dinner Party is the habit of the company to sit and stare, and do nothing but stare in the profoundest silence, at the excited, wretched fellow who is trying to carve. No matter how animated or interesting the conversation may have been, it stops suddenly after the unfortunate carver has seized his implements and began his career of mangling and slopping. These people mean well. They think they help him by their dumb and watchful interest. But the man with the knife and fork is saying to himself: "If they would cease gawking at me and keep the talk a going, I might cool off and do something." Would this be the case were all heads of families experts with the carver? We think not, and, that this state of things may cease to exist, Good Housekeeping has devoted considerable space in the number just out, to the subject of carving all kinds of meats, giving fifteen illustrations, including every thing that needs to be carved. It is to be hoped that such of our readers as have not been competent to carve decently and in order before, may hereafter, upon reading this paper, become experts at handling the carving knife. Good Housekeeping is sold by booksellers and newsdealers at 10 cents a copy, or $2.50 a year. Published every other week.

Charles Wolff,

Known by everybody, has gone into the wholesale meat and packing business, at the foot of Quincy, where he will be glad to meet his friends who have stock to sell, or who want to buy meats of any kind He will do a strictly wholesale business

—**Potato salad:** Slice thinly eight or ten good-sized Irish potatoes (boiled and cold), chop finely one good-sized apple, one and a half small onions, rinse and chop the leaves of a large handful of green parsley. Spread a layer of the potato in a chopping tray, sprinkle liberally with salt, then half the parsley, apple and onion; pour half a teacup of sweet oil or melted butter over the whole, with a small cup of vinegar. Mix the whole carefully, so as not to break the potatoes.—*The Caterer.*

KANSAS HISTORY.

Early Days on the Frontier.

Judge L. D. Bailey, in Garden City Sentinel.

So many new settlers are coming into our great southwest from older states further east, and are consequent strangers to the early history of Kansas, that I have thought it might be interesting to them to read a review of the early times in the eastern half of our great state. We have a million and a half of people in Kansas, today, but when I landed from the steamboat "Polar Star," which brought me and a hundred and forty others up the Missouri river from Jefferson City, there were not more than forty thousand in the territory of Kansas, though the territory then extended to the crest of the Rocky Mountains and thus took in full one half—and that the better half of what is now Colorado. I landed at Wyandotte on the morning of April 2d, 1857, just a few minutes before sunrise. Wyandotte was new then and had just been opened to white settlement, having belonged to the Wyandotte tribe of Indians up to about that time. I started at once to find a good hotel, and soon found the best in the place, which was an old steamboat minus the engine and boiler, and the Landlord was no less a personage than Hon. Mark W. Delahey, afterwards appointed U. S. District Judge by President Lincoln. He had bought the old boat at Cincinnati, and had it towed up the Missouri as the readiest means of getting good hotel accomodations for the new city in which he was a shareholder.

Previous to that he had lived at Leavenworth where he published a free state democratic paper called the "Territorial Register." It was said to be a Douglas paper, but at any rate it did not suit the people who were running things at Leavenworth at that time, and so they threw his press and type into the river. That made a republican of him, perhaps; though he had previously been a partner with Abraham Lincoln in the practice of law in Illinois, and I think his wife was cousin to Mr. Lincoln or Lincoln's wife. But he kept hotel in April 1857, and I went into it and registered my name at his request, and then went into the wash room to prepare for breakfast. Here I found three gentlemen who asked if I had come to settle in the new territory, and I answered "yes." They kindly informed me that it was of no use. The territory was not fit for any white man to live in, and the best thing I could do was to take the first boat down the river and go back to God's country. They said they had just got in from a three weeks tramp—foot and horseback—all over the territory, and they knew I wouldn't like it. I thanked them kindly for their information and advice, but told them I had been four years in California, and was used to seeing homesick children out there, and thought I would try Kansas a few months anyhow. That was almost thirty years ago, and I am here yet.

I found the steamboat hotel crowded with guests, many of them newcomers like myself, but some "old settlers" who had been in the territory a year or two. James M. Winchell was one of these. He had come from New York, and with others had laid out a new city in the place where Burlingame is now. It was a very large city—covered half a township or so—but it never got built. The lots were sold in New York, and the money spent there, I think. But Winchell started a small city called Superior, and Judge Schyler started another about three miles off called Burlingame, both on a part of the land originally claimed for Council City, which was the name given the big place that never was built.

Winchell was a very able man in his way, and was two years after this elected a delegate from his county to the Wyandotte constitutional convention, and became president of it. If you have the statistics of Kansas you will find the name of James W. Winchell signed to the constitution as president.

After a good breakfast I concluded to walk over to see another new city called "Quindaro," about four miles north of Wyandotte, and on the way we found some of the farmers just beginning to gather their corn, so as to have the ground ready to plant again. I was offered a share in Quindaro for $1200, and when I got back I was offered a share in Wyandotte for the same money. I think there must have been about fifty land agents in these two cities. A year or two later I could have bought a share in either one of them for one hundred dollars, I think, and still later I could buy a share in Quindaro for a five dollar bill—or perhaps for a nickel.

A day or two afterwards I got on board the new steamer "Lightfoot," bound up the Kansas river to Lawrence; fare five dollars; distance by land forty miles. Fare now by railroad, $1.20. The Kansas river was then supposed to be navigable the year round, and the Lightfoot had been built expressly for that trade. But this first trip was also the last. We were three days in getting to Lawrence, while now the cars will take us in an hour. They got out the cannon at Lawrence and fired a salute in honor of our arrival, for the new steamboat was a big thing—and Gen. S. C. Pomeroy was on board of her; also W. F. M. Arny, since governor of New Mexico; H. A. W. Tabor, since U. S. Senator from Colorado, Richard Read, the poet protege of Lady Byron, and others of note.

I found Lawrence not quite as big a place as I had expected; not more than half as large as Garden City is today, though its fame had gone out over all the earth as the free state citadel of Kansas, and several armies had marched up from Missouri to besiege it. In fact they had captured it and burned its best buildings, including a fine hotel and two good printing offices, less than a year before our arrival, May 21, 1856.

The whole early history of Kansas centres around Lawrence where the early sessions of the legislature were held from the time when the free state men got control in 1857 till the state was admitted into the union January 29, 1861, just before Lincoln was inaugurated and the war broke out.

Lawrence and Leavenworth were then the cheif points of interest in Kansas, Leavenworth was the largest but under the control of the proslavery men, while Topeka was a mere village of perhaps a hundred houses, and Atchison about the same. Lawrence had then two or three stone buildings, and perhaps a thousand inhabitants, but the houses were all small shanties, scattered out over the treeless prairie, so that you could see only one street, viz: Massachusetts street, now one of the handsomest streets in the west. And let me mention right here that Lawrence now has more fine shade trees than any other town of her size I ever saw; nearly all planted and grown since the war closed. Many can be found that are two feet in diameter. Moral—plant trees.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Fresh water sponges have been discovered in the lake at Chautauqua, N. Y.

—There is a pear tree in Windsor, N. S., which produces annually two crops of pears.

—A two-legged colt died at Brockville, Va., recently. The owner had refused fifteen hundred dollars for it two days before.

—Persons who wish to avoid drowning are advised by an Eastern physician to lock the hands behind the back, fully inflate the lungs and close the mouth.

—Jewelry manufacture in Providence, R. I., which has been practically dead for five years, is enjoying a boom, the greatest since 1881.—*Providence Journal.*

—Carp is used by Hartford, Conn., to keep the city reservoirs clean. The fish have completely cleaned one reservoir of vegetable growth, and are now at work upon a second.

—Boys destroyed a quantity of watermelons on the farm of William Avery, near Paris, Ky. Avery's hounds followed the trail and chased one of the boys up a tree after a run of several miles.

—The time made by the fast trains between Chicago and St. Paul is fourteen hours and thirty-five minutes; the distance is about four hundred and fifty-seven miles, making nearly thirty-two miles an hour, including stops.—*Chicago Journal.*

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Both Papers for $1,50.

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.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Lecturer's Department, National Grange.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD,

Middlebush, N. J.

Hon. Norman J. Colman, U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture, has issued a circular requesting the Lecturer of the National Grange and the various State and Territorial Granges to forward to him the name and postoffice address of the Master, Lecturer and Secretaries of the Pomona and District Granges, with the view of fostering and perpetuating a hearty cooperative for the promotion of the agricultural interests of the Nation. A similar circular will be issued to the secretaries of Farmers' Clubs and other purely agricultural associations.

It is to be hoped that the officers of the Granges referred to will act promptly in the matter. Each neglect of duty not only deprives the one Grange of its benefits, but weakens our general power for good. We must "act together."

The reports that have been coming in from the annual meetings of the State Granges in December are full of encouragement. A few items plainly tell of the rising tide all along our lines.

MISSISSIPPI.

Put Darden, Worthy Master of the National Grange and Master of the Mississippi State Grange, writes: "I have just returned from a most successful and profitable meeting of the State Grange."

MINNESOTA.

W. S. Chowen, Master of State Grange, writes: "The work is beginning to look up in this State. Had a very harmonious meeting of the State Grange, and I think accomplished more work that will result in good to the Order than for a number of years."

VERMONT.

Alpha Messer, Master of State Grange, writes: "We had the largest and best meeting of the State Grange that has been held for several years. The utmost harmony prevailed, and the enthusiasm and determination of the members to push the work was a surprise to the members themselves."

KENTUCKY.

J. D. Clardy, Master Kentucky State Grange: "Just closed one of the best meetings of our State Grange we have had for several years. We hope to have a general revival during the year."

MAINE.

Eleven new Granges during the past year. Total membership, 15,059; 1,100 new members; net gain, 628.

Pennsylvania.

Eighteen new Granges between sessions of State Grange, 1885 and 1886; 1,726 new members; net gain, 994; $1,000 appropriated for lecture work for 1887.

Connecticut.

Eighteen new Granges during year. Increase in membership nearly 150 per cent. Bro. J. H. Hale, State Master, says; "There is an increasing interest and love for the Order in nearly all of the older Granges, and a growing respect and confidence for the Grange and its work by all good citizens."

Michigan.

Nine new Granges. A large and profitable State Grange meets in capital building at Lansing.

New Hampshire.

Nine new Granges; total membership, 5,200; net gain, 561. "The Grange in New Hampshire has realized a year of great prosperity numerically, financially and educationally, and it is increasing in popularity each year in the minds and hearts of the people of every class and profession."

Wisconsin.

S. C. Carr, Master State Grange of Wisconsin, writes: "Our State Grange closed on the evening of the 16th. We had a good attendance. The Governor of the State gave us a rousing reception. All went home happy, feeling that the Order was on an upward and onward course."

Massachusetts.

James Draper, Master State Grange says: "We rejoice in a prosperous year with a gain of two Granges and 143 in membership."

Delaware.

Bro. Henry Thompson, Past Master of State Grange, writes: "We closed a very successful session of the State Grange yesterday. The city papers gave us free reports and liberal editorial notices. I feel the Order has received a boom it will feel for a long time."

Iowa.

Bro. J. E. Blackford, Master of State Grange, says, after meeting of the State Grange: "Prospects encouraging."

Indiana.

Brother Milton Trusler, Master of State Grange, writes: "The 16th annual session of the Indiana State Grange was the best ever held in the State. Citizens of Frankfort and Patrons of county gave us a hearty welcome in public reception. The Masons, Odd Fellows and other benevolent orders furnished their beautiful halls free for our private meetings; the press, eager for all news, publishing Master's address in full, sending it broadcast over the State and recommending it to be read by all. We are growing stronger in the minds of the people and the leaven is at work."

"We are plowing and sowing and reaping,
All over America's land."

Reading for Farmers' Boys'.

The character of a person is developed largely by his reading, if he reads at all. If he has an aptitude in any special direction, quite naturally his reading will be of the kind most suited to his peculiar bent of mind. Every parent should study the characteristics of his children, and help them to such reading as will most practically assist them in developing their capabilities. The farmer should put before such of his boys as are inclined to work on the farm, good agricultural papers—not those with theories which he knows to be impracticable, but common-sense papers which are edited from a practical standpoint and for practical men. The boy who reads such a paper will become interested in it, because it treats of the work and the daily life going on about him—the work and the life he knows most about. Whenever he reads of new methods of doing things he will compare them with the method with which he is familiar, and the best method is the one he will follow, be it the new or the old. The paper will sow seed for thought in his mind and what a boy needs, is to be set to thinking. He does not require to have his ideas thought out for him by some one else, if you encourage him to be his own thinker. A good paper, which deals with the problems most familiar to him, is the best stimulus for thought.—American Agriculturist for January.

—A good rule is, when you see a limb interfering with another, out with it, whatever the time of year. When the sap is in full flow wounds will heal over quickest.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A Pennsylvania farmer last year sold over six thousand dollars' worth of potatoes from twelve acres. He fertilized with a compost of hardwood ashes and oyster shell lime, plowed deep; planted medium sized, well formed, uncut potatoes three feet apart, gave level cultivation and cultivated often. From one hill he took thirty-one fine, large tubers.

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30. **Leoline.** By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Brenda Yorke."
31. **Gabriel's Marriage.** A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "No Name," etc.
32. **Reaping the Whirlwind.** A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Old Middleton's Money," etc.
33. **Dudley Carleon.** A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.
34. **A Golden Dawn.** A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne," etc.
35. **Valerie's Fate.** A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't," etc.
36. **Sister Rose.** A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc.
37. **Anne.** A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne."
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"SPIRIT OF KANSAS,"

Topeka, Kansas.

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*

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—It is said of one fashionable young man that he never paid any thing but a compliment.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A wag says he is never alarmed when he makes the thirteenth at a table unless there happens to be only enough to eat for six.

—If fowls are thirsty they will eat snow and pieces of ice, as well as drink from the vile gutter; but that is no reason for neglecting to provide them with fresh water.—*Boston Post.*

—The best soils for wool are also the best for mutton, and it is necessary that the land be dry, for damp soils are fruitful causes of such diseases as liver rot, fluke and foot rot.—*Field and Farm.*

—It is useless to hope to destroy the acidity of certain soils by the application of lime and other supposed correctives; only drainage will accomplish it.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Diseases are often communicated by feeding horses in stalls which have been occupied previously by diseased animals. Such stalls should first be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected.—*Exchange.*

—Young colts are as fond of petting as kittens are, and a little fondling every day will do them good. By being handled kindly often they soon become gentle and docile, and are much more easily handled when they become horses.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A writer states that he had the best results keeping grapes when each bunch was wrapped in a piece of paper, packed in boxes holding one bushel, and the boxes kept in a place where the temperature did not fall below thirty-five degrees above zero.

—That artificial manures of every kind are necessary we have always admitted and shall always propound, but that they can ever profitably and usefully replace those made on the farm is a proposition too ridiculous to merit discussion. — *Wyatt's Modern High Farming.*

—Soils differ much as to their immediate origin, their physical properties, their chemical constitution and their agricultural capabilities, yet all soils which in their existing state are capable of bearing a profitable crop possess one common character—they all contain organic matter in a greater of less proportion.—*Detroit Tribune.*

—There is great virtue in cold water and flannel after a horse has been driven hard. The two most important parts of the horse to be looked after and to be kept in good condition, are the lungs and legs. The feet are a part of the legs, and the care of the legs will help the feet. Both should be washed with cold water after severe use, and then the legs should be wound with a strip of flannel from the hoofs above the knees.—*Rural New Yorker.*

AFTER DRIVING.

What Farmers Should Do With Their Horses Upon Returning from a Drive.

Some farmers, after driving their teams in the slush and mud in winter, think if they dash a few pails of water over the horses' limbs upon returning, before putting the team in the stable, they have left the poor brutes in the best possible condition until morning. The fact is, it would be far better to turn the animals in the stable and leave them, mud and all, until it was fully dry. There would be far less danger of scratches, mud-fevers and grease than by the plan of washing. If the legs are washed they should be then rubbed until quite dry—no easy task. If left only partially dry the most serious consequences are likely to ensue.

When a team is left with the hair imperfectly dried a chill is almost sure to ensue. It is not unlikely the animals, especially if exhausted, will be found next morning stiff and with limbs swollen, since the exhaustion of the system prevents healthy reaction at the extremities. The best plan is to wash the limbs with warm water and then bandage them loosely with strips of flannel. These may be ten feet in length by three inches wide and rolled tightly. Commence at the fetlocks and bandage loosely, lapping one edge over the other, and making a half-turn fold of the bandage when joints are passed to prevent the slipping of the bandage. In the morning the limbs will generally be found all right for cleaning. If this plan is not adopted it is altogether better to let the team stand muddy as to the limbs until morning, when the dry mud may be easily cleaned away, and with very little danger of injury to the team if the stable is warm, not subject to draughts, and a liberal amount of bedding is given.—*Chicago Tribune.*

How to Work Butter.

But when one writes about working butter down "hard, fine and waxy," the height of absurdity has been reached. The quality of butter can be in no way improved by working, its quality having been determined before it reaches that step in the process of making. Thorough working of butter has but one effect, viz., that of breaking its grain and making it salvy. It is safe to say that no one discovery has been of greater benefit to butter-makers than that of producing butter of granular form. It is the only correct way, for if butter is allowed to gather in the churn, the butter-milk is locked in, and in attempting to work it out the butter is always more or less injured in grain. That any harm can come from rinsing butter while in the granular form with pure water or with brine, is more than I can understand. The best butter-makers have practiced it for years, and with satisfactory results.—*F. W. Moseley, in Country Gentleman.*

FULL OF FUN.

—A sole-stirring subject—A nail in your shoe.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Old Party—If I had fifty cents and gave it to you to get changed in order to get a penny, what would be left? Street Arab—An old man.—*Texas Siftings.*

—He knows his nose. I know he knows his nose. He said I knew he knew his nose; and if he said he knew I knew he knew his nose, of course he knows I know he knows his nose.

—"Vegetable pills!" exclaimed an old lady. "Don't talk to me of such stuff. The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple dumpling; for destroying a gnawing in the stomach there is nothing like it; it can always be relied on."

—Here is the latest hotel paradox: In looking for your apartment in a hotel, the only thing you can go by is the number of your room; and yet, if you go by the number of your room, you will go into the wrong room.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"Mary Jane Berks!" "What, ma'am?" "What be you a-doin'?" "Eastin' pie, ma'am." "What be you a-eatin' it with?" "Knife." "So you be! Now, what have I told you about eatin' pie with your knife, Mary Jane? Take that pie up in your hand and eat it as you ought to!"—*Boston Record.*

—Omaha Paterfamilias—It is remarkable what a large number of doctors claim that diseases are transferred by kissing, and— Miss Ethel—What kind of doctors, pa? "Why, the allopathic doctors." "But, pa, you know we're homeopaths."—*Omaha World.*

—She (emphatically)—How kind of nature to bestow on the blind the faculty of distinguishing colors by the sense of touch! He (philosophically)—Yes, but it's not altogether confined to the sightless. In this hard world a fellow needn't be blind to feel blue.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Professor Bascomb—It is exercise that we need. We are too effeminate as a people. We ride when we ought to walk. Attentive patient—Well, doctor, no doubt you are right. But you are not going up in the elevator, are you? "Why to be sure. You don't think I'm such a fool as to climb five flights of stairs?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The news editor prepared an article in which he said: "Mr. Dash is hopelessly ill." Before going to press Mr. Dash died, and a hasty alteration was made in the sentence to meet the new condition of affairs. When Mr. Dash's friends read in their paper that "Mr. Dash is hopelessly dead," they were naturally shocked.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Johnny and his elder sister made up the class, and Johnny had come to rely on his sister's industry for his lessons. "Johnny, upon what does the earth revolve?" asked the teacher. "Axsis," replied Johnny, scratching his head to evoke an idea. "Correct." And as Johnny afterward explained it to a companion, he was "the puzzledest boy in creation."—*Chicago Standard.*

—A stranger who was quietly looking over a water-power in a Western village was sought out by the mayor, who said: "I hear you think of starting a factory?" "Yes." "It's a good place, and you'll find our people all right. We don't put on any great amount of style, nor don't aim to. Here's a pair of suspenders I have worn for over forty years, though I'm worth $50,000." "Ah! Um!" muttered the stranger, "but it was a suspender factory I was thinking of locating here."—*Wall Street News.*

CHICKEN-HEARTED.

A Couple of Strangers Call at a Grocery and Are Dismissed Sans Ceremony.

"You see, the way of it was this," he was explaining to a patrolman on Baker street yesterday; "I was in the grocery alone when two men came in. They warmed their hands at the stove, and one of them suddenly began snuffing and sniffing and then called out:

"Say, mister, your kerosene is leaking all over the cellar!"

"That rattled me, and I grabbed a couple of matches and ran down stairs. I was down there a couple of minutes before I remembered."

"Remembered what?"

"That my kerosene was up-stairs at the back end of the store! I hurrid up as quick as I could, but it was too late."

"They had robbed the till and gone, of course?"

"Oh, no. They had gone around the counter, and my big dog had corraled one in the potato-bin and the other between two molasses barrels, and was biting them at the rate of forty bites a minute."

Then how was it too late?"

"Why, when I called the dog off and looked the fellows over I hadn't the heart to kick 'em across the street. I just led 'em to the door and gave 'em one lift apiece and asked 'em to call again. I wish I wasn't so chicken-hearted about such things—I really do."—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Wife Powdered.

A few evenings ago a fine-looking, well-dressed negro, as black as black can be, entered a drug store and inquired semi-confidentially of the clerk: "Do you keep lampblack?"

"I can give you some," was the reply; "how much do you want?"

"Well, you see, sah—ah—is it very nice? I would like a little sah, in a pretty box—like those," pointing at boxes containing toilet articles in the show-cases.

"Well," said the clerk, dubiously, "I dunno; what do you want it for?"

"For de toilet, sah; for my wife—she powdahs, sah!"—*Buffalo Express.*

at she wouldn't talk to him
—*Washington Critic.*

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

For the week ending Jan. 15, 1887.

"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 nameo 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*

ROBBING THE MAILS.

How a Post-Office Inspector Caught an Official Who Stole Registered Letters.

By far the largest percentage of mail thieves are among the postmasters, their assistants and the Star Route messengers. The way they are caught is sometimes very interesting, as the following case, told to a correspondent by Special Agent John M. Crowell, will show:

Some years ago numerous depredations on registered mail matter were committed in the neighborhood of Vienna or Minden, La. Registered letters would turn up with money contents either short or totally lacking. The complaints came from half a dozen little towns, and the department soon centered the mischief at the distributing point where all the mails concentrated. Crowell was detailed for the work, and he arrived on the scene as a stranger who was looking around to buy a farm. He was nearly worried to death practicing this racket, as about one hundred of the adjoining farmers wished to sell. Crowell quietly watched. He first placed the messenger who carried the pouches to the railway station under surveillance, but soon was intuitively satisfied that he was not the man. Then he reasoned that it must be the postmaster, and he gave that worthy his attention. Casually he became acquainted with him. loafed around the office, but saw nothing which his trained eye thought suspicious. Peep-holes were utilized when the postmaster was busy at night, but Crowell's efforts were unrewarded. In the meantime the robberies continued, even while Crowell was on the watch. The department sent him the envelope to examine, and suddenly he saw how the thing was done. Many little post-offices have no postmark stamp, but simply cancel the stamp and write the post-office and date in ink. Crowell suddenly remembered that all the losses were from offices of this kind. Sure of his man now, his surveillance was redoubled. In studying the postmaster's private habits, he found that he was fond of hunting, and every evening or two would take his gun and have a stroll. Sometimes he brought back a bird or two or a squirrel, oftener nothing. Crowell noticed, also, that he ever went in the same direction, so he followed him one evening. Dodging behind trees, lying down behind stumps, and using every effort to watch him and keep himself concealed, he saw his man go to an old tree, look around, part some vines and fumble among them. Soon he went away, and then Crowell went to the tree. To his gratification he found inside a hollow, concealed by the vines, numerous register envelopes, which a close examination proved to be duplicates of the ones forwarded to him by the department. Replacing the torn envelopes, he went back to town and quietly waited until next evening. Then he proposed a hunt with the postmaster, which was accepted. Crowell tried to borrow a gun, but purposely failed, so when he met the postmaster he said: "Never mind, we will use your gun, shot about."

"This was satisfactory, and Crowell led the way toward the tree, skillfully, enough, however, to arouse no suspicions. Nearing the tree Crowell, who was carrying the gun, suddenly said:

"Whist! a squirrel," and pointed to the tree. "Go there and shake those vines. I saw him run in the hole."

The postmaster, not daring to refuse, but feeling rather uncomfortable, went to the vine, shook it and said: "There is no hole or squirrel here."

"Yes, there is," said Crowell. "There's game there. Put you hand in the hole."

"What do you mean," asked the frightened man.

"I mean that I saw big game go in that hole yesterday evening, and that I am a post-office inspector and have been hunting that game for three months. Now haul it out."

The man obeyed, and Crowell said. referring to his little book while he held the gun ready: "Give me No. —," etc., naming one after the other the tampered packages. The prisoner handed each in a dazed way, and Crowell would pleasantly remark as each was laid down: "You owe me ten dollars on that, five dollars on that," and so continued to the last. He then marched his prisoner to town, but without any apparent surveillance. Arrived there, he said:

"Now, go to your bondsmen, friends, and whoever you can, and replace every cent of that money." By that night the money was paid to Crowell, but the postmaster was tried and convicted all the same.

How was the stealing done? Simply enough. A package was cut open, and the letter inside cut open and the contents removed. There being no postmark on either, an envelope was forged for the occasion, and the red envelope replaced by another properly indorsed in the handwriting of all who had handled it. The extra red envelopes he had secured in New Orleans, on some pretext, from the office, and his stock showed up all right.—*N. O. States.*

—W. J. Connor, a farmer residing near Sherburn, Minn., was drowned in his well. Mr. Conner was watering his stock and the cattle crowded around the well so closely that Mr. Conner was thrown into it head first. The well was about eighteen feet deep, with seven feet of water in it.

—One of the leading charities of New Orleans is called the "Society of the Ladies' Servants of the Poor." It was established in 1861, the first year of the rebellion, to assist destitute families of respectability and provide for the wants of old and infirm gen[illegible]

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.*

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To whom it may concern: Take notice that application will be made to Hon. John A. Martin, as governor of Kansas, on Saturday, the 29th day of January, 1887, or so soon thereafter as said application can be heard, for the pardon of Howard Melhado, lately convicted in the District court of Shawnee county of the offense of selling intoxicating liquors contrary to law.

Topeka, Kansas, January 7, 1887.

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