

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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The fall term of Washburn college Topeka, Kansas, opens September 14. Both sexes admitted.

The Misses Josie and Ella Van Fossen entertained a number of their friends to the family residence, corner of Park street and Central avenue, last Thursday evening.

The merchants in the vicinity of Armory hall were congratulating themselves a day or two ago that the Salvation Army had left the city, but the Salvationists have started in again.

The gasoline street lamps ordered by the council have arrived. A wooden post will be used and the general appearance of the lamps is much the same as the ordinary gas lamps.

The pool gotten up by the barbers a short time ago has been broken. They agreed to raise the price of shaving to 15 cents, but two or three shops have already gone back to the old price of 10 cents.

On last Monday a little 6-year old boy of Mr. Wendall, residing four miles north of the city, fell from a hay loft, alighting on the left thigh, causing a fracture of the femur. Dr. L. A. Ryder, of the north side, and Dr. H. F. Fisher were called to set the limb, and at last accounts the child was doing well.

Mayor Metsker says that he is in favor of having the city lighted at once. The gas company agrees to turn on the gas whenever ordered to do so by the city, and when the council has decided what kind of light it wants, the gas company will turn on the gas. He thinks the city ought to have gas at once.

The following petition has been drawn up and generally signed by telephone owners on the north side. "We the undersigned patrons of the Missouri and Kansas Telephone system, respectfully ask that you give us a better service or come and take the phones from our places of business.

The picture of Mrs. Susannah Salter, the woman mayor of the little town of Argonia, in Sumner county, appears in the New York World of last Sunday. Mrs. Salter is but twenty-seven years of age and it is said that her official duties are well and expeditiously preformed. Mrs. Salter at one time resided near Silver Lake, in this county.

A family of "campers" on their way to Missouri stopped in the edge of North Topeka during the cold and rainy weather recently, living in their wagon. A two-year-old child succumbed to the exposure, and officer Allen took the pains to get the family a warm, dry room in Jake Stitt's building on Kansas avenue, and the attendance of a doctor, but the child was too far gone to save.

J. Q. A. Payton says that if the courts hold that his lots on Kansas avenue above Gordon have never been platted and are not in the city, it will necessarily decide that all of that land lying east of the avenue and north of Gordon street, is out of the city and consequently can not be assessed for city taxes. The probabilities are that this matter will delay for an indefinite length of time, the construction of the sewer, as the city will hardly undertake to let the contract for a sewer in a certain locality, before they are positive they can collect the taxes to pay for the same.

For every thing in the drug line call at Dr. Herring's No. 616 Adams Block, North Topeka.

General St. Clair, superintendent of the county displays for the state fair, reports everything promising along the line.

The asphalt company yesterday had one hundred and twenty men and forty teams at work on one block making excavations.

The Rapid Transit track is now ready for operation to the fair ground, with the exception of Tenth avenue crossing on Jackson street.

There will be a meeting of the Shawnee county republican central committee at the court house on Saturday, September 10, at 2 p. m.

The work at the fair grounds is being pushed forward as rapidly as willing hands can do it. The roofing has been put upon the main exposition building.

The Rock Island company will occupy its new ticket and freight offices at the corner of Kansas and Sixth avenues, in the room now occupied by W. C. Trapp.

The German M. E. church on the corner of Fifth and Taylor streets have repaired their building on the inside and furnished it with new paper and electric lights.

Colonel Broadus, of the Boston syndicate, says that while they had a force of engineers, laborers, etc., at work in detail work west of the city, they have not really commenced their work, on account of numerous costly delays, principally material.

The hoisting machine at the state house has been tested and found perfect in every detail. The first large block was raised to the second story base, a distance of about thirty-five feet, in forty-five seconds, surpassing all previous records made by dummy engines.

A gentleman from the east who took a ride over the city last week, said: "You do not mean to say your population is only 40,000. I have been riding through your city for the past two hours and it seems to me you must have 50,000 or 60,000 inhabitants. Topeka covers as much ground at least as many cities of that size in the east."

The September ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE has a beautifully illustrated article on "Bees and Their Habits," an interesting story by Ella M. Guernsey; the sharp, sarcastic "Literary Chats" of Editor Alexander N. De Menil; live, pleasant "Historical Papers," by Mary Currier Parsons and others; poems of unusual merit by Mrs. M. J. Smith, Minnie C. Ballard and others; "Literary Topics," the famous "Light Moods" humorous department, and other contents. The St. Louis is now fairly leading the low-priced American magazines. For specimen copy, send six cents to New St. Louis Magazine Co., 213 N. Eighth st., St. Louis, Mo.

Perhaps the smallest living specimen of humanity to be found in the country is in North Topeka. It is the little daughter of Mr. Henry Phelps, of the Rock Island offices. The child was born on the 24th day of May, and weighed only one pound and twelve ounces. For the first eight weeks of its life the little thing barely held its own, but now at the age of fifteen weeks it tips the beam at three pounds in its clothes, and is doing well, the wonder of all the old ladies of the town. This little midget has been christened Velda Irene, has pretty blue eyes, and is, of course, a general favorite. Mr. Phelps is just from California, where he has a very wealthy brother, without children who has bequeathed to him a large fortune. We believe the family contemplate an early removal to the Pacific coast, and one obstacle in the way is this same little mite of a baby, as no suitable nurse has yet been found who is willing to go with them.

Three thousand miles away, where the peaceful waters of the Pacific, in a glorious climate, kiss the mountains' base, the fair capital of Kansas has a namesake. It is the ocean steamer the "City of Topeka," which is now on its first trip along the coast to Central America. The San Diego Sun of 19th inst. says:

"The steamer City of Topeka, which will leave here to-morrow for San Jose De Guatemala, will touch at San Diego on her up and down trips and at twenty-two other ports in Mexico and Central America. Every point of any importance along the coast of Lower California and the adjacent gulf regions will be made centers for discharging and receiving freight and for passenger accommodations. Several of the ports touched at will be new to commerce, and the City of Topeka is the first regular vessel that will ply between them and San Francisco.

W. J. Lea died at his home on west 8th street about noon Monday of consumption. The announcement of his death was not a surprise to his friends.

In 1879, Governor St. John appointed Mr. Lea the office of state superintendent of insurance, and he remained in that department until July 1, 1887. The funeral services took place from the family residence at 3 o'clock p. m., of Tuesday and were conducted under the auspices of the North-croft lodge No. 228, I. O. O. F. and Lincoln Post G. A. R. assisted by the Modocs.

Monday afternoon, C. F. Wicks a real estate agent entered the hardware store of Kitchell & Marburg. On Saturday he had purchased a Smith & Wesson 38-calibre revolver. He said he desired to exchange it and get one of a smaller calibre. He was waited upon by Mr. Kitchell who was behind the counter and his customer in front.

Several revolvers were displayed when Mr. Kitchell carelessly picked up one and pulled the trigger. It was the one that his customer had deposited and was loaded. A loud report was heard, and the man fell to the floor. Mr. Kitchell ran out from behind the counter in time to catch the wounded man. He at once telephoned for a physician and Dr. Roby was in the store in the course of a few minutes and at once washed the blood from the face of the dying man, and only then was the dreadful wound exposed to full view. The right eye was knocked out of place, the flesh around the wound was a dark hue. The wounded man was scarcely breathing and his pulse was beating very slowly, and his death seemed to be a question of only a very few moments.

At about 5 o'clock Mr. Wicks was placed on a stretcher and was carried to his room. Mr. Wicks died Tuesday morning at ten minutes after eight o'clock. He did not return to consciousness at all, and perhaps experienced no pain whatever after he fell to the floor. The body was taken to Stoker's undertaking establishment where it was prepared for burial, and the funeral took place on Thursday.

It is understood that an application for an injunction to restrain the city council from letting the contract for the construction of sewers in North Topeka, will be made to the district court, by Mose Matthews and Doc. Bergen. There is considerable indignation among the north siders over the matter. They petitioned the council for a 24 inch pipe sewer, which was recommended by the city engineer, who stated that it would be large enough for every purpose. The council in their advertisement ask for bids for a 36 inch brick sewer. Some of the citizens think that as they will have to pay for the sewer themselves, they should be allowed a voice in the matter.

The healthy condition of our labor markets is shown by the fact that the wages have a tendency to increase rather than diminish.

The following from the Salem Mass. Register will be of interest to the many friends of the late Capt. J. C. Pond.

"Capt. John C. Pond, a well known master mariner, died on Thursday at his home in this city, after a protracted illness. Capt. Pond commenced as a cabin boy, when quite young in years, and was a commander at the age of 19. He sailed for the late John Bertram for several years, and has commanded the barque Jennie Cushman, the barque Victor of New Bedford, the barque Marengo and the barque Wild Gazelle. He left Captain Bertram's employ to enter into a venture of his own, and with Michael Shepard and others purchased the Jennie Cushman, in which he went ashore on Cape Ann, off Gloucester, in a severe storm. He was associated with William P. Goodhue in the barque Marengo prior to this, and his last voyage was made in the barque Victor. Captain Pond sailed in the Zanzibar, Mocha and East Coast trades principally. He was a thorough seaman and was regarded as one of the best captains afloat. On quitting the sea he engaged in business in the West, first in shoe business at Chicago, and then locating on Mr. Sawyer's cattle ranch near Topeka, Kansas. Through business reverses he lost a considerable share of the property which he had acquired. He came on to Salem some time ago to attend the funeral of his father the late J. S. Pond who died Jan. 14 last, and returned to Topeka, where he was taken ill and came back. Captain Pond was held in high esteem by all of his business associates. He leaves a widow and two children. He was in his 48th year.

The leading paper in the always welcome Magazine of American History for September is a biographical sketch of the distinguished revolutionary officer, General James M. Varnum, from the graceful pen of Judge-Advocate Asa Bird Gardiner, U. S. A., L. L. D. The handsome portrait of the general forms the frontispiece to the number, and his historic home in Rhode Island, and the fine portrait of his brother, also a man of distinction in military and political life, are among the superb illustrations. The second article "How California Was Secured," by the renowned Hubert Howe Bancroft, will command universal attention; it is clear, concise, and informing to every American. Then comes "Our Revolutionary Thunder," by the eminent James D. Butler, of Wisconsin, short but admirable in its scope. Nothing in this number, however, will attract more genuine appreciation than the fourth paper, entitled "Union, Secession, Abolition, as illustrated in the careers of Webster, Calhoun, Sumner," by W. M. Dickson, of Cincinnati; it is a scholarly study and an intensely readable production. It is followed by "The United States and the Greek Revolution," an article of exceptional merit, by Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, "The Mayas: their Customs, Laws, and Religion," is the sixth article, by Mrs. Alice D. Le Plongeon, who has spent many years in Yucatan. "A Patriotic Parson" is a biographical sketch by Rev. Dr. Lamson. The curious will be entertained with "Running-Antelope's Autobiography," chiefly given in pictograph—the Indian's novel method of chronicling events. The shorter papers are of much importance, "H. C. Van Schaack's Historical Treasures," notably; and Original Documents contain the "Memorandum of Route pursued by Colonel Campbell in 1779, from Savannah to Augusta, Georgia," annotated by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL. D. The breadth and varied character of this spirited and educating periodical is forcibly illustrated in the above list of contents for the above list of contents for the current month. Its departments are also filled with good things. Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

Jas. Wyman, a prominent farmer of Tecumseh, is reported as dangerously ill. Mr. Barlow, father-in-law of Dr. Gibson, is not expected to live.

Ex-Mayor John Ritchie is very sick at his home in South Topeka. Fears are entertained for his recovery.

The Ladies' Aid society of Grace cathedral will discontinue work until further notice.

A span of valuable mules were stolen Tuesday night from a man in Parkdale, named Charles Ros.

An army of workmen are at work on the building the fair ground to get the building ready for the coming fair. The amphitheater is 600 feet long.

Farmers coming to the city are wearing smiling faces, over the fact that the recent rains will furnish an abundant fall crop of grass.

A. Voiland, Esq., proprietor of the Chicago clothing house, will start for Chicago in a day or two for the purpose of laying in a full stock of goods.

The family of J. C. Holman, the efficient Union Pacific station agent, have arrived here from Blue Rapids and now Mr. Holman says he is living again.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Baker and daughter, Miss Gertie, have returned from Maine. They were accompanied by Miss Lou Coldy of Bingham, Maine. We are told that Miss Coldy will enter Bethany college.

A Topeka gentleman who has just returned from Boston, says that it is the intention of the Boston syndicate to extend the street car track through their land west of the city before winter.

The Ladies of the North Topeka Congregational Church will give an entertainment at Luken's opera house on Monday evening, September 5th, consisting of fan drill, Japanese wedding, music, etc. Refreshments will be served.

Daniel Owens, aged 24 years, died at the home of his parents, 1210 Quincy street, on the 29th, of malarial fever. James Day died of consumption on the same day, age 22 years. The funeral of Mr. Day took place Tuesday afternoon.

Death of Col. John Ritchie.
Col. John Ritchie died at his residence in this city at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning. He was born in Uniontown, Muskingum Co., Ohio, July 17, 1817, and came to Kansas in 1855, and has lived here ever since. He was a member of the convention that framed our state constitution, in 1859. During the territorial period he was an active, aggressive, fighting free state man. Because of his principles he was imprisoned as a traitor, in 1856, at Leecompton. He was a very devoted friend of Gen. Jas. H. Lane. The company of which he was the captain, in Topeka, was called the "Lane Guards" before it became Co. A, of the Fifth Kansas. Afterwards he was the colonel of the Second Kansas regiment of loyal Indians. He was as brave a soldier as ever lived, but his firmness and independence were so great that he could serve with pleasure and obedience under no General except Lane. Politically, he was a radical, radical in everything; intemperate in everything except drink and finances.

Col. Ritchie gave the land upon which Washburn college stands, and in this way as well as many others, has linked his name with the history of Kansas for all time.

He was not only one of the first settlers in this city and county, but he has always remained one of the best known and most prominent characters. From the beginning he has taken a leading part in public affairs and very few citizens were better known in Topeka and in the whole state.

The death of Col. Ritchie is supposed to have been the result of a lung trouble. The funeral took place from the residence at 3 p. m. Thursday.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

VITAL LE BAILLEY, one of the first fencing-masters in France, intends to establish a large fencing school in New York, with the best French masters.

Miss LILLIAN TAYLOR, daughter of the late Bayard Taylor, was married last week at Friedrichroda, Germany, to Dr. Otto G. Th. Kiliana, an eminent physician of Halle.

THE Italian ministry of war is advertising for occupants of the four newly-established professorships of German in the military schools of Rome, Naples, Florence, and Milan.

KATKOFF was the first Russian editor to send out a "special correspondent," and the occasion of his doing so was the Italian revolution of 1859. The correspondent was with Garibaldi.

SIR FRANCIS MONTEFIORE, son of Moses Montefiore, the distinguished nonagenarian who died some months ago, is about to marry a daughter of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, of Paris.

MME LOUISE MASSART is dead. She was once the most popular pianist in Paris, and was the teacher of Miles. Clotilde Kleeberg and other eminent artists. She never played outside of Paris.

SENATOR MAHONEY'S frilled sleeves are ornamented with gold buttons as large as silver dollars; a large cameo ring adorns his left hand and a diamond flashes through his long, thin beard.

At Gastin recently it was observed that the German emperor walked slightly bent but without leaning on his attendants. His physician said he was in better health than he was a year ago, and ought to live five or six years yet.

THE historical painter, Julius Naue, of Munich, who is also an archaeologist of merit, has received the honorary degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Tubingen for his work on the sepulchral mounds of upper Bavaria.

It is all the fashion in England now to invite a guest to visit you for a specified time. The he or she knows when to let go, and the host knows when he is to be left to himself again. It is a fashion that ought to prevail in all countries.

A COUPLE eloped from the Philadelphia alms house the other night to get married, and to get money to pay the preacher the woman sold a shawl and the man his coat. A chap who won't sell his coat for the girl who is to be his'n is no feller to tie to.

THE Hungarian anatomist, Prof. Louis Aranyi, died recently at the age of 75. He became a professor of pathological anatomy in the university of Pesh as early as 1844, and wrote a number of works on topographical and descriptive anatomy, as well as one on "Typoplastik."

REV. MYRON W. REED, of Denver, is regarded as a probable successor of Henry Ward Beecher in the Plymouth pulpit. He is a man of fine powers. At the last election he was the democratic nominee for congress, and came very near overcoming the republican majority in Colorado.

LEO XIII. is one of the most retiring of popes. He is rarely seen in his reception robes, still more difficult is it to observe him in his house dress. He sits constantly before his enormous artistically-carved writing-desk, hidden behind a heap of books, diplomatic letters, and newspapers.

MAYOR O'BRIEN, of Boston, vigorously defends his presence at a recent entertainment given at the Boston theater in honor of John L. Sullivan. He says that he considered it his duty to see that the city ordinances were not infringed upon. And then again, he claims that a performance officially sanctioned by the board of aldermen is one which can be properly attended by the most select citizen in Boston.

MAJ. HORATIO GLENTWORTH, who is now visiting his family at Oyster bay, Long island, is an American citizen, but at the same time he is an officer in the Austrian imperial army, and until now he has not trod the soil of his native country for twenty-two years. When only 18 years of age, in 1858, Maj. Glentworth was appointed by President Buchanan as consul to Rome, which position he filled for three years.

FARM MANAGEMENT.

Suggestions on Raising Timber and Ornamental Trees from Seed.

Timely Instruction on Collecting and Storing the Seeds of Forest Trees.

Raising Trees From Seed.

In most cases it is not profitable or practical for farmers to raise fruit trees from seed. As a rule they will want but a small number, and they will find it cheaper to buy them from a reliable nurseryman. To raise fruit trees from seed one must not only know how to save, prepare, and plant the seed, but how to cultivate, bud, graft, and prune the young trees. To learn how to practice all these operations requires much study and practice. It also calls for a variety of tools. Grafting and budding must be done at times when farmers are engaged in field work. It is often difficult for persons who have small nurseries of fruit trees to obtain scions of the varieties they want for grafting. With rare exceptions a farmer who desires to set out an orchard will find it to his advantage to obtain his trees from the nearest reliable nurseryman. Raised in a similar soil and climate and transported but a short distance, they will be much more likely to do well than those grown at a distance and exposed for some time before they are set out.

It is practical and easy, however, for a farmer to raise most kinds of deciduous and several kinds of evergreen trees from seed. The boys and girls on the farm will delight in gathering seed, sowing them, and taking care of the young trees. They will take an interest in ornamenting the farm, in raising a grove, and in producing trees that will bear nuts. Children are observing and will learn and remember under what conditions the seeds of different kinds of trees will best germinate. If they are successful in their operations they can sell many forest, shade, and ornamental trees and obtain considerable money for them. Whether the seeds of trees are planted in the spring or fall the ground should be prepared in the latter season of the year. A spot should be selected when the soil is quite free from grass and weeds. It should be near enough to the house to prevent its being visited by squirrels and wild birds that will be likely to eat the seeds. It should not, however, be so near that it will be visited by fowls that will scratch the soil and dig up if they do not devour the seed almost as soon as it is planted.

The soil for raising trees from seed should be friable and tolerably retentive of moisture. A clayey soil is too tenacious and likely to become so compact that the sprouts of seed can not force their way through it. A sandy soil is objectionable for the reason that it is likely to become very dry if there is a lack of rain for several weeks, and is likely to wash away and leave the seed exposed during a heavy rain. All things considered, a good loam is the best. If it is not moderately rich some very old and well-rotted manure should be applied to it, and thoroughly incorporated into it. Decayed leaves make a most excellent fertilizer for soil in which the seeds of trees are to be planted. Rank manure, like that from the pig-pens or fresh dung, should not be used. Wood ashes are beneficial to land where trees are to be raised. They contain potash, of which small trees require a large amount. Seed trees make a very slow growth while they are young, and for that reason no pains should be spared to provide them with suitable food.

The soil for the seed-bed should be deeply worked and finely pulverized. If it is small a spade and rake will be found to be the best implements for preparing it. Although the soil should be well pulverized it should not be loose. If it is it will part with its moisture very readily and leave the seed too dry to germinate. Beds four feet wide, and of any desired length are very convenient for starting fruit trees in. They should be raised a little above the surface and have walks about two feet wide between them. One can stand in the walk and pull out the weeds half way across the bed without placing the foot on it. Some growers of forest trees sow the seed broadcast and cover it with a rake, but the best results will generally be obtained by planting them in rows about a foot apart and reaching across the beds. There is a great advantage in placing sticks at the ends of the rows, as they show their locations and allow the ground to be worked with the hoe and rake without disturbing the seed and young plants. Most kinds of seeds should not be planted more than half an inch deep. After they are covered the soil should be trodden down firm over the rows.

The seeds of most forest trees germinate very slowly, and some of them do not "come up" until the second year after they are planted. Much depends on the quality of the seed, the way it was preserved, and the season. The growth of forest trees during the first year is very small. Even oaks will not attain a height of more than two or three inches. From the time they appear above ground they must be watched and tended with care. The ground should be frequently stirred between the rows, and the weeds and grass kept from growing between the plants. This work must be done with the hand. If weeds are allowed to

become large and well established they can not be removed without pulling up the plants. Weeding is best done after a heavy rain that renders the ground soft. Trees should be removed from the beds where they are raised from seed where they are one or two years old, and set out in nursery rows, which should be far enough apart to admit of running a narrow cultivator between them. In transplanting their tap roots, if they have any, should be shortened. They can stand in nursery rows and receive cultivation till they are of a size to place where they are to remain permanently.

Gathering and Storing Tree Seeds.

The best seeds, writes an English authority, are, of course, produced by fully fertile, healthy, vigorous trees growing not too close together in a favorable soil and situation. Very young trees usually furnish a large portion of barren seed, while very old or weakly trees yield seeds which are not only difficult to keep, but also produce weak plants. Seeds ought to be collected only when they are ripe; such as are not fully ripe when taken off the tree do not possess the germinative faculty in the same degree as ripe seeds, and, moreover, lose that faculty much sooner. The ripe fruits of some species hang on the trees for a considerable time, and such one need be in no hurry to harvest, but there are other species, the majority of the seeds of which, with or without the rest of the fruit, are shed as soon as, or soon after, ripening. Among these are several kinds of deciduous oaks, silver firs, birch, etc. The collection of such seeds evidently admits of no delay. Rainy weather ought, whenever possible, to be avoided for the collection of seeds, especially of such as are small, but this prohibition, as a matter of course, does not extend to such seeds as are to be sown at once, or, which comes to the same thing, as can not under any circumstances be preserved.

Hand-gathering from the trees is the most costly method, but is the only one applicable in the case of small or light fruit, such, for example, as elms, maples, ash, etc., or of small light seeds that escape from the ripe fruit still hanging on the tree, as those of the deodar, silver fir, birch, etc. The seed-collector must climb to the crown of the tree, with or without the help of a ladder, as he can best manage, and with a sack slung over his shoulder. What he can not reach directly with his hand he must draw to within arm's length of himself by means of a hook attached to the end of a light but strong sapling of a sufficient length. Branches and branchlets break off less easily when drawn upward than when drawn upward than if pulled downward; hence it is always advisable for the collector to climb up the highest point he can attain, and begin by plucking off the fruit hanging at the summit of the tree. Gathering seeds or fruits from the ground after they have fallen from the tree is economical, and applies especially to large, heavy fruit, which fall more or less perpendicularly, and which do not break up and allow the enclosed seed or seeds to disperse. To facilitate the fall of the seed or fruit, the branches of the trees may be shaken.

When trees marked to fall within a year or so are chosen as seed-bearers it may be found inconvenient or impossible to fell the trees as soon as the fruit ripens. On account of the nature and small size of the fruit and seed shaking the trees and picking the seeds from the ground may also be inapplicable, while hand-picking would be unnecessarily expensive, since there is reason for sparing the fruit-bearing branchlets and twigs of such trees. The fruit may then be broken off singly or in bunches with the aid of a strong hook forming a sharp angle of about 30 degrees firmly attached to one end of a long sapling. The inside edge of the hook should be sharp and serrated and slightly curved inward. The hook should be passed over the fruit-bearing branchlet or twig at the point at which it is to be broken off and jerked downward; or if that does not suffice, it should be twisted round once or twice, by which means the branchlet or twig, as the case may be, will be firmly caught in it, and a single jerk will then suffice to cut the former through. Where small wood has no value, and there is no objection to thinning out the crowns of the trees, branchlets of a certain thickness may be cut off with a bill-hook, and the fruit then hand-picked from them. Some trees produce bunches of fruit the common stock of which dries up at maturity and early disarticulates from the rest of the branchlet.

In the case of seeds having a thick and fibrous covering the rind must be torn off with the aid of special shears, and in the case of seeds included in a capsule or pod, or between scales, the quickest method, when practicable, is the application of heat, under the action of which the valves of the capsules or pods and the scales of cones open out or disarticulate, and allow the enclosed seeds to escape. In many cases simple exposure to the sun suffices; in others, however, a higher and more sustained temperature is required in order to bring about the full expansion of the seed vessel.

With seeds having leafy appendages, the wholesale removal of the appendages, except one by one with the hand, is not always possible without injury to the germinative power of the seeds; but whenever practicable, it should be effected. If the seed is hard or tough, friction, more or less rough, suffices to detach these appendages. When this is the case a very expeditious method is to nearly, but not quite, fill a large,

stout sack with the seed, and to thrash these or work them violently backward and forward, according to the toughness of the seed, until the appendages are detached or crushed, when they can be easily separated by the ordinary process of winnowing.

The seeds of many trees have to be plucked before they are quite dry, in order to prevent their being disseminated and scattered far and wide. Other kinds of seeds contain a great deal of moisture even when they fall off naturally. Such seeds should be spread out not more than from two inches to three inches high in a dry, airy, sunny place, and turned over with a rake twice or thrice daily for a period varying with the kind of seed and the dryness and temperature of the weather. After this they should be piled up higher, the raking being continued as before, but being limited to only once a day. This later process should go on until the seeds are sufficiently dry. Experience alone can tell when this is the case. It is needless to say that in cold weather the seeds should be removed under shelter while dew is being deposited. As regards seed that are moist even when they are shed naturally, this drying is really the completion of the ripening process.—Chicago Times.

DISSIPATION PRODUCES IT.

A Prominent Doctor Discovers Malaria and Suggests a Remedy.

"I am full of malaria," is one of the most hard-worn of the expressions with which the numerous class of people who have begun to feel the effects of physiological offenses bore their fellow men. The doctors say "malaria" is a much abused term. Certain it is that it is a much abused term.

When Dr. Gib Carson, secretary of the St. Louis board of health, was asked yesterday what it was and in what localities it was most likely to exist, he replied:

"I don't know. The only man who ever knew is dead."

Every now and then a burial certificate contains as the cause of death "malarial fever." But those give no trace of the locality in which the disease flourishes most. They come from all parts of the city and the distribution is quite equal.

"People abuse themselves in various ways until their systems quit acting harmlessly," a prominent physician explained, "and in nine cases out of ten the first ill-feeling that sets in is, according to their diagnosis of the case malaria. The women dance too much or take no exercise, lace tightly keep unseemly hours, eat irregularly, and sleep in poorly-ventilated rooms; while the men carouse about town till morning and eat and drink to excess. Then they have malaria. Eight out of ten of the cases of alleged malaria among men is caused by drinking whisky. Their systems become weakened and they suffer from general disorder."

"Why don't the doctors wipe out the mistaken idea of the disease?"

"Well, it would frequently throw the 'malaria' sufferer into a passion to tell him what ails him. That would not be a violation of professional ethics, but it would be unnecessary. The doctor can just as well go on treating him for his real ailment and let him believe he has fashionable malaria. That is the policy view of the case. Malaria is a big thing in this country now, and to reduce it to its natural proportions would require united action on the part of the profession."

"Is there any real malaria?"

"There is a class of diseases that may as well be called malaria as anything else. The word malaria suggests bad air, and it is generally believed that swamp land produces the disease. The Mississippi valley is considered a hotbed for it. Northern Indiana's low, swampy spots and clay soil should be one of the most fertile malarial regions according to the generally accepted idea of the generation of it in this country. But it is not. The Ohio valley was once notorious as a malaria factory."

"There are a score of systems of causes for malaria, but none of them seem capable of standing a test. A certain Roman professor says the disease is due to a vegetable germ which certain conditions call into life. He claims that it is found in all kinds of soil, and that a warm, humid air, the oxygen of which being allowed to come in contact with the germs, will quicken them into life."

"Is there a cure for genuine malaria?"

"Quinine will knock out pure malaria. That is, if there is no complication of diseases or none of the causes existing that produce fashionable malaria."

Taking Time by the Forelock.

"Massa Jenkins, I want ter git or divorce if yer's got a few minutes ter spare," said Uncle Ephraim, as he bowed himself into the office of a prominent lawyer.

"On what grounds, Uncle Eph?"

"Well, we'er ain't eazackly got no grounds as yet."

"But you must have some grounds, some reason before you can get divorced."

"Shoh! I didn't know dat. Me an' Dinah's jis bin down an' tuk out er license, an' we thought it might be jis es well ter hab a divorce handy, causer ain' no fellin when we'll want it. But ef we kaint git none, dat settles it."—Merchant Traveler.

People who got hurt in the cotton corner had no idea that the light staple could get so heavy.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SPONGE PUDDING.

One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, three eggs, one and one-half teaspoonsful of baking powder. Steam one hour.

PEAR MARMALADE.

Peel and cut some pears and macerate them twenty-four hours, with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Boil them an hour at most, adding the juice and thin yellow peel of lemons to taste. The lemon peel should be cut very small, and be cut from fresh lemons.

CORN STARCH.

One pint of milk, three whites of eggs, three tablespoons of corn starch, three tablespoons of sugar. Boil the milk, add the other ingredients and pour in mold. Make a custard of one pint of milk, three yolks of eggs and three tablespoons of sugar; flavor. Add boiled milk, and when ready to serve pour around the white part.

APPLE FILLING.

(For Washington pies.) One cup of sugar, one white of egg, one apple, peeled and grated; flavor. Mix all and put between the cakes.

SPANISH CREAM.

Take half a box of gelatine, cover with water, and let stand about half an hour. Take one quart of milk and let it boil up once or twice. Beat five eggs very light and add sufficient sugar to sweeten them, and mix well together. Add the melted gelatine to the boiling milk, and when perfectly dissolved pour it upon the sugar and eggs. Return it to the fire for a few minutes, stirring all the time. Season with vanilla and pour into molds. Serve with cream.

ORANGE SNOW.

Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a pint of boiling water, strain, and let it stand until nearly cold; mix it with the juice of six or seven oranges and one lemon; add the whites of three eggs, and sugar to taste; whisk the whole together until it looks white and like a sponge; put it into a mold and turn it out on the following day.

LEMON PIE.

To one teaspoonful of white sugar add the juice and pulp of one lemon. Mix well, put evenly over bottom of crust; finish filling crust with water (do not fill too full or it will run over top and spoil pie). Now, with a fork, mix in one and a half teaspoonfuls flour. Put top crust on neatly and carefully and bake.

Cunning Music-Boxes.

"How did you start that music-box playing?" asked a reporter of a John street dealer.

"I didn't start it," returned the merchant.

"Who did then?"

"You."

"I."

"Yes. You accidentally touched a spring in the end of the box with your coat-sleeve as you brushed by. The mechanism of these boxes is very delicate made, nowadays, and they are constructed with great ingenuity. But sit down while we talk."

The reporter took a seat, and the strains of "Farandall," from Olivette, floated from beneath the chair.

"Have a cigar?" He turded a cigar-stand, and there came out of it the air of the drinking-song "Girofle-Girofle."

"This is the picture of our Swiss factory."

As the album was opened there came out of it an air from Fra Diavola.

"Will you take a pinch of snuff?"

"As the lid was raised there was a whisper from "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?"

"We have a customer who has a music-box attached to his front door, and his visitors are always greeted by a tune. A music-box can be concealed in a very small compass, and one of the reigning demands is for articles that contain them, so as to create pleasant surprises. Dolls, clocks, and books are provided with them. Nearly all of the music-boxes are made in Saint Croix or Geneva, in Switzerland."

"How long does a music-box last?"

"It is like a watch. It will last a lifetime if it is good to begin with, and is treated well and with care. Most owners of music-boxes object to using them except for company. The fact is, a music-box should be used every day, just as a watch should be wound up every day."—New York Mail and Express.

The Messroom at Sing Sing.

A glance into the messroom reveals 1,165 convicts bending over their plates, eating their bread and meat, or lapping up their soup. Along the aisles are ranged the keepers, dressed in blue. Not a sound is heard in all that mass of men save the occasional scraping of the bottom of a soup dish with a pewter spoon. Now and then a hand is raised. "What is that for?" is asked.

"That means one whole piece of bread," is the reply. Then both hands appear above a convict's head, with two forefingers crossed. "And what does that mean?"

"That means a half a slice, for none is allowed to be wasted, and every man must eat up all he receives."

The silence is almost deathlike while for twenty minutes the meal advances. Then the men rise, the lockstep begins, and "Swish, swish, swish," out they go across the flowering yard back to their stations in the workshops.—New York Tribune.

Somebody's Mistake.

BY EDNA C. JACKSON.

"They are perfect daisies!" "I see no daisies," remarked the middle-aged lady, stonily regarding the enthusiastic school-girl. "I see three elegant bouquets, one of crimson roses, one of white moss-rose buds, and still another exquisite mixture. But perhaps age has affected my sight," sarcastically. "I can discern no daisies."

The girl saluted her two aunts with a saucy courtesy, so sweeping as to bring the heavy braid of yellow hair forward over her pretty shoulder.

"I crave your mercy, madame and mademoiselle! I spoke with the unnecessary exaggeration and reckless disregard of the literary definitions of language which constitutes the bane of our American conversation. Or, in words adapted to the comprehension of my benighted hearers," she continued, relapsing into barbarism, "I slung some slang."

"Polished," ironically commented Miss Madge, eying a tiny note which had that instant caught her attention.

It was lying on the carpet, and had evidently fallen from one of the bouquets—her own, of course.

"Highly so!" assented the "grass" widow, placing her slipper unobtrusively over the note, and fondly believing herself the original discoverer. If the donor of the flowers wished to declare his love for herself in this pretty way, trivial and unnecessary questions would be avoided by reading the missive in private. "Millie, are you a specimen of Madame Lange's pupils?"

"Specimen! Why, Auntie, I'm not a circumstance! I'm a regularly built angel! Now, there's Bell Armor—" She threw back her head, and burst into a laugh of such utterly wild abandon that both her dignified guardians were constrained to bite their lips severely to avoid a sympathizing smile.

"She has short curly hair and big black eyes, and makes up into the jolliest boy I well," Millie rattled on breathlessly, "a new girl came in last term that was just simply too green and confiding to live, and Bell dressed up in boy's clothes, managed to meet her in the grounds, pretended to be awfully smitten, and won her young affections; and poor Jenny Crawley—that was her name—got so stuck up about her handsome beau that she would hardly speak to us girls, and were in the joke all the time, and would just die when Jen smuggled lackadaisical notes to 'he, she or it,' whichever you might call Bell. But they got caught!"

Millie expelled the breath she had held all through this rapid narration in a long, loud "wheew!" which might have been an energetic sigh.

"What did the teachers do with these enterprising young persons?" queried Miss Madge, in cool sarcasm.

"I'm coming to that. One night Bell came under the dormitory window, attired in a long Spanish cloak and a guitar—I mean, wearing the cloak carrying the guitar—didn't know how to play it any more than the museum mummy! But she was picking away on the strings, warbling,—

"Wait 'til the clouds roll by, Jennie!" and we girls were smothering our emotions in the pillows, pretending to be asleep, and Jen was leaning half way out of the window. 'Twas too romantic for anything when who should roll by but one of the under teachers! He made a dash for the 'man,' but Bell was over the garden wall and safe in her boarding-place before the teacher fairly realized his failure. You know Bell is an outside boarder, which accounts for Jen's never seeing her except in costume."

"And those reckless, ill-behaved young women escaped punishment!" exclaimed the "grass" widow sternly.

"Bell might have," replied Millie, deliciously conscious that she was harrowing two nervous systems to their greatest endurance, "but she would not let that poor little goose bear all the blame alone, so next day when the entire Faculty sat down on Jen—"

"Sat down on her!" shrieked Miss Madge. "Oh! what a grossly undignified and barbarous—"

"Oh, I forgot you wouldn't understand," said Millie, pitying the ignorance of her relatives; "that is merely figurative, meaning, in this case, 'tried, condemned and executed.' Well, Bell, condemned on the scene and made a clean breast of it. She said it was worth 'ten years of peaceful life' to see Jen's face. It was worse than being found out. She went home to her fond parents shortly after, to wait 'til the clouds rolled by." She said she was tired of hearing us girls sing the same old song from morning until night. And poor Bell! Anyone would have thought, from the fuss those teachers made for her, that we go to school for nothing else but to study their old books!"

The speaker turned two wide brown eyes upon her auditors, as if exhausted with the contemplation of such wilful stupidity.

"Sometimes you will find a teacher who cherishes such wild delusions," remarked Miss Madge, dryly, "but a pupil—never!"

"Well I should smile!" exclaimed Mildred, elegantly.

"Mildred, I believe you grow more oute in your language every day!" said the widow, with stern reproof.

"I know it, auntie," admitted the girl, remorsefully. "The fact is, I

need society; that constant friction of brilliant minds which polishes and refines." Those girls are demoralizing, and I regard this invitation to Mrs. Ainslie's party as a missionary document.—

"There's a cry from Macedonia. Come and save us!"

she sang, in a voice as musical as the thrill of a blackbird, but broke off suddenly, to exclaim in guileful admiration: "O Aunt Madge! How becoming those Jacqueminot roses are to your dark, queenly style! You will quite put poor little me and my white moss-rosebuds in the shade!"

"You will remain in the shade of your own room," declared the widow, caustically; she was burning with impatience to pursue the missive which still rested under her slipper. "Mrs. Ainslie knows you are too young to enter society."

"But, auntie, you were married at seventeen," pleaded Millie, her rosy lips quivering.

"And see what a wretched mistake I made!" replied the lady, tossing her head angrily in memory of her late—always "late"—husband.

"It's better to have loved and divorced than never to have loved at all," laughed Millie, through her tears.

"But say, abruptly returning to the charge in the most coaxingly confidential tones, "my beloved relatives, you wouldn't be so cruel as to spoil the party for Jimmie Randolph by depriving him of a sight of me, after he has spent all his pocket-money for these?"

indicating the three bouquets by a nod. Aunt Madge gasped in unfeigned horror.

"Jimmie! Mildred Travis, do you mean, by that outrageous nickname, to indicate Mr. James Randolph? a gentleman thirty years of age, a millionaire who, simply because he has noticed you in a fatherly way, from regard for your—ahem!—aunts, you seem to regard as one of your playmates? I never did!"

"I should hope not," replied Millie, reprovingly. "It wouldn't be at all proper—for you."

"Well," said the widow, decidedly, "you will remain at home until you learn that even children must not be foolishly familiar with their elders."

"Aunt Anna," questioned Millie, soberly, did you ever do anything foolish?"

"But once in my life," answered the lady, complacently.

"That, of course, means your marriage," remarked the young inquisitor; "but before that—haven't you got any old letters tied with a blue ribbon, any lock of gray hair?"

"Gray hair," answered Aunt Anna, hastily. "I should say not."

"I didn't mean it was gray when you cut it from his head," corrected Millie. "I just supposed it grew so in the secret drawer where you go to weep scalding—"

"Nonsense!" put in Aunt Madge, irritated by the widow's appropriation of the note. "Child, you must stop reading novels."

"And you were never foolish, either?" Millie turned her guns upon this new opponent.

"Never!"

"Haven't got a sad-eyed, long-lost Gabriel with a lot of strawberry marks and a pocket full of moles somewhere in the world looking for you? Never flirted, wouldn't flirt if you could?" said Millie, enumerating her aunt's virtues with tantalizing and unbelieving gibberish.

"No! Flirt! The idea!"

Miss Madge's angry, scandalized face sent Millie off into a shout of laughter. Suddenly she stopped and observed gravely, as if referring for the first time to the subject,—

"By the way, auntie, I ought to have a white dress for Mrs. Ainslie's party. What a shame we didn't think of it in time! White lace and moss rosebuds, with my yellow hair and beautiful face! Oh!" this last in a small shriek of exaggerated rapture.

"You concealed little imp!" cried Mistress Anna, losing patience at last, and stamping her foot, to Millie's inward delight. "You are not going! Do you understand?"

Millie sprang to her feet, eyes blazing and cheeks scarlet.

"Well!" she flashed furiously, "I don't care—it's mean! That's what it is! And I won't try to be good! I'll be a rowdy, I'll talk slang, I'll—"

The remainder of the plume was lost in the slamming of the door as the girl stormed up the stairs to her own room, and throwing herself upon the floor, sobbed passionately during ten consecutive minutes.

"Undisciplined child!" smiled the widow, serenely. "In a half hour she will be kissing us and begging pardon, as she always does. Madge, will you kindly step to my door and ask Felice to sew the lace on my black silk?"

"Certainly," replied Miss Madge, rising slowly. "But, Ann—is there a note, I think, lying directly under your foot. I believe it dropped from my bouquet."

The widow stooped and secured the missive.

"No, dear," she replied, sweetly, "I am positive it dropped from mine. Mr. Randolph would naturally speak first to me."

Miss Madge blushed cooly. How delightful that Anna should have observed and read aright dear James' attentions! And after all, it was honorable in him to ask the consent of the elder sister and chaperone before putting the momentous question to herself.

"I did not think you were so observing," she remarked beamingly; and—ahem—may I ask what your answer will be?"

"Why, 'yes,' of course," simpered the widow, "But," with some surprise,

"though I have long been certain that his intentions were serious, I hesitated to mention the matter to you, fearing you would object."

"Why should I? The catch of the season! But—" consciously—"has he said anything definite to you?"

"Well, not exactly, but—and this note, though unaddressed—there are intangible but unmistakable actions. Has he—ah—mentioned the matter to you?"

"No," fluttered Miss Madge; "only as you say, those intangible—"

"Dear girl!" apostrophized the widow, kissing her sister's brow with enthusiasm. "To think, after all my apprehensions, you act in this playfully sensible manner! But here comes Millie. I will take this little messenger to my room and rehearse my reply in private. Ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" echoed Miss Madge, turning to receive a penitent hug from Millie, and assure her of entire forgiveness, even, in the fulness of her heart, promising that wayward child innumerable parties after she had eschewed all her foolish ways, and learned to imitate her staid and dignified aunts in all particulars.

Meanwhile, the widow was reading with gratified countenance and running comments:—

"My DARLING.—Read in these flowers my love for you, which, it seems, I am never to obtain an opportunity of declaring unheard by the two dragons who always accompany you."

"(Naughty boy! He must not call poor Millie and Madge such hard names!" "But you know the Oak Tree Bench, the long, rustic seat divided exactly in the middle by an immense, vine-draped oak! I will be there from three till four o'clock. If you can come and give my answer from your own sweet lips, I shall be the happiest of men. If this cannot be, I shall know the answer 'yes' if you pass by attired in the dark blue walking suit I admire so much, with three roses, two pink, one white, pinned upon the right lapel of your jacket. The hours will creep, oh! so slowly, until then.")

"(Of course I will!) "I dare not hope your attendant dragons will allow you to answer this as I could wish. Don't frown, dearest; I respect and conciliate them for your sake. As a reward, I must have my answer to-morrow. I am aware that you accompany the dr—forgive me—your friends for a walk every afternoon in Scottish Park. You know the Oak Tree Bench, the long, rustic seat divided exactly in the middle by an immense, vine-draped oak! I will be there from three till four o'clock. If you can come and give my answer from your own sweet lips, I shall be the happiest of men. If this cannot be, I shall know the answer 'yes' if you pass by attired in the dark blue walking suit I admire so much, with three roses, two pink, one white, pinned upon the right lapel of your jacket. The hours will creep, oh! so slowly, until then.")

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down demurely upon one end of that cozy resting place. Precisely seven minutes before three came a lady, from the opposite direction, and, by a singular coincidence, attired in exactly the same manner as the first-comer. She seated herself upon the further end of the same bench. The two were screened from each other by the immense vine-draped oak. It was a secluded place, far from the main thoroughfare, half way down a grassy slope, shut in by vines and trees. A few feet away ran a narrow path, and shortly after three o'clock the occupants of the seat heard steps approaching, slowly, lingeringly. Both ladies looked up coquetishly; a glance which changed as they looked again into angry amazement—and something else.

A tall, handsome young man sauntered past, so engrossed in watching the girl by his side that he failed to observe the two pairs of angry eyes fixed upon them. A lovely young girl she was. The slender figure was clothed in white; she was swinging a broad, plumey Gainsborough hat in her hand, and the soft breeze ran riot among the golden hair, tossing it into innumerable, bewildering rings, while the quivering, tender smile on the pretty lips matched the wild-rose flush of her cheeks. Every word they uttered came clear and distinct to the two watchers.

"So, my darling," the young man was saying, "you did not receive my note, after all; strange what became of it."

"The unseen auditors half arose simultaneously and looked anxiously around, but sank back with consternation in their countenances, cold perspiration bedewing their brows.

"Perhaps you put it into the wrong bouquet," Millie suggested roguishly.

"Never!" he exclaimed, stopping to press a kiss upon the saucy mouth. "You know I only sent them to conciliate the drag—there! don't frown; I mean your dear aunts. How my heart fell to-day, when I saw you dressed in white instead of blue, and not a flower about you except in your sweet face! But it's all right now, and is 'yes,' after all."

He pressed the yellow head closer to his bosom.

"O James!" she whispered. "They will never, never consent!"

"They must and shall!" exclaimed James Randolph, raising his head in vehement assertion; then his jaw dropped, and he stood gazing straight before him, petrified and speechless.

Following his look, Millie caught her breath and started. What she saw was her two staid and dignified guardians

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Sept. 3, 1887.

Saratoga has been termed the "Widows' Resort."

If they keep on a little longer we will have as many parties in politics as we have sects in religion.

The Burlingame Independent says the prohibition party is soon to have a state organ modeled after the New York Voice. Rather an expensive pattern, but a very able one.

New York prohibitionists have endorsed woman suffrage, but Ohio dodged. The party in the east is not carried away with anti-monopoly and socialism, but leaves that to the labor parties.

The latest political fad is the organization of an "American Party." Never in our history has there been a time when so many tired political doves were seeking rest for their weary wings. What does it all mean?

A law that discriminates between persons is the most obnoxious of laws. That is what high license does. One with money enough to buy the indulgence may sell. The poor man shall not. Prohibition, that says no man can sell, is just to all.

Give all public officers fair salaries, not more than they can get in the private relation of life, require all fees and perquisites to be turned into the treasury, and prohibit them from active participation in politics while serving the public, and one big simple reform will at once be effected.

The Burlingame Independent epitomizes the tramp question in this wise:—"If a man is hunting work, he is worthy, and should receive kindly treatment. If he is a vagabond and a loafer, sponging upon the good impulses of his fellow men, he should be made to work on the rock pile, or at any other work the municipality may have to do. Is there anything wrong about that?"

There are a few weak third party prohibition papers in this state, but so far as we see there is not one of them with spirit enough to mention the fact that the dictators of the party, who drove the nominee of the party from the ticket because he was a banker, have no protest to make when the anti-monopoly party, which they have also joined, place a banker and curb-stone broker at the head of their state committee. Astute politicians they are.

Whether the recent burning of city property in which one man and four valuable horses were consumed was the work of an incendiary, inspired by the teachings of the anarchists, or whether it was not, there is no doubt as to the mischievous influence of the fellows who meet nearly every Sunday in the city park. Talk about the salvation army nuisance, a thousand salvation armies are not so destructive to the public peace as a single squad of these fellows.

We do not question the right of American citizens to assemble in public places, there to use their tongues very freely. But we do question the right of a lot of hoodlum anarchists to monopolize the city park to the exclusion of anybody else. It has come to that state that a band of religious, Sunday school, or temperance workers that may assemble in the park Sunday afternoons, are considered interlopers by these red flannel reformers. It would be well for the city council to pass some ordinance regulating the manner of holding public meetings in the park, Sundays or otherwise, so that there will be no conflict. It might not be amiss to prohibit secular meetings in public streets and parks on Sundays.

Mrs. Cleveland is an excellent swimmer, and enjoys the water, but the president cleaves to the land.

If the fees that now go to the county officers of Shawnee county were turned into the treasury, after paying fair salaries, there would be no county taxes to pay.

There seems to be a dark cloud gathering over the reputation of an English author known as William Shakespeare. It is doubtful if he can save his Bacon.

The telegraph editors of our daily papers don't seem to be aware that the Iron Mountain railroad is in southeastern Missouri, and so they locate it in the south west.

All the new parties and factions are working to destroy the republican party like the worms in the timbers of a ship, so it can be only a question of time when the old craft goes down.

The New York Sun named a list of 100 of the leading newspapers of the United States, in which list the Leavenworth Times is the only Kansas paper named, while two are named from New Hampshire, and three from Connecticut.

Nothing can be clearer to an observing mind than the one fact that political distegration is going on, and that very rapidly, so far as political parties are concerned. This is a process that always precedes reorganization.

An exchange calls St. John an unwhelp. Herein lies the danger. Only the effigy of the whelp was hung. Meanwhile the whelp has nearly grown to maturity, and is doing its best to run down the republican lamb.

Kansas is all right. If the corn crop is a little short, this kind of weather will insure a long grass crop this fall, and meat will more than balance the loss of corn. Kansas is as nicely adjusted as the works in an American watch.

A good many Maryland democrats are tired of the Gorman-Higgins ring, and two leading members of the opposite wing went into the republican convention last week and in vigorous speeches proposed to give their support to the republican candidates if honest conservative men were nominated.

We learn that Dr. Herring has located in North Topeka, where he will continue the practice of medicine. The doctor practiced among us here for some time past, and it is conceded by all that he gave entire satisfaction and was eminently successful in all cases. His practice has extended through Jackson and Shawnee counties where he has many friends and patrons who wish him success in his new place of business.—Hoyt Times.

The outrageous penal system that has grown up in Georgia since the war will probably be brought to a speedy end. State prisoners have been leased out on a contract system that was no better than slavery in its worst form. Serious complaints have been made for years, until they can no longer be disguised. The latest indications are that existing contracts will be annulled and a reform instituted.

Evidently it is not the policy of the city administration to encourage manufacturers to locate in Topeka. It is a true fact that we have not many natural advantages for manufacturing, and without liberal encouragement they cannot be expected. Instead of encouragements they get rebuffs. Not long ago the Cracker Factory, struggling for life asked a very slight favor. It was refused. The factory has suspended a second time. The vinegar factory has been nagged to death and will remove to Wichita. So it goes. But we brag and blow, and a little ceterie of money bags laugh at the wrecks and gather riches unto themselves. That's Topeka enterprise as it really is.

It is a little too previous to be banking on next year's crops as some of our enthusiastic boomers appear to be doing.

Sobriety, economy and industry, equal parts well mixed, make an admirable anti-poverty remedy, the same now and forevermore. It was a good old-fashioned remedy and is good yet.

Within the last twenty years we have paid over one billion dollars of public debt, and more than twice as much in interest. The treasury is crowded with money, but our magnificent management is such that it must lie idle instead of paying the debt and stopping interest. Why don't they turn the business over to young Ives.

The growing idea that the public schools of this country should confine their instruction to the English language is the proper one. The American common school system is a good one if not abused. Its object is to fit American children for American citizenship, on the principle that our government is one based on the general intelligence of the people. The common school is not the place to teach the foreign languages nor the fine arts.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat finally admits that the prohibition party in New York, the great pivotal state, is an important factor. It says if the vote this fall shall reach 40,000 it will make it clear that the republicans will not have a walk over next year. In 1884 St. Johns vote was 25,000. The next prohibition vote in 1886, was about 37,000. This year it is almost certain to be 60,000, so that speculations as to results next year are mighty uncertain, especially as three or four new parties are incubating, besides the Henry George party that has already broken from the shell.

The result of the recent election in Kentucky is significant. It shows not only the decline of democratic majorities, but an increase in the republican vote. This is significant because exceptional. Elsewhere republican majorities are growing less and less. In Kentucky they are increasing. The probable cause is found in the democratic doctrine of free trade so far as it is democratic, which it is so far in that state as the influence of the Louisville Courier-Journal extends. Kentucky has not yet outgrown the old Whig high tariff teachings of Henry Clay, Kentucky's most illustrious son, and the republican politicians make the most of it and with good results.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., Freeman has created something of a sensation by coming out in favor of the Prohibition party. T. T. Fortune, the editor, is one of the ablest and most candid leaders of colored citizens in the United States. It is the acknowledged candor and ability of the Freeman that makes its change of base so significant. Mr. Fortune declares his purpose to support the Prohibition party and gives his reasons cogently and at length. He says it has taken the place of the Republican party, as the party of great moral ideas. There is no evil that affects the colored race more injuriously than the rum traffic, and especially in the south. He declares that one half the violence perpetrated by the whites against the blacks is traceable to this traffic, and that more than half of the petty crimes among the blacks are due to the same cause. As between the fundamental principles of the old parties he says there is no difference. It is simply a struggle for office and emoluments. The other new parties claiming to favor reform, do not recognize this one of the most important reforms, hence he advised the colored voters of the United States to center upon the Prohibition party. This announcement by the Freeman has caused a commotion among republican politicians, as it is realized that there is no margin of voters to lose.

John Swinton, and the Cause of Labor.

John Swinton's paper is dead and with it died the cause of Labor, as represented to-day. There is a good deal heroic in the effort he made. He has gone down a sacrifice to an idea, if you will. The idea is yet crude and undeveloped, but there is a germ in it that is yet to grow and bear fruit.

There is a great deal in John Swinton's history, in this later history especially, that is pathetic. We do not purpose dealing with it, but turn to the more practical side of the subject.

No one will deny that Swinton was moved by the most sincere desires. If nothing else does, his sacrifices prove this. A fortune swallowed up; house, furniture, horses, books, the most precious of his worldly belongings, all gone, and the object of the great sacrifice of time and brain and money, apparently as distant as ever.

What is the cause of this? Ah that is indeed the problem of the ages. Why does humanity always deny its own? Why is it that mankind struggles against progress? Why refuse to climb upwards? Why all through the ages has humanity waited to be forced forward by the tide of events? History affords no answer, other than that such seems to be the divine will. It simply writes the stolid fact in blood and suffering and death.

Our age is passing through the same efforts to burst the bonds that bind us that other ages have tried in vain to break, but which subsequently seemed to loosen as if by some mighty unseen power.

It is true that untold blessings, hitherto unknown, have come upon this age, but it is probable that the comparative happiness, or misery, is not far different from that of the age of Odoacer or Chosroes. If there is a more wide-spread intelligence, there is a greater sensibility to suffering. Human wants increase in proportion to the supply of human blessings but the reformer who steps forth and claims for the people, at one bound, all the multiplying advantages of this age of invention and progressive development, seems bound by some inevitable law of fate, to be thwarted in his attempts until a period of probation has elapsed. He comes to his own and they deny him, as Christ came to his own and they received him not. The modern prophet comes to a sorely suffering community and points out an evil that is sapping the life blood of the family and the State, and he is reviled as a fanatic, a whelp, a hypocrite, an agitator or an ingrate. It matters not what this evil may be. It may be as clear and potent as that of human slavery. It may be as open and wide-spread as the liquor traffic. It may be as overwhelming as the corruption in modern politics when boodlers are bred in every city. It may be as oppressive as our system of corporations whereby we sell ourselves as slaves to masters as clearly and completely as did the ancients, at times, except that we do not seem to be aware of it. No matter what form an evil may assume, there are always plenty who are the greatest sufferers to protest against any alleviation.

But the most incomprehensible of all is the apparent inconsistency of mankind, not only the people, but the would-be prophets who come forth with their remedies. The unfortunate case of John Swinton illustrates the point. He has worked hard, devotedly, unselfishly to help elevate the laboring man. Yet he worked, as it were, with but one hand. He denounced ordinary political methods. He condemned public acts. He incited discontent in the laborer, but he did not strive to elevate the man by inducing him to forego the use of liquor and tobacco. He did not lay the foundation of the reform he attempted, upon a higher moral manhood, and if he had, it is probable that his success for the time would have been still less.

Mr. Powderly, as the head of the Knights of Labor, attempts more, and accomplishes about the same. His organization is largely educational, more so in name, however than in fact. The most incongruous characters are admitted, and while Mr. Powderly

gives the best of temperance lectures and severely denounces the anarchists, the maudlin drunkard gains admittance to assemblies where apologies for train wrecking, and the defense of Haymarket riots are openly made.

The only conclusion one can reach, in view of all the evidence is, that no matter how desirable the contemplated reform may be, no matter how just the claims put forth, how galling the oppression, there is still some good reason why it is not permitted to be accomplished.

A Black League.

The Evening Journal publishes what purports to be an interview with one J. M. Brown, a colored man, who claims to be the originator of a black league, that is to spread over the country for the protection of negroes.

There is a good deal that is sensational and foolish in the interview. Mr. Brown threatens another Hayti, in certain contingencies. We are assured that the negro is no longer docile and submissive as he once was, that he is burning with a knowledge of his wrongs, and that he has the intelligence and physical force to right them. He expects the proposed organization of black leagues in the south will bring out ropes and shot-guns to suppress them, but if they do he assures the country there will be a "hell on earth for them."

If Mr. Brown is correctly reported it will be generally admitted that he is a very indiscreet leader, and a very unsafe one for the blacks. We fail to see what need the negroes of Kansas have of more protection. He has every chance that the white man has, and is probably gaining his rights in the south as rapidly as a changing civilization makes possible.

There are other classes of citizens that are deprived of their rights and have been for a century, and they have not threatened bloody war. There are thousands upon thousands of American women to-day the slaves and victims of debauched husbands with no means of relief. There are thousands of women paying taxes without representation in legislature or congress. Unlike the most ignorant and the most vicious negro, the most cultivated and intelligent American woman has no voice from the ballot box, a right to which she is as much entitled by virtue of her citizenship as any man, yet she does not threaten; she only protests. Mr. Brown would do well to follow the example of our good white women.

We regret to see the Journal lend its influence in favor of these blood thirsty ideas. It says that this movement is without doubt one that will bring trouble to the country, but that the black will not be to blame. He would, however, be the greatest sufferer.

The St. John party prohibitionists of Ohio are very bitter in denouncing the republicans of Pennsylvania for dodging prohibition by favoring the submission of an amendment to the constitution. At the same time they think it consistent for them to dodge the citizen suffrage question, in precisely the same way. One needs to be pretty level headed to judge clearly the significance of American politics.

There are none of the many political movements of the present time that have special regard to the interests of American farmers, the most numerous class of our citizens, and some of them are in deadly opposition to our agricultural interests. The farmers of America should now assert their independence of party, and take a hand in the coming struggle.

Miss Sarah Ewing, of the Sampson Manufacturing Company's shoe shop, in North Adams, has won the prize offered by a button machine company, for the operative who, on one of their machines, would sew on the most buttons in one day of ten hours. Miss Ewing's record was 27,154 buttons, an average of forty-five and one fourth for each minute in the day.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD.

"I have often said that I could not understand why every farmer in this broad land should not have a desire to unite with us in the great work which we have been carrying on, one that has ever been productive of good, and in no single instance the cause of wrong to any one. We have accomplished much for the good of the farmer, and also the people of our country generally. We have created, influenced and directed public opinion on many subjects of material interest. By our union we have shown that we have strength, and have reached a point where legislators, politicians and public officials listen with respect to our just demands. Although they are not entitled to the credit we would gladly accord them, did we not know that much of this respectful consideration arises from a hesitancy to test the strength of the farmers' ballots, which, when thrown singly, are as light as a feather, and of not much greater effect, but by consolidation becomes as hard as a cannon ball, and will pierce the iron-clad armor of a politician. To the efforts of the Grange is due the fact that the number of farmers, mechanics and business men is increasing in our legislative halls, displacing lawyers who have too long had most of the making of laws which were so blind in their meaning that it required relative increase in their number to construe them. A class assuming to represent the people, while legislating almost solely themselves, so well have they managed affairs in their own behalf that they have filled most of the best official positions in the country from their own class.

In my life I am thrown into association with all classes of society, and I meet no higher grade of natural ability, no men of better judgment, purer principles or manly honor, no more intelligent or beautiful women than I find in my brothers and sisters of the Grange.—Lieut. Gov. E. F. Jones, New York.

There is no better way to interest the boy in the farm than to introduce him to the Grange and make him an interested member there. Give to the young members of your Grange the leading parts in discussions, and all kinds of entertainments. It may be hard for some of the "old stagers" to take a back seat and allow the young element to predominate, but the maxim of young men for action and old men for council can be applied to no better advantage than in the Grange.

State Master Boise, of Oregon, says:—"It is gratifying to know that the Order in this State is in a very healthy condition. Since our last session five new Granges have been organized and two dormant Granges revived, and two new halls have been erected and dedicated."

Robert C. Chanoy, Master Arkansas State Grange, with some earnest coworkers, is pushing Grange matters in his State.

The Patrons Mutual Insurance Company, of Massachusetts, commenced business August 1st, with \$500,000 of risks on Grange farm buildings. It will soon have over \$1,000,000. The president is N. B. Douglass, of Sherborn; Secretary, A. A. Brigham, Marlboro, who is also the efficient Secretary of the State Grange.

The New Hampshire house of representatives has passed a bill which provides for a "State Premium Committee" to be composed of six persons, two appointed by the State Board of Agriculture, two by the State Agricultural Society, and two by the State Grange. This Committee, of which the Governor is a member ex officio, has at its disposal \$3,000 to be awarded as prizes, under such conditions as the committee may decide, to exhibitors at the next ensuing annual fair of the New Hampshire Grange Fair Association, or both of them.

The Mayflower.

The Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society began with this year the publication of a four-page weekly for youngest readers in the primary department of our Sunday Schools, the name of "The Mayflower" being given it as appropriate to the "Pilgrim" Series of publications for Sunday schools, of which it was to form a part. The Society has recently learned that a newspaper bearing the same name had for some years been published at Yarmouthport, Mass., by Mr. George Otis. This has led to a friendly correspondence, and Mr. Otis, with evident sympathy in the work of the Society, cordially acquiesces in the use which is made of the title, "The Mayflower," in connection with the juvenile publication above referred to. Acknowledgments are due to Mr. Otis for his great courtesy in this matter, and it should be clearly understood that his right to the title, "The Mayflower," as applied to a newspaper, is in no way affected by this use which is made of it, with his knowledge and consent, by the Congregational S. S. & Pub. Society. Mr. Otis' "Mayflower," is an attractive weekly paper (secular) of eight pages, and is intended for the family. It has a large variety of reading matter adapted to old and young, is carefully edited, and its price, \$1 per year, places it within the reach of many readers who cannot afford the higher-priced papers.—Congregationalist, May 26th, 1887.

We understand correspondence is being had with Oliver Optic, James Otis, Horatio Alger, Jr., and other eminent writers for the young, in order to secure their interesting contributions for the Mayflower. The Mayflower will be sent on trial for two months for only ten cents. Try it.

Or for \$1.00 it will be sent with this paper, the two, one year.

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.

A committee has been appointed by the city council, composed of Councilmen Marshall and Coffin and Street Commissioner Fulford, to buy a new team for the use of the patrol wagon. The same committee will also order a new wagon at once. Topeka cannot afford to be without a patrol wagon at this time. An express wagon has been rented temporarily to do the work generally required of the patrol wagon.

Business men who would save money will get their printing from the North Side Printing House, 835 Kansas Avenue, North.

The following will illustrate the usual difference in prices: Messrs. C. & S. paid \$17 for 3000 linen blanks. Our price is \$12.

Messrs. B. & B. paid \$5.00 for 1000 bill heads, sixes. Our regular price, including better stock, is \$3.00.

Mr. B. paid \$2.50 for 500 loose note-heads. Our price, better paper, in tablets, trimmed, \$2.00.

Messrs. J. & A. paid \$3.00 for 1000 low cut envelopes. Our price, for a much better envelope, high cut, printed by our patent process, securing perfect work with no streaks when cuts are used, \$2.50.

Lawyer C. paid \$1.80 a page for briefs for which we charge \$1.00 and give more to the page.

Mr. M. was charged \$4.00 for a lot of dodgers which we do for \$2.00.

Read the above, be wise and get your printing done at the North Side Printing House, 835 Kansas Avenue north.

Send postal and we will call for copy, show proofs, and satisfaction or no charge.

We have on hand, ready for immediate delivery, a quantity of "Dr. Foote's Hand-Books and Ready Recipes."

It is a book, paper cover, of 128 pages, containing information of the utmost importance to everybody concerning their daily habits of eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, bathing, working, etc.

It also contains many useful suggestions on the management of various diseases; recipes for relief of common ailments—including some of the private formulae of Dr. Foote and other physicians of high repute, and directions for preparation of delicacies for invalids as pursued in the best hospitals of this country and Europe.

It is most assuredly one of the most valuable books for the price ever offered to the public.

We give one copy of this book to every new subscriber when requested.

MASON, ALA., Nov. 2d, 1886. Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co.

Rochester, Pa. Gents,—Your Antidote for Malaria is the best chill and fever remedy I have ever known or tried. It never fails to cure every case. Since you sent me that sample bottle I have sold over one dozen, and not a single person has taken it who has not been cured. Please send me a dozen by mail immediately.

Yours respectfully, N. B. DIXON.

In District Court, Shawnee County Kan. MARY FORD, P.L.H., vs HENRY FORD, Def'n't. To the defendant, Henry Ford: You are hereby notified that you have been sued in said court and must answer the petition of said plaintiff on or before the 15th day of October, 1887, or the petition will be taken as true and judgment of divorce granted from you and giving her custody of her two minor children will be rendered accordingly. GUNN & STUBBINS, Att'ys for P'lffs.

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.—Kachance.

—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 or 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.

—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.

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 housecleaning 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 beggar, 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.

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-casually of the clerk: "Do you keep 'nabblack'?" "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—sah powdered, sah!"—Buffalo Express.

GAMBLERS' OMEGA.

Sporting men who will stake 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 quip. 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 that will come true."

—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.

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

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

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

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

FEMALE STOCK GAMBLERS.

A Bucket-Shop in the Shadow of the Old State-House at Boston.

Imagine, says *The Boston Herald*, a room about 15x20 feet, nicely furnished, a fine Brussels carpet on the floor, a roll top desk in one corner, a large black-board on which are numerous letteos and figures, the latter made of cardboard of uniform size so that they fit into grooves in the board and slide easily from right to left. Imagine, also, a telegraphic instrument known as a stock indicator or "ticker" on a stand just to the right of the large black-board, which occupies nearly the whole of one side of the apartment. Imagine, also, seated around the room or fooling with the tape which is constantly issuing from a slit in the side of the "ticker," and on which a number of mysterious letters and figures are printed, denoting the stock and the prices bid therefor, a dozen or more women, and if the reader has a good fund of imagination, the interior of a "woman's bucket-shop" is the result. Such a room is situated at No. 172 Washington street, and is frequented by ladies varying in age from 20 to 50 years, who exhibit an air of the utmost abandon when gambling in stocks. A lady of rather more than medium height, dark complexion, and dressed in a neat, well-fitting blue dress, occupies the desk in the corner, when the ticker is not busy rattling off the stock quotations, reads from the tape, and is assisted by a lady who wears glasses in placing the quotations on the board.

"Jersey, 44," calls the lady at the ticker, and those figures are placed on the board, while a young lady occupying a cane rocking-chair, explains, "Oh, gracious sakes, won't it ever go better than that?" Another stock is called and placed upon the board and so on until some stock is called and the lady at the ticker suggests that "such and such is a good one to buy now." "My mind is so set on Jersey that I can't even think of anything else," is the expression of a lady of about 35 or 40 years of age. When the tape informs the anxious females that New England is 4, another voice is heard stating that "I do wish they would take a bound, don't you?" but nobody replies to the query, and previous to another stock being called, the lady who seems to be in charge of the office goes to the telephone, and when her ring is answered, shouts in a falsetto voice: "You know you have an order to close long on New England at 41." Whether the party telephoned to does know or not is not vouchsafed to the room full of ladies, who do not even ask. "Omaha 3" is next called, and elicits the following conversation:

"Is that any rise?"
"No, I don't think it is; let's ask Miss Blank."

"Miss Blank, is that a rise for Omaha?" shout both females in concert, and Miss Blank replies:

"No, that's standing just where it has been all day."
Jersey is called at 4, and one of the occupants of the room shouts so that her voice can be distinctly heard above the buzz of conversation, which is endless in this "female bucket-shop." "Oh, why didn't I buy Jersey? It's too mean for anything. I haven't made anything to speak of this week."

"Lucky 1" is now called, and somebody is heard to remark that "Lucky is pretty steady now."

Fifteen minutes later the woman at the tape sings out, "Lucky 2." Again the buzz is interrupted by a female voice exclaiming: "Oh, that can't be right, can it?"

Within five minutes Northwestern 400 at 3 or 400 (just which could not be distinctly heard by the reporter) is announced, and one young lady jumps to her feet exclaiming, "I've caught it; I've caught it!" Then there is an ominous silence, which is broken by the caller shouting "Jersey 4." This announcement is followed by an elderly lady, who deigns to inform the others present, in anything but a pleasant tone, that "that's just too mean for anything. I declare, it's the meanest stock on the whole board, that's what it is."

When security is called at 3 a consensus of opinion is the result, and each talker vies with her neighbor to make herself heard. Such expressions as, "Oh, that's gone up, hasn't it?" "Why didn't I have some of that?" "Well, it's just my luck," were, however, audible, and then, as if by common consent, the room was perfectly quiet. At this point a man (of which there were two present a portion of the time) relieved the lady who had been placing the prices upon the black-board, and she then took a chair and was as busy talking in a low tone to a neighbor as a girl in front of a saucer of ice cream.

"Lackawanna 31," is next called, and another flurry of excitement is the result. "If that had only gone up one-half more I should be 25 better off. Well, perhaps it will go, I hope so anyway."

"Oh, Jersey has had quite a rise now, hasn't it?" was a remark which suddenly startled those present from their reverie, and was followed up by the same voice repeating in parrot-like sentences, "It—may—be—go—right—up—up—I've—a—good—mind—to—buy—"

"Northwest 81," brings forth the remark from an obscure corner of the room. "Northwest is going right up—I'm sure it is. What do you think about it, Miss Blank?" But Miss Blank

essays no reply; she is trying to call up the "male" bucket-shop on the telephone, and exhibits considerable impatience. Having received an answer she calls out, "Cancel that order on Jersey. Why, don't you know you had an order to close Jersey 54 or better? Now cancel it."

"I told you so." "I told you so," is a chorus which greets the announcement that St. Paul is 83.

It is now 3 o'clock and the ticker is silent; while many of the women are emulating the example of the ticker, still others were doing as much talking as ever.

In this room dozens of ladies gamble in stocks, unknown to their husbands, brothers, or sweethearts. Where does the money come from with which these ladies dabble in stocks is another question which may interest the husbands. And, again, how many husbands imagine for a moment that while they are attending to their business their wives are seated in a bucket-shop betting upon the rise and fall of stocks, for the bucket-shops do not sell the stocks outright, but the habitues of the resorts wager their funds on the probable rise or fall of stocks. For instance, if Jersey is quoted at 57, someone bets a certain amount that it will go a point higher, and if it does they get a large percentage for the money invested. If however, the stocks fall, their money is hopelessly lost. The same concern who run this "female bucket-shop" have other apartments on Washington street within a stone's throw of 172, where the sign on the side of the door informs the reader that their business is that of bankers and brokers. The above expressions and scenes were heard and seen by a *Herald* reporter yesterday afternoon, and anybody having sufficient curiosity can do the same by climbing up one flight of stairs at No. 172 Washington street and turning the handle of the door on the last room on the left of the entry.

At times the excitement is intense in this room, and the women cheer and laugh so that the noise can be heard all over the building, and on the other hand sobs are occasionally heard by passersby in the entry. On Wednesday last one woman who lost heavily is said to have fainted, and upon coming to had a hysterical fit, during which she screamed and laughed alternately. Oftentimes the ladies cheer some stock to the echo, and, apparently, are as wrapped up in in stock gambling as the most inveterate male attendants of the bucket-shops.

THE SPARROWS.

A Physician's Discovery Which May Turn the Birds to Good Accounts.

On the 10th of January, 1871, Mr. Nathan P. Payne, then a councilman from the Fifth ward, introduced in the Cleveland council the following resolution, which was adopted:

"That the committee on parks and public grounds are hereby authorized and directed to obtain for the city parks fifty pairs of English sparrows."

In due course of the committee carried out the mandate of the council and the sparrows have ever been with us, says *The Leader*. Their advent was hailed by press and public as a public blessing; but the day of their usefulness has gone by and people would be glad to see them move hence, for the sparrow has driven away the robin and other birds and has become a nuisance in various ways. Various devices have been tried to reduce the increasing number of the pests, but the sparrow is as defiant of man as he is pugnacious with the feathered tribes, he laughs to scorn all efforts to entrap him. It is said that the members of the park commission and the city council will put their heads together to try to devise some way to at least decimate the ranks of the army of winged invaders.

A prominent physician of this city, who practiced medicine for several years at the national capital, proposes a means to capture the billigerent sparrow and dispose of his remains to the profit of the city and the delight of the epicure. The sparrow is the last straw which even the most intense Anglomaniac has refused to carry. The doctor said:

"I would place long, shallow boxes, two or three feet wide and half an inch deep, in places where the sparrows are numerous. In the box I would flow a layer of coal-tar until it was half an inch thick. On this I would sprinkle a thin layer of sand. The next step would be to place food on the sand for the sparrows. You catch my idea? In this hot weather the tar would remain soft, the birds would alight for food and would be compelled to stay there. This idea was suggested to me by seeing a number of sparrows stuck in the hot asphaltum of Washington street one time. This city, in case my plan is adopted, can have a bird-catcher to collect the tarred and feathered sparrows, which can then be sold for food. It is not generally known, but the common English sparrow is a bird whose flesh rivals that of the celebrated Carolina red bird in delicacy of flavor. Broiled sparrows, if you can get enough of them, make a dish fit for the gods. I occasionally employ a boy to kill sparrows for me to feed some delicate patient. I don't tell my patient what she is eating, but never have I found anyone to whom sparrow, broiled but incognito, was not an appetizing dish. I give you my suggestion for what it is worth. I am looking forward to the time when Cleveland restaurants will gain a world-wide reputation by adding to their lists of delicacies the broiled English sparrow on toast."

NEW YORK'S QUARANTINE.

How the Great Gateway of Foreign Immigration is Guarded.

The residence of the health officer of the port of New York, says *The Graphic*, is delightfully situated upon the east shore of Staten island, about six miles from the great city, and looks out upon the Narrows, as they are called, something like half a mile above the two forts, Lafayette and Wadsworth, which are reputed to guard and protect the city in case of war-like invasion.

Doubtless in generous measure they might be made serviceable in the direction noted, but it would not be from the two circular water-batteries which stand out to the view of the passers-by to Coney island and Long Branch, for these are old-timers (particularly Lafayette), suited more nearly to the Revolutionary period than these later days of powerful iron-clads with their modern destructive armament. Against such these water batteries would last about as long as it would require to open fire upon them from the heavy gunboats of the period, and not much longer. In case of a national calamity of the nature of "war, insurrection, or invasion," it is understood that these time-honored water-batteries would be armored with heavy steel plating, in which case, mounted with modern rifled guns of heavy caliber, they would play no mean part in the game of defense. But these are not all there is of means of defense. Upon the shores in rear of each of these water batteries are formidable earthworks, heavily mounted and ready for respectable duty upon short notice if not reasonable terms.

These two forts have never within their history been called into active service unless to fire salutes when some distinguished prince or potentate, or mayhap the Bartholdi statue, sailed up the bay to command a nation's admiration for greatness on the half shell, for no monarch of the old world can rival or approach the true greatness of the true American citizen, and homage to titled royalty sailing to our shores is paid only out of courtesy, of which, however, there is no lack. But the reader must not be misled. In the days of the rebellion the old brown cheese-box rejoicing in the patriotic name of Lafayette did significant duty and won imperishable fame in holding distinguished prisoners of war. Mason and Slidell, of confederate fame, were made prisoners of war in the same military "bastile," and many another answered to similar roll-call.

I have remarked that the home of the health officer is delightfully situated. It is a comfortable mansion of large size nestled among ample foliage, flowers, and neat lawns, upon a plateau fifty feet above the water level and back from the shore line not to exceed ten rods. The view from the broad verandas is one of surpassing interest and loveliness. One never tires of looking out upon the waters of the bay in summer time. At every hour of the day or night vessels of all grades, from the great transatlantic steamers—monarchs of the ocean—down to coast steamers, steam-yachts, ships, brigs, barks, schooners, sloops, steamboats, and tugs, besides innumerable lesser boats propelled by sail and sculls, some moving up, some down, while others lie at anchor or drift lazily about upon the surface, according to the fancy of the occupants. Away to the northwest the spires and blocks of the great metropolis of Brooklyn and Jersey City rear their heads, while the Brooklyn bridge and the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty loom loftily up to claim generous attention. Opposite are the beautiful shores of Bay Ridge on Long island, while to the southeast one takes in the low shores of the now famous Coney island, while further on and outward on a clear day Sandy Hook stands out well defined, with three thousand miles of water stretched beyond. There is sufficient poetry in these surroundings to satisfy anybody not engaged in moonshine theories, with an unceasing throb of commercial and pleasure pulsation sufficient to balance the scales in its adjustment between fact and fancy, the real and the ideal. At evening the picture is one of even rarer loveliness. The great electric torch upon the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's island is backed by a broad band of electric lights along the battery front and the entire span of the Brooklyn bridge, like the flashing of massive and almost innumerable gems of rarest brilliancy. Opposite upon the Bay Ridge shore front are more electric lights, while from Coney island myriads of electric gems flash out their welcome to landmen and mariner, heightening almost every evening by elaborate displays of fireworks at Manhattan beach.

This is the residence of the health officer, and there are some of the compensations which come to offset the arduous labors and grave responsibilities imposed upon him during the quarantine or warm season which extends over fully six months of each year. There are duties in abundance at all seasons, but the trying period is in summer time, to stay the threatened scourges of cholera and yellow fever. Small-pox is a common caller, both in winter and summer, though thriving best in cold weather. To guard against these infectious and contagious diseases the health officer must exercise the most untiring vigilance, coupled with capacity to detect and skill to treat them when discovered. Every vessel entering the port must, therefore, be boarded, and officers, passengers, and crew carefully inspected. If from an infected port, then the cargo must be

looked after, and thorough fumigation of hold and steerage follows. The selfish interests of ship owners and agents make it often difficult to get at all the true conditions of the health of passengers and cargo. Their statements and "the clean bill of health" which they often bring from their sailing ports as credentials are not always to be depended upon. Incoming vessels are boarded at all hours of the day or night to facilitate their passage to the city. To do this relays of deputies and sailors, a steam-tug, row-boats, a policeman, clerk, shipping-news agent, and telegraph operators are required, while down the bay some four or five miles, upon two artificial islands built for that purpose, are commodious hospital buildings suited to all the wants of the present, and competently officered by physicians, nurses, and assistants. All expenses of this retinue of aids and assistants are borne by the health officer and paid out of his fees, so that the fabulous income of that officer so much heralded in these days, is whittled away until the net profits of the health officer are far from what are represented. However, this is always "a good enough Morgan until after election," or good enough for a mugwump slogan at any time of the year when they wish to oust Dr. Smith to make room for a purified one of their own sacred number.

A Child Again.

This is a fragment of the story of Jane —, her last name, fortunately, is not known—as told by the matron of one of our great city prisons:

"I was sent for, late one night, to see her. The keeper of that ward said something unusual ailed the girl. I hadn't seen her when she was brought in. She was lying on her cot, laughing softly and whispering to herself.

"What's your name?" said I, pretty sharply, for I was cross enough. That was the tenth time I'd been called up that night.

"She laughed again, and it startled me, the voice and laugh were so weak. "How funny you are, Aunt Prue!" she said. "You don't know Jenny!" and then she went on talking as before to some Polly, telling her of the lesson at school, and of some new ribbon on her hat, and that she had to finish milking before they could go out.

"Father," she said, "says he'll sell Juny, an' she's my own cow. I raised her from a calf, you know, Polly." "Then she got to talking of the baskets and berries and games, fancying she was at a school picnic. I saw she had been a country child, and thought she was at home again on the farm.

"She was a little bit of a thing, and not old, either, but her face showed what she'd been through. I called the doctor. When he was examining her she fell off into a stupor, but she roused when I tried to get her to take some medicine. She would not take it, laughing at me, but she was a gentle little body, too.

"Won't you take it for Aunt Prue, Jenny?" said I, humoring her. So then she swallowed it. "You forgot the jelly, auntie," she said, and then talking of some baby, her little sister, I think as if she was just a child again.

"I've seen men hung, and some others die of delirium tremens in the prison, but there was something more awful in this girl's death than in any of the others. She had been so vile a woman, and she'd forgot it all, and thought herself just an innocent child! "The doctor was called off. 'I can do nothing here anyhow,' he said, 'The woman was dying when she was brought in. She's badly hurt. Don't leave her.' "Of course I wasn't going to leave her.

"Perhaps you know a hymn?" I said to her, "or some verses?" I usually leave that kind of talk to the chaplain; but he wasn't there, and she was going fast, and I had to say it.

"Her eyes were shut. 'Hymn? Hymn—yes, mother,' she said, and she began to sing 'Jesus, lover of my soul!' She had a sweet voice, but it was most gone. When she came to 'Leave, oh leave me not alone!' she opened her eyes, and said, 'Sing mother. Won't you sing?' It's so long since I—Then she stared around and stopped.

"She had come to herself. She saw her clothes all mud and her bloody hands. There was a bit of looking glass on the cell wall one of the prisoners had looted, and there she saw her face all bloated and pimpled.

"She caught hold of my arm and shrieked out, 'Am I Jenny? Is this a jail?' and then, thank God! she sank back in a stupor. The keeper came in and told me she was a girl who had come up to town and fallen into bad company, and run down as low as woman could get.

"She did come to her senses again. She talked to herself and laughed a little in a childish way. She had gone back to the farm again. And just before she died I heard her say, 'Leave me not alone! Jesus, lover of my soul!'"

"I think He was near her. "She died and was buried in Potter's field. There's a lot of them goes that way. I never heard her real name. But in spite of all, I hope He was near her at the end."—*Youth's Companion*.

She Had Her Senses to the Last.

They were talking about an old lady who died at the age of 106 years.

"Was she truly as old as that?"

"Yes, indeed. And how clear her mind was. Why, only the night before she died she raised a row with her son-in-law! Her head was level, you better believe."—*Texas Siftings*.

PITH AND POINT.

The result of the election in Texas won't seriously interfere with the corkscrew trade.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Speaking about alacrity, you should observe a clerk tuck up an early-closing notice on a store door.—*Boston Globe*.

Spooning couples will have a good excuse for sitting on the porch late to watch for shooting stars.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

The bright Sunday-school boy can recite the Ten Commandments at the rate of about three notes a minute.—*Somerville Journal*.

When a married couple are seen together frequently at a watering-place it is generally believed that they are not a married couple.—*Puck*.

Some of these collapsed coffee-speculating firms in New York get mad when they are asked, "Well, Java good time?"—*Norristown Herald*.

"John," said the wife of a Kentucky editor, "your patent combination pocket-knife is all rusty—all but the corkscrew part."—*Washington Critic*.

Armour and Omaha are having trouble. It seems that the big boss butcher is having quite a time locating his colossal stink.—*St. Joseph Gazette*.

The United States senate is said to be the richest corporation in the world. No one knows the amount of its dividends, but they are said to be fabulous.—*Life*.

The first bale of cotton may be of passing interest, but the first cake of new ice is what this perspiring community is waiting for.—*Louisville Commercial*.

The mashed dude of Newport is happy if he can only bathe in the same water his love has used, and he goes in where she goes in.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Mr. Spockles captures the American eagle, not by sprinkling salt on his noble tail, but by coating that graceful appendage with sugar.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A creamery establishment in western New York advertises on its letterheads "guilt-edged butter." The penitentiaries are probably supplied with that kind.—*Buffalo Courier*.

"What does 'prominent' mean, father?" "Prominent," my son, is the title applied by the reporter to the citizen who allows himself to be interviewed."—*Buffalo Express*.

Our advices, straight from the throne of grace, run to the effect that the hot weather has passed in its checks, but that the drought is still playing a bluff game.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

In all the tobacco fires not a single cigarette manufactory has been touched. The cigarette has come to stay, and a funeral now and then is not going to frighten it.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

It looks as if the interstate commerce bill ought to be amended in ways that will render railroad travel more safe by punishing the capidity, recklessness, and negligence of railroad companies.—*Chicago Times*.

Brother Barnes says the devil is responsible for the drought. If he had charged his satanic majesty of robbing the furnaces of h— to furnish us this weather it would be a more reasonable proposition.—*Louisville Commercial*.

It takes the crimps out of a society girl's hair to see the distinguished count she has been desperately flirting with at a seaside resort snipping around the head of a Boston merchant and urging a reluctant customer to "have a sea-foam."—*Boston Globe*.

In Nevada, the Pute population has increased 2,000 since the census of 1880. It is pretty safe to say that the numerous Wild West shows, and Indian doctors will find no trouble in getting dusky followers for many years to come, in spite of all the reports to the effect that the Indian race is dying out.—*Peck's Sun*.

A Tennessee farmer whose land was under mortgage and about to be taken away from him fell on his knees in the field in prayer. When he got up he seized the plow handles with new grip, gave the old mule a vigorous lick, and before he had gone twenty feet he turned up a jug with over \$600 in gold and silver in it. No use in anybody having a bank-note protested.—*Detroit Free Press*.

He Fanned the Horse.

A writer in *The Boston Post* says: I saw an old man the other day, who, like several other persons I met, looked exceedingly warm, suddenly stop and eye a cab-horse which looked even warmer than he, and I was amused to see him walk up to the exhausted animal and begin to fan his head. I really think the horse smiled. At least his look of suffering immediately disappeared. It was a kind act for a stout old party in a sweltering seersucker to devote his only fan to a poor cabby. It was not so common a sight as to see a Harvard senior fan a lovely girl on class-day, but it is more disinterested. A feeling that I had witnessed the scene somewhere before in a comic guise made me smile as I walked away. I was puzzled for a moment to know whence the reminder came, but finally recognized that the recollections of "Titania" and the donkey-headed clown had been stirred by this modern sight. Yet I felt sorry that the old fellow's kind act was wronged by such a thought. He is one of the men who help to compensate for the wrongs done the animal kingdom on the street, and if there is a horse heaven he will surely find a welcome in its green pastures.

BILL NYE AS A DUELIST.

He Challenges a Rural Editor in a Truly Chivalrous Way.

The following copy of a letter has been handed to *The World* with a view to general publicity:

Mr. GEORGE W. TRID, Editor *Cranberry Palladium*.—Sir: My attention has just been called to a printed statement made over your own signature some time ago, in which you spoke in a light and flippant manner of my hair. The remark was carefully worded, but calculated to cast obloquy and reproach upon me in the eyes of the public. I have spoken to several friends in relation to it and they are of one opinion in the matter. They unite in saying that the term "Mexican hairless humorist" demands a challenge, to say nothing of the statement that "while on board a train which was robbed in Nebraska" I succeeded in "concealing my jewelry in my hair until the danger had passed."

For this, sir, I beg to state that my address is at No. 23 1/2 Rue de Bowery, opposite the Place du Rahway Myserie, and to ask you that you will send me your own address. I forward this by the hands of a slow messenger boy, who will bring me your answer as soon as he gets thoroughly rested. I need not add that he is my friend and will act as my second, should you refuse to retract the statements referred to. You may also settle with him for this message and your own.

I will settle with you.
I hope, sir, that you will excuse anything that may seem coarse or brutal in this challenge. For I desire only to take your life without giving you any offense, and I want to be polite like other duelists. May I ask, therefore, that at your earliest convenience you will name a quiet place, as free from malaria as possible, where we may kill each other undisturbed?

May I trouble you, also, sir, to select two as dangerous weapons as possible, and also to bring with you the surgeon who generally sews you up at such times?

The De Nyes have always been a hot-blooded race ever since they left France, and they can none of them brook an insult or bear to be trampled on.

When I first read your stinging insult in the paper I became delirious with passion, and, although I am not related to the Knickerbockers, my breath came in short pants.

The De Nyes are pleasant people to meet, but the man who infuriates one of them is liable to meander up the flume in an oblique manner. Pardon anything, sir, in this communication which may sound harsh or clash with the smooth and scholarly style of assassination peculiar to the code. I desire to meet you in mortal combat, but I want to do it in a polished way, and I desire to word this note so that it will read well in print, like other challenges.

I have consulted several friends about the prospect of our meeting in a duel at no distant day, and all of them seem to be highly gratified. It affords me great pleasure to note that I go into this thing with the hearty indorsement and goodspeed of all, without distinction. If you would prefer to wait a few weeks, till the weather is cooler, so that you can be in state longer, I will try to muzzle my wrath, but would advise you not to cross my path in the meantime.

My second will no doubt inform you that I am an expert and deadly swordsman, and will try to convince you that it will be best not to name the sword. Do not be too proud to heed his advice. It may save your life—and mine also.

I hope you will not treat this challenge lightly, sir, and try still further to heap ridicule on an old and mildewed name by suggesting soft gloves or watermelons as weapons. Let us meet as gentlemen, sir—fire and fall down, stagger to our feet, mutter a few words in a hoarse voice, gasp two times in rapid succession, put on our coats, and go home.

I feel almost certain, sir, that you will treat this note in a slighting and jaunty manner, but I beg that you will not do so. For the sake of the Tidds, who were always a plain but rather pleasant set of people, and for the sake of the De Nyes, whose only fault has been their fondness for fresh, hot blood, furnished by other parties; for the sake of all our ancestors, sir, let me beg of you to assist in making this duel a success.

If I have been brutal in the wording of this challenge, sir, or violated the code, or misspelled any words, will you please have it corrected before you send it to the printer? I ask this favor of you in all sincerity and in as courteous a manner as possible, hoping that you will grant it promptly, and that you will lose no opportunity to do all the good you can during the next few days.

I have arranged all my earthly affairs with the exception of paying my poll tax. I have turned off the gas meter and am prepared for any accident, though the police have promised to come in and arrest us at any time we may agree upon.

In closing, sir, allow me to express the hope that you will surely be at the duel, and that you will bring your dinner.

My second will offer you the choice of weapons, with an opportunity for retraction. If you enter into life and its enjoyments with real zest I would advise you to avail yourself of the opportunity to retract, for, although, sir, I would be a great deal happier with your heart's blood, the retraction will do me just as well, and you need not humiliate yourself in writing it. I do not ask you, sir, to grovel. You can

write a retraction which will not compromise you at all, and yet one that will give me much pleasure.

In the meantime, sir, I shall remain at the above address, awaiting your decision, and whatever it may be, sir, I beg to remain your most obedient antagonist and well-wisher.

WILLIAM DE NYE, Formerly duke of Sweetwater county and referee during the Modoc war. —*New York World*.

Sayings—Who First Said Them.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose mouth or pen they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe, "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to a sticking-place," (not point) "They laugh that win," "This is the short and long of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "Frailty, thy name is woman," and hosts of others.

From the same we cull, "Make assurance doubly sure," "Christmas comes but once a year," "Count their chickens ere they are hatched," and "Look before you leap."

Washington Irving gives us the "Almighty dollar." Thomas Norton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs." Charles C. Pickney, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen) appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, prepared by Gen. Henry Lee.

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us: "It's an ill wind that turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's *Hudibras*.

Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," "Through thick and thin," "No pent-up Utica contracts our powers," declared Jonathan Sewell, "When Greeks join Greeks, then comes the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells of "A good hater," and Mackintosh, in 1791, coined the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

"Varyety's the very spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear," Cowper; "Man proposes, but God disposes," Thomas a Kempis.

Christopher Marlow gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long."

Edward Cooke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moon-struck madness."

Edward Young tells us, "Death loves a shining mark," "A fool at forty is a fool indeed," but, alas! for his knowledge of human nature, when he tells us, "Man wants but little, nor that little long."

From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love." Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life." Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" is from Keats. Franklin said, "God helps those who help themselves," and Lawrence Sterne comforts us with the thought, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

A Naturalist's Experience with Wasps.

A Norwich naturalist who was out for birds a day or two ago became imbued with the Napoleonic idea that he could route a whole colony of wasps at a blow. He was not long in finding a stone and putting it through their paper nest, and the wasps were not long in finding him. The first tickled him right over the left eye, and so absorbed his attention that he could not tell where the rest struck him. His legs and arms worked like the bars of a threshing-machine, and he rolled on the earth like an ant-eater assailed by bees. When he thought he had rolled three miles he felt himself drop several feet, and then he struck a stump and stopped. For a moment he couldn't decide what to do. He couldn't tell whether it were better to lie still or get up. One eye was entirely of no use, but he cautiously uncovered the other and viewed his surroundings. He was pocketed between an offset wall and a tree, and the wasps had not been able to find his trail. He was not looking for them. He felt that home would be more congenial to him, and went at once. But he carried an eye with him that no one looked upon with envy. The inflamed eyelid protruded like a gall upon an oak leaf, and had more fire in it than a toy pistol. He hasn't had time to investigate to see what became of the wasps. He hasn't had time yet to make the eye look respectable. But he has thought a little upon the subjects of wasps, and says: "Damn a wasp! See it, but never try to go to it better! For you can't!" —*Norwich Bulletin*.

Carriers of Contagion.

Flies, aside from being pests, are actual conveyers of contagion. The fly can communicate virus from an open sore, and can carry this from one person or place to another. This may not be credited, but it has been proved by direct experiment to be not only possible, but an actual fact. The common house fly, by lighting on a diseased spot, either in an animal or a man, and thence passing to a healthy subject, has been known to impart the infection to the latter. Whether the poisonous matter be an animal virus or a germ of disease, a bacillus, does not matter; and in this connection it is well to speak of other common methods of possible disease infection. A postage stamp may in various ways convey contagion. One of the simplest and most plausible is that in which a postage stamp, partially attached to a letter to pay return postage, is sent by a person infected with some disease to another person. The disease is transferred, in the first place, to the adhesive stamp through the saliva, and in being attached to the letter by the receiver, the poison may be transmitted to him in turn through the saliva.

Another cause may be the infection of the stamp with disease germs. The stamp, having been exposed in a room where a diseased person lies, may become slightly moistened and thus retain the germ. That this is true can be proved very simply by a microscopical examination. It is even possible that an active and tangible poison, as arsenic, may accidentally or intentionally be attached.

We often see a person holding change for a moment in the mouth, probably not knowing that investigation has shown that disease germs can be carried by money. If one could see through what hands the money has passed, they would hesitate before using such a third hand. Silver money is as bad as paper money; but while many would hesitate to hold a dirty bank note in their mouth, they think that a silver piece, because bright, is apparently clean.

Cigars may convey contagion, especially syphilis. We have seen a note in which a physician gave as an excuse for not loaning a light to a friend, that he was so afraid of the contagion; but if he was afraid he should have been consistent and refused to smoke the cigar. Cigar wrappers are in the cigar factories, especially in Cuba, moistened with the lips and tongue, and the girls who roll the wrappers are by no means of the highest reputation. Disease can be carried in this way. Tobacco, contrary to the common belief, does not destroy disease germs, and smoking will not confer immunity from contagion.

Any one who uses a towel in common with the public, or a piece of soap, or brush and comb, or any requisite of the toilet, runs the risk of possible infection. The subject of antiseptics, simply another word for cleanliness, has not necessarily brought to light many new facts, but has set people to thinking of old ones. The germ theory of disease is to most people a very vague one. There is a general idea that disease is carried by germs, and that the air is filled with these, and it is a wonder to most people that every one is not so afflicted; the laity conclude that the germ theory is an absurdity and a contradiction. They do not consider the element of a fertile soil. The germ is the same as a seed, and all organic bodies are reproduced by a seed. We must plant seed in a soil suitable for it, and the surroundings—heat and moisture—must be adapted to it if it is to grow. As we descend in the scale of organic life, we find that some of the lower animals can hardly be distinguished from plants, and these are reproduced not by seed, but by a process of division or budding. A part of the animal is divided and separated, and forms a new animal.

As we descend in the scale, we find that instead of seeds we have spores, as in ferns; but these serve the purpose of seeds, and demand a fertile soil before they can grow. Of many million spores, but one or two may serve their purpose; the rest die without giving any result. As we descend still lower, we find that the fungi and moulds need not only a fertile soil, but a peculiar soil, and many of them will not grow except in or on another organic body.

In medicine, a common example is the ergot of rye. Another is corn smut. These, in addition to requiring a peculiar soil, undergo an "alteration or generation." For example, corn smut is first reproduced on the barber's leaf as "rust," and this rust in turn produces corn smut. The theory of disease germs is founded on the knowledge of the action of the lower animals and plants. The bacillus may be an animal or it may be a plant, poisonous in itself or simply a carrier of contagion. It may even be the result of disease, and have nothing to do with its cause except as a foreign body. Still as we find it present, and find it always present, we are necessarily induced to believe that it is an active agent, but in order to reproduce itself it must have a fertile soil. This it finds, as a rule, in a person whose constitution is run down from overwork, lack of rest, poor living or disease. It may be introduced into the system, directly into the blood, through an open wound, thus inducing septicemia, a state of poisoned blood, or it may be introduced indirectly into the blood through the alimentary system. In this case it must be inhaled or eaten with food. In either case it is absorbed, or perhaps actively

works itself through the mucous membrane. Once in the blood, the bacillus grows, as a rule, by division, and multiplies to an enormous extent. Disease may also be carried by a virus, which may in turn consist of bacilli or of organic putrefactive matter. The common example of this is the virus of cow-pox or of a snake, an actual poison.—*American Cultivator*.

A Realistic Adventure.

As the dusk was setting in on a beautiful autumnal day about thirty-seven years ago, a man and a boy were driving a cow along a country road in Ohio. They had come a long distance and were weary; but though the boy limped, the conversation did not flag as they trudged along.

They were evidently not farmers; both had the appearance of living a city life, but had they been observed, the things they were saying, and not their looks, would have attracted attention; for they were talking of Cervantes and Spakspere.

The cow needed much urging, and it was late at night when they reached some white-limbed sycamores beside the tail-race of a grist-mill on the Little Miami River, on the other side of which was the small log-cabin in which they lived. A question then arose as to how they should get the cow across. They did not know the depth of the water, but they knew it to be cold, and they did not care to swim it. The elder wanted the boy to run up under the sycamores to the saw-mill, cross the head-race there, and come back to receive the cow on the other side of the tail-race. But with all his literature, the boy was young enough to be superstitious, and afraid of the dark; and though the elder urged him to go, he would not force him. They could see the lights in the cabin twinkling cheerfully, and they shouted to those within, but no one heard them. They called and called in vain, and were answered only by the cold rush of the tail-race, the rustle of sycamore leaves, and the homesick lowing of the cow.

They then determined to drive her across from the shore, and then to run up to the saw-mill and down the other bank, so as to catch her as she reached it. When they came there, she was not to be found, however; she had instantly turned, again, and during the night she made her way back to the town from which they had brought her.

The log-cabin was a small one, with a corn-field of eighty acres behind it, and it was nearly a quarter of a century old. The boy who entered it after this adventure was William Dean Howells, and the man was his father, who recently brought his family from Dayton to take charge of the saw-mill and grist-mill on the river. The incident illustrates the simplicity of the early life of one who has since become the foremost American novelist.—*William H. Rideing, in St. Nicholas*.

The Wrong Word.

Yacht racing is a noble sport. At least eastern contemporaries are united as they are on no other subject, assuring us that it is. To us westerners, the nobleness of spending a lot of money for the privilege of sitting on a monkey rail and watching a hired captain handle a boat, appears less like the nobleness of sport than the nobleness of hunting something to do.

Sport is a misused word. The man who rides his own horses well and loves them is a sportsman, while he who hires a trader to buy his horses, a jockey to ride them and a gambler to buy him pools is not. He is either making a show, making money or making a fool of himself. The man who gets up on a cold October morning, calls his dog and shoots a bag full of game before 10 o'clock is a sportsman. He who goes to see Dr. Carver break a thousand glass balls and bets on the number of minutes it takes to do it is not. If a youngster braces up his muscular system and plays ball for the joy of exercise and of contending honorably with his fellows, he has a right to call it sport. If he goes out to sit in the sun in order to see a number of hired men pitch, catch and bat he may call it amusement, but not sport. If he likes the water and sails his own boat, whether it is a catboat with a bow like the head of a bull punt and a mainsail with no more shape than a dirty handkerchief or a \$50,000 yacht, he also has a right to the gentlemanlike name of sportsman. But when he simply hires men to sail his craft, he, too, may be amusing himself but he is not to be classified among sportsmen.

We shall have to invent a new word for the real thing. "Sport" has been so abused that it will never regain its respectable distinction unless the country rises in indignation and passes a law forbidding its improper use. Gambling, loading, display of money, supping at midnight with variety actresses, trotting at the heels of hippodromers, and flash gentry; all this is called "sport." Young men who buy pools on jobbed horse races and ball games and sip over their sporting look ought to know that unless they can do something and can love something in the way of manly exercise, if it is only billiards, they are pretenders.

Let us call this sailing of yachts by proxy amusement. Let a man learn a sport and practice it as every boy and man ought before he is allowed to apply a name to himself to which he has no right.—*Kansas City Times*.

EXPERIENCE OF A POLICE MATRON.

How She Quieted an Obstreperous Woman When All Others Had Failed.

Before my recent appointment to the position of police matron in a suburb of Boston, writes a lady to *The Globe*, I had heard much of what terrors some of the arrested women were, and how it would be impossible for any woman to manage them. Some had expressed their opinion that I should get whipped, and in view of my slender build others had rather contemptuously asked me what I expected to do if I should have a 200 pound woman to take care of. I replied that I should do the same as if she weighed 100 pounds.

However, in want of any previous experience with this class of women and various conflicting notions as to my fitness for the place, I waited my first case with some anxiety. At last it came in the person of a large, stout Irish woman, weighing fully 200 pounds, sufficiently drunk to be noisy and quarrelsome, and spoiling for a fight.

The officer's attention was first attracted to her by her noisy demonstrations and the crowd which she had drawn about her. When she saw him approaching she pulled her hat from her head, and waving it at him she dared him to come on. He took her by the arm and tried to quiet her and make her go home. This she stoutly refused to do, determined to fight then and there. As it was Sunday and a large crowd gathering, and her noise and abuse increasing, he attempted her arrest. She immediately threw herself upon the ground and he was obliged to call upon the citizens to help him. Another officer came along, and between them all they conveyed her to the station, she making desperate resistance at every step.

I was sent for at once, and as soon as I opened the outer door I could hear the noise. Guided by this I reached the cell, and found her glaring at the officer, who was vainly trying to still the disturbance. Stepping quietly up to her, I said: "Well, Mary, what is it?" She stopped at once and looked puzzled.

Before she had time to reply, the officer requested me to ascertain her name. Turning to her I said:

"Your name is Mary, isn't it?"

"Yes ma'am," she said, "it is; it's Mary."

"Mary what?" I asked. Having received her reply, I told the officer his services would not be needed as long as I was there. Upon his departure I told her not to be afraid, that I had come to be with her, and that no one should hurt or trouble her. Going up to her, I stroked her hair and patted her face, soothing her excitement as though she were a little child, and asked her to tell me all the story. Of course, she had done nothing, but had been arrested just as she had stepped off a horse-car and had been thrown down and dragged to the station. During her recital she was very quiet, but wept freely and bemoaned bitterly her misfortune. I sympathized with her, and as I turned to take off my outside things a look of distress came over her face.

"Oh, ma'am, you an't a-going to leave me?" she said.

"No, Mary," I answered, "if you will be quiet I'll stay with you all the time after I have taken off my bonnet."

"If you'll only stay with me, ma'am, I'll never make a bit of no se. I'll be just as quiet as you'll want me to be."

"All right, I replied; "I'll be back soon."

As I passed into the guard-room the officer remarked that it was surprising how quickly she stopped her noise when I spoke to her. I said that I would guarantee that there would be no more disturbance from her. When I returned she wanted to know if I would stay all night. Upon my assuring her that I would she looked grateful, took my hand, and allowed me to search her. Finding that she was still heated and excited, I procured cold water bathed her head very freely, and she was soon able to tell a coherent story. I left her after a while to herself, with an occasional visit, and in a few hours had the pleasure of seeing her compose herself to sleep. She roused once during the night and asked for a drink and a far, apologizing for troubling me, went to sleep, and slept quietly till morning. When the officer came in the morning, before she was taken to court, she stoutly denied having been drunk. Seeing that there was a likelihood of another disturbance, I told him I would see to it that she answered to the charge. He left her, and turning to her I said:

"Mary, you were drunk, and you must tell the judge so."

"If you say so, ma'am, I will."

And she did. I gave her wise counsel, promised to let her family know where she was, and shook hands with her. She bade me an affectionate farewell, and I left her a happier, if not a better woman. And this was my night with a "terror."

A Matter of Identification.

Gentleman—I lost my purse yesterday, and have called to see if the one you advertised is it.

Finder of Lost Purse—Here the purse of found, sur. The four tin-dollar bills in wun pocket, tew foives un four wuns in another, and a small gold chain an' thray colleur-buttons in another. jes ez oi found et, sur, an' ef yew kin prouve propouty by discroioln' the kontans, an payin' fur the advertisements, yew kin hev it, sur.—*Harpur's Razor*.

HER ANSWER.

On my right at a dinner sat Mollie,
On my left there was little May Dye,
Who is always so sparkling and jolly,
And who likes me, I fancy, quite well.

The former somehow spoke of ages;
"Now, what would you take me to be?"
I asked. She replied: "Of life's progress
I suppose you have turned twenty-three."

Miss Belle, on my left, was abstracted,
And did not our words overhear,
Nor knew she the answer expected,
As I whispered quite low in her ear:

"And what would you take me for, Mary?"
And then this small maiden perched,
From out of abstraction, quite warily,
Responded: "For better or worse,"

—Samuel Williams Cooper, in *Life*.

ANTISEPTIC SURGERY.

Improvement Over the Old Method of Treating Wounds.

A Novel Plan of Performing Operations and Applying Dressings—The Great Aim is Perfect Cleanliness—Severe Cases Treated.

Fifty years ago, on the minutes of the Pennsylvania Hospital, in this city, especial mention was made of the fact that an amputated finger had healed by "first intention," that is, without the process of suppuration and granulation, which is the usual mode by which tissues heal. At the present time it is usual, and not unusual, to have an amputated leg heal by the "first intention," as well as the wounds made in the performance of nearly all the major and minor operations of surgery. So rapid has been the progress in the improved methods of what is known as antiseptic surgery that many medical men are astonished to hear of the results that are being obtained, and the general public are not at all aware of the great advances in the surgical art. Indeed, antiseptic surgery has been in its infancy for less than a dozen years, and has only received its perfect application within a few months.

In the human body there exists a reparative power by which the separated fragments of a broken bone are united and the cut surfaces of a wound are united. The simplest mode of healing an open wound is by the "first intention" or "immediate union," for which surgeons have aimed for hundreds of years. They had observed it in rare instances, and looked upon it as a possibility, but, as previously stated, they seldom succeed in getting it, and their instances in which they did get it were deserving of special note. If union fails by the "first intention," inflammation supervenes, and healing is accomplished by a long and tedious process of suppuration and granulation, requiring several weeks, or perhaps months, for the closure of a wound of any considerable size. And this is always connected with great drain on the vital forces and danger from blood poisoning.

What is antiseptic surgery? It consists of certain precautions and appliances for the exclusion of the air, and with the air the numerous germs of disease and putrefaction which float in it, and the application of a germicide, which destroys the germs during and after the operation. The more perfectly this is done, the more likely will there be procured the primary union, or union by "first intention." Every body knows that a cut of a finger if promptly tied up and kept at rest will heal readily, but if it is neglected and allowed to get particles of dirt and the germs of disease into it, there is considerable inflammation; the member becomes painful and swollen, discharges matter, and is slow to heal. Antiseptic surgery aims at the simplicity of domestic practice—the accurate coaptation of the parts, provision being made for the free discharge of secretions from the wound, and the exclusion of the air and germs of disease. By the adoption of antiseptic measures the surgeon simply follows nature's indication. He puts the parts in the best possible condition to heal, and nature does the healing.

The methods adopted in order to secure this success are simple, and but a little more expensive, considering the first cost, but infinitely less costly than the old way of dressing, when consideration is made for the time and waste of repeated dressings, and the lessened risk of blood-poisoning and death from exhaustion from prolonged suppuration.

The most essential element in antiseptic surgery is cleanliness. The part to be operated upon or the point of injury and adjacent tissue is first thoroughly scrubbed with soap and a fine brush. It is then shaved to remove hair and dead cutaneous cells, and afterward washed with ether, to remove fat and oily matter. It is then washed with an antiseptic solution, and the operation is begun. A small stream of the solution is played upon the parts at short intervals as the operation progresses. Every opening in the tissues is washed out with this solution. The parts are brought together with catgut sutures which have been rendered aseptic, and these sutures are absorbed; consequently there is nothing to come away. Catgut being an animal tissue, is capable of absorbing

sewing up the parts and for drainage. For this purpose several strands are placed in the deeper part of the wound and drain by capillarity. After there is no further secretion these are absorbed. After the superficial opening has been closed and the edges brought into close apposition, a strip of "protective" is laid over the line of sutures. Over this is spread a fold of several thicknesses of gauze, antiseptically prepared and dusted thickly on its surface with iodoform. Over this is placed cotton, also rendered antiseptic, and the whole dressing is confined in place by roller bandages. This dressing is put on wet—all wet, and almost dripping with the antiseptic solution. The dressing is not changed unless there is some sign that all is not going well, until a proper time has elapsed and its known that the parts have been healed. Under these methods hospital gangrene and erysipelas are rarely encountered, and there is so little discharge of pus that recently it was impossible to get enough for a sample for exhibition to a class at a medical college. This method, with slight changes in the detail, is now employed at every good hospital in the country, and by every surgeon who is up to the times.

The notes of a few cases recently exhibited at the Pennsylvania Hospital, taken from a student's note-book, will serve to show what is being accomplished there by this improved method. The first case was that of a young man whose leg had been amputated above the ankle twenty-one days before. When the dressings were removed for the first time, at the expiration of the twenty-first day after the operation, there was discovered a good stump, which was perfectly healed. Under the old method of treating such a case it would have been considered good surgery to have had the stump entirely healed and the patient ready to go out inside of ten weeks. Besides, it would have required a new dressing twice a day at first, and nearly every day until the stump was healed.

Another case was that of a young man who had been admitted with a fractured skull, a piece of the latter pressing upon his brain. The skull was trephined and the broken bone removed. The wound was then dressed under the new method and not disturbed until sixteen days had elapsed, when the dressings were taken off, showing a perfect closure of the wound. Such an injury is of itself a serious affair, and the operation is no less dangerous.

A singular case was that of a man who had ruptured by a muscular effort the long-head of the biceps muscle of one of his arms. The tendon of the muscle was drawn into a mass at the bend of elbow. No recorded case similar to this is known. Knowing what could be done with antiseptic dressings, the surgeons decided upon a novel operation. They cut down upon the tendon, replaced it in a new position, attached it as well as could be done to its proper place, and closed up the incision, which extended from the shoulder to the elbow. The dressings were removed after sixteen days, and showed the wound nicely closed. To be sure he will not be allowed to use the limb for some weeks yet until the parts beneath become more firmly united. By this novel operation the man will have a useful arm; whereas, had it not been performed, the arm would have been almost absolutely useless.

Another case was that of a man whose knee had been laid open by an injury, and he had not been admitted to the hospital until twelve hours after the accident. Under any other form of treatment than the antiseptic method it is more than probable that the man would have been compelled to suffer an amputation of the injured limb. The leg was saved, and the man will be able to use it in a few weeks.—*Philadelphia North American*.

PRESERVING OYSTERS.

An Interesting Discovery Made by a French Scientist.

A discovery which will be interesting to scientists, gourmands and fish-mongers has been made by M. Verill, a French scientist, who is studying the question of how to preserve oysters after they have been taken out of the water. M. Verill found an old bottle, which had been picked up at sea, and to which several oysters were attached, hanging as a curiosity in front of a fishmonger's shop, where it had been on view for several months. On examination the oysters were proved to be all alive with the exception of those the shell of which was not quite intact. The conclusion which M. Verill draws from this fact, and from experiments of the same kind which he has made, is that if oysters with a perfect shell are placed in a receptacle through which the air can freely pass, care being taken that the empty part of the shell is turned downward and the hinge upward, it is possible to keep oysters perfectly fresh for several months.—*M. Z. Post*.

She (emphatically)—How kind of nature to bestow on the bird 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.

UNCLE SAM'S BOOKS.

Some Curiosities of a Lengthy Document Recently Issued by the Government.

The House of Representatives, on July 27, passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of balances due to and from the Government of the United States. The answer, which was very voluminous, was sent to the Public Printer, and the work of placing it in type was completed a few days ago. The fact that certain sums are charged against individuals as due the United States does not indicate that the persons so charged with indebtedness have profited by the amount involved or that they owe the money. In the great majority of cases the accounts are held up awaiting the settlement of some technical question as to the legality of the expenditure.

Among those who are carried as debtors on the treasury ledgers are: President John Adams, who owes \$12,898 on account of "household expenses;" Major-General Lafayette, who owes \$4,895, on account of an overpayment made to him; and Edmond Randolph, Secretary of State, who owes \$61,355, on account of various expenditures made before 1834. The diplomatic, and particularly the literary men, who have been sent abroad as Ministers and Consuls, seem to be more generally in debt to the Government than any other class of public servants. James Russell

Lowell owes \$99.68 in his account as Minister to Great Britain in 1855; John Lathrop Moley owes \$2,498 as Minister to Great Britain in 1871; Reverdy Johnson owes \$5,388 as Minister to Great Britain in 1869; Bayard Taylor owes \$102 as Minister to Germany in 1873; Washington Irving owes 3 cents as Minister to Spain in 1847; Alexander Everett owes \$893 as Minister to Spain in 1831; Ninian Edwards, Minister to Mexico in 1826, owes \$924; James Gadsden, Minister to Mexico in 1857, owes \$540; Andrew J. Curtin, Minister to Russia in 1872, owes \$944; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia in 1879, owes \$12,160; John Bussell Young, Minister to China in 1885, is debited with \$9,145 and is credited with \$507; Stephen A. Hurlbut, Minister to the United States of Colombia, is debited with \$13,228 in 1871 and \$7,000 in 1872; James A. Bayard, Envoy to Ghent, is debited with \$400; Adam Badeau is debited with \$10,572 as Consul-General to London in 1882 and with \$9,165 as Consul-General to Havana in 1884; William D. Howells is debited with \$24 as Consul to Venice in 1863 and credited with \$71 in his account for 1865; John S. Mosby is debited with \$2,118 as Consul to Hong Kong in 1886; Thomas J. Brady owes the Government \$3.75 as Consul to St. Thomas in 1874; Titian J. Coffee is debited with \$1,990 as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1870 and 1871; Beverly Tucker is debited with \$21,264 as Consul at Liverpool in 1862, and Simon Wolf with \$295 as Consul General at Cairo in 1882.

On the other hand the statement shows that the Government owes John Quincy Adams \$1,600, as Minister to Russia in 1818; Alphonso Tait, \$1,940, as Minister to Russia in 1884; John M. Francis, as Minister to Austria in 1885, \$3,000; Edward F. Beale, as Minister to Austria in 1877, \$1,111; John A. Bingham, as Minister to Japan in 1885, \$2,850; John Howard Payne, as Consul at Tunis in 1858, \$205.93; Bret Harte, as Consul at Glasgow in 1885, \$185.18, and Henry Bergh, as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1865, \$155.44. One of the largest debits in the list is Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, \$389,367.46, on account of bullion deposited with A. J. Quirot, treasurer of the mint in New Orleans, in 1866. Dr. George B. Loring's disputed account for \$20,808.89, as Commissioner of Agriculture, is, of course, charged up against him.—*Washington Cor. Chicago Herald*.

A LAWLESS LIFE.

The One Redeeming Virtue of a Professional Criminal.

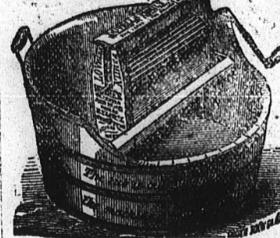
Sometimes, when I think what a lawless life mine has been, I wonder that the respectable outlaws with whom I am most intimately associated in social, religious and political circles have not elected me chief of the band. I think nothing of defying those in authority; I "sass" the President, scoff at Congress, bully the Legislature, and transgress the laws of the land daily. I drive across the bridge "faster than a walk," and openly sneer at the five dollars' fine with which the sign-board threatens me. I have walked "on the grass" in Fairmount Park; in Central Park I have "plucked a leaf, flower or shrub." I have "stood on the front platform" for many miles; I have "talked to the man at the wheel;" I have "got on and off the cars while in motion;" I have "smoked about this shaft;" I have refused to "keep moving on Brooklyn bridge; I have neglected to clear the snow from my sidewalk; I have dumped ashes into the alley at early dawn; I do not muzzle my dog, and last year he was not registered; I do not always "turn to the right" when I am driving; I do not always procure tickets before entering the cars; I have not worked out my road tax this year—why, I can't begin to tell one-half my lawless acts. No wonder that I sympathize with the Anarchists, nor that good people—people who never do wrong—regard me with suspicion. But one virtue, even though it may be considered a negative one, I insert here as a saving clause. I have never overstated the value of my property to the assessor.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle*.

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"Rough on Rats" is a complete preventive and destroyer of Hen Lice. Mix a few boxes of "Rough on Rats" to a gallon of whitewash, keep it well stirred up while applying. White-wash the whole interior of the hen-coop, inside and outside of the nests, or after hens have set a week, sprinkle the "Rough on Rats" dry powder, lightly over the eggs and nest. The cure is radical and complete.

POTATO BUGS

For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, Shrubs, Trees, 1 pound or half the contents of a \$1.00 box of "Rough on Rats" (Agricultural Size) to be thoroughly mixed with one to two barrels of plaster, or what is better air-slacked lime. Much depends upon thorough mixing, so as to completely distribute the poison. Sprinkle it on plants, trees or shrubs when damp or wet, and is quite effective when mixed with fine dusted on without moisture. While in its concentrated state it is the most active and strongest of all Bug Poisons; when mixed as above is comparatively harmless to animals or persons, in any quantity they would take. If preferred to use in liquid form, a table-spoonful of the full strength "Rough on Rats" powder, well shaken, in a keg of water and applied with a sprinkling pot, spray syringe or whisk broom, will be found very effective. Keep it well stirred up while using. Sold by all Druggists and Storekeepers. 15c, 50c & \$1. E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

A brilliant meteor was observed one night recently at Washington, Mo. It first appeared like an electric spark, illuminating the city in a startling manner. Then a blue ball of fire appeared, turned red, flared again, and became extinguished. The phenomenon occupied half a minute. Then the meteor fell, leaving behind it a red track across the sky, which faded out gradually and was visible for several minutes after the fall.

George Phillips, of Binghamton, Solano County, Cal., has just completed an organ containing four hundred pipes, the longest being sixteen feet. All the pipes are made of old newspapers rolled and fastened with a paste made of glue and alum. The wood-work was made entirely of old fence boards, posts, dry-goods boxes and the like. He was two years in building this instrument, which is said to have an excellent tone.—*San Francisco Call*.

A remarkable freak of lightning recently occurred at Plainfield, N. J. Cornelius D. Paul lives in West Fourth street. The shutters of the bay window in the dining-room of his large frame house were open, and in the center of the window stood a small stand on which rested a polished old gold Japanese tray. Upon this tray the lightning imprinted the photograph of Miss Lillian Paul, a young lady about eighteen years of age, who had just stepped to the table to remove it. The case is said to be the only one on record, and will be scientifically investigated.—*N. Y. Sun*.

A good joke was played on the fishermen of Brunswick, Ga., while they were on drill recently. Colonel Dart put them through a few evolutions, and then read to them a fictitious letter purporting to come from Washington asking him how many men he could muster to go to the Mexican frontier at once. Surprise not unmixed with condemnation superseded the jollity that had existed but a moment before. The boys, however, soon rallied, and almost to a unit declared that it would be impossible for them to "go to Mexico just yet," as both their business and inclination conspired their remaining in Brunswick. When the hoax was discovered, however, there was no little chagrin among them that they had not acted differently.—*Chicago Times*.

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

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AMUSING CONCEIT.

Now "Doctor Primus" Patronized His Former Master and Benefactor. There is nothing more amusing to people who know than the pretension and conceit of those who only think they know. A long time ago, when there were some slaves even in New England, one of the celebrities of East Windsor, Conn., was "Doctor Primus," a large, fine-looking negro. He had been the slave of a distinguished physician, Dr. Wolcott, who resided at Windsor, on the west side of the Connecticut river.

Primus was employed by his master to prepare medicines and to attend him in his visits from house to house. He proved himself to be so able and so faithful that the doctor, in gratitude for his services, gave him his freedom. The negro's attendance on his master and his experience in mixing drugs had given him a little medical knowledge, which he determined to turn to his own account. As soon as he became a free man, he moved over to the other side of the river, and, announcing himself as "Doctor Primus," laid in a small stock of drugs, and waited for patients. They came, for Primus was respected, and there was no other physician in the village. As business grew, Primus' self-esteem increased. One day, he was sent for to visit a sick child in Poquonock, on the west side of the river and beyond where his old master lived. He went, and on his return called upon Dr. Wolcott, who gave him a hearty reception, and asked what business had brought him across the river. "Oh," answered Primus, a little inflated, "I was sent for to see the child of our old neighbor at Poquonock; but I told the mother that there was nothing very serious the matter, and that she need not have sent so far for a physician; that you would have answered just as well."—*Youth's Companion*.

Book-binder—Will you have it bound in Turkey or Morocco? Purchaser—O mercy, no! What's the use of sending it away of there? Have it bound in New York.—*Two Bits*.