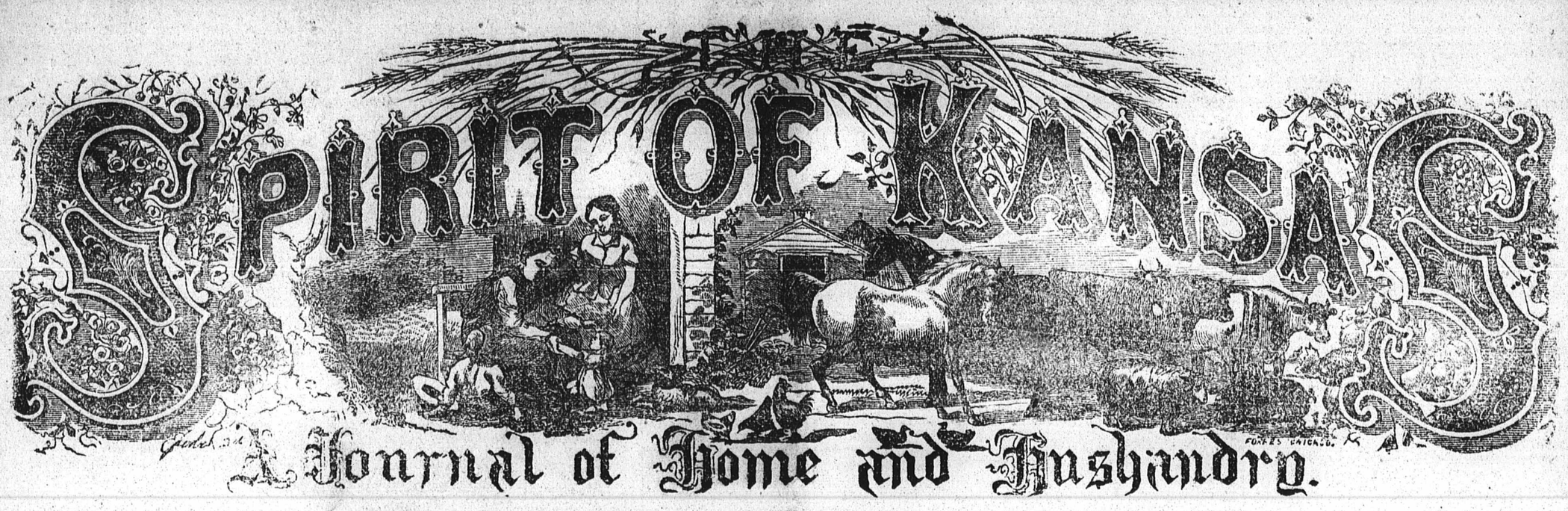
State Hist. Society



VOL. XVIII. TOPEKA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887. NO. 24.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.

Advertising $2.00 an inch per month.

Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for ransmission as second class matter.

Miss Carrie Lee, sister of Rev. J. N. Lee, who has been visiting here, left for Manhattan Tuesday.

Miss Etta Parker, of Leavenworth, who has been visiting Miss Julia Phelps, returned home this week.

The police and firemen are in high dudgeon. They were notified that they must all pay poll tax.

On Monday the quarterly payment of pensions was begun at the Topeka agency. For this purpose the government has placed to the credit of Pension Agent Glick the sum of $1,228,000.

Fred Vesper has returned looking much the better for his pleasant trip to Germany. He says the march of improvement has reached that country. In the larger cities old buildings are being torn down and replaced by costly and substantial ones

The Industrial training school is for the homeless widows and their children, and also will exchange work of all kinds as they do in eastern states. These worthy ladies are to carry on this work and take care of city girls too. Mrs. S. C. Sunedrland, Mrs. W. Armstrong, M. A. Clark, postoffice box 377.

Hon. Geo. W. Glick, pension agent, has been presented with a beautiful paper knife, made of a Colorado steel nail, and presented by Hon. P. F. Sharp of Pueblo. The knife is beautifully engraved and contains the name of Kansas' first democratic governor in large chased letters.

The clerks in the government pension office are kept busy paying pensions. This month something over $1,250,000 will be paid out at the office in this city. Governor Glick has signed his name to 37,000 checks during the last week. The list of pensioners is constantly on the increase and average from 300 to 800 per month. The increase during the month of June was 1,334

The art school of the Kansas State Art Association begins its second year September 12th. Mr. George E. Hopkins, the principal, has returned to the city after passing the summer at Manitou and Cincinnati, and will be at the school (Library hall) every afternoon of the current week from 2 to 5 to enroll pupils and furnish any desired information.

A bold attempt at robbery was reported to the police Tuesday night. Two hard-looking men entered the house of W. E. Jones, who resides east of the junction, and demanded of Mrs. Jones, who was the only member of the household present, that she deliver what money or other articles of value which she had in her possession. Upon her refusal to comply with the demand they assaulted her, knocking her down. Her screams for assistance caused the daring scoundrels to leave. The police were immediately notified, but they have so far been unable to find the perpetrators of the outrage.

The fourth annual meeting of the Kansas Equal Suffrage association will be held in Newton, Kan., Octoder. 13, 14, and 15, 1887, beginning at 2;30 on the afternoon of October 13. Delegates are urged to be present at the opening session, that the regular business may begin promptly and be swiftly despatched to make time for important discussion.

Amendments to the constitution of the E. S. A. will be considered, and the line of our future work discussed fully. Grave questions are to come up and important measures decided upon.

Rev. J. C. Miller, of Winfield is visiting his brother, S. C. Miller of the First ward

Miss Katy Buechner left this week for Manhattan, where she will at tend school this year.

A. J. Willis and bride, of Minneapolis, Kan., are visiting friends in the First ward.

The North Topeka Congregational church has extended a call to Rev. A. M. Pipes, of Russell. Mr. Pipes has not been heard from definitely, but it is believed that he will accept the call.

Marshal Wilmarth has four stations, of twenty-eight men and fourteen horses, ready at any minute for a fire. Topeka has a very efficient fire department.

The Rapid Transit company have now between twelve and thirteen miles of track laid, and expect by the first of October to have fifteen miles. The company are nnw running eight cars.

Chief Marshal Wilmarth and Assistant Fire Marshal McCarter visited the court house at the request of the county officials and examined the south walls of the building which is cracking badly in the clerk's office. They reported that a new support was needed under the arch.

An invitation was sent to General John C. Fremont, by Secretary Chet Thomas, urging him to visit Topeka during fair week as the guest of the association, or the city of Topeka. An answer has been received from the old veteran expressing his regret at not being able to accept the invitation.

The mayor has given orders that no more permits for digging in the streets shall be sssued until after the fair. The orders already issued to clear the sidewalks are being obeyed, and by the time our state fair opens we will have no occasion to be ashamed of the looks of the city. Mayor Metsker is takng a personal interest in the matter and intends to see that the city shall be in as presentable and and orderly condition as possible.

The Brush Electric Light and Power company have made a proposition to the city to light the electric light tower at the corner of Tenth and the avenue during the state fair week, provided the city will repair the tower. The cost of such repair would not exceed $25.

The Kansas River Baptist association is composed of the Baptist churches of Topeka, Lawrence, Osage City, Burlingame, Carbondale, Eskridge, Perry, Auburn Meriden, Dover, Chalk mound, Rossville, Silver Lake, and Melvern. Delegates from these churches to the number of seventy-five are now in session at the North Topeka Baptist church. The fourteenth annual meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock Tuesday, and letters from the churches were presented and read. The reports are generally hopeful; the additions of the year number 205. The officers for the coming year were elected as follows: Rev. A. H. Stote, Lawrence, moderator; Rev. L. H. Holt, Topeka, clerk and treasurer.

The First Methodist church was a brilliant palace of lights Friday night. The object of the meeting was to extend to Bishop Ninde, who has been in India during the past year attending to church duties a greeting of welcome. On entering the church the word welcome appeared just over the great pipe organ in letters of fire. Incandescent electric lights had been arranged into letters spelling the word welcome and among the letters twined green vines making an ornamentation beautiful and resplendent. The church pulpit was also ornamented with a collection of rare blooming plants and choice bouquets.

Bishop Ninde, however, did not return, having been detained on account of the fatal illness of Bishop Harris.

George Lee left last Tuesday for St. Louis, where he will attend school.

The fall term of Bethany college opened Wednesday with a very large attendance.

Miss Julia Phelps is visiting relatives and friends at Independence and Kansas City Mo.

Mrs. O. Purdy, who has been visiting in Ohio and Indiana, will come home this week.

The Topeka Starch company are putting in an electric light plant for use in their factory.

Mr. C. D. Hudson has engaged Music hall for the coming dancing season and will re-open his class commencing about October 1.

Marshal J. F. Carter has ordered the sidewalks cleared of obstructions. All barber poles, bnlletin boards, show cases dry goods boxes, etc., must go.

Several real estate deals of fair proportions have been made this week among which was the sale of a tract of suburban property for $1,000 per acre.

J. G. Slonecker, president of the Blaine and Logan club, desires the name and address of the president of every republican club in Kansas for immediate use.

The police force of the city is to be increased to thirty during fair week. As the city will be lighted, it is thought that this force will be sufficient to keep peace in the city.

Mr. Oscar Bischoff is improving his residence by an addition on the south, and painting, and fixing up generally. He is also putting down a good brick pavement.

Miss Julia Welsh, a former resident of North Topeka but for the past swo years of Stockton, Rooks county, has been visiting friends here for several weeks and will soon leave for home.

Mrs. Sly has opened a millinery store in the building formerly occupied by Mrs. Gibbon, south of the fire station. She also gives instruction in embroidering and does stamping. She has some elegant samples of work, call and see them.

The Santa Fe is selling tickets from Topeka to Chicago for $7.50. The rate may yet be reduced, and according to the decision of the inter-state commerce commission cannot be increased for a period of ten days.

Topeka has two liberally endowed colleges which accommodate about 1,000 students. The city schools employ seventy-seven teachers in seventeen buildings that cost $260,000. Shawnee county, outside of city, has ninety school districts, employing 106 teachers. There are also two well sustained commercial colleges in the city.

The jury in passing on the wreck at Lawrence on the 3rd in which James Munden, engineere, Frank Chase, fireman, and Charles W. Brown, brakeman, lost their lives, concluded their verdict as follows: In our judgment accident would not have occured had the railroad company had sufficient signs and signals displayed at such an important junction, and that it would not have occurred if such precaution had been taken, which in our judgment should have been taken long ago.

The Garfield park steamboat is now at Lawrence. The Lawrence Tribune contains the following: A neat little pleasure boat came down the river from Topeka yesterday and will remain here for some time and make regular trips above the dam. The boat is from Garfield park, Topeka, and has been managed with success for some time at that place. With our much better boating course the steamer will no doubt prove more popular as a means of amusement here.

The Water Power Company.

The Topeka Land and Water Power company was fully organized Wednesday. The charter members met and after being duly qualified elected the following officers, viz: President, Colonel William Tweedale; vice president and manager, Hon. S. K. Cross; secretary, Colonel J. C. Douglas; treasurer, Hon. H. E. Corwin. The purpose of this company is to develop the water power of the Kansas river, damming it some twelve to fifteen miles above this city and bringing the water near here by a canal. Over thirty feet head can thus be obtained. This would give power for manufacturing here at less than half the present cost, a fact which should at once arrest the attention and command the hearty support of every citizen of Topeka, for every citizen desires to see Topeka's rapid and steady prosperity continue, and a fine factor therefor would be the establishing of a cheap power for manufacturies. Every farmer within the radius of the markets of Topeka has a pocketpook interest in the enterprise, for the upbuilding of Topeka is furnishing him with a larger market at better prices for all his produce. City and country having a common interest in this enterprise, they should hastily unite and help push it to a speedy completion.

Mrs. J. A. Campbell is visiting friends in Chase county.

Col. J. A. Clark and wife of Danville Ills. are visiting their daughter Mrs. Ed. Austin.

N. F. Conkle who has been sick is able to get about.

Mr. Barret of the Drug Store, says they sell fifteen dollars worth of car tickets every two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kimball, the parents of the Editor of this paper, after visiting here for more than a week left for Danville Ills. Friday afternoon.

Mr. Stanfield showed us some fine peaches grown near town by Mr. Smith. They compare favorably with the fruit shipped here from abroad as they ripen on the trees and are therefore finer flavored.

There are four daily and nineteen weekly newspapers published in Topeka; also one qnarterly and four monthly publications—a total of 28 papers.

Miss Edith Goodspeed, recently elected principal of the Clay street school, has resigned on account of poor health, and Miss Mary A. Wood has been elected to fill the vacancy.

The state library in the capitol building in 1886 contained 23,975 volumes. The free city library, in a building that cost $40,000, contains 8,000 volumes; Washburn College library has 5,000 volumes. These with several smaller libraries afford to the residents of Topeka free access to at least 40,000 volumes of literature.

Every day or two the daily papers report some case of injury to some one from throwing stones. If the City Council were to pass an ordinance prohibiting such a pastime it might do some good. Boys either thoughtlessly or maliciously throw and endanger life, and should be taught better bytheir own parents or the City Teachers.

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

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

Thursday night M. Thompson was hired by some colored men to take them to the farm house of a colored man named DeMoss, who lives about three miles northeast of the city. It appears that a dance was in progress and that a number of young colored boys who had not been invited went out and forced themselves upon the company. Their presence was the cause of unpleasantness, and the party broke up at an earlier hour than was intended. Some loud talk was indulged in as some of the people were leaving and Charlie Bert, who had gone to his buggy to start for home, went back to see what the trouble was. As he approached a man standing near the door he was warned not to advance or he would be shot. Bert opened his coat and thld the man to shoot, and adding, "You are afraid to shoot."

At this the man, whose name could not be learned, raised a 44-calibre revolver which he held in his hand, and shot. The ball grazed Bert's cheek and struck Thompson. Thompson had got onto the seat and was waiting for some of his passengers before starting. At the time the shooting occurred he had started to get down and was stooping slightly forward. He walked up to the colored man who did the shooting and asked why he had shot him.

The colored man repliedt hat he did not intend to hit him. The police say that the man who did the shooting is a hard character who lately arrived here, and that he might have been arrested yesterday while around town if a warrant had been issued for him, but the friends of the wounded man do not seem inclined to push the matter.

Thompson was taken to his home in North Topeka, and Drs. Mitchell, Phillips and Clay were called in. An effort was made yesterday to locate the ball, but without success.

At a late hour yesterday afternoon the condition of the wounded man was considered critical.

At 12 o'clock, midnight, Mr. Thompson was resting much easier than he had been during the day, and it was thought by his physicians that his chances for recovery were very good.

An effort was made during the evening to arrest the man who did the shooting. The officers had him corraled at one time but he managed in some way to learn that he was pursued and made his escape.

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

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

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

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

HOW TO WRITE A LOVE STORY.

Now bring me a maid that is plump and dark,
And bring me a maid that is tall and fair;
One must be gay as a meadow lark,
One with a grave and queenly air,
And a sort of a high-toned stately stare;
A man, old, rich, and a perfect fright;
A man that is young and debonair;
And lo! the story that I will write.

Bring me a summery, moonlit park.
Bring me a house in a handsome square;
One in the country, a kind of ark
Of refuge for lovers; some had despair,
Duty, temptation and grief and care,
To take the edge off love's delight;
A few odd people from here and there,
And lo! the story that I will write.

Bring me a trip in the treacherous bark,
A wreck in the midseas anywhere;
Bring me a duel—heaven save the mark!
A reunited and happy pair.
A gown from Worth's for the bride to wear,
And bring me a fate as dark as night,
For all of the bold, bad ones to share;
And lo! the story that I will write.

ENVOY.

Bring ink and pen to my easy chair,
Of paper a ream all fair and white,
A publisher all ready to do and dare,
And lo! the story that I will write.

—*Carlotta Perry.*

Graziella the Model.

One day last summer as Bartholdi and I were going to the studio of a rather eccentric friend of ours, known to the art world as Frederick Holt, I was suddenly startled by these words from my companion:

"Where on earth, old fellow, do you rake up subjects for your little stories?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "do you find my little stories so trivial?"

I confess I was just a trifle nettled by the tone of the question, which was not complimentary, but, on the contrary, seemed to imply a slight feeling of scorn for my brain labors, past, present and future. I was hurt; but having no extraordinary opinion of my friend's literary judgment, I stifled my anger and replied in a calm unruffled voice,—

"To day, my good friend, you may perhaps see the kind of place wherein I not unfrequently find subjects for my 'little stories,' as you are pleased to call them. At the same time," I continued, with that calm irony for which I am noted, "you must keep your eyes open; for there are certain people who are unable to see beyond their own noses, and who value literary work by its bulk, rather than by its quality. Atter of roses, my friend, is offensive to the coarse senses of certain people, and I have no doubt there are men living in this world who would ask in their ignorance where Shakespeare picked up the materials for his little story of Hamlet."

As I concluded my bitterly sarcastic speech we found ourselves in a sort of courtyard built in the Italian style of no particular era, at the end of which was a door cut in the wall of an old house. Guarding this door were two lions in an attitude suggesting that they intended to hurl themselves against the bars of their cage. Their eyes were flashing, their mouths open, and their tongues protruding; but as these terrible beasts were only in the form of a rough design sketched on the wall, we boldly approached the door and passed it with no further mishap than a slight soiling of our coats with whitewash and crumbling plaster.

For several days past Frederick Holt had been almost a fixture in his studio, working with tremendous energy on a picture in which he intended to display all his technique and at the same time reveal his knowledge of drawing and of color. His great desire was at the same time to arouse the interest of a particular patron well known to the community of artists; but on account of some circumstances only known to himself, Frederick was compelled to put the finishing touches to his already over elaborated picture, with the sickening conviction that, after all, it must go to the general academy exhibition, and there be subjected to the cold and unsympathetic criticisms of a hard-hearted public.

Our friend had studied for many years in Europe, and not only had a great reputation, but had also produced a few good pictures,—which is a paradox I do not care to explain. As soon as it was known that an interesting subject was under treatment on his easel, friends and the public generally were attracted to his studio.

According to his custom, the artist had chosen an historical subject; and fondly believing that his talents would be judged from the size of his picture, he had filled an immense canvas with a representation called "Nero's Dream." This represented a bare-legged man, confined in the Laocoon folds of a streaming toga, standing on the ruins of a Partheonic building and wildly shivering at the sight of a multitude of phantoms that were scantily dressed in sheets and ornamented with clanking iron chains.

We found our friend moving nervously about among his visitors, constantly approaching his picture to turn it a little to the right or left, arranging the curtains to obtain the best possible light, and at the same time watching the faces of his guests as if he hoped to read the secrets of their very souls.

"Superb, grand, gigantic, massive, bold, delicate, fine, delightful, Michael-angelesque," were the adjectives freely bandied about.

"Do you not find relief in the picture, a general mastery of color, and good perspective?" Frederick modestly inquired, while he enjoyed to the full the praises of his indulgent brother artist.

"Magnificent! perfect!" they exclaimed; and they turned their backs to the picture to enjoy the more refreshing sight of a keg of beer that was in the corner of the studio, and served to modify the customary acidity of the critical throat and voice.

In the din of voices no one in the room seemed to hear several discreet taps on the door; as there was no response to them, the potiere that screened the entrance was quietly raised, and the figure of a young girl appeared.

"Ah! that's Graziella!" exclaimed several of the men.

"Come in!" said Frederick, advancing towards her and holding out his hand.

"I fear I shall disturb you," she said, with a foreign but agreeable accent. "Excuse me; I will come back another day."

Frederick, who would willingly have detained the girl, saw her flit from the room with the grace and shyness of a chamois.

"There goes an exception to her sex in general and her nation in particular," said the artist with a half sigh.

"Ah, how charitable! how gallant! how interesting!" exclaimed one of the young men present. "But I should like to teach your exception good manners," he added, rushing to the window and making pantomimic signs to the retreating Graziella, who turned her back on him, evidently vexed for having indulged in a retrospective glance.

The unabashed young fellow approached the artist, and digging him in the ribs, said,—

"You are a lucky dog, Holt! We understand, you know. Artist and model! Lake of Como and Ovid!"

The turn the conversation had taken caused some anger in the breast of the painter of "Nero's Dream;" and drawing himself up, he explained with indignant warmth that the girl was no ordinary frequenter of studios, and that having nothing in common with those of the profession she was the impersonation of modesty and virtue.

"I would answer for her as for my sister," he exclaimed, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

"See here, Frederick, don't fly off at a tangent. She is pretty, confoundedly pretty. How long have you known her?"

"Only for a few months. She is reserved and good, and worthy the honest love of any man."

"Go it, Fred, my boy! I say, though, if you keep on you will end by speaking blank verse. By the way, though, what a splendid title and subject for a picture: 'The Organ-Grinder's Child; or, the Artist's Infatuation.'"

"Laugh on, my critic! and yet I still dare to affirm that the girl is honest and good."

In fact Graziella merited all that the artist could say in her defence. At the age of 15 she had left her native country, the superb coast of Sorrento, to emigrate with a band of Neapolitans, and a few weeks later had disembarked with a miscellaneous assortment of good and evil at Castle Garden, New York.

Having neither father nor mother, Graziella had brought with her no other souvenir than the memory of her native village and her young lazzarone lover, who passed his days sleeping under the vines by the sea, often having no other breakfast than the warm rays of sunlight that penetrate every nook and corner of that favored land.

Upon the arrival of Graziella and her Neapolitan friends in New York the band became scattered, though a large number settled in the neighborhood of Marion and Crosby streets, while Graziella found a home for herself with an old country-woman of hers in a dreary house devoid of sunshine and all other comforts, except that of the protection and goodwill of the old woman.

The girl's only pleasure was to sally forth at daybreak, and after a long walk to wander about Castle Garden, which became her habitual promenade; so that one might have supposed that the bright little figure bloomed there like the other flowers.

After the fashion of many of her country women she retained the national costume, which consisted of a green pittycoat short enough to reveal tidy shoes and stockings, a dark velvet bodice, the never-failing striped apron, and the white head covering that set off to advantage the glossiness of the thick black hair. The cleanliness of her apparel amounted almost to daintiness.

As an exception to her race, her complexion was pink and white, in strong contrast to the usual dark-olive hue of the ordinary Neapolitan. Her complexion was not only fine, but her features were of the utmost regularity, Coral lips, tiny mouth, and large, tender eyes, shaded by long lashes, arrested the attention of passersby; and not unfrequently poor Graziella was frightened by the undisguised admiration of the unknown who congregated at the Battery on Sunday afternoons.

If by chance she was accosted by some unknown person, she quietly betook herself to another part of the park, to dream in peace in the beautiful October sunlight of New York.

These hours of dolce far niente became less and less frequent, however; for Graziella, likes her compatriots, was obliged to earn her daily bread, bread, which she had also to share with the old woman to whom she owed shelter.

To provide for her wants this girl had two resources; namely to pose as a model for artists during the morning, and in the afternoon to turn the handle of a small organ in the most frequented streets.

She had been initiated into the profession of model by Frederick Holt, who had seen her one day turning the handorgan opposite the window of Martinelli's restaurant, where he was dining. Her natural beauty and simple grace at once attracted his trained eye, that was ever on the alert for the picturesque and the beautiful. Soon the girl became a favorite in the studios, where by posing three or four hours daily she was eventually enabled to hire a more cheerful room for herself and the old woman, whom she would not abandon in the days of her comparative prosperity.

Notwithstanding her seeming contentment, a sigh would sometimes escape from the little Graziella's lips—the mute expression of a longing desire to see her lover, Salvatore, who was so far away.

Her only amusement evenings was to count up the little earnings of the day, over and above the modest needs of the small household. An old woollen stocking was the receptacle for these coins, and a dilapidated chest the safety deposit vault of the stocking.

"And when shall I have five hundred dollars, I wonder?" Graziella would repeat to herself with weary, yearning iteration.

Five hundred dollars!

That was the sum the young girl had fixed on to carry her back to Sorrento. It was to be the dowry she had set her heart on—her marriage-basket the day she would become the legitimate wife of worthy Salvatore, who in the meantime was patiently idling away his time and awaiting his bride, sleeping under the orange-trees like a dormouse.

Alas! it would take a long time yet to collect five hundred dollars; many pictures must be posed for before the magic sum would be complete.

Frederick Holt felt a tender sentiment for his little model,—a sentiment whose full meaning he perhaps did not interpret even to himself. He felt happy when she was in his studio, and loved to hear the sound of her pleasant little voice and note the expression of her bright, dazzling eyes. She was only a model; yet he had never dreamed of paining her little heart with an evil action. The idea of marriage with her was ridiculous; and yet how dark his studio seemed to grow when she left it! what sunshine she brought with her, and what a lonely life was his!

The day following that of the reception at the studio Graziella reappeared according to her promise. The door being open, she entered without knocking, to find herself quite alone in the room which the artist had just left.

On entering soon after, he heard a little cry of joy, and saw his model standing before a bright oil sketch hung against the wall in a corner usually concealed by a heavy tapestry curtain; and, amid a quantity of studio rubbish and sketches brought from Italy, was the painting that had attracted Graziella's attention. She clapped her hands with pleasure, while her breath came more and more quickly, and her great eyes dilated as though receiving a reflection from the vivifying Italian sun.

The whole attitude of the girl was that of ecstasy. "Oh, it is that! It is that!" she murmured. "The laurel-trees, the wild chestnut behind the hill, where the boys play mora; and, blessed Maria! the very houses are there, even the one where I was born! How beautiful it is! how happy it makes me to see my country again! Ah, if I could only remain here looking at it forever!"

The girl had fallen on her knees as before a Modonna, repeating to herself,—

"How lovely it is! It seems as though I must be back in Sorrento, and Salvatore must be coming to meet me! I was cold a little while ago; now I am warm. I feel the sun upon the canvas, which sparkles in the tree tops and on the sea. It is beautiful, so beautiful!"

Graziella was so absorbed in the contemplation of the picture and the memories it called forth that she did not notice the entrance of Frederick, who gently approached her, and after listening with thoughtful face to her monologue, touched her cheek lightly with a trembling finger and said:

"Are you praying, little one?"

"Oh, no, signor; I was thinking that these sketches must be worth something,—at least this one of my own country."

"I had forgotten them, little one," he answered.

"This one of Sorrento, signor, is beautiful; how well I know it! It needs only Salvatore in it to make it perfect."

"Salvatore," he repeated, gazing down thoughtfully at the flushed, excited face of the girl.

"My intended husband, signor; he lives at the place you have so beautifully painted."

"And are you so anxious to see him again, little one?"

The girl did not answer in words, but tears welled up to her eyes, and her lips trembled. The man turned aside and walked to the dusty window, and in a moment the girl was by his side.

"Your soul speaks in that picture, signor. It is lovely—better, far better, than that," she added, pointing to the famous "Nero's Dream."

"You shall see Salvatore, little one," said the artist, gazing sadly at the girl; "but leave me now, for I have no need of you this morning."

There was yet a day to spare before the expiration of the time in which his pictures were to be sent to the exhibition.

When Graziella left the room, "Nero's Dream" was turned to the wall and was never finished. Two weeks later Frederick had the satisfaction of seeing his "Sorrento" admirably hung at the academy, where it was enthusiastically praised, and, what is better, was sold at an extravagant and unlooked-for price to an enthusiastic millionaire.

One day, when Graziella was again posing for our friend, and looking more pensive than usual, Frederick suddenly surprised her by asking how much money was yet lacking to make up the sum of the coverted five hundred dollars.

"Alas! signor, three hundred dollars," was the mournful reply. "I shall not see Salvatore for many a year."

"And are you so anxious to see him little one?"

"My heart would break, signor, without that hope. He is my life, my soul!"

The artist sighed, and stared gloomingly at the young girl.

"Are you angry with me, signor?" she asked timidly.

"Angry, little one? No! See my child, here are three hundred dollars. Take them; they are honestly yours, for without you they would never have been earned. Through you I sold my Italian sketch, and I give you this to take you back to Italy and to Salvatore! One kiss, my child, as a memory, and then good-by to you forever."

And this is the reason that, ten days later, the little model bid farewell to New York, to return to her native land and to Salvatore, whom perhaps she has been able to keep awake by relating to him her wonderful experiences in the great city beyond the sea.—*Misfits and Remnants.*

The Bravest Battle.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not:
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men;

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part,—
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh, these battles! they last so long,—
From babyhood to the grave.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

MARRYING THE SAME MAN TWICE.

Della Coe's Romance That Began at a Tammany Excursion Fifteen Years Ago.

About fifteen years ago, on board a dancing barge, when a big Tammany excursion was holding high carnival, Morris Curran had drank more fire-water than was good for him. He got to fooling with some young girls from one of the upper wards of New York.

"I want a nice little wife," said he; which one of you will have me?"

A mischievous little miss, whose father was on board anchored at the bar, spoke up that she wanted to take out her freedom papers, and knew of no better way to escape her parents than to get a husband.

"No time like the present," said Curran. "Here's a man who will marry us," and he called to a fellow who was passing. After a little more badinage the Tammany man bade the proposing partners to take hold of hands. He went over a form and pronounced them man and wife. Just then the girl's father came up, and there was a discovery. Curran and little Delia were married, sure enough, for it was Justice Ledwith, from Jefferson market, who had performed the ceremony. A scrimmage ensued in which broken heads and torn clothes were conspicuous. The father hurried home with his child, and early next morning sought the office of Charley Spencer, the criminal lawyer. A divorce was obtained, and ten years ago the girl was married to another man.

But the passage of time brought many changes. Delia, the bride of the barge, lost the husband she had married in 1877, and in 1887 a widow with two little children and a sick father found the world by no means a Tammany picnic. She worked away with a stout heart, however, and kept a tidy home for her helpless family at the top of a new flat house on the east side. One day she got to thinking how nice it would be if she could get the care of such a house. A thousand little janitorial duties the old father could perform and she would hire a stout servant for the hard work. She wrote to the agent of the house, stated her circumstance and wishes, and signed her whole name, Delia Coe Driscoll. Next day a portly old fellow, with a Santa Claus expression of face and figure, climbed to her sky parlor. The pretty little widow colored with expectation as he told her that he was the owner of the building.

"You are a widow, Mrs. Driscoll?" he said.

"I lost my husband years ago."

"Was he your first husband?"

"Why, yes—certainly—that is——" the little widow stopped as the recollection of her child-life trouble came across her.

"You may have heard—it was in the papers at the time, and a great sorrow to us all. I was married for fun, not knowing I was being married, when I was only 16, to a Mr. Curran,"

"I'm that Mr. Curran," said the gentleman, and the widow nearly fainted.

The courtship was short, and now Mr. and Mrs. Curran are spending their honeymoon at the Branch.—*Utica Observer.*

PITH AND POINT.

Toothpick timber is being badly adulterated.—*Alta California.*

Eternal vigilance is the price of a safe railroad line.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The complaint at Bar Harbor is that it is easier to find the harbor than the bar.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Some of the best blood in the land now runs through the mosquito's veins.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Machinery will do almost anything; and what machinery can't do a woman can with a hairpin.—*New Haven News.*

The man who will not listen to reason soon becomes a crank; but trying to turn him is a waste of time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It is the little things of this life that bother us. One yellow-jacket at a camp-meeting will ruin a whole sermon.—*Baltimore American.*

Several ballet girls intend suing a Chicago paper for libelous comments on their costumes. It is to be hoped they will secure redress.—*Life.*

The editor who saw a lady making for the only seat in the car found himself "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."—*Jewelry News.*

They are trying to stir up another disturbance in the Canadian northwest, but it is not likely to be a Riel rebellion, only a half-way sort of row.—*St. Paul Globe.*

It does not follow that a town is ruined, in a business way, because a gambler can not make a living in it, working at his trade.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Male attire for women is said to be the coming fad in Paris. A number of American women have been wearing the trousers at home for years.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A hackman recently went into the surf at Long Branch and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam out.—*Puck.*

The syndicate to corner the whisky market has failed of its object, owing to the opposition of the distillers. Even a worm of the still will turn when trod upon.—*Philadelphia Press.*

There will be no boodling in the present Cook county board. The convicted boodlers would no doubt rather go to Joliet than stay in a board where they couldn't boodle.—*Chicago Times.*

An Indiana farmer outwitted three confidence men because he had read of their little game in the newspapers. The state fair is near at hand; now is the time to subscribe.—*St. Paul Globe.*

The crop of hops will be smaller than usual this season. Now we come to think about it, there was an extraordinary demand for frogs' legs this year. (Vintage of '63.)—*Buffalo Express.*

Why does not Colorado take off its coat and lick thunder out of Colorow and his crowd? Give Senator Tom Bowen a chance at them. He will talk them to death in twenty-four hours.—*Omaha Bee.*

A man who can stand on his head or play a fiddle with his toes can have a piece written for him and go on the road as a star, but the base ball player comes to a dead halt in the winter.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Every paper is remarking that "Jay Gould is a grandfather." But this was quite in the natural order of things. It would be something really remarkable, now, were Jay Gould a grandmother.—*Chicago Times.*

It is strange that in the age which has produced an Edison no effective means has been devised to prevent what is one of the gravest and most universal among the minor tortures of life.—the mosquito.—*New York Herald.*

The subscriber to a newspaper who imagines it is published for the purpose of booming some chap for office, or to pull political, religious, or any other kind of chestnuts from the fire, is away off. Times have changed.—*Cedar Rapids Gazette.*

Miss Josie Barnard, a Lowell heiress, was married to her grandmother's coachman a year or two ago. She now finds herself reduced to destitution, and has just returned to Lowell from Providence on a ticket furnished by the overseers of the poor. Young ladies with a weakness for coachmen should paste this item in their hats.—*Chicago Times.*

Mr. Montgomery's Cold.

"Fergy, my love, please sing me a stanza of that old song you used to sing before we were married," said Mrs. Montgomery last night as Mr. Montgomery sat over the grate fire in the parlor and nursed the cold in his head.

"Zing! with thiz gold id by 'ead!" answered Ferguson with wonder. "Ib a ganary bird to zing, now, I ab."

"Oh, but please, Fergy, darling, just for me."

"Is the woban grazy? Well 'ere goes. 'Cub wid be where the boon is beebing; cub! oh, cub! oh, cub wid be——"

"Go, blow your dose, you fool, you," laughed Mrs. Montgomery, mockingly. "That's a joke I wanted to get on you, and you bit so nice."

Joag, iz id!" howled Mr. Montgomery, as loud as the cold in his head would let him. "You'd joag wid a corbse on hiz death bed. I'll go to zome zaloon an' gid zome piddy. There's no piddy at home for my zicknez."

And Mr. Montgomery buttoned himself up in his winter overcoat and went out into the chilly night.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

RATTLESNAKE FORTY.

A Visit to an Illinois Snake Farm—The Cultivation of Reptiles for the Market.

"Rattlesnake Forty" is the pleasant title of a little farm near Galton, Ill., which enjoys the unique distinction of being the only hot-bed for the cultivation of this charming reptile in the United States, if not in the world, and there are doubtless many who are glad that this is true, so strong is still that prejudice against the serpent, which has been one of the strongest characteristics of mankind since the days of Adam. But a use has been found for the deadly rattlesnake, and consequently a demand has sprung up for his ugly carcass, and Col. Dan Stover, the proprietor of "Rattlesnake Forty" has for the past two years received a handsome income from the queer products of his farm. That rattlesnake oil is remarkably efficacious as a cure for rheumatism and kindred diseases has long been believed by the negroes of the south, and many of them can tell wonderful stories of its power as a remedial agent. But this has always been considered a superstition growing out of negroes' well-known reverence for reptiles of any kind. But whether there be any ground for this belief in the curative properties of snake oil or not, it is nevertheless a fact that a Philadelphia firm is using large quantities of the article in the preparation of a patent medicine, and to this firm Col. Stover disposes of most of his snakes.

The farm is a tract of forty acres of virgin prairie on which the grass grows in luxuriant profusion. It is surrounded by a rail fence—not to keep the snakes from going out, for they are too well cared for to have any desire to leave their comfortable quarters,—but to keep anyone from unwittingly trespassing on such dangerous ground. In one corner of the farm is Col. Stover's residence, where I found this enterprising snake cultivator one day a few weeks ago surrounded by his wife and children, who fearlessly assist him in his work. Mrs. Stover was preparing dinner when I entered, and the colonel kindly asked me to take a walk over the "forty" while we were waiting for the grub to get ready. I somewhat reluctantly accepted the invitation, and calling in his junior partner, Col. Bill Dunn, and providing me with a pair of heavy, high-topped boots and a stout stick we started. The sun was bright and warm and we found the snakes enjoying it. They were clustered around the mounds which dot the entire track and which form their homes. The rattlesnakes were not alone, for blue racers and bull snakes kept them company, but the rattlers were in the majority and I confess that I trembled with fear as we rambled around among these reptiles whose bite meant death. But they paid no attention to us except to follow our movements with their ready eyes. There must have been several thousand rattlesnakes sunning on the various mounds, some of them at least five feet in length. To show how easy it was to kill a snake, Col. Dunn, who is a big, strapping young fellow, picked up a large blue racer by the tail, twirling it around his head a few times, popped it like a whip, severing the head from the body and sending it spinning through the air. Col. Dunn is an apprentice in the business of snake culture, although he is now almost as learned in the business as his senior. But he has had several narrow escapes from the rattlesnake's deadly fangs.

Returning to the house we sat down to an excellent meal, at the conclusion of which my host showed me his collection of rattles. On one string, representing his last year's crop, he had 768 sets of rattles, two or three of the sets having as many as twenty-five rattles and a button each. Col. Stover informed me that it was not true that the number of rattles was an indication of the rattlesnake's age, for he has known them to grow two rattles in one year, and often they were knocked off. Having displayed all his curiosities, my host gave me a chair on the back porch and, finding another for himself, lit his pipe and proceeded to give me some points on "snake raisin'." I was an interested but trembling listener, for while he talked a half dozen big rattlesnakes moved lazily around on the floor, occasionally coming uncomfortably close to my chair, and they looked ten times as dangerous when in motion as when coiled stupidly on the top of a mound. But I was reassured when I saw the children playing with these terrible pets, and was informed that their fangs had all been drawn, although even then I could not repress a shudder every time one of the slimy reptiles approached me. Col. Stover, however, paid no attention to their movements, but talked and puffed away with perfect unconcern. This singular genius, who is as remarkable as the queer industry which he follows, has a rather scholarly appearance, although his conversation gives no evidence of collegiate training. He wears a long beard and spectacle and carries a heavy stick, which he uses both as a cane and as a means of protection when his products become too savage, but he rarely uses it in the latter capacity.

"Snake-raisin'," he said, in answer to my questions, "is not as risky a business as some folks might think for. They're not unpleasant creatures when you once get acquinted with 'em, an' I've found that they've a good deal more sense than is commonly believed. They 'pear to be grateful when you treat 'em good, an' mine know me just as well as my own children do an' they hardly ever try to bite me. Somehow or anuther I allus liked to fool with snakes. When I was nuthin' but a slip of a boy I used to catch these little red an' black groun' snakes an' take 'em home, an' mother 'u'd kill 'm an' give me a lickin'. But I'd keep on huntin' 'em just the same, an' many's the time I've got bit, but it never 'peared to hurt me. I steered clear of the bitin' end of the rattlers howsumever. But although I've handled snakes nearly all my life an' have allus had a sort o' hankerin' arter 'em. I didn't commence to make a business o' raisin' 'em until a few years ago, when I found that I could make a pretty fair livin' out o' it—beat regular farmin' anyhow. I've got a contract now to furnish a Philadelphy consarn with 250 rattlesnakes every season, they givin' me $2.25 apiece for 'em. It don't cost nothin' to raise 'em, so you see I clears over $500 a year out o' that contract, besides orders I fills for other parties. This Philadelphy firm wants 'em for their ile, which is the best cure for rheumatism in the world; I knows, 'cause I've tried it. The older the snakes get the better and stronger the ile is, so them what I ship have to be at least six years old an' four feet long. How do I raise 'em? Wall, they mostly raise themselves. You saw all those little mounds? Thats where they live in winter an' breed in summer. There's thirty-seven of these mounds on the 'forty, an' in each one they'll have about a dozen nests, an' at least ten eggs in each nest. You see, my crop multiplies purty fast. The eggs are about the size of partriege's but they're white and soft. The old uns don't pay much attention to 'em until they hatch, an' then they hustles around an' catches flies and bugs for 'em. Sometimes we have to bring some of the nests up to the house an' hatch 'em under the cook-stove, an' then the children has to do the fly-catching. But they 'pears to like to take care of the varmints. The little rattlers are mighty quick gettin' aroun', an' five minutes after they hatch they'll show as much spunk as the old uns. They never get far away from their mammy, though,—when they have one,—an' I tell you she takes mighty good care of 'em. I've hearn that yarn about 'em runnin' into the old un's mouth, but I never saw 'em do it. Snakes is mighty good to have aroun' the house for one thing. They keeps the mice an' rats an' bugs all killed off, an' I an't bothered with bad boys. Our neighbors don't come to see us very often, either, an' my wife don't like that part of it much for she likes to have company, but there's money in the raisin' of 'em, so we don't mind that so very much. The business is increasin' every year, an' I'm athinkin' it'll be about as profitable as Kansas real-estate speckerlation before long."

At this point I was obliged to leave my entertaining host and his snakes in order to catch the train, and as I bade him and his wife good-by, I received a cordial invitation to come again about harvest time.

Why He Smiled.

A friend of mine just in from Des Moines, Ia., tells a unique story of the relations between a prominent business man of that city and one of his employes. The clerk, who is a hearty young fellow, in private life is independent and self-assertive enough, but during business hours he endures with the utmost meekness a continuous combing down at the hands of his employer. It is wrangle, wangle, wrangle, all day long, no matter how little the young man does to deserve it, and he was an object of commiseration to all his friends until the other day, when he lifted the veil for the benefit of an inquisitive friend.

It appeared that on the very day he went to work, and a rate of pay had been agreed on between himself and his employer, the latter had come to him and squarely confessed that his liver was out of order; that he had never been able to keep a clerk more than three months by reason of his own ill-temper, and—how much would the young man take in addition to his regular salary to agree to remain submissively under the harshest of treatment? The new clerk thought it over, and then named what he considered a fair figure; to this the employer added 25 per cent, and the bargain was struck. So now the "old man" grumbles, growls and swears all day; his clerk meanwhile, smiles, and—draws his salary.—*Chiago Journal.*

Treatment for Warts.

It is now fairly established, says a writer in *The Medical Press*, that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often so proliferous on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally. M. Colcrat, of Lyons, has drawn attention to this extraordinary fact. Several children treated with three-grain doses of Epsom salts morning and evening were promptly cured. M. Auburt cites the case of a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences and who was cured in a month by a dram and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily adminstration of ten grains of salts.

"Gerty, did I show you this engagement ring of emerals and diamonds that Charlie Brown gave me?" "Oh, I have seen it before!" "Seen it before?" "Yes; I was engaged to him the first part of July."—*Town Topics.*

THE DUDE AND THE DAMSEL.

A Scene at Glen Island When the Tide Was High.

It was at Glen island when the tide was high. He had divested himself of all that man most loveth in the way of refined exterior attraction. The gentle incline of three-fold collar, the peaceful, pastoral gray trousers, the well-cut black cloth coat, and the pale last fashion in the way of hat, lay gracefully recumbent in the wooden dressing-room. There he stood among the thousand ordinary ones, clad in rudest bathing dress, that clung to his lamp-post frame with grim tenacity. He condescendingly permitted the democratic waters to encircle him, and looked kindly at each small wavelet, as much as to say, "I don't mind. For this occasion only you may treat me as you will. Wet me, disfigure me, and I won't complain."

As he seemed to utter these words to the reckless water, a little "Oo-oo-oo!" plaintively shrill, yet vigorously self-assertive, smote his ear. He turned quickly yet gracefully around, and there, clinging to a rope, alone and comely, was the dantiest, wettest little maiden he had e'er beheld.

"Oo-oo-oo!" rang forth again in clearest clarion tone. Her azure fingers clutched at the rope. Then as he advanced, "I'm drowning," she said as serenely and composedly as though she liked it.

It was ridiculous to suppose that she really was drowning, and so it will be inferred that the refined youth was ridiculous, for he supposed it.. Gallantly went he to the rescue, courteously he grasped her azure hand, and courteously recognized the heavenly smile that irradiated her lovely features.

"Isn't it c-c-cold?" she gasped laboriously.

"For delicate little girls like you—yes," he said sweetly.

"Great big-big men like you don't feel the chill, I suppose," she gurgled mischeviously, and the foolish lamp-post youth swallowed the compliment, and was elated.

"No," he remarked.

Then she clung to his lean arms, and he lifted her up and down and gazed with stupid sentiment at her dripping, ruddy face each time it appeared on the surface of the water. Happy was he when she playfully asserted he must not leave her, and emphatically did he protest that he hadn't the faintest intention of so doing. Then he showed her how to swim as well as he could, poor fellow, not knowing how himself.

"Come in now, Sophie, come in," shouted a voice from the shore. He looked. There stood two women. One luxuriously clad in softest, glossiest silk, with large solitaire earrings and spiciest, loftiest bonnet. The other, hideous, huge, redhanded, and vulgar, graced a seersucker robe and carried a large, coarse luncheon basket. Who had called Sophie? Need he ask? The voice seemed to issue from the silk-clad dame, and he was satisfied.

"I'm coming," shouted Sophie, and, breaking from the friendly lamp-post, she climbed out of the sea, and with pinkest feet rushed up the beach to her room.

Solemnly he left the water and went to his own room, from which in thirty-minutes he issued in the gentle incline of three fold collar, the peaceful, pastoral gray trousers, the well-cut black cloth coat, and the pale last fashion in the way of hat. He lounged about the beach for half an hour, but he saw her not. He entered the most expensive restaurant, but no trace of her was there. In despair and gloom he by chance wandered into the leafy grove where the frolicsome luncheon parties disported themselves.

Six times did he look at the couple on a bench before he could believe his eyes. At the end of the sixth time he beheld his daphneous nymph, frightfully clad in awful cotton dress, surmounted by a hat in which every color of the rainbow struggled for precedence. Beside her was the huge woman in the seersucker robe, and between them a yawning basket. It was too horrible to believe. He sank upon a seat. The last words he heard as he melted into unconciousness were uttered by the huge woman in thick, oily tones:

"Waiter, bring me two pork and beans and two glasses of coffee, and hurry up about it."—*New York Times.*

Many Called For, Few Returned.

A Philadelphia umbrella manufacturer says there are about 2,500,000 umbrellas and parasols sold in this country every year. America has gone ahead of foreign nations in manufacturing them, and not more than 10 per cent. are imported. The Sheffield umbrella, however, still leads the world. Domestic makers have to figure very closely, and were they to raise prices 10 per cent. the country would be deluged with foreign material. It is a remarkable circumstance, says *The Philadelphia Press*, that only one person has ever made any money on any patent on an umbrella. That one man is old Sammy Fox, of Sheffield, England, undoubtedly the best known umbrella-maker in the world. He made the first paragon frame and he got a royalty for every one made for fourteen years. An umbrella goes through many hands before it is sold. No one firm makes an entire umbrella. The ribs and braces are made in one factory, the sticks in another, and the little catches that slide along the stick in still another, while the silk is imported. Fashion has a great deal to do with the business.

Erroneous Tests of Fiction.

A writer in a Western periodical has put into convenient shape some common errors concerning popularity as a test of merit in a book. He seems to think, for instance, that the love of the marvellous and impossible in fiction, which is shown not only by "the unthinking multitude clamoring about the book counters" for fiction of that sort, but by the "literary elect" also, is proof of some principle in human nature which ought to be respected as well as tolerated. He seems to believe that the ebullition of this passion forms a sufficient answer to those who say that art of all kinds should represent life, and that the art which misrepresents life is feeble art and false art. But it appears to us that a little carefuler reasoning from a little closer inspection of the facts would not have brought him to these conclusions. In the first place, we doubt very much whether the "literary elect" have been fascinated in great numbers by the fiction in question; but if we supposed them to have really fallen under that spell, we should still be able to account for their fondness and that of the "unthinking multitude" upon the same grounds, without honoring either very much. It is the habit of hasty casuists to regard civilization as inclusive of all the members of a civilized community; but this is a palpable error. Many persons in every civilized community live in a state of more or less savagery with respect to their habits, their morals, and their propensities; and they are held in check only by the law. Many more yet are savage in their tastes, as they show by the decoration of their houses and persons, and by their choice of books and pictures; and these are left to the restraints of public opinion. In fact, no man can be said to be thoroughly civilized or always civilized; the most refined, the most enlightened person has his moods, his moments of barbarism, in which the best, or even the second best shall not please him. At these times the lettered and the unlettered are alike primitive, and their gratifications are of the same simple sort; the highly cultivated person may then like melodrama, impossible fiction, and the trapeze as sincerely and thoroughly as a boy of thirteen or a barbarian of any age.

We do not blame him for these moods; we find something instructive and interesting in them; but if they lastingly establish themselves in him, we could not help deploring the state of that person. No one can really think that the "literary elect," who are said to have joined the "unthinking multitude" in clamoring about the book counters for the romances of no-man's land, take the same kind of pleasure in them as they do in a novel of Tolstoi, Tourguenief, George Eliot, Thackeray, Balzac, Manzoni, Hawthorne, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Palacio Valdes, or even Walter Scott. They have joined the "unthinking multitude" perhaps because they are tired of thinking, and expect to find relaxation in feeling—feeling crudely, grossly, merely. For once in a way there is no great harm in this; perhaps no harm at all. It is perfectly natural: let them have their innocent debauch. But let us distinguish, for our own sake and guidance, between the different kinds of things that please the same kind of people; between the things that please them habitually and those that please them occasionally; between the pleasures that edify them and those that amuse them. Otherwise we shall be in danger of becoming permanently part of the "unthinking multitude," and of remaining puerile, primitive, savage. We shall be so in moods and at moments; but let us not fancy that those are high moods or fortunate moments. If they are harmless, that is the most that can be said for them. They are lapses from which we can perhaps go forward more vigorously; but even this is not certain.

Our own philosophy of the matter, however, would not bring us to prohibition of such literary amusements as the writer quoted seems to find significant of a growing indifference to truth and sanity in fiction. Once more, we say, these amusements have their place, as the circus has, and the burlesque, and negro minstrelsy, and the ballot, and prestidigitation. No one of these is to be despised in its place; but we had better understand that it is not the highest place, and that it is hardly an intellectual delight. The lapse of all the "literary elect" in the world could not dignify unreality; and their present mood, if it exists, is of no more weight against that beauty in literature which comes from truth alone, and never can come from anything else, than the permanent state of the "unthinking multitude."—*W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.*

No Boom There.

"No," remarked the banker to the stranger, "there is no boom in this town. No false value? No real estate excitement. The town enjoys a steady, substantial growth. We don't plat off all the surrounding country into town lots."

"Is that so? The fact is, I have a few thousand I would like to invest in first-class real estate, but--"

"You have? Jump into that buggy—three minute horse—take you out to Bigsnap park—on line dummy railway—get in on ground floor. Greatest opportunity of your life. Property doubles in value every three weeks. —*Nebraska State Journal.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

Cattle thieves are plentiful in northern Arizona.

The Charleston Base-Ball club is called the "Earthquakers."

The buckwheat crop is said to be good in all the Hudson river counties.

The boom in fruit has caused a boom in the box factories of Sacramento, Cal.

Some Georgia farmers have found that this year's watermelon crop has paid them $100 per acre.

Firebugs are trying to burn the town of Flagstaff, Arizona, and the citizens are up in arms.

Fourteen jonrnalists and authors took part in the Syracuse labor convention last week.

The Vermont legislature, it is said, will be asked to exempt base-ball players from serving on injuries.

The growing corn crop of Virginia is expected to be the largest raised for the past twenty-five years.

A New York dealer makes money by confining his business to the purchase of duplicate wedding presents.

Congress should take measures for preserving Farragut's old flagship, the Hartford, says *The Richmond State.*

A child was born in a Philadelphia patrol-wagon, the other day, while its mother was being taken to the almshouse.

At Atlantic City, N. J., one day recently, a woman is said to have had her leg broken by a heavy wave while in bathing.

Miss Olivia Cobb, who is just "out of her teens" and has recived thirty offers of marriage, is the belle of Athens, Ga.

California fruit-canners find it impossible to supply the eastern demand for their goods, though they run both day and night.

Of the 600,000 bushels of beans annually consumed by the New England states the latter only grow one-tenth of the amount.

Five millions of dollars of European gold is now on the way across the Atlantic for investment in United States railway securities.

A state convention of the labor unions of Massachusetts will be held at Boston, Sept. 10, to nominate a full ticket for state officers.

A California girl was recently cured by faith, but on the way home from church her horse ran away, and she is now worse than ever.

The attempt of the English-imitating dudes to introduce the cut-away evening coat in place of the swallow-tail is thus far a great failure.

New Port young ladies amuse themselves and tickle their admirers by making fancy yatching pillows for gentlemen acquaintances who happen to own yatchs.

Five California counties—Sacramento, Mendocino Sonoma, Yolo, and Alameda—have this Year 4,154 acres of hops, the product of which will be 4,984,210 pounds.

The young men of San Diego, Cal., have organized a Christian Temperance association, and will build a $15,000 hall. The association has over two hundred members.

A current magazine speaks scornfully of "those barbarous days when dead birds were worn in hats." It would be pleasant to know that they are days which are no more.

Idlewild, the home of N. P. Willis, it is stated, will soon be purchased by the town of Cornwall, N. Y. A number of wealthy gentlemen have made liberal subscriptions.

The Japanese affilate more nearly with our people than those of any other eastern government, and many of the Japanese youth are educated here, Michigan university being a favorite school for them.

Sheffield, England, has just come into possession of a completed art gallery, well supplied with objects, the gift of a brewer who left $15,000 to build the gallery, with his own collection of paintings, valued at £30,00).

During the year 1886, 31,319 children were born in the city of New York, according to the records, but a member of the health department says the figures are misleading and that there are thousands of births that are never recorded.

A test of the speed of the Volunteer in the Eastern Yacht club race is said to have shown 12 69-100 knots an hour for her, whereas it is reported that Capt. Barr, of the Thistle, "frankly admits that the Scotch cutter can not log thirteen miles an hour."

A Brooklyn woman recently succeeded in mortgaging her $400 worth of furniture to twenty-six different firms for sums aggregating $4,000, which she squandered at the races. The husband had the sale of the furniture stopped by an injunction, claiming that he, and not his wife, owned the property.

W. J. Shepherd, of the 29th Pennsylvania volunteers, who has been seeking a pension for nearly twenty years without success, has just received notice from Washington that he is entitled to a pension and backpay for a wound he received twenty-three years ago. He will receive over $10,000 in back pay and arrearage.

Some young men of Morristown, N. J. have refused to pay for a carriage drive because they hired the turnout on Sunday and the trial-justice has upheld their position. The stable-keeper threatens to have them arrested for Sunday pleasure riding, and the young men say that they will bring counter charges against him for letting horses and carriages for amusement on Sunday.

Henry J. Ayers, of Naugatuck, Conn., is the possessor of a "protecting certificate," or a full discharge from the British army. This was received in reply to his application to Queen Victoria for a "jubilee discharge," as it is called, Mr. Ayers having deserted from the English army in time of peace and emigrated to this country. His application was forwarded none to soon, as the period during which "jubilee discharges" will be granted is nearly at an end.

The chief proposals in connection with the intended rebuilding of the Paris Opera Comique involve either the reconstruction of the house on the site upon which it formerly stood, the erection of a building on the Boulevard des Italiens at an outlay of 8,000,000 francs, or the transformation of the Salle Ventadour, which last operation would cost about 11,000,000 francs. Meanwhile, an appropriation of 600,000 francs has been asked of the government to enable the manager to give performances in a temporary locale.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Sept. 10, 1887.

MRS. D. G. CROLY ("Jennie June") has been made President of Mrs. R. P. Newby's Woman's Endowment Cattle Company. The company has filed its certificate of incorporation in New Jersey, and has a capital stock of $1,500,000, divided into 3,000 shares of $500 each. The company has control of nearly 2,000,000 acres of fine grazing land in New Mexico, on which there are now 6,000 head of cattle. The stock is to be placed with women as an endowment for their children.

HELEN S. ABBOTT, of Philadelphia, has been elected a member of the Philosophical Society in that city, of which Benjamin Franklin was one of the founders. Only six women have been elected during the one hundred and twenty years of the society's existence. The first lady was Franklin's friend, the Princess Dashkoff. The others were Mrs. Mary Somerville, Maria Mitchell, Mrs. Agassiz, and Mrs. Carl Seiler, of Philadelphia, author of "The Voice and Singing." Miss Abbott is admitted for what she has done in analytical chemistry.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith, President of the Woman's National Industrial League of Washington, says the police-station houses in Washington are "conducted in a horrible manner." She had been in one a few days ago to see a woman who had been arrested for forgery. This woman had an infant in her arms, and she was incarcerated in a cell which was reeking with filth, and in which were several other prisoners. In this station there were but two cells, into which, at times, one hundred and fifty people were crowded and kept there for forty-eight hours. Who can believe there is no need of police matrons?

At the Northwestern Summer School of Methods, held at Normal, Illinois, the subject of social purity was presented. Miss Jenny B. Merrill, of New York City Normal School (author of "Shield and Buckler"), spoke, and was followed by Mrs. parker, Mrs. Straight and Mrs. Putnam. All of these ladies are teachers, including representatives from thirty-three States, four Territories, and Canada. Social purity leaflets were distributed and eagerly taken by the teachers, the supply not being equal to the demand. Much interest was manifested by the teachers, and it was a broadcast sowing of good seed.

The address of Hon. Albert Griffin' of Kansas, to the anti-saloon Republicans of that State, a few days ago, is one of the most significant events of the year. As a Republican, addressing Republicans, Mr. Griffin affirms, as a fact beyond dispute, that "the spring elections prove that in Kansas a large majority of votes cast by women will be on the side of good government." "In the very places where the worst results had been predicted, the moral tone of both parties was really improved, and a better class of officials were chosen than would have been under the old system." "It is not surprising, therefore, that the success of the experiment has led to a rapidly growing desire to try it on a larger scale." He adds: "I am confident that the men of Kansas are now willing to give their mothers, wives, and daughters, equal rights with themselves?—Woman's Journal.

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

"We come not as an army, with fire and sword, but with the banner of peace and good-will floating over our heads, and representing the most tranquil calling known to civilization. I believe in this organization, and am firmly convinced it did not come a day too soon and cannot last a day too long."—C. G. Luce, Master of State Grange of Michigan, and Governor of the State.

"Is it presumption to suggest that the world has never seen a better educator than the Grange? It takes care of its own, and makes them better men and better women, and wiser men and wiser women.

"Thus it will be seen that the Grange is a family where the father's manhood, the mother's devotion, the brother's affection and the sister's love are so cultivated and developed that they reach out beyond the purview of the family circle, and embrace with fraternal kindness every member of the Order, practically obeying the injunction of our Savior when he said, 'The second commandment is unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' This is the fellowship to be found in the Grange, and it is the fellowship of the noblest character."—D. Wyatt Aiken, Past Master South Carolina State Grange.

"Our Order is gradually gaining ground throughout the country; we are no longer looked upon as mudsills of society. The leading papers of the country are speaking of our movement in the highest terms, when they see that we are organized not to tear down but to build up and elevate and educate the farmers of our country. Even politicians pay us respectful hearing, for they very well know if the farmers in this country were thoroughly organized and voted together that they could elect every officer from President down. We have every reason to be proud of the progress we have made and the high standing we occupy, as well as the esteem in which we are held by nearly all classes."—S. C. Carr, Master Wisconsin State Grange.

"It is about twelve years since the Grange was first planted in Connecticut, yet only within the past three it has really won the confidence of our most thoughtful and progressive farmers and their families. Many of these have recently come within the fold, and now among our thousands of members we can count many of Connecticut's leading agricultural lights, as well as some of the noblest women in the State. To-day the Order of Patrons of Husbandry stands second to none among the agricultural associations of the State in intelligence, influence and power; second to none in its educational and social advantages, and second only to the church of God in its purifying and refining influence upon its members. Surely it is an organization to be proud of, and one that must continue to endure so long as there are farms to till or a farmer and his family to be benefited."—J. H. Hale, Master Connecticut State Grange.

"The obvious fruit of our work in the Grange has won and received the confidence and support of the families of the most intelligent and prosperous farmers of the State and the respect of all those engaged in other pursuits. "This progressive advancement has been noticeable during the past ten years and much of the credit is due to the spirit of emulation and interest which the Grange has kindled. Our fraternity has stood together and demanded of the people through our State Legislature a just recognition in the public laws of that protection which heretofore has been guaranteed to other pursuits. There has been, therefore, a liberality in State legislative enactments and appropriations which has given to our farmers everything they have demanded. We have thereby one of the best colleges for those of our young men who wish to be instructed in the science of agriculture that can be found in this country. An Agricultural Experiment Station has been established. Annual appropriations have been secured to encourage our agricultural fairs, to protect our cattle from infectious diseases and to protect our farmers from the sale of spurious dairy productions; also public aid to encourage the raising of beef and mutton and to promote the dairy interests of the State. This is comparatively the work of a few years and due to the action of a co-operative brotherhood united by the strong and faithful ties of agriculture."—Frederick Robie, Master Maine State Grange and ex Governor of the State.

The vapor stove manufacturers of the country have decided to pool all their interests in one big concern, with head-quarters at Cleveland.

The Bohemian oat swindler has been succeeded by the Egyptian wheat swindler, and judging from results, the latter seems to be quite as much of a dandy at working the unsophisticated granger as the former.

According to the table in the RAILWAY AGE, Kansas is far ahead of all other states in the number of miles of railroads constructed during the past eight months. By the way, Kansas comes pretty near being at the front in all the elements that go to make up a great and progressive commonwealth.

"This people will never submit to being enslaved by a small minority, whose only claim to authority is power obtained by bribery and ill-gotten wealth, but as the laws now are, such is the tendency. A few men wield, aye, use a power that would put to the blush the potentates of Europe, and unless a change is made anarchy and ruin will be the result, and future generations may view the ruins of this civilization, even as we even as we view the ruins of the mound builders. This is no time for child's play. If we are worthy of this grand heritage to which we have fallen heirs, we ought to have manliness enough to perpetuate and hand it down unimpared to our descendants."—E. A. Giller, Master Illinois State Grange.

There has been filed at Newton, Kas., a morgage for $60,000,000 given by the Southern Kansas railway to John Dillon and George J. Gould, trustees.

The Kansas Equal Suffrage association will hold their annual state convention in Newton October 13, 14, and 15. The following speakers from abroad will be there: Miss Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Rachel G. Foster, Phildelphia; Rev. Annie H. Shaw, of Boston; associate suprintendent and lecturer of franchise department of the National Women's Christian Temperance union, also all officers of the State Equal Suffrage association and delegates from all local organizations in the state.

The general passenger agent of Kansas roads held an all day session in Kansas City on Wednesday. The principle question considered was the rate of 1 cent per mile to the St. Louis grand army encampment made by the Rock Island. After a long discussion it was agreed to make this rate from all points where the Rock Island competes with other roads, while at other points the rate will be as originally fixed, one fare for the round trip.

Lincoln post G. A. R. received five new members Saturday evening and decided to go to St. Louis 100 strong.

Judge Guthrie has made an order restraining the Topeka City railway or the Rapid Transit from in any way interfering with the operations of each other's track or with the work of construction.

A ditched engine in the vicinity of the water tank Saturday night delayed the circus and obstructed matters generally for several hours.

There will be a re-union of the old second Indiana cavalry at Indianapolis on September 21, in Ged. H. Chapman's post hall. Kansas papers please copy.

A gentleman at the Union Pacific Hotel sent to Wolf's packing house on the south side, by a colored boot-black $800 sealed up in an envelope.

Frank Conkle, an employe of J. Thomas' planing-mill, was unfortunate in having one of his hands horribly mutilated by a saw on Saturday afternoon. Same old buzz saw.

Saturday morning during the progress of breakfast at the Adams house, Joe Ross, the second cook, became enraged at one of the waiter girls over a trivial matter and picking up a heavy cup, hurled it with much force at the girl, striking her fairly in the back of the head and severely injuring her The cowardly scoundrel was immediately arrested by Officer Summers, and held until a warrant could be taken out for his arrest.

Mrs. A. G. Magill, of Silver Lake, has been visiting friends on the North Side.

Mrs. John Bunce, of Grover, has been visiting her mother. Mrs. Clark, of this city.

Miss Browning, of Pleasant Hill, has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Meriden.

Quite a number of the "old vets" from northern Snawnee, attended the reunion of the Eleventh Kansas, held at Osawkie last week.

Sergeant Jennings, of the government signal service, states that weather and crop reports for the week are favorable.

The members of Charity Lodge No. 26, gave a social at the A. O. U. W. hall Saturday evening, which was a splendid social and financial success. The young people present continued the festivities until a late hour in trepsichoreau enjoyments.

Chas. C. Conkle, of North Topeka, who for some time past has been traveling for Young, Smith Field & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants of Philadelphia, Penn., has secured a position in the Topeka A. T. S. F. office.

Many of our citizens will learn with genuine sorrow of the death of Henry Fox, an old resident and highly respected citizen of Shawnee county. He died at Alma, Wabaunsee county, and leaves a wife and son living at Auburn. Mr, Fox had been a resident of this county for thirty-one years and took a prominent part in politics, having been a delegate to the last republican state convention.

Work at the fair grounds is being pushed along rapidly and everything will be in readiness by fair time to accommodate 25 000 people at one time in the best possible manner. The association have expended $20,000 in new buildings this summer, which together with the old buildings, makes a total valuation of property on the grounds of at least $40,000.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Col. H. H Stanton, was held at the Union Pacific hotel last Saturday. A large number of the near friends and relatives of the deceased were present. The casket was loaded down with rare and beautiful flowers. A quartette under the direction of Professor M. C. Holman, was finely rendered. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. McCabe. Bishop Vail read the Episcopal service and spoke briefly, and Dr. McCabe read selections from the Scriptures, and deliverid a short address

George E. Curtis, esq., of the United States Meteorological department at Washington D. C., has accepted the cal of the trustees of Washburn College, as instructor in mathematics. Mr. Curtis is a graduate of Yale college, took the highest mathematical prize in the senior class, studied a year in a post graduate course at New Haven and another year at Cambridge, England. For several years he has been employed in mathematical computations of the meteorological service at Washington. He comes highly recommended both as a scholar and a citizen.

Quite an exciting episode occurred on the north side Monday morning. Some months ago Mr. and Mrs. Lew Hathaway who were at that time residents of this city, but who have since separated, took from the Home of the Friendless at Leavenworth, an infant waif, which they adopted. When they separated Mrs. Hathaway took the waif with her to the house of her mother where it has remained ever since, and is now about fifteen months old. Next morning a woman appeared upon the scene claiming to be the real mother of the little one and taking it by force fled. She was overtaken by Officer Summers and arrested. It will now be necessary to prove to whom the child rightfully belongs.

Tuesday afternoon at about 5 o'clock Officer Curran, of the norte side was informed that a lady by the name of Miss Allie Long had buried a child in her back yard. Mr. Curran at once proceeded to the house which is located at No. 916 Madison street, to investigate the matter. He procured a hoe and in a very short time located the spot where the child was buried. By digging down a foot he found the body of a female child wrapped in a piece of white cloth. The body was taken to Gibbs' undertaking establishment. The mother of the child is a woman about 35 or 40 years of age. She denies that she killed the child, and says that it died a few minutes after birth. That the child was born on Monday afternoon at o'clock, and that she dug a grave soon after and buried the child to avoid the costs that would necessarily follow the burial in the cemetery. It was the neighbors who saw her digging the grave, who gave the information to the police. An officer was left at the house to prevent her making her escape during the night. Miss Long stated that a married man living in the same house was the father of the child. The affair has created a profound sensation on the North side.

BROTHER GARDNER.

The Limekiln Club Sage's Views on Matrimonial Affairs.

Brudder Amibad Cantilever, it am reported dat you am about to take unto yerself a wife. Dat de report am true your recent ackshuns am proof. You has bin seen pricin' second-hand stoves, squintin' at fo' dollar bedroom sweets an' rustlin' aroun' arter bric-a-brac. Marriage am nuffin' you need be ashamed of, an' I reckon you kin depend on dis club to warm up de house fer you an' leave behind some hard-bottomed cheers an' a few articles of tinware.

Brudder Cantilever, marriage am a lottery or a dead-sure thing—jist as you make it. If you git stuck on sight—fall in luv wid a gal fur her small feet, taperin' waist, dimpled chin or warblin' mouf, an' marry her off-hand at about twelve weeks' notis, you needn't be astonished if dar am a dynamite 'sploshun afore you hev bin hitched a week. Small feet an' a good temper doan' allus go together. Slim waists an' kitchen economy may not work in de same harness. De gal who charms you by de way she drums de pianner may flatly refuse, as a wife, to run dem same fingers ober de wash-bo'd. Firstly, doan' git married until you know what you are bein' jined to. Study de gal. Let de feet go an' watch her temper. Let de bangs go an' watch her economy. Nebber you mind about de way she dimples her chin, but ax yerself if she'll make de bed wid de foot lower dan de head. You has got to do all de studyin'. No one gal out of a thousand eber stops to size up a luver. If his Grecian nose or curly ha'r or droopin' mustache strikes her fancy she'll nebber stop to study his natur' nor to worry ober his habits. She is marryin' dat nose, or head, or mustache. A month arter marriage, when he hauls her aroun' by de hair an' slaps her dimpled jaw she's perfectly astonished to think she made sich a mistake.

Secondly, Brudder Cantilever, arter de knot has bin tied, make up yer mind dat de fucher won't be all plain sailin'. You are gwine to be tried an' tested an' trubbled, an' you hev to call up all yer manhood. You will h'ar de sasser scrapin' de bottom ob de flour bar'l when you heve'nt got a cent in yer pocket. De woodpile will run out in January, an' de sugar an' de bacon will seem to be car'ied off by de rats. If yer wife am eber so good-natured she will hev her trials an' tribulashuns, an' dar may be times when she'll riz up an' claw fur you. In de y'ars gone by my ole woman has rushed upon me wid de rollin' pin, an' I has retorted in a way to make her ears ache, but all de time I knowed she was savin' an' good-hearted, an' she knowed I'd empty my pockets of de las' shillin' to buy her a new set of false frizzes. If you am suited to each odder an occashunal row in de fam'ly will prove a stickin' plaster to hold you de clusser together. If you ain't suited—if you diskiver dat you hev struck a patch of Canada thistles an' can't sot still, an' if de odder party diskivers dat she has taken a tumble off de monument of Romance an' brought up wid a thud in de mudhole of Reality, you jist absquatulate apart. Go quietly an' decently and get onhitched by divorce, and let de wisdom gained by experience stan' at yer right hand when ye make anoder choice. Brudder Cantilever, my feelin's an' de feelin's of dis club am wid ye, an' our good wishes, together wid at least two dollars' wurth of tinware, kin be counted on wheneber de fatal occashun arroves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PRESERVED FRUITS.

How They May be Kept in Good Condition for an Indefinite Time.

In order to keep preserved fruit in condition it is necessary that the jars be air-tight, and that they be kept in a cool, dark place. Atmospheric air is "extremely insinuating," and it will penetrate even by microscopic openings, and thus injure the product of labor performed in the torrid summer days in a kitchen with a temperature considerably over one hundred degrees. The top of every jar with a screw or rubber fastening should be sealed with bottle wax. Jelly glasses should be secured with bladders, or with paper dipped in white of egg and pressed about the glass without a wrinkle. Many persons take the precaution to wrap every glass jar or tumbler in paper, and then pack each of them in sawdust or sand, so that they will not be affected by light nor by atmospheric changes. The closet in which preserves are kept should not be damp, nor should it be in close proximity to the kitchen. In winter the temperature must be a degree or two above freezing point. It is always well to keep preserves in a closet by themselves, so that it need only be opened when necessary to store each new addition of jars. Thus the atmospheric changes are reduced to a minimum and the fruit will remain in good condition.—*N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.*

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

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Sept. 10, 1887.

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."

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 Order of Patrons of Husbandry is the grandest organization the world has yet seen for the elevation and education of the farmers and their families. Its good work is more apparent year by year."—J. W. Lang, Executive Committee Maine State Grange.

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 courtsey 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 agected by this use which is made of it, with his knowledge and consent, by the Congregational S. S. & Pub. Society. Mr. Otis's "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.

Shallenberger's Pills are a true antidote for Malaria. Intermittent fever bilious remittent fever, dumb ague, periodic headache, as well as regular chills, are all the results of Malaria in the system. The Pills do not purge or sicken the stomach, but improve the appetite and digestion. They cure immediately by destroying the malarious poison in the system, and can be taken under any circumstances with perfect safety.

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 noteheads. 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.

In District Court,
Shawnee County Kan.

MARY FORD, Pl't.ff., 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 18th day of October, 1887, or the petition will be taken as true and judgment divorcing plaintiff from you and giving her custody of her two minor children will be rendered accordingly.

GUNN & STARBIRD,
Attest W. E. STERNE, Clerk. Att'r'ys for Pl'ffs

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AFTER DRIVING.

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

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

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

—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 house-cleaning to attend to she doesn't commence by tearing up every room in the house, and putting the entire establishment in a chaos of confusion. But she takes one room at a time, has it cleansed and purified and put to rights again before there is any further upheaval. The usual spring cleaning comes and goes in that family without producing any discomfort or any great amount of inconvenience.

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

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

MISER GREENLEAF.

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

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

His Wife Powdered.

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

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

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

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

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

GAMBLERS' OMENS.

Sporting Men Who Will Make No Bets at Certain Times.

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

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

"Busted?" was another laconic inquiry.

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

"Are you superstitious?"

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

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

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

"You gamble on cards, do you?"

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

"Does your superstition affect you in playing cards?"

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

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

—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 this the best you can do, doctor? I'm a poor man. Surgeon—Yes, fifteen dollars is the best I can do for one finger, but I'll cut two of 'em off for twenty-five dollars.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

THE latest literary character to raise a dust is Mr. Hoss. He passes under the wire with a book on the Here and Hereafter.

THE richest man in Philadelphia is said to be Isaiah V. Williamson, who is worth $20,000,000, all of which he made himself.

COL. FRED GRANT has gone to Europe—some say to escort his sister, Mrs. Sartoris, to this country on her promised visit.

EIGHTY-SIX thousand persons used the baths of Berlin during July, of whom 41,000 were admitted free, the rest paying a half-penny a head.

A. L. WILCOX, the oldest settler in Illinois, who is 98 years old, rode into Waverly, Ill., the other day on horseback. He settled in Sangamon county seventy years ago, when there was not a single house on the present site of Springfield.

ONLY two of Brigham Young's daughters remain unmarried. They are Talula, daughter of Lucy D., and Fanny, the daughter of Mary Van Cott, and now young women. The former resides in Salt Lake and the other is attending a New York school.

ISAAC W. PHELPS, of New York, has passed his summers in Saratoga for the last fifty-three years. He has recently erected the most elegant and striking cottage in the place. Mr. Phelps is now nearly 84 years of age, but is in good health and has a clear and active intellect.

EX-SPEAKER GALUSHA A. GROW, who secured the passage of the homestead law, has received a cane bearing this inscription: "To the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, speaker of congress 1861-3. This cane grew on the first homestead in the United States. Presented by the first homesteader, Daniel Freeman, Beatrice, Neb."

AMONG the men of Saratoga the sporting element is especially noticeable. Its members dress in checks and stripes and bars and wear wide flaring Byron collars and broad shirt fronts studded with diamonds. And their hands often show a certain suspicious flexibility, as if they were familiar with the deft handling of certain bepictured pieces of cardboard.

THERE is a movement for rousing general interest in preserving ex-President Harrison's tomb at North Bend, O., by a popular pilgrimage there on the anniversary of the battle of the Thames Oct. 5. The hero's burial place is lonely and cheerless, and the tomb is sadly out of repair. Congress is to be asked for a graut of $10,000 to keep the tomb in order.

THE eight longest rivers in the world, according to the calculations of Maj. Gen. A. von Tible, are as follows: Missouri-Mississippi, 4,194 miles; Nile, 4,020; Yang-tse-Kiang, 3,158; Amazon, 3,063; Yenesai Scanga, 2,950; Amur, 2,950; Congo, 2,883; Makenzie, 2,868. The length of the Missouri-Mississippi is taken from the report of Messrs. Humphreys and Abbott. Klodgers estimates it at 3,658 miles.

CONFORMABLY to the laws of advance and retreat of glaciers, it is said those in the valley of Chamounix, Switzerland, are now beginning to advance. The lower extremity of the Glacier des Bossons is "not more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea," and is going still lower. During the past three years this lower extremity "has advanced at the rate of fifty yards a year." It is said that "a grotto cut out of the ice in May, 1846, a quarter of a mile from the extremity, has moved down more than sixty yards."

IN the great concert season in London that has just closed there has been one attraction potent enough to draw the musical public indoors in the exceptionally tropical weather that has prevailed. This was little Richard Hoffman, the boy pianist. This youngster is indeed a phenomenon. Not since the advent of Rubinstein has the London public been so thoroughly aroused. Young Hoffman is only 9 years of age. He is of dark complexion, has a round baby face and black eyes, with a full forehead, compassing probably the cerebra development that is reflected in his wonderful playing of the great masters of the classic school. He comes out dressed in a blue sailor's suit, and when he leaves the pianoforte he gets back to his game of ball with a zeal and celerity worthy of an American urchin.

THE SMART MAN.

If there is among those claiming descent from Mrs. Eva, a lady prominent in ancient history, anyone who is a genuine, full grown, unmitigated nuisance, it is the man who continually says smart things.

His only mission in life seems to be stepping on the mental and moral corns of people who would gladly live in peace with all mankind and their other relations.

The man who quietly minds his own business, and has a decent regard for the rights of others, is completely at the mercy of the man with smart sayings; for he cannot defend himslf with equal weapons, as he has not been trained in this particular malicious mode of warfare.

But his insidious enemy sits up nights to practice his trade of tormenting people.

A South Chicago mosquito is not quicker in detecting a rent in the gauze bar that surrounds the defenseless sleeper, nor has a crow a sharper scent for the three-day-old carcass of a yellow cur, than the smart man has for any little peculiarity of yours against which he may direct his envenomed little shafts.

If you happen to exhibit the charming accents of the broad brogue of Limerick, the smart man, even before he is introduced to you, will ask whether you wear a shamrock on your coat lapel. If you are a German, you can not escape the question whether you prefer limburger cheese or wienerwurst. Should you happen to be a Jew, the smart man will interview you on your opinion on pork.

But these are only preliminary encounters which precede the declaration of war proper. The latter does not take place until you have shown that you are in respect superior to the smart man, either by education, intelligence, wealth, social standing, or whatever you will. Then you have, in the eyes of your enemy, committed the most dastardly crime in his moral code, and no further mercy will be shown to you.

For the smart man, in his colossal egotism, thinks it his right to be held the foremost man in every relation to the world. Whoever denies, explicitly or implicitly, this claim, deserves the most exemplary punishment.

The smart man thinks that he is exceedingly bright. But right there he is mistaken. Usually he is a blockhead and an ignoramus.

It is only the shallow little brook that throws spray up into the air, to make people's shoes wet as they pass along the two-inches-deep rill. The big river has no time for such foolishness, it has other business to do. But the river is called by everybody a blessing to the land, while who cares for the brook? It may be amusing to look at, as it ripples over its shiny little pebbles and the sun glistens in the spray it casts up, but what is it good for? It has hardly water enough to quench the thirst of a new-born calf.

So it is with the smart man and the man who really knows something, but does not go around making other people uncomfortable.

If you are attacked by a smart man there are two ways open for you:

Either give him a wide birth—but then he may run after you—or give him what the festive Yankee calls "a real, old-time lickin'." If is bigger than you, you had better communicate with John L. Sulivan, Esquire.

Usually the smart man is a coward and will stand his punishment submissively. One good application of the remedy commonly drives all the smartness out of him, as far as you are concerned. Only insevere cases a second dose may prove necessary.

The invention of the telephone was a god-send to smart men all over the country. For even the biggest and most promptly resentful man cannot hurt them over the wire, and the smarties have the field for themselves.

The smart man not only attacks persons but things also. He likes this even better, for things cannot "give him a lickin'."

But even here there lurk danger in the path of the smart man.

After he has disposed, in seven smart words, of a question that some mediocre people (mediocre, that is, in his eyes) have been bothering their heads over for a lifetime, he feels very proud. But once in a while a man happens to be within earshot who knows something about the matter. This man may ask him a few questions. Soon after smartie will look sheepish.

But the man who knew the matter had better beware! If he has any little peculiarities—if, for instance, he has red hair, or wears spectacles, or speaks English with an accent—smartie will find it out. Then his sheepish look will be avenged.

Of all topics, the smart man loves most dearly to talk on religion. He is always an extreme free-thinker, an agnostic, a materialist, or an atheist.

He is never a skeptic—one who doubts—for he never doubts. He knows it all by intuition.

Sometimes the smart man becomes famous by his smartness. A celebrated smartie is, e. g., a certain Colonel who goes about tell people that Moses was a liar. He does not mean our Uncle Moses who keeps our watch for us. Then he would telling the truth. He means old Moses of Mount Sinai.

The Colonel's first name is Bob. All that has been said of other smarties is true of him also.

The smart man is not only a blockhead and an ignoramus, he is also no gentleman.

He may be dressed in the latest style approved by dudedom; he may doff his hat to ladies with the most graceful wave of the hand; he may import his kid gloves from Paris and his twousers from London, England, y'know; he may even know that soup consomme should never be eaten with a spoon, but he is no gentleman.

[For a gentleman never hurts other people's feelings, and that is just his only claim to consideration. Therefore he is no gentleman.

The smart man does not call himself smartie. He thinks he is a wit. But he is not.

He is a nuisance and should be abated.—*Ernest Bruncken, in Chicago Ledger.*

Business Methods in Farming.

When one, used to affairs and business methods, takes a look at our average farming methods, he simply wonders how such want of common business principles can be consistent with any result but the baldest failure; and when he looks further into it, and finds that farming gains, although very slowly, and is, on the average, more sure of ultimate success than mercantile, mechanical, or manufacturing business, he thence concludes that the various branches of farming pay a better percentage than other business, since other business could not survive such want of good management.

Let us make a few points. The farmer keeps a team a year for three months effective work; this, on a small farm, amounts to a waste of 25 per cent. of its gain; he often takes four years to grow his animals when half of the food would produce a better growth in two years; he wastes the most valuable part of the manure from his animals by throwing it out under the eaves of the barn, and allowing it to wash into the nearest stream, then purchases fertilizers to make up this loss; keeps his stock in cold stables or in the open air, and employs the principal part of the food given in winter to keep them warm without growth; for want of thorough working of the soil often harvests half a crop, barely getting pay for labor, and nothing for the land; allows his dairy cows to become poor during winter, so thin that when they drop their calves they must recruit their own bodies before they can profitably yield milk, thus largely cutting off the profits of the season; dry off cows at about eight months, instead of ten, again reducing the profits; instead of casting his necessities in the near future, and providing for them at the lowest rates in advance, he waits until the need is upon him, and he must then purchase on a high market, losing two years' interest by the neglect—this applies to the purchase of feed by a large class of diarymen almost every year; employ their laborers for all weather and then neglect to provide work for them under shelter on inclement days, although much such work needs to be done, but it is left until necessity compels it to be done in good weather; allows his tools and machines to rot out for want of care faster than they wear out. This is but a meagre bill of particulars compared to what might be given; but who will say that farming is not profitable, when success is possible with all these leaks unstopped?

Is it not high time that the farmer had adopted economical business methods, instead of this remarkable want of all method? The farmer's final success must be largely credited to his masterly economy in the expenditure of money received for crops. After farm products are reduced to cash, this becomes sacred property and must not be parted with, except for the most urgent reason. We have seen how negligent and uneconomical they are concerning their products before being converted into money. Now if we could suppose farmers to bestow the same thoughtful care in the management of all their operations that they do to the expenditure of money, what a radical revolution would come over the whole business of agriculture at once? There would be no further complaint that farming does not pay. But, alas we cannot suppose any such radical change. These improvements can only come from the slow education of the farmer. He belongs to the most conservative class in the State. But it is none the less the duty of the journalist to call frequent attention to these needed improvements, and by reiteration to wake up the mind which must be impressed before any action is taken.

The most favorable indication of the more rapid improvements in agricultural operations, is the fact of the great increase in the readers of the agricultural press. When the mass of farmers begin to read papers devoted to their speciality they show a willingness to know which is the important facts that must precede improvements.—*Practical Farmer.*

Order to the Coachman.

"What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir." "Can't you pull them up?" "I'm afraid not." "Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, run them into something cheap.—*Chambers' Journal.*

"Red River is so low," says a Texas paper, "it can't get out of its bed." On the other hand here is the Ocmulgee so full that it can't be kept in its bed.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Do not judge from appearances. The man who pulls the indicator strap to stop a horse car may not be rich.—*New Haven News.*

Healthy vs. Injurious Brain Work.

There is such a thing as mind strengthening work. In truth, it is, as every physiologist knows, only by work, minds, or, more correctly speaking, brains can be strengthened in their growth and naturally developed. The exercise of those centres of the nervous system, whose functions what we call consciousness and intellect are associated, is as essential to their nutrition as activity is to the healthy growth of any other part of the organism, whether nervous or muscular. Every part of the living body is developed, and enjoys vitality, by the law which makes the appropriation of food dependent upon and commensurate with the amount of work it does. It feeds in proportion as it works, as truly as it works in proportion as it feeds. This canon of organic life is the foundation of those estimates which physiologists form when they compute the value of food in weight-lifting power. It is, however, necessary to recognize that, although these propositions are true in the abstract, they need the introduction of a new integer or combining power before any sum of results can be worked out.

We know that food is practically just as truly outside the body after it has been eaten, digested, and even taken into the blood current, as it is when it lies on the table. Nutrition is a tissue function, and its performance depends on the appetite and feeding power, which is something different from the organic need, of the tissue with which the nutrient fluid is brought into contact. Again, any particular part of the organism may be so exhausted by work that it has not power enough left to feed. It is a matter of the highest practical moment that this fact should be recognized. There is undoubtedly a point at which work ceases to be strengthening, and becomes exhausting, self-exhausting, and self-destructive so far as the particular issue in activity is concerned.

Work may be carried too far, in fact to such a point that not only the last reserve of power for action but the ulitimate unite, so to say, of the force of nutrition, which is, as we now believe, identical with the force of general activity, may be expended in work, and the organism left so utterly powerless that the exhausted tissues can no longer appropriate the food supplied or placed within their normal reach. We have said that it is necessary this should be understood. It has a special bearing on the question of brain work in childhood and indolence.

Just as extreme weakness and faintness of the body as a whole produce restlessness and loss of control, so extreme exhaustion of the brain produces mental agitation and loss of healthy self-consciousness. This is how and why the "over-worked" become deranged. One of the earliest indications, or symptoms, of brain exhaustion is commonly irritability; then comes sleeplessness of the sort which seems to consist in inability to cease thinking either of a particular subject or things in general; next the mental unrestful or uncontrollable thought gets the better of the will, even during the ordinary hours of wakefullness and actity, which is a step further toward the verge of insanity than the mere persistance of thought at the hour of sleep—this way lies madness; and, finally, the thinking faculty, or, as we say, the imagination, gets the better of the will and asserts supremacy for its phantoms, those of sight or hearing being the most turbulent and dominant which happen to be most commonly used in intellectual work, and therefore most developed by the individual cerebrum—this is madness. Such is the story of overwork of the brain or mind; and it is easy to see that at any stage of progress from bad to worse the will may be overpowered, and the judgment perverted, in such manner as to impel the victim of this mind trouble to seek refuge in death, or to so disorder his consciousness that he supposes himself to be acting in obedience to some just and worthy behest when he commits an act of self-destruction or does something in the doing of which he accidentally dies. Such, in the main, is the story of suicide from overwork.

What, then, can be the excuse pleadable by those who heap on the brains of the young or adolescent such burdens of mind labor and worry as exhaust their very faculties of self-help and leave them a prey to the vagaries of a starved brain? We pity the suffering of those shipwrecked sailors who, after exposure in an open boat, perhaps without food, for hours or days, "go mad," and, raving of feast and pleasures, the antitheses of their actual experience, fall on each other, or throw themselves overboard. Have we no pity for brains dying of lack of food because we have compelled them to expend their very last unit of force in work, and now they are distraught in the act of dying?

It may be a sublime ideal, that of a highly educated people; but if it should happen that the realization of this beautiful dream of our philosophic reformers can only be achieved by the slaughter of the weak, it will scarcely console the natural conscience to reflect that, after all, "the survival of the fittest" is the law of Nature.—*Lancet.*

"Alcohol is immense for cleaning silver," remarked Sarcasticus to his wife yesterday when he saw her working hard at the table cutlery. "Yes," said Mrs. S., "I notice it completely cleans all the silver out of your pockets lately."—*St. Paul Herald.*

HERE AND THERE.

A debt for "drinks" can not be collected under the laws of New Jersey.

It is now conceded that the Arizona train-robbers got more than $40,000.

Lumber is selling in the Cœur d' Alene mines at $40 per thousand feet.

Nine cables are used to tell the daily story of Europe to America and America to Europe.

Three thousand dollars per month is the size of the pay-roll of the Middletown asylum.

An ice-making machine has been placed on the new man-of-war Boston, the first instance of the kind.

There is a storage reservoir for irrigation building in Arizona which will hold 15,000,000,000 gallons.

One of the sights at San Bernardino, Cal., is three banana trees, each bearing from six to eight large bunches.

The Oregon editors met, thirty-four in number, in Yakina City, on the 13th, and formed an editorial association.

It is estimated that twenty-five thousand Bostonians attended the band concert at Point of Pines on Sunday.

There will be 20,000 sacks of black mustard, worth 2½ cents per pound, go to waste in Santa Barbara county the present season.

A California woman has sued for a divorce from her husband because for eighteen years he has gone to bed with his boots on.

The Grand Army of the Republic at Los Angeles is to take four car-loads of grapes to St. Louis with it to give away to visitors.

A French chemist has disproved the idea that liquid can not be solidified by pressure alone by solidifying the bichloride of carbon.

A Harvard professor ran through the streets of a Connecticut town the other day to catch a train and narrowly escaped being arrested as a lunatic.

The president of the Fat Men's club in Hudson county, New Jersey, weighs 421 pounds, and the committee of reception 14,016 pounds.

At Seymour, Ont., the other day a man was found dead in the woods, and beside the dead body a little child, too young to give any information, was playing.

New Jersey's state prison holds 860 convicts, of whom 140 neither read nor write. Sept. 1 a night school will be opened, to be in session two hours each evening.

A St. John's, Mich., lady while walking along the principal street there the other day did not know that a sparrow sat on her bustle enjoying the pleasant ride.

Miss Della Beck, the heaviest girl in Pennsylvania, weighs 493 pounds and is as graceful as the majority of girls of one-fourth the weight. She lives at Apollo.

The people who are drowned while bathing are generally swimmers overconfident of their powers. It is the timid bather who is scarcely ever caught going beyond his depth.

A new member of congress describes himself in the official directory of the house in this way: "I am six feet tall, weigh 210 pounds, have soft auburn hair, and large blue eyes."

A 'cycler who has returned to his home in Maplewood, N. J., after a trip through Europe and Africa on his tricycle says he covered twelve thousand miles at an expense of $200.

Gov. Knott, of Kentucky, at the expiration of his term of office, will settle in Louisville and perhaps become a journalist. He is said to have his eye on the United States senate now.

A station is to be established in St. Petersburg for the examination of food materials offered for sale in the city. It will be under the charge of scientists appointed by the government.

Caterpillars have appeared in Houston county, Georgia, in large numbers. They have done little damage as yet, but will soon clear up things if they are as aggressive as those of last season.

A North Carolina man has given the ladies' aid society of his church five thousand cigarettes to be sold for the benevolent objects of the society. Some people have queer ideas of doing good.

Among the passengers on the steamer Umbria, now three days out, are twenty-four medical doctors, who come to attend the international medical congress at Washington on September 5.

From $2,000,000 to $4,000,000 worth of gold is used annually in the shape of foil for gilding lettering, edging of books, sign and ornamental painting, and dentistry, gilding taking the greater share.

The demand for lumber at San Diego must be brisk when steam tugs are racing up the coast to Mendocino, towing sailing vessels seven hundred miles against prevailing winds for return cargoes.

The White mountains have come to be worth over $2,000,000 a year to the people of New Hampshire. In 1844 the tourist business in that section was scarcely $15,000. No account is taken of the gains of the railroads in this estimate.

The sales of real estate at San Jose, Cal., Aug. 17, amounted to $6,500,000. The small margining practices of the early days of the boom have entirely ceased, and gold coin planked down by men of means, mainly from outside sections, is now the rule.

Here is a postscript to a girl's letter, as quoted by *London Truth:* "When you write next answer me in confidence two questions: Can you lace your boots with your corsets on? And can you put on your bonnet with your bodice on? I want to know.—M."

A sharp "beat" has been swindling restaurants in New York by calling for and obtaining a second check of the waiter when he had a light meal. The next day he would have an expensive feed, and turn in an extra low-price check which he had obtained.

A farmer near Goschen, Conn., owns a cow that does not give milk, and, as he is economical, he has adopted, after considerable thought, a plan whereby the miserly milk-producer is made to suffer for her dryness, and in a manner earn her own living. He has attached to her head a contrivance which makes it impossible for her to get her head within six or eight inches of the ground. Therefore she has to eat thistles, weeds, and tall swamp grass thereby saving the white honeysuckle and low sweet grass for the cows that give milk.

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

Topics of Vital Import Briefly Stated.

Agricultural Bigotry.

Bigotry, or an obstinate and unreasonable attachment to particular opinions and practices, is not confined to religious or political affairs. There is as strong an adherence to certain notions about agriculture as concerning any political opinion or religious doctrines. It is generally acknowledged that farmers are more likely to be bigoted in relation to politics and religion than persons of equal intelligence who are engaged in other pursuits. Observers state that country people have more decided views on most matters than the inhabitants of large towns do. They form opinions early in life and hold to them all their days. They are ready to defend them on any and all occasions. They are not, as a rule, desirous of carefully examining into the merits of new doctrines and practices. If not positively bigoted they are extremely conservative. Politicians can count on the vote in the country, before any election, with much greater accuracy than they can on that of a large city. The change from one election time to another will be likely to result from an increase or decrease in population more than from a change in political sentiment.

A farmer generally "belongs to a party" with all the term implies, and it is commonly safe to count his vote before it is cast. He has pronounced and positive views about the tariff, the currency, the management of the civil service, and all other political matters. His religious views are as strong and positive as his political opinions. To him his church is the true church. It is not to be wondered at that people living in the country, farmers especially, have very decided views on most matters or that they cling to them with pertinacity. A comparatively isolated life is not favorable to liberality of thought or action. In many cases there is but one church that is convenient to attend and only one class of doctrines is preached in it. There are no lectures delivered on controverted subjects. A farmer generally takes one of the papers published in the interest of his church and party, and in the majority of cases takes or reads no other. All the preaching he hears and all the literature he reads help confirm his old views which are settled and strong. A person whose views are thus supported is not likely to be agnostic in relation to anything that pertains to this world or to any other world.

That farmers are generally very bigoted in relation to matters that pertain to agriculture, horticulture, breeds of animals, the construction of buildings, the preference for implements, and the management of estates is a matter of common observation. The many articles written by farmers that have recently been published in relation to the cause of recent droughts show that the authors are apparently more desirous of defending certain theories than of getting at what Artemus Ward was wont to call "the true facts in the case." One class of these writers declare that the drought of this and last season was caused by the large amount of tile-draining that has been done during the past few years. They state that it has resulted in a diminished rainfall over a large extent of country and in reducing the quantity and quality of crops on all the farms where the tiles have been laid. They attempted to prove the last proposition by observations on adjoining farms, some of which were tile-drained and some are not. Another class of writers declares that tile-drainage exerts no influence on rainfall, and is very beneficial to crops during a season of protracted drought. Like the others they defend their position by giving the result of extended observations.

The controversy is much like that which has long been waged in relation to the value of trees in producing rain and modifying the temperature of the atmostphere. People "take sides" on the matter as they do on political and religious subjects. They are not searching for truths, but for arguments to support the theory they are wedded to and from which they never desire to be divorced. If a man differs from them in regard to the influence of trees in producing rainfall and lowering the temperature of the air during the winter, they are likely to denounce him as a meteorological heretic, who richly deserves to have his fields parched during the summer and to suffer with cold during the winter. The doctrine that the leaves of forest trees evaporate more water than the leaves of corn, and that the trees perform the same work that high elevations of land do in precipitating the moisture in clouds, is preached with as much positiveness as if it had been received from Mount Sinai and then demonstrated by scientific experiment. Still, neither revelation nor science has declared that trees exert any great influence in increasing the fall of rain, though they are of great value for other purposes.

In the matter of selecting a breed of horses, cattle, sheep, or pigs, farmers show the same strong prejudice that they exhibit in politics and religious matters. There are Hereford and shorthorn bigots among the cattle men. Ayrshire, Jersey, and Holstein bigots among dairymen and Clydesdale and Norman bigots among the breeders of draft horses. They have made up their minds that the animals they are interested in are the best of the kind and they will not consider the merits of others. They are as likely to lose their temper when a rival breed is praised as they are when the soundness of their political opinion is called in question. An example of bovine bigotry was afforded at the late dairy exhibition in New York. The admirers of the Channel island cows offered a gold medal as a prize for the animal whose milk for a given number of hours would make the most butter. On his medal was engraved a Jersey cow. But the committee awarded the prize to a Holstein cow and her owner carried to his home a medal prepared as if no cow of any breed could rival the Jersey in the production of rich milk.

Political and religious bigotry is harmless so far as economic or pecuniary matters are concerned. Such is not the case, however, with agricultural bigotry. It stands in the way of success. It blinds the eyes, stops the ears, and prevents the proper exercise of the judgement. It even hinders a man from obtaining desirable and valuable information. A bigoted person is not likely to want to obtain all the facts that relate to the matter concerning which he has made up his mind and announced his decided opinions. He does not desire to be convinced of his errors, for he is not willing to admit that he is liable to any. Agricultural bigotry is often associated with superstition, and is sometimes simply the outgrowth of it. Persistence in planting potatoes, slaughtering hogs, setting out tobacco plants, making soap, and laying up rail fence during a certain stage of the moon's fullness, are examples of agricultural bigotry that were originally inspired by superstition, and bigotry like superstition is proof against argument.—*Chicago Times.*

Industrial Brevities.

An unprecedented exportation of Clydesdale horses to the United States, Canada, and the Argentine Republic is reported by *The North British Agriculturist* as having occurred during the last few weeks. Already, during the present season, 250 more than were exported last year have been shipped. Among the horses thus sent out of the country are a good many of the prize-takers at shows, and unless breeding and selection are to be carried on with spirit the number of first-class stallions in Scotland will be diminished in a marked degree.

The bones of a well-bred, well-fed hog are said to represent about one-twentieth part of his gross weight. An animal of this nature must necessarily carry a great deal of fat but the importance of making it well muscled to keep it from complete degeneracy is self-evident to any thoughtful person; hence, inasmuch as the natural tendency of the hog is to fat, feeders should make it a point to counteract the evil by using the most nutritious feed, to the exclusion of fat-forming food.

The wheat crop in France is considered satisfactory, the deficiency on light lands being amply covered by the yield of the heavy lands. The total is estimated at 110,000,000 hectoliters, as compared with 105,000,000 last year, and the average weight at 77 kilograms in lieu of 73 last year. The yield of flour will thus be 60,000,000 metric quintals, against 50,000,000 in 1886.

An agricultural journal in England announces that the number of farms which will be vacated in all parts of the country at Michaelmas "is entirely without precedent." Many farms which have been occupied by successive members of the same families for generations are to be given up, as the tenants find that they can only continue farming at a ruinous loss.

Poultry-yards should be on sandy soil, if possible, in order to avoid mud or slush on the ground, as roupe is liable to break out in flocks that are kept in damp locations. The yards should be well drained, the surface covered with sharp, fine gravel, and cleaned off at least once every two weeks where the flock is large.

Finely chopped clover hay moistened with water that has been slightly salted and sprinkled with corn meal, makes an excellent food for old stock that can not well masticate hay. It should be fed in connection with mixed ground grain also, with a small allowance of linseed meal.

Sunflowers are used in Wyoming territory for fuel. The stocks when dry are as hard as maplewood and make a hot fire, and the seed heads with the seeds in are said to burn better than the best hard coal. An acre of sunflowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year.

In places where black walnut, hickory, and butternut trees abound boys can make money by gathering the nuts, putting them in barrels or bags and selling them to parties in the western states and territories who wish to raise trees from seed.

The newest remedy for the cabbage worm is a tablespoonful of saltpeter in a pailful of tepid water. The plants should be sprinkled well two or three times. It is not poisonous, and if it will kill worms, is the safest remedy yet proposed.

There is less said about sorghum this season than during any year since northern corn was introduced into the country. It is fair to presume that the "bottom has fallen out" of the sorghum sugar business for good.

A dog bitten by a rattlesnake in Nebraska, instead of dying developed hydrophobia, and bit fourteen head of cattle, all of which died.

Beekeepers are advised to sow sweet clover on the sides of highways and railroads to furnish a supply of honey.

THE ART OF SWIMMING.

Why Should It Not Be an Element in Public Education.

The late disasters and loss of life in Jamaica bay and elsewhere, says *The Brooklyn Eagle*, have caused parents to inquire why swimming is not taught in the private and public schools. I have heard more than one father say that the art of swimming should be known by all, as it is of more value in or on water than a similar knowledge of English grammar would be in a chance for drowning, for all the learning one might pick up in schools and colleges would not save one from going to the bottom of the sea in case of collision or capsizing if he did not know how to swim. In London during the hour of recess the school children are marched to the swimming baths, where under the eyes of competent instructors, they are taught how to save themselves from drowning by swimming, floating, treading water and the frog movement. At first the scholars dislike this particular and most useful study, but after a while, when they gain confidence in themselves and their teachers, they take unto the water like a duck, and the art of swimming becomes a pastime instead of a task. In conversation with a prominent teacher of swimming I asked for an opinion as to the wisdom of the board of education in adopting a system of swimming teaching in or by public schools, and was answered as follows: "All Americans should learn to swim, for they live in a land intersected with lakes and rivers, and their love of travel and water makes it necessary for all to master the art. We can never tell beforehand when a call shall be made on us to face danger, and therefore we ought to be ready to meet the watery element with confidence born of knowledge derived from good teaching. The fact of the matter is that the public schools should imitate the example set by their English cousins in amusing and instructing their pupils during the hour of recess in the swimming baths. I do not pretend to say that every school-teacher should be a good swimmer and instructor of the art, for all of them have their heads crammed with other useless information, which they are supposed to transplant to the minds of the young and then, again, many of the instructors in the stereotyped mode peculiar to modern school teaching are too old to learn how to save their lives if in danger, and, therefore, they could not instruct in an art they know nothing about. Every parent should see to it that the children become experts in fresh salt or water. When we think of the beneficial results of the exercise and the health-giving qualities of the water, then, it seems to me, that all both great and small, should be taught the art. I have heard people say that any child can swim. All one has to do is to throw them overboard and they will instantly strike out for dear life like a dog, or any other web-footed animal. This is a mistaken theory, for the human race are not web-footed, and, therefore, siwmming, floating, or any other exercise in deep water must be cultivated, as it does not come natural to us. The art of swimming must be acquired, and the first thing to teach the child is to have confidence in itself."

"How is that taught?"

"By going in the water with them, take the little ones on your back and amuse them in different ways. After a while they get to like it, and having full confidence in their protector they do as they are told. The leg motion is the first thing to teach, and afterward they should be instructed in the use of their arms. They should be held by putting one hand on their breast and the other on their back. This does not interfere with their arms in any way, and having full sense of security they commence to make strokes, and finding themselves successful the rest is easy. The action of the frog is neither handsome nor quick, and I disagree with some authorities who recommend it, because to me it is not desirable. Children from 5 years of age upward should be taught to propel themselves through the water with one hand only or one foot, or with both hands or feet alone. This knowledge is extremely useful in case of cramps, for the limb that is attacked can be rested, while its mate will bring the swimmer safe to shore, where a vigorous rubbing of the muscles will make matters all right. Delicate ladies who are advised by physicians to learn the art of swimming become fatigued at first, but after a while they can make the element subject to their will, and when once under their control the accomplishment will never be forgotten. In proof of this assertion it may be said that a Miss Wright, who is a near relative of Miss Booth, of *Harper's Weekly*, was taught by her father to float when a child. For many years the lady did not enter the water, and it might be supposed she would forget how to rest upon its surface, but she did not, as upon a very dark night, when walking a plank from one steamboat to another on the Mississippi river she slipped and fell into twelve feet of water. The young lady could not swim a stroke, but with great presence of mind she turned on her back and remained motionless while floating for one hour, and was rescured after a painful suspense on the part of her friends. A number of instances of this kind, where a knowledge of floating, even by those who could not swim, saved their lives, could be related, and it can be said, without fear of successful contradiction, that if the women on the Mystery had known how to float, everyone of them would have been saved, and there would not have been so many destitute homes to-day."

"How long will it take to make a pupil a good swimmer?"

"That depends entirely on the age of the person whom the teacher has to deal with. A grown man and woman can be taught in four lessons to take care of themselves in water, but with children it is different. Their confidence must first be won by kindness, and after they gain faith in themselves there will be no further trouble. Grammar, geography, and other necessary school exercises are good in their way, but no matter how well versed a person may be in all that makes the scholar, not a single thing learned at school will save one's life when in danger of drowning, but a thorough knowledge of swimming and floating will; therefore I repeat that the children in the public and private schools should be taught the art."

"Are there any laws regulating the time for bathing?"

"No person should enter the water less than an hour before or two hours after eating a hearty meal. Do not bath while feeling fatigued or in any way chilled. The feet should never be allowed to become cold before going in to swim, for in that case one is liable to cramps. Do not stay in the water unless compelled."

TWO MEALS PER DAY.

Effects of Overworking the Stomach—Benefits of Occasional Fasting.

Now, say that breakfast time is 7 o'clock. It takes a full hour afterward before it is safe to interfere with the nervous energy essential to digestion. By 10 o'clock a healthy person ought to be in good condition for work. At about 11 o'clock the air out of doors reaches the highest point of purity, or, in other words, the oxygen in the atmosphere is approaching the maximum. It continues in this state until 1 o'clock p. m. The electricity following the sun is then at its height.

So we have at midday the inner and outer conditions for the greatest brain and bodily power. To interrupt work at such a time is a mistake which the Anglo-Saxton race does not realize, because it has inherited the custom of stopping to take provisions between 12 and 2 o'clock in the day.

All kinds of mental and physical work proceed by better sustained attention. The difference between an Isaac Newton and an ordinary mortal is shown in the case with which the occupation of the day is thrown aside in order to do what is described as "fortifying the inner man." Newton could concentrate his mind upon a subject so as to be oblivious of all else, including eating and sleeping, for twenty-four hours. I think there is an appropriateness in comparing the too frequently loaded human stomach to an engine which is all fired and working splendidly when the fire is buried under new coals and the steam cooled down by a deluge of water. I am convinced that there ought to be an interval of at least seven hours between the two meals of the day. If there must be a brief rest from labor at noon it will be found healthier to do anything else than eat and drink.

Nature is quicker to forgive the mistake of sleeping, bathing, or walking too much than the fault of oppressing the whole man with an unnecessary load of food. The theory that the stomach demands something to sustain it after a few hours from the last time it took food is as wild as that a horse should be put to work in a very little while after it has had hard service.

The stomach is not dependent upon work for its health, except as, of course, it and the whole body must have the blood made from its digested food; but this blood does not need replenishing so often as is supposed, considering that it remains in the system and continues an endless circuit.

Disease is occasioned by the over-fatigue of the digestive system, just as overwork kills the horse. Many persons of mature judgment obtain relief from bodily troubles by fasts of three days. I have often tried this experiment, and have always found that the stomach gains in tone. I have even done the seven-day fast, studying and working the whole time, and believe it did me good.

Fasting for long periods has to be done intelligently or it may do more harm than good. I can fully appreciate the danger of advising any particular course of action outside the line beyond which everyday people should go; but there is good ground for advising them to become accustomed to two meals.

When Christ sat at the well in Samaria waiting for his cold victuals it was 6 o'clock P. M., Roman reckoning. He is never mentioned as having eaten at noon. The eating habits of His disciples were the same. The only exception to the general record was St. Peter, who is said to have eaten a noon meal on the roaf at Joppa; but, judging from what appears elsewhere concerning him, I believe he was then only breaking his fast for the day.

The Chinese habit of eating only twice a day is confined to those who do not work in the fields. The latter-mentioned class eat three times.

To break off the habit of eating the noon meal it only requires about four days persistent fasting. After that the craving for food will become more and more moderate and ultimately disappear.—*Herald of Health.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PEACH CUSTARD PIE.

Use one crust; peel peaches and turn the hollow side upward; sweeten as you would a peach pie; take one egg, a pinch of salt, one tablespoon sugar; beat; add milk enough to cover the peaches; bake. Eat when nearly cool. Canned peaches will answer as well as fresh.

PEACH TAPIOCA.

Soak some tapioca over night and in the morning boil until perfectly clear, adding more water from time to time as needed; slice five nice peaches with a silver knife and sprinkle liberally with sugar; when you take the tapioca from the stove, stir the peaches into it. Eat with sugar and cream.

STEWED DUCKS.

Clean and truss but omit the stuffing. Sprinkle the bottom of the pot with onions and a little sage. Lay in the ducks; cover with thin slices of fat salt pork and pour in a large cupful of cold water. Fit a tight top on the pot and set where the contents will not boil in less than an hour. Stew slowly two hours and a half before raising the lid; then turn the ducks and leave until tender; probably for an hour or more. Put the fowls on a hot dish to keep warm; strain the gravy, thicken with browned flour, boil up and pour, partly on the ducks, partly into a boat. A good way to dispose of tough fowls.

LIGHT BISCUIT.

Two quarts of best sifted flour, one pint sweet milk, in which melt one-quarter pound of butter, one teaspoon salt in the milk, one teacup fresh yeast; make a hole in the center, pour in the yeast (well shaken), stir diligently with a fork; let the milk, etc., be just lukewarm (no more), then knead as bread; cut it across through and through with a knife; let it rise six or seven hours, as it may require; take from the pan, knead it well, cut in small cakes and put to rise in an hour or more before baking; this recipe, with sugar and suitable spices, makes excellent doughnuts.

ROLLS.

One quart of flour, two ounces butter well rubbed together, one well beaten egg, a little salt, two teaspoons baking powder well dissolved and as much milk as required to make a stiff batter; beat it well, set to rise; when light roll out thin, cut into gems, brush edges with melted butter, fold them over, place in pans, separated a little, let them stand a while to rise again and bake.

BREAD PUDDING.

One quart of grated bread crumbs, one quart milk, yolks of four eggs, well beaten, butter size of an egg, one cup sugar, two teaspoons baking powder and two teaspoons extract of lemons; mix all well together and bake; beat the whites of the eggs with a cup of powdered sugar, flavor with one teaspoonful extract of lemon or orange, cover the pudding with it and bake until browned a little.

WATERMELON CAKE.

White part: Take two cups of white sugar and one of butter, cream well together, add one cup sweet milk, three and a half of flour, whites of eight eggs, beaten very light, two teaspoons cream tartar, one of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Red part: One cup red sugar, half cup butter, third of a cup sweet milk, two cups flour, whites of four eggs, teaspoon cream tartar, half teaspoon soda, teacup raisins; seed raisins, rub them well into a little flour and your cake will not be so apt to fall; after both kinds of dough are ready spread well the bottom and sides of your pan with white dough, fill up with the red, leaving enough of the white to cover over entirely; be very careful in baking.

TO CAN CORN.

Put the corn raw into cans, then fill tin with cold water even with the top of the corn; solder up the can, pricking a small hole in the cover; solder that also. Boil the cans and contents in boiling water two and a half hours; then with a hot iron open the small hole and let the gas blow out, after which solder up and boil again two and a half hours and set aside for use. Peas, string beans and Lima beans can be put up in the same way.

CHILLI SAUCE.

Thirty tomatoes, three large onions, three peppers, one tablespoonful allspice, cloves, cinnamon, two nutmegs, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one quart of vinegar, one cup of sugar; chop onions and pepper very fine; cook tomatoes some first; mix thoroughly.

Didn't Know Himself.

Adjoining the Stanford mansion in San Francisco is the striking Norman castle of Mrs. Mark Hopkins. Her husband was the financier of the railroad company, but he wore himself out by constant application, and for several months before his death he had forgotten his own identity. Just before this loss of his memory he had begun the construction of this superb residence. One day his medical attendant took him to the top of the hill, where he saw the work of building going on, when the millionaire turned to him and in a querulous tone asked: What infernal fool is wasting money on such a house as that?" He died soon after. His widow, who was a poor New England girl when Mr. Hopkins married her, inherited all his wealth. She still retains her shares in the road, and her adopted son is one of the rising young men in the railroad office. Her country home is at Great Barrington, Mass., where she has built a costly summer residence. She is regarded as the richest woman in America, as she has a fortune of at least forty million dollars, of which she does not spend one-half the income.—*The Cosmopolitan.*

HER ANSWER.

On my right at a dinner sat Mollie,
On my left there was little May Belle,
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 pages
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 perverse,
From out of abstraction, quite wary,
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 the 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 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 be 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 absorption, [illegible] bleeding vessels, 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 [illegible] "pressive" 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 doing 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 fishmongers 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.—*N. Y. Post.*

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

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.

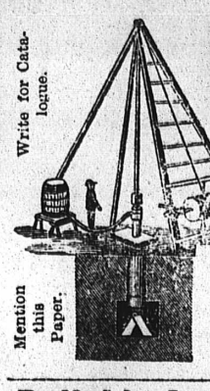
Among those who are carried as debtors on the treasury ledgers are: President John Adams, who owes $12,898 on account of "household expenses;" Major-General Lafayette, who owes $4,895, on account of an overpayment made to him, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, who owes $61,355, on account of various 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 $93.68 in his account as Minister to Great Britain in 1885; John Lathrop Motley 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 1879; 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 $3,145 and is credited with $507; Stephen A. Hurlburt, 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 1885; 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 $293 as Consul General at Cairo in 1882.

On the the other hand the statement shows that the Government owes John Quincy Adams $1,600, as Minister to Russia in 1818; Alphonso Taft, $1,940, as Minister to Russia in 1885; John M. Francis, as Minster to Austria in 1885, $3,000; Edward F. Beale, as Minister to Austria in 1877, $1.11; John A. Bingham, as Minister to Japan in 1885, $2,950; John Howard Payne, as Consul at Tunis in 1853, $205.92; Bret Harte, as Consul at Glasgow in 1885, $185.16, and Henry Bergh, as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1865, $135.44. One of the largest debits in the list is Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, $389,267.46, 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 abaft 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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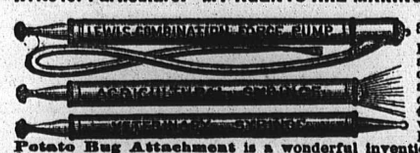

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Winter Shelter for Sheep.

We ought to have good shelter provided by the time winter comes, if we can provide such shelter. But suppose it is practically impossible for us to build barns and well constructed sheds? We can do this for our sheep in the vast majority of instances. We can set crotched posts in the ground, rest a rail or piece of timber in the crotches and place poles, boards or something of the kind on the rail, one end resting on the rail and the other on the ground, open toward the south. If we have not rails or poles enough to do that we can use fewer poles and rails and cover with hay or straw. Certainly that is a shelter cheap enough, and it is better than none.—*Western Rural.*

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

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

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

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

AMUSING CONCEIT.

How "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 Poquonnock, 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 Poquonnock; 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 off there? Have it bound in New York.—*Tid-Bits.*