

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Householdry.

VOL. XVIII.

TOPEKA, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

NO. 32.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

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TOPEKA MILL AND BUCKWHEAT MILL
Has now commenced making
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
and will pay highest market price for buckwheat.
Salesroom 304 Kansas Avenue.

Mr. Ed. Buechner and little daughter returned from Manhattan, where they spent Sunday with Miss Buechner, who is a student of the excellent college at that place.

Colonel H. H. Stanton proprietor of the Union Pacific hotel, departed Sunday for a tour of the west, including Denver and probably the coast. "Tom" will continue business at the old stand.

Marshall's Military band will have a uniform-fit for princes to wear with the opening of a new season; and when they appear, at home or abroad, the generous citizens of this city will have additional cause to be proud of them as the finest musical aggregation in the western country.

Farmers who reside along the route of the Rapid transit railway are very deeply interested in the success of the enterprise; and seem to think it will result in enhancing the value of their real estate and supplying them with many conveniences, which they are void of at present.

Your system is full of Malaria, and you are miserable. You take quinine because it is the fashion, or because your doctor tells you to do it. You feel a little better, but not well, because the Malaria is still there. One or two doses of Shallenberger's Antidote would lift you into perfect health at once. So do by Druggists.

A few days ago there arrived in this city a poor Russian, who was without means to secure himself and family a house in which to live. Some of his own countrymen at once went to work erecting a small cottage near the Rock Island junction which would give their needy fellow countryman and his family a temporary shelter. On Sunday, while putting the finishing touches upon the building, four workmen, Albert Arthur, George Boston, M. Jacob and George Kederly, were arrested on charge of "disturbing the peace," and in the police court were fined \$5 each. Marshal Carter reprimanded the policemen, McKee and McDowell, who made the arrest, and the probability is that the next time when there is need of arrests on Sunday they will hesitate to act.

Two very interesting sermons were preached by the Rev. E. S. Riley, pastor of the North Topeka Baptist church, last Sunday to large congregations. The subject of the morning discourse was the sacrifice of Christ and the motive which induced the sacrifice. The text was from Second Corinthians 8:9. The text of the evening sermon was from Psalms 51:12, upon the preparation for revival. This sermon was introductory to a series of meetings to be held in the church each evening during the present week. On Wednesday evening the Rev. Dr. Stote, of Lawrence, assisted the services, as also Rev. T. R. Peters, L. H. Holt and others. The church is in a very flourishing condition, and its Sunday school numbers 2-25 members.

Special bargains in nobby hats and bonnets at Mrs. Metcalfs, 803 Kans. Ave.

Large invoice of new and fashionable millinery just received at Mrs. E. C. Metcalfs, 803 Kan. Ave.

Miss Mary Sprague, of North Topeka, is visiting friends in Lawrence.

A marble bust of Ex-Governor Frederick P. Stanton has been received by the State Historical society.

A policeman killed a dog which showed symptoms of hydrophobia in Parkdale Monday.

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

The Topeka Inter-Ocean mills turn out 350 barrels of flour daily. Topeka flour is the finest in the world, and the great difficulty is to supply orders.

Mrs. Belle Torrence, of Birmingham, Iowa, who has been visiting her son, Mr. Guy Torrence for a few days, returned home Monday morning.

Mr. E. W. Davies who has been on a large horse ranch in Colorado during the past year, arrived in town on Saturday and will pass the winter with his family here.

Great Reduction.

Owing to an overstock of goods millinery is offered at greatly reduced prices at Mrs. A. O. Elders, 807 Kansas Avenue.

At the annual meeting of the congregation church, the salary of the pastor was increased to \$2,500 and the board of deacons was increased to six. The membership of the congregation is 515.

Councilman E. B. Lull has been arrested on an indictment found by the grand jury, the result of the little melee in which the councilman and his foreman, Ried, indulged in a few weeks since. He gave bail.

Ex-Governor Osborne and other promoters of the Eleventh street city railway enterprise expect soon to commence building up an elegant addition at the terminus of their railway track on the west side of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McMasters, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. S. N. Burgen and Mr. and Mrs. Z. S. Brown left Tuesday morning on an excursion to Birmingham, Alabama, and expect to be absent a week or more.

Mrs. M. E. Marshall, who accompanied by her daughter Josie, has for the past week, been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Klusman has gone to Leavenworth, where she will remain a few days before returning home.

The total number enrolled in the city schools at the close of the first month was 4,474, being an increase of 693 over last year. The number of half-day's absent were 5,372, against 5,422 last year; the number of pupils tardy was 276.

A spirited altercation between Hon. J. F. Legate, of Leavenworth, and Stacey, of the Kansas City Journal, took place Monday afternoon at the Copeland. Mr. Legate directed a few choice epithets at Mr. Stacey and criticized him for a recent article regarding the alleged candidacy of the new editor of the Leavenworth Times for congress.

Monday night at a business meeting of the Modoc club, Dr. J. B. Gillespie, of Burlingame, was admitted to membership, after which the doctor invited the club to an oyster supper at Conwell & Peasley's parlor. An hour was spent most pleasantly, and the club favored its guests with several choice selections. Dr. Gillespie is a prominent dentist of Burlingame, and withal a most pleasant gentleman.

The new fire alarm service is now about completed. Insulated wires are being placed from the Kaw bridge to the Union Pacific; thence west to Topeka avenue; from there to the Grant school, and from there back to engine house No. 1. Three new fire alarm boxes are placed, one at the corner of Jackson and Morse, one at the Grant school building and one at the corner of A street and Topeka avenue. This will give the north side folks a greater sense of security.

Special bargains in nobby hats and bonnets at Mrs. Metcalfs, 803 Kans. Ave.

There will be a big building boom on Quincy street early next spring. Colonel George W. Veale will build 100 feet on the corner of Fifth, and in the same block W. A. L. Thompson will put up two business houses, B. F. Golden will build one, and McAlaster & West two.

The Central bank has bought from Allen Sells the southeast corner of Seventh and Kansas avenue, paying \$32,500. After the purchase, the bank was offered \$38,000 for the property, but of course refused, as they propose early next spring to build a very fine bank building.

An altercation took place at the Santa Fe depot Saturday night between two hackmen named Drew and Tucker, in which the latter struck the former with his whip and Drew responded by stabbing his assailant with his pocket knife. Two gashes were made, one in the shoulder and one in the arm, neither being considered dangerous.

There was a well attended meeting of the several committees having in charge the preparations for receiving the Irish members of Parliament. Sir Henry Crahan Esmonde, and Arthur O'Connor, held at the Catholic school room on Sunday evening. After receiving subscriptions and reporting progress the meeting adjourned to meet at the same place on Friday evening.

Rev. F. M. Rains, a prominent Christian minister of this city, has been appointed secretary of the church extension fund of the general Christian missionary convention, and the office of this branch, which includes in its territory the entire United States, has been moved to Topeka. The object of this branch is to assist churches in new fields to build houses of worship.

For the latest and most fashionable millinery and newest designs in art needlework and embroidery materials, go to Mrs. Sly, two doors south of the Fire station, on Kansas ave. North Topeka.

Mr. Roll Nichols advances the theory that the reason Anarchist Lingg committed suicide was because he was opposed, on high moral and social principles, to the ancient game of "Seven up."

Married—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Towles, in north Menoken township, on Wednesday evening, November 9, by Rev. C. Holman, Miss Lily Towles to Mr. Fremont Sadtlemire. About fifty of the friends of the happy couple were present and witnessed the ceremony, which was followed by a sumptuous wedding supper, mirth, music, etc. The newly married pair were the recipients of many elegant and costly presents.

The Y. M. C. A. rooms of the railroad department of the association, Fourth and Adams streets, have undergone a remodeling and enlargement and the rooms will be reopened this evening with an interesting program of music and singing.

Notwithstanding bad crops and depression in the money market, Topeka was never in a more prosperous condition, Business men never made as much money as they are making now, and laboring men never received as high wages as they are being paid now. The retail merchant never did as extensive a business as he is doing now; the wholesale merchant never had as heavy a business as he has now; there was never a time when there was as much building going on as now; there was never a time when as much money was being spent in public improvements as now; there was never a time when the population of the city increased more rapidly than now; there was never a time when the additions to the city filled up more rapidly than now; there was never a time when the business men were meeting such success in securing manufactures as they are now meeting with. Topeka is the most prosperous city in the west, and is growing at a marvelously rapid rate every day.

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It will pay you who want good work to call at once, as the very low price given above will be raised the first of January.

We guarantee all Photos satisfactory. Remember the place.

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MORMONISM UNVEILED

OR THE CRIMES OF THE DANITES.

Is the title of a thrilling serial by a well-known American author, just begun in the old reliable Yankee Blade, published at Boston, Mass. The story deals with that band of Mysterious Mormon Monsters, THE DANITES, known among Gentiles as Avenging Angels, who are believed to stand ready to commit any atrocity at the instigation of their Mormon leaders. Mormonism Unveiled is a story of intense interest which is bound to have an immense run and be read by millions of readers during the next few years. It is written expressly for the Yankee Blade, and will run through ten or twelve numbers. Circulating on the Mexican Frontier, also written for the Blade, is another thrilling serial of absorbing interest just begun. Besides The Yankee Blade contains each week eight or ten short stories, sketches, poems, history, biography, wit and humor, fashions, household recipes, fancy work department, children's corner, etc., etc. The Yankee Blade, with the thrilling serials, Mormonism Unveiled and Circulating on the Mexican Frontier, may be procured through any newsdealer in the United States at 5 cents a copy. Regular subscription price \$2.00 a year. Sent on trial 4 months to any address for 40 cents. Cent stamps taken. Address The Yankee Blade, Potter & Potter, Pubs. 48 Milk St. Boston, Mass.

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Can give possession immediately.

RURAL TOPICS.

A Few Seasonable Suggestions to the Husbandman.

All Kinds of Stock Should Go Into Winter Quarters in Good Condition—The Importance of Having One Piece of Land on a Farm Highly Manured.

Preparing Stock for Winter.

Feed in pastures was very short and water was scarce during a large part of last summer. As a consequence many animals throughout the northwest are in poor condition. Since the early fall rains feed has been tolerably abundant, but of poor quality. Grass that springs up in the fall in consequence of the "latter rains" is very succulent and lacking in substance. If cut and cured it makes but a small amount of hay. It does not receive sufficient heat from the sun to fully mature the stalks and foliage. Animals will eat a large amount of this grass, as it is very tender, which will give them a plump appearance, but an appearance that is deceptive. The creatures are not fat, and their flesh is not firm. If their diet is suddenly changed to one of straw, corn-fodder, and hay they will eat but little of it and will soon begin to fall off in condition. They will be in poor condition to resist the cold, and before the middle of winter they will be likely to be so thin in flesh and so deficient in fat as to cause their owners to be solicitous in regard to them.

If farm animals are to come out of winter quarters in good condition they must go into them in good condition. In a climate like that in the northern states and territories a gain in weight and condition during the winter is hardly to be expected; the cold is severe, the protection is poor, and the period of confinement very long. Most farmers rely entirely on hay, straw, corn-fodder, and grain to keep their stock over the winter. They are all dry, and animals are likely to become tired of them long before grass starts in the spring. Farmers in the northwest who raise the condition of their stock during the long and cold winters do so at a large expense. They build costly barns feed out a large amount of grain that could be converted into money, and spend much time in taking care of their animals. Even then the gain is very small. If sold by weight the majority of farm animals would bring more in the fall than in the spring. Making beef, mutton, pork, or horse-flesh during the winter is generally unprofitable. The loss from the corn-crib and oat-bin is not made up by the gain in the animals that are fed from them.

When the first snow falls on the grass in the pastures all kinds of farm animals should be in good condition as respects their supply of flesh and fat. These will enable them to withstand the severe cold, and will obviate the necessity of feeding them large quantities of grain during the winter. The present is a most favorable time for feeding roots and grain to stock. All young animals should be taught to eat dry food before it becomes their constant diet. If calves, colts, and lambs never eat hay till they are shut up in stables, they will fall off in condition before they become accustomed to it. They should have a little given to them each day in the pastures as soon as they are weaned. They should also be taught to eat grass and cornstalks. The change from green and tender grass to dry food is likely to bring on constipation and to lead to other bad results. The change from grass to hay, like that from milk to grass, is likely to impair the condition of young animals, and if they lose flesh during the early part of the winter there is little prospect that they will commence to gain till the grass starts the succeeding spring.

All farm animals should be examined to ascertain if they harbor lice or other vermin before they are shut up in winter quarters. These creatures increase faster in winter than in summer, partly because the thicker coats of animals afford better protection for them, and partly because there are fewer destructive agents during the time they are kept in the stables. The lice on cattle and the ticks on sheep pass from one animal to another of the same species when they are kept in close contact. If they fall on the floor they will find their way back when the animal lies down to rest. During the summer there is much dust flying in the air, which lodges in the coats of animals and causes lice to loose their hold on them and to fall off. Animals are also led by instinct to roll in the dust and to throw it over their bodies. Reason should lead farmers to scatter fine dust, pulverized tobacco, or insect powder over animals that are kept in confinement. Almost any kind of soft fat is valuable for keeping an animal free of lice. It may not kill them, but it appears to be distasteful to them, while it interferes with locomotion. Fat cattle are not often troubled with lice because their skins are so oily. A small amount of carbolic acid or tobacco-juice added to fat or oil makes a most effective substance to apply to cattle with a view to driving off lice and preventing them from securing a place to live and multiply. It is comparatively easy to keep cattle free from vermin if none are on them when they are taken up at the commencement of cold weather. If they once get on a creature it is hard to displace them. One lot will be hatching while another is being destroyed or driven off. The chances are that the

lousy animal will become feeble before the cause of its suffering is discovered or removed.

Highly-Manured Plat.

Farmers in general distribute the manure made in their barns and feeding-yards over the ground they intend to cultivate the year they draw it out, or the next season if the work is done in the fall. They dump it in piles, from which it is afterward spread, or they scatter it from the end of the wagon as they drive it out. If the field to be fertilized is large and the amount of manure made is small, the soil will not be very greatly enriched. Of course the manure will do good, but it will not make a decided showing in the crop produced on the ground. A light manuring is very beneficial to land intended to produce clover, tame grass, or small grain. A large application of manure, especially if it is unfermented, will produce a rank growth of grass or forage crops, and may cause them to lodge. A small application of well-rotted manure, continued year after year, will prevent timothy and other grasses from running out, but will not cause them to make such a luxuriant growth that the stalks will break down before the wind. A small quantity of well-fermented manure pulverized and scattered over pasture land is also productive of good results. It will be of the greatest benefit if it is applied late in the fall. The late rains will wash out the soluble portions and carry them down to the roots of the grass. The other portion will remain on the surface and afford some protection to the plants during the winter. It will not cause the grass to grow very rank or to have an unpleasant flavor as a large application of green manure will.

It is well, however, to have one plat of ground on the farm very highly manured. Its size will depend on the number of acres in the farm and the use to which it is to be put. This highly manured plat should be devoted to the production of those crops that require much labor. Many crops cannot be raised unless much labor is expended on them, and this labor will not be suitably rewarded unless the land is very rich. Cabbages, onions, and beets are valuable field crops, but their production calls for much labor. The more highly the land is manured the larger will be the reward for the labor, as the same amount will be required on poor as on rich land. Tomatoes, cucumbers, melons, and squashes also need a very rich soil. They are all gross feeders, and as they do not start till the advent of warm weather and mature their fruit before the weather becomes very cool, their period of growth is short. Lima beans, most kinds of bush beans, and peas designed for the table also require a soil that has been made rich by the application of fertilizers. Sweet corn, to produce large ears, should be planted on rich land. Persons who have obtained new varieties of potatoes at considerable expense should plant them on land where the yield will be as large as possible. There is little danger of making land too rich for these crops. A market gardener would not hesitate to apply forty loads of stable manure to an acre of land before he planted his first crop of vegetables on it, and would use half that amount each succeeding year that he cultivated it.—Chicago Times.

Prairie Memories.

Wide o'er-arching summer sky;
Sea-drifting grasses, rustling reeds,
Where young grouse to their mothers cry,
And locusts pipe from whistling weeds;
Broad meadows lying like lagoons
Of sunniest water, on whose swells
Float nodding blooms to tinkling bells
Of bob-o'-linkum's wildest tunes.
Far west winds bringing odors fresh
From mountains' raysed as monarchs are
In royal robes of ice and snow,
Where storms are bred in thunder-jar;
Land of corn and wheat and kine,
Where plenty fills the hand of him
Who tills the soil or prunes the vine,
Or digs in thy far canyons dim—
My western land! I love thee yet.
In dreams I ride my horse again,
And breast the breezes blowing fleet
From out the meadows cold and wet.
From fields of flowers blowing sweet,
And flinging perfume to the breeze.
The wild oats swirl along the plain;
I feel their dash against my knees,
Like rapid plash of running seas.
I pass by islands dark and tall
With painted poplars thick with leaves;
The grass in rustling ripple cleaves
To left and right in general flow;
And as I listen, riding slow,
Out breaks the wild bird's jocund call.
O, shining suns of boyhood's time!
O, winds that from the mystic west
Saug calls to Eldorado's quest!
O, swaying wild-bird's thrilling chime!
When loud the city's clanging roar
Wraps in my soul, as does a shroud,
I hear those songs and sounds once more,
And dream of boyhood's swing swung clouds.
—The American Magazine

Marry for Money Only.

"Will you remember me, dear, when I am gone?" asked the sick man.
"Yes, John," replied the stricken wife, "and I will see that your grave is kept green and all that."
"Will you marry again?"
"I can never love anyone but you, John, and if I do marry again he will have to have money."—New York Sun.

The Only Golden Trout.

Golden trout are found in but one place in the world—that is in the brooks of Mount Whitney, up near the banks of everlasting snow. They have a golden stripe down each side, and are the most beautiful fishes that swim.—Allan's Sunny South.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A GOOD BREAKFAST DISH.—Cut up neatly from a leg of mutton the meat in pieces about the same size. Remove all the fat, skin and bone, and every piece which is burned or blackened by the fire, or the hash will have a strong, disagreeable flavor. The parts not used for hash may be put in the stock-pot. Melt in a quart stewpan, one ounce of sweet butter, then two finely-minced eschalots and a desert spoonful of flour, and stir for five minutes. Now add two gills of stock, salt if necessary, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, one clove, three allspice, a bouquet garni, a teaspoonful of Worcester's sauce, and a tablespoonful of tomato sauce. Stir continually till the contents come to a boil, keep boiling for a few minutes, then strain into another stewpan, and let the sauce cool before adding the meat or it will harden. When cold lay in all the pieces of meat, place the stewpan over the fire, and let the contents gradually warm; occasionally shake the stewpan, and be careful not to let the hash boil. As soon as the meat is sufficiently warmed, spread upon slices of bread fried in butter. Only let the meat be warmed through in the sauce.

PIE CRUST.—Sift one pound of flour with one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; chop six ounces of butter into the flour until it is thoroughly mixed; work with ice water into a thin sheet; spread with two ounces more of butter; fold up closely into a long roll; flatten and re-roll, then spread again with butter; repeat the operation three times; lay it aside for a while in a cool place, then roll out your crust. Touch the crust as little as possible with the hand.

GRAPE SHERBET.—Lay a square of cheese cloth over a bowl; put in a pound of ripe Concord grapes; mash very thoroughly with a wooden masher; squeeze out all the juice; add an equal amount of cold water to the juice, and sugar to make very sweet; freeze in the usual way.

SPICED GRAPES.—Mash the grapes and cook until soft; rub through a sieve; to one quart of pulp add one pint of brown sugar and one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and allspice, half a teaspoonful of mace and the same of cloves.

CHIPPED PEARS.—Take pears not quite ripe; pare and core and cut them in long, thin stripes; to four pounds of the fruit put three pounds of sugar, the rind of two lemons cut into strips, the juice of the lemons, one-eighth of a pound of green ginger and a gill of water; boil until the fruit is transparent.

He Was Equal to It.

One of the old-time typos lingered down town one morning among convivial spirits long after the "jig" was up, and when he finally got started westward—it seems to me that all the printers in town live on the West Side it was broad daylight, and the east-bound cars were crowded with people who hadn't the faintest idea of what it was to work all night. He lived a few blocks east of West avenue, on Madison street, and when he reached his home he tried for several minutes to adjust his key to the key-hole, but he couldn't strike the combination. Every half minute a car loaded with people passed by, and everybody laughed at him. Then a cunning idea struck him. He went early down in his pocket, got a match, lighted it, held it up to the key-hole, inserted the key, unlocked the door, and stalked dignifiedly in, while an irrepressible shout went up from a car that was passing. Daylight might be good enough for some, but he needed a little extra illumination. He was used to artificial light.—Chicago Mail.

Settling for his Dinner.

"If I give yer a nice dinner," she said to the tramp, "will yer do a little work for me?"
"Certainly, Madam," was the frank reply.

After dinner he explained to the woman that aside from being out of practice in wood-sawing, his physician had strictly forbidden it; "but," he went on, "I want to do something, of course, and if your husband has a new pair of boots that he wants broken in I'll undertake the job."—Texas Siftings.

An Alderman's Son.

Teacher—Now, Johnnie, suppose your father has an income of \$5,000 a year from his business. He spends \$2,000 for your mamma's clothes, \$50 for his own clothing, and \$1,000 in miscellaneous expenses. How much will he have at the end of the year?
Johnnie (after mature deliberation)—Seven thousand dollars.
Teacher—Eleven thousand dollars! You don't seem to know your arithmetic.
Johnnie—Well, I know pop. He's an alderman, he is!—Life.

She Knew Her Mamma.

"Pa, won't you give me a new dress! I want one so much."
"I'll speak to your mother about it." The child's wistful expression was turned into disappointment.
"Surely, mamma will know if it's necessary."
"Yes," replied the child, demurely, "I suppose so. But when you speak to her touch her easy, papa, or she might want one herself."—Texas Siftings.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Fruit of all kinds should be kept cool. A clothespin apron should have a place in every laundry.

In polishing shoes, if the blacking is moistened with a little milk instead of water, they will polish with less time and effort.

Pieces of stale bread may be dipped in an egg, fried brown in batter, and served as an omelet.

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

For chapped hands dissolve two ounces of glycerine, two teaspoonfuls borax, in one pint of water.

Turpentine is almost a sure remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it, and put it on the chest, and in a severe case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.

A few quince seeds boiled in water and perfumed will keep the hair in curl longer than the use of any preparation.

To promote the growth of the hair take a teacup of sage, steep in a quart of soft water, strain, add one half teaspoonful of borax and sponge the head with the mixture, using a stiff brush.

When removed from the person, clothing, if damp should be dried before putting into the clothes-basket, to prevent mildew.

To clean men's clothing take a pint of cold water and add to it a quart of cold coffee and a teaspoonful of ammonia. Use a sponge and rub the spots thoroughly. Sponge the garment all over, then hang on the back of a chair and let dry in the shade. For light clothes omit the coffee, using any kind of good soap.

A pail or tub of fresh cold water, renewed several times in the course of twenty-four hours, will absorb all the evil odor of fresh paint in a day or two. The taste of the water after an hour will prove the thoroughness of its work.

To set the color in black or dark hose-jery, calicoe, umbries, etc., put a large tablespoonful of black pepper into a pail of water, and let the articles soak for a couple of hours.

An excellent glycerine ointment for chapped hands is made by melting, with gentle heat, two ounces of sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce of spermaceti and one dram of white wax. When melted, remove from the stove and add an ounce of glycerine, and stir until the mixture is cold. The ointment can be scented with any perfume to suit the fancy. Keep it in wide-necked bottles.

A novel method of removing grease from cloth, woolen or silk goods, and especially applicable to goods, of a delicate texture where the color is easily injured, is the use of potato water. Grate the potatoes to a pulp and add water to the amount of a pint to a pound. Let it stand, and when clear pour off all the potato sediment at the bottom. This is your cleaning mixture, to be applied with a clean linen rag, and followed by a small amount of spirits of wine. I tried it on a very delicate shade of blue silk, removing every trace of grease without injuring the color in the least.

The Cooklady.

All Ladies—"Ah, Mrs. Genteel, how do you do to-day? It is an age since I have seen you. How is your daughter Katie? I haven't seen her for a long time."
"She's quite well I thank you. She is saleslady now at Plush & Silk's store."
"Indeed? And your daughter Mamie?"
"Oh, Mamie is forelady in the new tomato canning establishment."
"I hadn't heard that. Is Lulu at home now?"
"No; she has gone to Hartford as waitingly to a very wealthy and aristocratic woman living there."
"Oh, has she? Then you have only Lona at home, I presume."
"Oh, no; Lona has just accepted a situation as nurselady in the family of Judge K. She has an elegant place."
"So you are living alone?"
"No, we have given up our house for the winter, and I am now cooklady at Mrs. Blank's boarding-house."—Tidbits.

How Spiders Mount.

When a spider is preparing to mount, it stops eating for several days and fastens itself by a short line of web to one of the main lines of its snare, which holds it firmly while it proceeds to undress. The skin cracks all around the thorax, and is held only by the front edges. Next the abdomen is uncovered. Now comes the struggle to free the legs. It works and kicks vigorously and seems to have very hard work, but continued perseverance for about fifteen minutes brings it out of the old dress, and it seems almost lifeless and limp and helpless for several minutes, but gradually comes back to life and looks brighter and prettier than before.—Swiss Cross.

Apotheosis of Paper.

We knew it would come. The announcement has been made that a paper coffin has been invented and put upon the market. A man may now build his house of paper, eat his dinner from paper plates, wipe his face with a paper handkerchief, buy his wife a paper piano and go to his grave in a paper coffin. The coffin may be paid for with a piece of paper and his death published on another piece. There are few things more useful than paper.—Philadelphia Record.

A DOUBLE MIND.

An Expert Stenographer Who Can Write One Thing and Speak Another Simultaneously.

"How long have you lived here?"
The lawyer was taking the deposition of a witness in his office in the Mills building, says *The New York Mail and Express*. The pencil of the stenographer was moving rapidly over his paper, leaving behind it a string of pot-hooks and other absurd symbols of speech.

"You say you have known the defendant for the past ten years. Now I want to ask you whether at any time during that period you ever noticed any symptoms of insanity in his behavior?" continued the lawyer.

At the instant the lawyer began this query the stenographer turned to the reporter, who was seated by his side at the table, and, without stopping his writing for a second, whispered: "Wait a moment and I'll be through. This won't last much longer."

The reporter looked anxiously at the notes, expecting to see the pencil stop its travels, or at least at the end of the questions, retrace its steps to retrace some phrases incorrectly transcribed. But it made no such break. When the lawyer ended his inquiry the pencil stopped.

"Now, sir," continued the lawyer, "you may tell me whether you were well enough acquainted with the defendant to know whether he showed any weakness of mind or not?"

Before the stenographer had completed the second line of his report he again whispered to the reporter not to be in a hurry, and, as before, concluded his work without a particle of apparent interruption. This was the last question, and after the papers were gathered together and the witness had left the office the reporter asked the stenographer whether he had written correctly all that was said verbatim or had only epitomized what had been spoken.

"I wrote exactly what was said. Why do you ask?"
"Can you read it without difficulty?"
"Of course I can, otherwise I should not be here, but why do you ask?"
"I didn't see how you could write down what was being spoken and speak to me upon another subject at the same time."

"That is easy enough to do," responded the stenographer with a laugh, "when you only know how and practice long enough. Short-hand writing is very much like playing the piano or repeating something from memory. It is mechanical. I found years ago when I was reporting in a western court, that it was extremely useful to hear and think of other things transpiring in the court-room than the evidence itself. I then began practicing so that I could train myself to do two separate things at the same time. I would mentally make note of everything occurring around me and keep on with my writing. At first I would make a mistake or two, but I gradually got so that I could hear everything that was said and understood it too, notwithstanding the fact that my pencil was moving all the time."

"I should think that when you began to speak it would have thrown you off the track?"

"I did at first. I learned that by committing to memory some poem and repeating it while I was reporting, until at last I could carry on a conversation on almost any subject and write from dictation upon one entirely different. It's a very useful accomplishment, but I wouldn't advise you to become a professional stenographer, and I wouldn't advise that unless you have nothing better to do than to break stones in the streets."

"I should think that when you began to speak it would have thrown you off the track?"

"I did at first. I learned that by committing to memory some poem and repeating it while I was reporting, until at last I could carry on a conversation on almost any subject and write from dictation upon one entirely different. It's a very useful accomplishment, but I wouldn't advise you to become a professional stenographer, and I wouldn't advise that unless you have nothing better to do than to break stones in the streets."

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Tricycling 2,200 Miles.

An American and his wife, writes a correspondent, Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Lewis, of Philadelphia, on a tandem tricycle, have since Jubilee Day travelled all over the south of England; and then, from Dieppe, ridden to Geneva, by way of Rouen, Paris and Dijon, thence over the St. Gothard to Milan, by way of the lakes; back over the Splügen, by easy stages through Switzerland, down the Rhine from its source to the sea; around Holland, only ending their trip of 2,200 miles in Brussels because they found themselves riding, not on the rubber, but on the steel rim of their wheels, the tires being entirely worn out.—Paris News.

The Monks and the Ladies.

The Indian railway officials are likely to be placed in an embarrassing position, for not only do English ladies demand to travel alone, but the Buddhist monks have requested to be allowed to do so likewise. The government of Ceylon replied to their reverence that when any number of monks travel together they will be accorded every facility for not being intruded upon, but that the railway certainly cannot give a single monk a carriage to himself.—London Life.

A Social Question.

Two young ladies of Murray hill were engaged in a war of words.
"You needn't say anything about family, Ethel. I don't believe you ever had a grandfather."
"Well, you had a grandfather, Clara," retorted Ethel, "and I've heard mamma say that he never sat down to dinner without first taking his coat off. That's worse than none at all."—Epoch.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Nov. 12, 1887.

On Thursday afternoon Governor Oglesby commuted the sentence of Fielden and Schwab to imprisonment for life. The others are to hang as we go to press. On Thursday morning Lingg, one of the most desperate of the anarchists, attempted to commit suicide by blowing off his head with one of his own little bombs placed in his mouth.

The elections on Tuesday indicate that:

Grover Cleveland will be the next democratic candidate for president.

It will be absolute suicide for the republicans to nominate either Blaine or Sherman.

The anti-saloon republican movement is an arrant sham.

The union labor move is one of the political swindles that fails to draw in many suckers.

The democratic party more than holds its own.

By far the most marked party growth is that of the Third or Prohibition party.

Union labor reform, while pandering to the liquor interests, has no strength with the people.

Reform movements of any kind having the support of anarchists and socialists, are certain to receive popular condemnation.

Not only Pennsylvania, but Iowa must now be classed among the doubtful states.

We have no special need of a county high school and the people have wisely so decided.

Topeka's steady boom will not hibernate this winter.

Topeka will have more than 100,000 inhabitants, when all the present additions are well built up.

If the republican party desires success it will nominate Robert Lincoln for president whether or no.

Money judiciously spent for public improvements is never thrown away. On the contrary it is always well invested.

Rather stale reading telegrams in Topeka morning paper, that have been served in St. Louis papers at noon, the day before.

Shawnee county really needs a new court house, but the well grounded suspicion that there is a job in the thing, led the people to vote against bonds. It is just as well.

Miss Nellie R. Cook, of Wolcott, N. Y. has been nominated by the Democrats of Wayne County for school commissioner of the first district.

A Providence man, who admitted choking his wife to death, has been sentenced to prison for one year. There ought to be a married woman on the Rhode Island bench.

Rum did not gain a big victory in Oregon when it defeated prohibition by only 10,000. A few more such defeats and prohibition will come to Texas, Tennessee and Oregon and then to the nation.

There is a big screw loose in the state house business. A Kentucky architect, engaged to superintend the work at \$1,500 a year, puts in an appearance once a month, with occasional exceptions, to draw his salary and mileage. Objections to this program have been entered and one little leak will perhaps be stopped.

County Schools.

From the annual report of John MacDonald, county superintendent, completed yesterday, the Capital gets the following statistics: Total number of children of school age in the county, 15,255; total number of persons enrolled in school, 9,739; total average attendance, 6,156; total number of teachers employed, 188; total number required, 177; total number of men teachers employed, 67; of women teachers, 121; average monthly salary of men teachers, \$51.62; of women teachers, \$49.32; average number of mills levied for all school purposes, 948; estimated value of all school property, \$522,350; number of school buildings, 107; number of school rooms, 179; number of different schools visited by the county superintendent during the year, 90; total number of visits, 117; average age of persons receiving certificates, 26; total receipts for the year, \$169,383.21; total expenditures for the year \$149,183.46; balance in the district treasuries, \$20,199.75; receipts of normal institute fund, \$482.59; expenditures, \$460.59; balance on hand, \$2,200.

It is difficult to compare these statistics with those of last year, because the legislature changed the date of the annual school meeting; hence, the school year, financially speaking, closed on May 31, instead of July 31, as formerly. This has shortened the present year two months, and, therefore the receipts and expenditures seem to be less than they were last year, but in reality are greater. There will be a proportionate increase shown in next year's report.

The average salary per month paid to men teachers last year was \$51.40; this year, \$51.62; increase, 22 cents; average salary paid to women teachers last year was \$45.64; this year, \$49.32; increase, \$3.68; the estimated value of school property last year was \$380,200; this year, \$522,350; increase, \$142,150; the total school population last year was 15,000; this year, 15,255; total enrollment last year, 9,165; this year, 9,739; per cent. of population enrolled last year, a little more than 60 per cent.; this year, nearly 64 per cent.; total average attendance last year, 5,841; this, 6,156; percentage, about the same; average length of the school year last year, 29.95 weeks; this year, 29.61.

It is remarkable how well balanced the boys and girls are in our country. There are 7,352 boys 7,903 girls; there were 4,844 boys enrolled and 4,895 girls; the average attendance was 3,042 boys and 3,114 girls.

All the statistics given include those from the city of Topeka.

Madame Ilma Di Murska will preside over the fortunes of the American School of Music founded by Mrs. Thurber and other lovers of the divine art.

Jenny Lind's singing teacher, Professor Bergh, is still living at the age of eighty-four. The one subject he most enjoys speaking upon is that of his famous pupil and her successes. The very mention of her name brings tears of enthusiasm and affection to his eyes.

Vittoria Colonna was buried in a small and obscure church in Rome, now being demolished, Sant' Anna dei Falegnami; and the archaeologists and literary people of that city are anxiously expecting the discovery of her "cypress-wood coffin, lined with embroidered velvet."

Of the \$300,000 given by Miss Caldwell to found a Roman Catholic University, \$30,000 have been expended for a plot of ground half a mile outside of Washington, D. C., and \$170,000 will be spent on the building, the remaining \$100,000 being reserved for the pressors salaries.

We would suggest to the city council that there is a splendid field for economy in the way of doing the city advertising. If the city needs money it should learn the simplest principle of political as well as private economy, that a dollar saved is as good as a dollar earned.

M. A. Root, in the West Bay City Mich. Times, makes a forcible plea for social purity and after instancing a number of painful cases that show the want of a better moral sentiment in the community and especially in the courts, asks, "What stronger proof is required to evidence the need of women, yes, mothers, on juries and in legislatures?"

The authorities in Cincinnati have ordered that all women and children arrested shall be sent to one police station. This might help friends who are working to secure police matrons, for the expense would thus be greatly reduced.

That farmers are generally feeling the necessity of an organization, are ready for it, is proven by the various forms of united effort that are springing up here and there. It is for Patrons to see to it that the claims of the Grange above others are kept before their neighbors. A farmers' club is far better than no organization, but what unity of action exists between the farmers' clubs of even one State? How can they possibly all act together upon some important measure for or against, farmers that may be before Congress? A Grange can do everything that can be done by a farmers' club in local matters, and, besides it can handle State and National questions of importance, and act on them. Members of the Grange should be very favorable to and friendly to farmers' clubs and other local societies. They are all preparing the farmer for the Grange. They are the stepping stones to the best and most successful farmers organization the world has ever known.

Col. Fred Grant's wife is described as a woman of beauty and accomplishments. She is of French extraction, and is said to be a born diplomatist. In the matter of making speeches she is much more fluent than her husband.

Frances Power Cobbe, in addition to a great amount of time spent in philanthropic work, has, during the last twenty-five years, written fifteen books and about twenty pamphlets, besides many articles for newspapers and magazines.

At the Paris Salon this year are more than five hundred women exhibitors, including some twenty five Americans. The total number of feminine artists in Paris, both exhibitors and students in serious ateliers, is about 1,200.

Kansas is still sending up new school buildings. Meade Center is building a \$12,000 school house, Kinsley a \$16,000 high school building, Blue Mound a \$5,000 building, Randolph a \$5,000 building, Osborn, City one for \$15,000, Oberlin district of Kiowa county one for \$10,000 Clay Center another at a cost of \$17,000, and Halstead one for \$13,000.

The Pundita Ramabai has brought out a second edition of her deeply interesting book, "The High-Caste Hindu Woman." Every woman ought to read it.

Mason & Hamlin Pianos.

Mason & Hamlin bid fair to become as famous for their pianos as they have long been for their world-renowned organs. The distinguishing feature about the Mason & Hamlin Piano is an important improvement in the method of holding the strings. They are secured by metallic fastenings, instead of by the friction of pins set in wood, as has been the case, and the advantages resulting are highly important. Wonderful beauty and musical quality of tone; far less liability of getting out of tune; greater reliability in trying climates; and greater solidity of construction and durability are secured.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA.

Volume I. of this work, now on our table, abundantly fulfills the promises of the publisher's prospectus. It is a really handsome volume of 640 pages half Morocco binding, large type, profusely illustrated, and yet sold for the price of 65 cents; cloth binding 50 cents—postage 11 cents extra. Large discounts even from these prices are allowed to early subscribers. It is to be issued in about thirty volumes.

The MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA is, in many ways, unlike any other Cyclopaedia. It undertakes to present a survey of the entire circle of knowledge, whether of WORDS or THINGS, thus combining the characteristics of a Cyclopaedia and a Dictionary, including in its vocabulary every word which has any claim to a place in the English language. Its form of publication is as unique as its plan—the "Ideal Edition" its publisher calls it, and the popular verdict seems to sustain his claim. It certainly is delightfully convenient. It will not be strange if this proves to be the great popular cyclopaedia. It certainly is worthy of examination by all searchers after knowledge. The publisher sends specimen pages to any applicant. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St. New York, or Lakeside Building, Chicago.

"DOUBLES."

Some Instances in Real Life Like "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Mr. Stevenson's astounding story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has struck a popular chord. In the story the doctor becomes, as he sees fit, the tall, fine-looking, truly good Jekyll, or the small, ill-favored, diabolical Hyde. In his fine mansion he was Jekyll, a gentleman. In the mean barracks he was Hyde, a villain.

This imaginary gift or power of self-transformation, is utilized in "Vice Versa" and other stories.

The peculiar and hence the fascinating, feature of such tales, lies in the idea of a physical transformation. The discovery that men have been leading double lives has become an almost every day occurrence, as is so strongly illustrated in "Jim the Penman." There are thousands of men in our communities who are leading double lives. Men who pretend to be saints, but are sinners; Sunday-school superintendents, who turn out defaulters; temperance lecturers who prove to be addicted to strong drink; reformers, for "what there is in it." The world is full of this double living, which indicates positive lack of character. In the learned professions how they thrive! Hear the lawyer demanding, in the name of justice the acquittal of the client he knows is guilty; the preacher advocating in public a creed he professionally privately decries. Note the physician tied down to school he does not follow his practice. There comes to us a peculiar instance of this duplicity.

Some years ago there was put upon the market a proprietary remedy,—Warner's safe cure,—a specific for all kidney disorders. Prior to its discovery there had been no sure remedy for these disorders, which lead quickly to bright's disease, and other kidney, liver and blood ailments so much dreaded. The efficacy of the remedy was soon shown, yet because it was a proprietary remedy the medical profession, as such, refused to recommend its use. Nevertheless Dr. Gunn, of New York, a practitioner of so great repute as to be independent of schools, declares "The ingredients of the remedy are among the most valuable medicines of materia medica," and says he knows the medicine is used by the leading physicians, but they will not let their patients know they employ it.

Dr. Dio Lewis who represented manful independence in his profession and who was prone to deprecate all kinds of medicine, yet spoke in the highest terms of Warner's safe cure, and said, were he a victim of any kidney disease—and most diseases originate in such disorders—he should certainly use it. Thousands of less candid physicians secretly prescribe it in circles of their own.

It is the fact, that this double living, this moral duplicity among men is a growing evil, that makes this class of books so popular.

Things Worth Knowing.

Keep salt in a dry place and cheese in a tin box.

Never use for cake milk that has been boiled.

Matches should always be kept in a stone or earthen jar, or in tin.

Common cheese cloth makes an excellent strainer for acid fruits.

It is claimed by some housewives that a little kerosene added to boiled starch will impart a nice gloss.

Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine. It will give relief almost instantly.

To remove machine oil from cotton goods rub the spots with hard soap and soft water as soon as they are observed and they can be easily taken out.

If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it.

Before using new earthenware place in a boiler with cold water and heat gradually till it boils, then let it remain until the water is cold. It will not be liable to crack if treated in this manner.

An excellent salve for bruises is the following: Take the leaves of catnip and bruise with salt pork in a mortar, or with a rolling pin. If applied to flesh wounds or bruises of any kind will at once allay the inflammation.

If you have pictures hanging on an outer wall protect them from any possible damp by covering the backs with sheet lead, or else keep them from contact with the wall by corks fastened to the lower ends of the frames.

Stains of fruits on good table linen can be removed without injury by using the following with care: Pour boiling water on chloride of lime in the proportion of one gallon to quarter of a pound, bottle it, cork it well, and in using it be careful not to stir it. Lay the stain in this for a moment, then apply white vinegar and boil the table linen.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

MEAT SALAD.

Chop one or two pounds of corned beef fine, then take two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard and one egg, beat altogether and pour into the frying pan and let boil, then stir in the meat thoroughly and cook about three minutes, and put in a vegetable dish to mould. Serve in slices when cold.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

One-half teacup of tapioca soaked in one pint of new milk over night; in the morning add one quart of milk; boil in a double boiler or a pail set in water until the tapioca is soft; then add three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately and one teacup of sugar; cook only a moment after adding the eggs. Serve very cold.

ORANGE PIE.

Take the juice and grated rind of one orange; one small cup of sugar; yolks of three eggs; one tablespoon of corn starch, make smooth with milk; piece of butter as large as a chestnut, and one cup of milk. Beat the whites of the three eggs with sugar and place on the top after the pie is baked, leaving in the oven until browned.

BOILED FROSTING.

One cup of water, one pound of pulverized sugar and the whites of four eggs; boil the sugar and water until it becomes a thick syrup; beat the eggs to a stiff froth and stir them slowly into the syrup while hot. This is very nice put between layers of cake and over the top. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

CRUMB PIE.

This makes five pies. Bake without a top crust. One cup of molasses and one cup of warm water, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cinnamon, mix and put in pie plates. Then take four cups flour, 1½ cups sugar and one cup lard. Crumb it together and put on top and bake.

PLUM PRESERVES.

Weigh your plums, scald them, put on a dish or water; be sure to strain; weigh as much sugar as fruit, and to every pound and a gill of water; let sugar boil, skim, add scalded fruit, cook two hours and a half; put in airtight jars.

SWEET ONION PICKLE.

Take two quarts small onions (red are good), soak in salt and water over night, sweeten vinegar enough to cover them, put in one tablespoon whole allspice, put all on the fire, let boil two or three minutes, put in airtight cans.

BEEF SOUP.

Four pounds of shin beef, four quarts of water, six onions, four carrots, two turnips, all chopped fine; pepper and salt. Put the meat to boil, and at the end of four hours add the vegetables and cook one hour longer.

COIN FRITTERS.

Grate cold boiled corn from the cob, season, add three beaten eggs and sufficient flour to give them consistency. Drop in large spoonfuls into boiling lard or dripping, and fry a nice brown. Canned corn may be used.

GREEN APPLE PIES.

Grate raw six good apples, add a cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four eggs, a little lemon juice, a few dried currants and a little spice. Line plates with a paste, fill and bake without an upper crust.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

Two cups of flour, one cup each of sugar and milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with lemon and bake one-half hour. Serve with cream or sauce.

CUSTARD PIE.

One egg, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, one level tablespoonful each of corn starch and butter, one pint of sweet milk. Flavor to taste and bake with one crust.

A Fair Ornithologist.

A young lady, whose home is in Grand Isle, La., has been making a collection of the bright-plumaged birds found on the island, whose habitat, beyond question, is somewhere in the tropics. The theory is that these birds have been blown out into the Gulf during the prevalence of gales and wafted upon the Louisiana shore. It is doubtful if so beautiful a collection of birds could be made at any other point in the country than that of which we speak. A boy containing fourteen specimens which were trapped and prepared for mounting by this young lady, revealed when opened a most gorgeous spectacle, the color ranging from the brightest scarlet—beside which that of the cardinal or red bird seems quite dull—down to the palest of pinks and blues. Some of the specimens were of the loveliest shade of yellow—one of them plumaged in black and yellow akin to the oriole. Grand Isle presents a splendid field for amateur ornithologists and collectors. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Books and Magazines.

A Striking Novelty.
The "Veteran Editor," Orange Judd, who has for a half a century, or more, been constantly bringing out something new and valuable, has just devised a novel plan which will be highly appreciated by all readers of the Journal which he now edits, viz.: The Prairie Farmer of Chicago. Recognizing the great liability of all people, and especially farmers, to severe accidents, the Publishers have made a "lumping job" of enrolling all the subscribers of the Prairie Farmer as "Members" of a first rate Accident Insurance Company, and the Publishers themselves pay into the Insurance Company a sufficient sum to entitle all subscribers desiring it to receive a Policy of Insurance, securing to each ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, in case of loss of life or limbs by accident. The Policy is paid up in full for One Year, and is non-assessable. The subscriber simply pays the regular subscription rate of \$1.50 a year, adding 20 cents for the expense of preparing, executing and delivering the policy. The Prairie Farmer alone is a very valuable paper and cheap, insurance or no insurance. Sent for a free specimen, which will give full particulars. The Prairie Farmer and the Spirit of Kansas both one year for \$2.00, or with the Insurance \$2.20.

A Great Popular Cyclopaedia.
The second volume of Alden's Manifest Cyclopaedia more than bears out the promise of the first. There seems to be little doubt that it will prove to be the great popular Cyclopaedia for the next score of years at least. The embodiment of an Unabridged Dictionary of Language and a complete Cyclopaedia of Universal Knowledge in one work, in large type, with thousands of illustrations, and all for a price less than people have been used to paying for a Dictionary alone, is not only a novelty in plan, but to the ordinary book-buyer the fact is hardly less than astounding. Its accomplishment will certainly be creditable to Alden's Literary Revolution.

As to the quality of the work, both literary and mechanical, any common-sense reader is capable of judging. The two volumes received at this office (which any reader is welcome to call and examine) are certainly giving the unstinted praise you seem to be receiving, as evidenced by following quotations:

"The book in all respects more than answers my expectations. It is a very neat volume of a form convenient for use, firmly bound, of large, clear type, with contents of just that general character which the popular reader requires—comprehensive, accurate, and compact. Its marvellously low cost makes it a prize eagerly to be sought in every intelligence loving household." Prof. Henry N. Fay, D. D., L.L.D., Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

"A particularly valuable feature, the admirable guide to the pronunciation. The work, so cheap, is a god-send to the many who, like myself, have old editions of cyclopedias, too valuable to throw away, and yet, in dates and statistics, and many other matters, are behind the times."—R. J. A. Bunner, San Rafael, California

"I am delighted. The clear type is refreshing to the eye, and the press-work faultless. You have commenced a grand work."—Rev. J. B. Ludwig, New Castle, Ind.

"I cannot refrain from expressing my astonishment at receiving a book so carefully edited, neatly bound, and legibly printed. It is indeed a marvel."—W. H. Culbert, St. Elmo, Texas.

"First volume of the Cyclopaedia received. The list of abbreviations is worth the cost of the first volume."—E. R. Culver, Poe, Ohio.

"The manifold take! You will, I really believe sell 500 in this county alone."—I. N. French, Alexandria, Ind.

The publisher, John B. Alden, 393 Pearl St., New York, or Clark and Adams Sts., Chicago, will send specimen pages free to any applicant, or a specimen volume in cloth for 50c, or paper, 65c; postage 10c. extra.

The November Magazine of American History is one of the brightest and most richly illustrated issues of the year. Oliver Cromwell's portrait appears as its frontispiece, incident to the romantic story of the first settlement of Shelter Island, in 1652, told by Mrs. Lamb in her happiest vein, entitled the "Historic Home of the Sylvesters." Shelter Island was erected into a manor in 1665, and cultivated by negro slaves until it became a gem of beauty. During the Quaker persecution in Massachusetts it was where the sufferers fled for shelter; and its history is interwoven with the struggles between the Dutch of New York and the English of Connecticut while the two parent nations were at war in Europe. The paper is informing on a multitude of hitherto obscure points in early American history and is delightfully diversified with incidents. Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D., contributes a second paper on the "Relation of Church and State in America," a continuation of his lawyer-like discussion of our government's attitude toward religion. A very pleasantly written sketch is by Walstein Root, on the "Hamilton Oneida Academy in 1794," the germ of Hamilton College. The fourth article in this superb number is a study by Charles H. Peck of the public life and character of "Aaron Burr," in which he aims to substitute natural explanations for the acts and misfortunes of his extraordinary subjects. Then follows, from G. Brown Goode, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, "An Interesting Dialogue in 1676, between Bacon, 'the rebel,' and John Goode, of Whiteby." Judge J. Farbell, of Washington, contributes "Horne Greely's Practical Advice to the Reconstructionists in Mississippi," and T. J. Chapman, A. M., writes an interesting paper on the "Religious Movement in 1800." The shorter articles are varied and entertaining. The number concludes with its carefully edited departments of Original Documents, Minor Topics, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, etc., well filled, its "Historic and Social Jottings" illustrated, and a dozen or more ably written book reviews. Price \$5.00 a year. Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

The illustrations of The Illustrated London News (American edition) for November 5th, present as usual instruction as well as entertainment, and covers the customary broad range of this long established and widely known publication. They are indicated by the following titles: Sketches of the Bulgarian Elections; Disputes Between Fishermen at Plymouth, State of Ireland. The Late Mrs. Craik, H. M. S. Wasp, Sketches on the River Congo, Sketches at the Cat Show, Crystal Palace, The Late Lady Brassey, Grand DuBar at Mandalay, In the Semois Valley, Ardennes, A Tame Lion, Algiers, and The Kali Ghaut, Calcutta. Reading matter in abundance is also provided, while now it is becoming quite generally known that newsdealers everywhere sell the paper for ten cents. Subscriptions can be sent direct to the New York office, which is in the Potter Building.

"The Wreath of Immortelles," a handsome steel-engraving (21 by 27 inches) issued by Peterson's Magazine as premium for getting up clubs for 1888. It represents two sisters carrying a wreath of immortelles and other flowers to the cemetery, to be placed on mother's grave. The faces are very sweet, and the whole picture is well executed, and one that will appeal to every mother's heart. When framed it will make an elegant ornament for any parlor. Peterson's contributors are among the ablest writers. Its illustrations are first-class, and its fashion and fancy-work articles, and suggestions for the household, nursery, etc., are invaluable. \$2 per year, with great reductions to clubs. Specimens gratis to those wishing to get up clubs, if written for in good faith. Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

The November number of LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE opens with a complete novel by Virginia W. Johnson, entitled the "Terra-Cotta Bust"—an art romance, a picture of Italian life, delicately and gracefully painted, and full of poetry and pathos. The series of undergraduate sketches of life in the principal colleges of the United States is brought to a close by R. S. Round's "Social Life at Amherst College." Felix L. Oswald's article, "A Modern Spartacus," detailing the adventures and exploits of a bandit, who for several years back has defied the Mexican authorities and encountered many thrilling adventures, is a biographical sketch of the utmost interest. Another valuable article is Prof. John Johnson Jr.'s, "The School-Boy as a Microcosm," in which the customs and morals and economic principles of the average school-boy are shown to reflect those of semi-civilized and savage periods of the human race. "The Story of a Stanza," by John R. Tait, is one of the bits of literary autobiography for which this Magazine is famous. Arlo Bates' "A sketch in Umber" is a story of unusual power and insight. The most important of the poems is contributed by Walt Whitman, and is entitled "November Boughs." Excellent verses are contributed by Mary Bradley and Willis Boyd Allen. The departments are interesting as usual.

Peterson for November is before us; it is evidently determined to go out, this year, with flying colors. The steel-plate is the finest of the year; it is a copy of one of Millais's most charming pictures of children—the portrait of pretty little Miss Muffet, of nursery fame. The wood-engraving "Three Home-Rulers," is, in its way, equally noticeable; it is the loveliest production of Kate Greenaway's facile pencil. The fashion-plates display their usual excellence, and among the numerous interesting stories a noticeable one is "Alec Benton," by the popular southern authoress, Miss M. G. McClelland. The prospectus for 1888 offers the promise of even greater attractions for the coming twelvemonth. "Peterson" has earned the right to style itself a magazine of literature, art and fashion; for, in every essential, it unites the distinctive features of three separate magazines, either of which one would acknowledge to be of superior merit. During nearly a half century it has so thoroughly fulfilled every pledge, that we feel sure the richer promises of the coming year will be fully kept. "Peterson" is really a household-necessity. Every lady should take it. The terms are Two Dollars a year, with greatly reduced rates when taken in clubs, and with unusually fine premiums to those getting up clubs, viz.: Three copies for \$4.50, with the handsome book of engravings, "Choice Gems," or a fine steel engraving, "The Wreath of Immortelles," for premium; four copies for \$6.40, or six copies for \$9.00, with an extra copy, free, to the get-up of the club; or five copies for \$6.00, or seven copies for \$10.50, with both an extra copy of the magazine and either "Choice Gems," or the engraving as premiums. Any lady can, with a little effort, secure at least one of these premiums, and perhaps all of them. Specimens sent free to those who desire to get up clubs. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

No more sprightly or valuable magazine-issue is to be found than the November number of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Illustrations, fashion-plates, stories, sketches, poetry, and correspondence are all first-rate. Mrs. Croft opens with a sparkling sketch of Mrs. Lamb, the historian and poet. A pleasant Thanksgiving favor proceeds from John Haberton's story about how "Poonchie" picked up a turkey. There are home stories, love stories, and stories on various other subjects. There are suggestions and directions for making all sorts of things for home and fill it with happiness and beauty. There are ample instruction for ladies who want to go shopping, and after shopping to make into tasteful dresses the goods which they have bought. The success with which the new management of "Godey" so brilliantly opened is abundantly maintained. The magazine is every month increasing in popular favor. As this year draws to a close, special inducements will be offered for 1888. Let our young friends especially, who want premiums and prizes, look into it. Write to GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, Philadelphia, Pa.

State Historical Society.

The Fifth Biennial Report of the Kansas State Historical Society shows the work of the society for the two years ending January 18, 1887. The society was then eleven years old. The primary object of the society is that of collecting, arranging and cataloguing a library of the materials of Kansas history, including books, pamphlets, newspapers, maps, pictures, and in short everything which contains information concerning and going to illustrate the history of Kansas. Incidentally, so interwoven has been the history of Kansas with that of the whole country, and so much has it enlisted a general interest, its library has come to be the recipient, largely by gift, of not only the materials of the history, but of everything of a literary and scientific character relating to all parts of the country. There have been added to the society's library during the two years covered by this report: Of bound volumes, 2,860; unbound volumes and pamphlets, 10,008; volumes of newspapers and periodicals, 2,251; manuscripts, 1,672; and numerous pictures and miscellaneous contributions.

The total of the library in January last was, of bound volumes, 8,352; unbound volumes, 21,103; bound news papers files and volumes of periodicals, 5,986, making the total of the library, 32,441. Its yearly accession of the files of local newspapers is no doubt greater than that of any other library in the country. The regular issues of all the local newspapers, daily and weekly, published in every county in Kansas, are freely given the society by the publishers, and are bound, and placed on the shelves of the library. Thus is being preserved the best of all materials of the history of every town and neighborhood in the State. The report, among other lists and tables, contains a list of the newspapers at the present time published in Kansas, viz.: 72 dailies, 12 semi-weeklies, 722 weeklies, 38 monthlies, 1 semi-monthly, 1 bi monthly, 4 quarterlies, and 2 occasionals, numbering 852 in all.

The library is the property of the State, and is kept in rooms in the State Capitol for the use of the people. The present officers of the society are: Hon. D. W. Wilder, President; Maj. H. H. Williams and Hon. T. A. McNeal, Vice Presidents; Hon. John Francis, Treasurer; and Hon. F. G. Adams, Secretary. Its Board of Directors is composed of prominent citizens, widely distributed over the state.

Miss Dorothea L. Dix, after she had labored for years among the city poor and criminal classes, was once traveling by night in a stage-coach in Tennessee, when the coach was stopped and the passengers robbed by a highwayman. After giving up her purse, she addressed the robber: "My friend," she began, "is not this a bad business for you to be in?" The man interrupted her: "That vice! I know that voice; I have seen you somewhere." It proved that he had been a convict in an Indiana penitentiary, where she had talked with the prisoners. He was greatly affected by the meeting, restored his plunder, and vanished in the darkness, just in time to avoid arrest.

Women need the ballot, not because they are angels, but because they are one half the human race. If women vote, they will often vote ignorantly or angrily or selfishly, as men do; and they have the same right to commit these errors and to learn by them. For self-protection, for justice, for the consistency of our political principles, they have a right to the ballot. If a pair of scissors breaks apart, we have it rivited again; not because either half possesses angelic superiority over the other, but because it takes two halves to make a whole.—T. W. Higginson.

A genuine case of death from tight lacing is reported in Philadelphia; the subject, Bertha Oppenheimer, fainted in a theatre and died the following day. It was testified at the coroner's inquest that she had thought her waist not slender enough and had laced very tightly. This brought on heart failure, and finally resulted in death.

Suffrage meetings and conventions are being successfully held in Michigan, Wisconsin, Massachusetts and Kansas. The Equal Suffrage Society of Illinois manages the Woman's Department in the State Exposition in Chicago. Iowa, Massachusetts, Nebraska will have Suffrage Bazaars to increase the means for work. All around, women are taking their own part, and the best men are helping them more than ever before.

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- 9. **Pascalis, Prince of Abyssinia.** By Dr. Samuel Johnson. One of the most brilliant of our authors, who has written the most valuable and interesting of our authors. The story of a noble life, full of romance and adventure, and full of the spirit of the olden times.
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The MISSOURI and KANSAS FARMER is the cheapest paper in the whole world. It has eight large, clean-printed pages, with six columns of matter on each page. Every number contains a large map, showing the best portions of Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas for settlers to locate in; showing the counties and giving the number of acres of Government Land remaining open to homestead, pre-emption, soldiers' claim and 25 CENTS A YEAR private entry in each county. Every number contains a full and complete list of the names of the Government Land Agents of the counties, towns and townships, telling all about the soil, water, minerals, climatic influences, etc., the prairie and timber lands, and their adaptation for farming, fruit growing and stock raising. Every number will be worth more to you than the price for a whole year. Send for yours to-day, no delay. It is issued EVERY MONTH for the trifling sum of 25 cents per year. If more convenient for you, you can send the amount in 1-cent or 2-cent American postage stamps. Write your name plainly, and give your town, county and state. Always tell what paper you got this advertisement from, when you write.



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The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

The game laws of Virginia have been so thoroughly respected during recent years that game of all kinds is now found in the mountainous districts.

The women voters (taxpayers) in Boston are a very uncertain quantity. In 1881 there were 748 who registered for the purpose of voting; in 1882 they dropped to 567; in 1883 ran up to 701; in 1884 fell to 119; under special appeals went in 1885 to 2,238; in 1886 fell again to 1,193, and this year are further reduced to 463.

SEVERAL interesting attractions have been added lately to the zoological garden at Philadelphia. A baby zebra arrived from south Africa, two pronghorned antelopes from Nevada, a groundhog from Maryland, and a six-foot Rocky mountain rattlesnake. The baby zebra cost \$1,200, and has been named "Little Phill," after Gen. Sheridan.

A GREAT number of cattle are dying from an unknown disease on Broad river, South Carolina. They are taken with a quivering in every muscle, and no remedy that has been given them does them any good. All the cattle that have died are those recently moved from the uplands to the bottoms. There is a mule in the community affected in the same way, but it seems to get no relief.

BUFFALONIANS are not noted for being very good liars, but the following tale related by one of them ought to startle even a Georgian. He says he was loitering about a country fair in England when a man approached him and said: "Are you working or will you stand?" "I'll stand," said the Buffalonian, as he waited developments. During the next fifteen minutes the stranger came to him three times and handed him money. At last he began to think he had had enough of "standing," and he returned to his hotel. He had been doing "stool-pigeon" work for a gang of pickpockets, who had mistaken him for some one else. He made \$50 by the operation.

THE feminine bachelorette is becoming a feature of New York, thinks *The Philadelphia Press*. She is frequently pretty, she is always well dressed, and she ranges from 23 to 33 years old. The feminine bachelorette is usually a bright girl, and she often comes from the country. She is an art student, a medical student. She is learning music or shorthand. She has literary yearnings, and sends manuscripts to all the publishers. She has comparatively few acquaintances of the other sex. Men are apt to like her, and she is apt to like them, but she is too busy to let the association go very far. She can't afford too big a rent bill, and frequently her office or studio or work-room is sitting-room and bedroom in one. She will exercise an ingenuity that stamps her as truly feminine to turn it into a home. Her folding-bed doesn't betray that she sleeps there. If she can afford it she goes to a restaurant. If she can't, the possibilities of a gas stove and "light housekeeping" are boundless.

A PLANTER writes a New Orleans paper: The successful experiments with sorghum in Kansas will help us in Louisiana, inasmuch as that if the new machinery will get all the sugar out of sorghum cane it will get it all out of sugar cane, and make sugar-growing in Louisiana profitable. With our present machinery as high as 180 pounds of sugar to the ton has been obtained, but as a general rule not more than 100 pounds is the average grinding. The new sorghum process of evaporation gets nearly all the sugar from the cane. If we get 60 per cent we are doing well, for we know we leave more than one-fourth in the cane after grinding. The new process will need more fuel, but will double our present product of sugar. This fuel question is easily solved, for by it each district can have a common factory, as they intend to have in Kansas. At present in Louisiana each plantation has its own sugar-mill, and the amount of machinery which a planter has to get amounts to a great deal of money. New machinery has been purchased from time to time, in the hope of increasing the amount of sugar, but there has been no change in methods, all the machinery merely being improvements on the old. In many parishes sugar-making has become unprofitable, and the cane has been plowed up and put in corn and cotton. With this new process of evaporation in successful operation much is to be hoped for the sugar and sorghum industry of the south.

A FRAGRANT SUBJECT.

Peppermint Oil, Where It Is Grown, How Distilled and Whither Shipped. "The speculators are at work again," said a wholesale druggist when shown a dispatch from Lyons, N. Y., stating that there are over 200,000 pounds of peppermint oil in Wayne county, and in consequence the price is lower than at any time in the past thirty years.

"Peppermint is a small crop compared with wheat or corn," he continued, "and it is grown on a small territory, Wayne county, in this state, producing nearly all the peppermint oil that is used in the world. These facts make it a tempting field for speculation."

"How do the speculators operate?" "They begin just as that dispatch indicates; first, by saying that there is a large quantity of oil held over from last year, which is not true; then they overstate the amount on hand, and finally they clinch the matter by saying that only \$1.80 a pound is offered. The price may be offered, but the farmers who produce the oil are too sharp to sell at less than \$2.50 a pound, and they will hold it and beat the speculators at their own game."

"Why is not more of it raised?" "The mint requires peculiar soil, and special care is needed both in the raising of the plant and the distilling of the oil. The crop is grown on land that is most and has a rich, sandy loam. The mint is planted in furrows thirty inches apart and while growing requires a great deal of cultivation, as every weed has to be kept out. Otherwise the oil would not be good. When full grown and in bloom it is cut with a scythe and hauled to the still as soon as it is wilted.

Large steam tubs with tightly-fitting covers are used to hold the mint, which is tramped down thoroughly. The steam is turned on at the bottom, and, passing upward through the mass of mint, vaporizes the oil and carries it out through a pipe at the top. This pipe carries the steam and into a spiral worm or cooler surrounded by cold water. Here the steam is condensed into water and the oil settles on top of it. Both now pass to a receiving tank which has an overflow pipe running from the bottom up nearly to a level with the top. The object of this is to draw the water from the bottom and leave the oil to be dipped from the top. The oil is as clear in color as the best kerosene. It is packed in tin cans for shipment, and is sent all over the United States, and considerable of it goes abroad."

"Is there none raised in Europe?" "Yes, Germany produces a little, but we send more to Germany than Germany raises, and we furnish not only England and France, but Russia and Austria as well. The greatest use for it is in confectionery. Peppermint lozenges are eaten from one end of the globe to the other, and you can form some idea of the quantity of them made from the fact that \$150,000 worth of oil is used every year to flavor them."

Disagreeable Reminders.

We have all met those disagreeable people who delight in reminding others of their faults. Has a man met with misfortune in his business, they are forever recalling the fact; has a man in times that are gone wandered into devious paths, they are for ever reminding him of it, often by congratulating him that that is past; has a man blundered, they are for ever telling him what "might have been." They delight in torturing others. One of these scoundrels, a female, received her just deserts on one occasion. It was at a little party, where some score of people were gathered together. The scourge sat near a young man who, in days gone by, had been guilty of follies that cost him dearly. He had put them all behind him; but the woman took occasion to recall them, in a subdued and confidential tone. The victim, who had been subjected to the same torture before, spoke up so that all could hear. "Madam," he said, "for five years I have been trying to forget all that; you have been trying to remember it. You have succeeded better than I. I congratulate you." The woman subsided, for once completely quenched.

An Economic Provision.

"I wonder," said a man on a railway train, addressing someone who shared his seat, "what they are making a road across the track here for? There don't seem to be any need for it." "The railroad company is doing it," "Wonder why?" "To let a man stand here with a flag and lookout for trains." "But I don't understand why they want to make a crossing merely to have it watched." "Why you see, a train has just cut off an other man's leg, and the company has given him a \$10 per month job to keep him from bringing suit against the road."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

The Style in Dakota.

Presiding Elder to Dakota Merchant—Can you tell me where Rev. Mr. Masher lives? "He lives two blocks up the street, but he ain't at home now." "Not at home?" "No; he's away on a vacation." "Did he take his wife?" "No; he took mine."

Want a Job?

The *Southern Lumberman* prints the terse remarks which we copy below: It is pitiable to see men of strong physical vigor, men who would resent any imputation of their intelligence by a hasty blow, men who claim to be, and really are, "as good as anybody," tramping around the country and in the towns and cities looking for a job of work. A boy who commences life by working for wages, as some of our most illustrious American citizens have done, can never rise above his beginning unless he has the inborn disposition and determination to rise above the position of a mere wage worker.

If he continues contentedly through his youth and manhood as a mere wage worker, as the majority do, conversing with no one except his fellow workers, seeking no outlet for his individual talent and merit, he will have imbibed in his mature years ideas so erroneous, so impracticable, and so at variance with the accepted ideas of the progressive business age in which he lives, that he will necessarily be classed as an "old fogy," possibly a "crank," and maybe, under favorable circumstances, turn out to be a "Socialist," an "Anarchist," or, under some other name, an enemy of human progress.

With the many thousand opportunities now open for young, vigorous and sensible men to launch out in business for themselves, we say it is a pitiable sight to see a young, sensible fellow tying himself on to an "order" or an "organization," with the expectation that it will, through its orders for strikes, boycotts and resolutions, etc., assist him in procuring a good home for himself and the family that every sensible young man expects some time to grace it.

You are out of work? Can't find a job? You want our advice? We charge nothing for it. It is simply this: Go to work for yourself. Use your best judgment, keep posted and stick to your business until something better offers. There are thousands of opportunities open if you will only take hold and stick. Don't be a drone. Don't blame anybody or hate anybody just because you are poor, but look out for a chance to lift yourself above the power of any man or corporation to oppress you. Every man or boy who really wants a job of work can always get it by making one for himself. Work for yourself, and then you will have a master you can control.

A Girl of Honolulu.

How beautiful she was! How wild! Pure as a water plant, this child, This one wild child of nature here Grown tall in shadows. And how near To God, where no man stood between Her eye and scenes no man hath seen. Stop still, my friend, and do not stir, Shut close your page and think of her. The birds sang sweeter for her face; Her lifted eyes were like a grace; The rippled rivers of her hair That ran in wondrous waves somehow Flowed down divided by her brow, And mantled her within its care.

A perfume and an incense lay Before her, as an incense sweet Before blithe mowers of sweet hay In early morn. Her certain feet Embarked on no uncertain way.

Come think how perfect before men; How sweet as sweet magnolia bloom, Embalmed in dew of morning when New sunlight leaps from midnight gloom, Entralld to kiss, and first to kiss, Yea, she was tempting like to this!

She was as the Madonna to The tawny, dreamful, faithful few Who touched her hand and knew her soul; She drew them, drew them as the pole Her lifted eyes were like a grace; Souls upward as the moon of spring, High wheeling, vast, and shining full, Half clad in clouds and white as wool, Draws all the strong seas following.

A New Puzzle.

Mrs. Blanchard was entertaining some friends in the parlor one evening, when she heard a small voice she knew so well saying: "Please excuse me mamma." Then she saw a little figure standing in the doorway in white gown, with tangled curls and bright eyes too bright for ten o'clock at night, thought Mrs. Blanchard. "Midget ran across the room to the refuge that had never failed her—mother's arms. "Mamma, dear," pleaded the little night owl, "I just learned to day how to tell you I love in such a beautiful new way. Please may I show you? I'm so 'fraid I'll forget by morning." Midget held up her dimpled fingers. "Now, everybody do as I do," she said gleefully. "Hold your thumbs together so, now the next fingers the same way, but the next to that you must double in tight."

She held her cubby fingers in this position, the palms together, the thumbs lightly touching, also the forefingers, but the second fingers folded in so that her rosy nails and the dimples that stood for knuckles touched, then the third and the fourth fingers met at the tips as the thumbs and forefingers did. "Now," cried Midget, in great delight, how far can you go from nurse?" and she parted the thumbs as far as they would go. "Now how far from cook?" and the forefingers went apart.

Then in suppressed glee she carefully explained, "You must skip the folded fingers and go to the next. Now how far can you go from your dear, sweet mamma?" she cried in great triumph. And odd it was that those queer little fingers would not separate, and the more you tried the closer they were, not Midget's tiny fingers, but papa's strong ones and Judge Mills' wrinkled ones. As long as the second fingers are held in bondage the third ones will not separate. Try it.—*Christian Weekly*.

'English as She is Taught in England.'

The results of some of the school examinations in England are quite as startling as those obtained in our own country. Particularly where sacred history is much dwelt upon is there ample scope for those bright pupils who distinguish themselves in the realm of fiction.

According to one little fellow, "the Pharisees were bad people who used to wash;" "Pontius Pilot," another affirmed, "was one of the Arabian Knights;" and a third student discovered that "the Greek translation of the New Testament was called Latin."

Here is an interesting paper on the "Good Samaritan:" "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among thieves and the thorns sprang up and choked him, whereupon he gave tuppins to the host, and praid take care on him, and put him hon his hone hass. And he passed by on the other side.

In the line of English history, we learn with interest that "Magna Charta was a great man, and he was called Magna Charta because he used to go about preaching," and that the "Treaty of Utrecht was fought between the Zulus and the English."

At an examination of girls in board schools for prizes offered by the National Health Society, the following are among the occupations mentioned by students as injurious to health: "Occupations which are injurious to health are carbolic acid gas, which is impure blood, and a boot-maker's trade is very injurious, because the boot-makers press the boots against the thorax, and therefore it presses the thorax in, and it touches the heart; and if they do not die, they are cripples for life."

Another says, "the heart is a comical shaped bag." Another: "The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute." One physiologist declares that "we have an upper and a lower skin; the lower skin moves at its will, and the upper skin moves when we do." A second child says that "the upper skin is called epidermy and the lower skin is called dermy" while she names the organs of digestion as "stomach, utensils, liver and spleen."—*Christian Register*.

Weights and Measures.

The following weights and measures for kitchen use have been prepared by Mrs. Lincoln and given in *Good House-keeping*:

- Four saltspoonfuls of liquid—One teaspoonful.
- Four teaspoonfuls of liquid—One tablespoonful.
- Three teaspoonfuls of dry material—One tablespoonful.
- Four tablespoonfuls of liquid—One wine glass, one-half gill, or one-quarter cupful.
- Two gills—One cupful, or one-half pint.
- Sixteen tablespoonfuls of liquid—One cupful.
- Twelve tablespoonfuls of dry material—One cupful.
- Eight heaping tablespoonfuls dry material—One cupful.
- Four cupfuls of liquid—One quart.
- Four cupfuls of flour—One pound, or one quart.
- Two cupfuls of solid butter—One pound.
- One-half a cupful of butter—A quarter of a pound.
- Two cupfuls of granulated sugar—One pound.
- Two and a half cupfuls of powdered sugar—One pound.
- Three cupfuls of meal—One pound.
- One pint of milk or water—One pound.
- One pint of chopped meat packed solidly—One pound.
- Nine large eggs—One pound.
- Ten medium eggs—One pound.
- Butter the size of an egg—Two ounces or a quarter of a cupful.
- One heaping tablespoonful of butter—Two ounces, or a quarter of a cupful.
- One round tablespoonful of butter—One ounce.
- One heaping tablespoonful of sugar—One ounce.
- Two round tablespoonfuls of flour—One ounce.
- Two round tablespoonfuls of coffee—One ounce.
- Two round tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar—One ounce.
- One teaspoonful of liquid—One-half ounce.

Train and the Mayor.

George Francis Train—Free action has the rheumatism; free speech has the lock-jaw; free—

Mayor Roche—"That's all right, but you can't lecture in this town."

G. F. T.—"The thunder rumbles; the storm mutters; a lame boy limps and a ragged girl mashes her nose against the window pane."

Mr. R.—"That may all be true, but you shall not make any more speeches here."

G. F. T.—"The fuse smokes; the mine is about to be exploded; the chariot wheel of the rich runs over the sore toe of a Hottentot; the strong man bears down on the grindstone, and the boy at the crank writhes in misery."

Mr. R.—I am not prepared to doubt any of those statements, but if you attempt to deliver another speech in this town I'll put you in jail."

G. F. T.—"All right, sir, I'll go to Kansas City and have my revenge. I'll tell the people that they've got more progressive and wide-awake town than Chicago."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

HERE AND THERE.

Canada has an oatmeal trust. In Boston there are nine hundred negroes who were born subjects to the British crown.

A visitor to Boston says that he was sickened by seeing women chewing wooden tooth picks.

In parts of Gallatin county, Montana, over one hundred bushels of oats have been raised to the acre.

A firm in Springfield, Vt., that makes bag carriages, says that the wealthy buy the cheaper kind of carriages.

A Texas jury gave a verdict of \$19 75 in favor of a man whose dog had been run over and killed by a railway train.

A druggist was convicted of violating the law against selling soda-water, and he was fined at Pittsburgh a few days ago.

A polar bear recently brought to San Francisco is treated to a bath of ice-water every half hour to make him feel at home.

The heaviest vote ever cast in Tennessee was at the last election, when prohibition, on a total vote of 202,701, received 117,500 ballots.

Whether Delaware shall have a new constitution or not is to be voted upon by the people of that state at a special election on the 1st of November.

The great equatorial telescope at the national observatory in Washington ranks with the foremost in the world in every particular. It weighs 130,000 pounds.

Although natives of the Flowery kingdom are said to be popular in the west there is a complaint in some parts of Oregon of a scarcity of cheap Chinese labor.

A hen owned by a woman at Indian Springs, Fla., is covered with hair instead of feathers. The chickens raised by the hen are like herself, but they always die in infancy.

It is learned that the terribly destructive forest fires which have been raging in Nevada county, California, for a few weeks past, were set by an individual who loved pyrotechnics.

The microscope is said to be a popular amusement in New York society, and flies, wings, dust from a butterfly's wings, and similar articles are the objects of assiduous collection.

Postmaster Richard Chadwick, of South Lynne, Conn., received his commission from President Van Buren forty-eight years ago. During his time postage has been reduced from 25 to 2 cents.

Near Washington, N. Y., a party of fox-hunters ran a fox into town, where, after running about for a while, it dashed into a police station and up stairs. Its flight was arrested by the policemen.

Two families occupying the same house in Wallingford, Conn., fought long and bitterly until the woman on the first floor burned feathers and cayenne pepper. Then the woman on the second floor capitulated and moved out.

An American who is at present a resident of Germany has invented a new process of tanning in which a solution of sulphate of iron, soda, and sulphuric acid is used, castor oil and spirits of wine completing the manipulation.

A sad story of the life of the waiter-girls in the Bar Harbor hotels is told by *The Ellsworth (Me.) American*. It says that the life there is very demoralizing, and that many an innocent country girl falls into fast company and is ruined there.

Great improvement has been made of late years in the tools used for boring tunnels. In one month, recently, 430 feet were bored in the Cascade tunnel in Washington territory, which is the greatest distance ever accomplished in a single month in tunneling.

It is said that among the English lower classes a belief is common that all patent medicines are the property of the government, being valuable remedies that have been bought at a great price and sold by a paternal government at comparatively nominal rates.

Potatoes are so scarce in Maine this year that farmers will be compelled to send to western states for enough to plant their next year's crop. It is said that two men can dig all day in a potato field and obtain only nine bushels, and many of these are two small for use.

The town of Meca-Meca, Mexico, probably the highest human habitation on the globe, is situated on a side of Mount Popocatepetl, 13,000 feet above the sea. It is an exceedingly cold place, the inhabitants wearing the thickest of cloth to keep themselves from being frozen to death.

At a recent ball at Oldtown, Me., recently given by the governor of the Maine Indians, one handsome young squaw was fairly dazzling in a very becoming costume of blue satin and old-gold plush, with an elaborately embroidered front to the skirt, and another wore a dress of combined bright scarlet and bright blue.

An ingenious Frenchman has invented a system by which a train of cars can be brought to a stop very quickly. This is accomplished by the use of compressed air. The traveler has only to pull a rope to bring the train to a halt, and at the same to detach a signal which indicates in which compartment-car help is required.

A negro at Macon, Ga., was the other day struck squarely on the head by a bucket filled with fresh mortar, which had fallen from the top of the new court-house. The bottom was split into splinters and the pall and the mortar completely encased his face, so that he was in great danger of smothering until relieved by a fellow-workman.

Upon pumping the stand-pipe of the water-works at Hardouville, N. J., so full of water that the water ran over the top, there were washed out the bodies of sixty-three swallows. It is supposed they mistook the stand-pipe for a chimney, and swooping into it, struck the water and were drowned. The pipes will be covered with netting.

Jesse Packard, of Buckfield, Me., forgot his temperance pledge long enough the other night to get full, and while he was on his way home, some one knocked him out in a fight. His limp, and apparently lifeless body was carried home, and one of his boys seeing it, moaned: "Oh, dad, you are kill! you are kill!" Old Packard never stirred, but he growled out: "Well, d— it, dont you s'pose I know it 'swell as you do!"

EXPLORATIONS IN ALASKA.

Capt. Healey's Description of a Comparatively Unknown Country—Its Topography, Its Wealth, and Its People.

When our government a few years ago gave vent to a speculative fancy by investing a few million dollars in Russian real estate in the purchase of Alaska, there was a strong and clearly-defined impression in the minds of many that for once the Yankee had been beaten in a dicker, and even the ridiculous low, anti-boom price of 1 cent an acre (the average rate) was altogether too much to pay for what they were leased to facetiously term "an ice-ack and a winter scene." Since then, however, says *The San Francisco Alta*, the newly-acquired territory has risen somewhat in public estimation, thanks to occasional scraps of information from returned whaling voyagers, but the gleaming from this source has been scant at best, and the knowledge thus secured has not been very widely disseminated.

In consequence there has been no reliable of late years a growing desire for some definite and reliable data concerning this *terra incognita*—a desire which happily is now filled in large measure by Capt. M. A. Healey's report of the cruise of the revenue marine steamer Corwin in the Arctic ocean in 1885, and its accompanying documents and illustrations. This report, the first printed copy of which has just been received in this city from the government printing-office at Washington, makes a handsome volume of 102 pages, descriptive of Alaska and its resources, and embellished with seventy photographic views of Alaskan scenery and people. The volume includes the general report of the operation of the seal fisheries and sea and other hunting-grounds, the report of Lieut. J. C. Cantwell of the exploration of the Kowak river, with photographs and book of sketches, notes of birds of Kowak river and other portions of Alaska, notes on fisheries of Alaska by Charles A. Townsend, of the United States fish commission, and the report of Assistant Engineer S. B. McLenehan of explorations of the Kotak river, with elaborate maps, the first of the Kowak and Noatak rivers, drawn from reconnaissances made respectively by Cantwell and McLenehan.

The commander in his report says that during the cruise of the Corwin in Behring's sea and the Arctic ocean all the villages adjacent to those waters were visited, some of them several times during the season. Owing to the nomadic nature of the Indians of Alaska he declares it is impossible to form anything more than a rough estimate of their population, as they travel from village to village, from island to island, and to and from the mainland, often traveling hundreds of miles, for the purpose of hunting, trading, and fishing. From personal observations, however, covering a period of about fifteen years, Capt. Healey estimates the number of Indians inhabiting the coast and islands from Point Barrow to St. Michael's, at 3,000, and the number of interior Indians between those two points at 2,000.

The Indians are treated kindly by all vessels visiting the Arctic, the sailors not knowing how soon, by reason of some accident, they may be thrown upon their charity for subsistence until the vessel arrives. Every vessel visiting the Arctic is boarded by the Indians, who will affix a ship with their presence for twenty-four or forty-eight hours at a time, they never pretending to eat their own food as long as they can beg that of the sailors, and they are most persistent beggars indeed, this being especially true when tobacco is in sight. No evidences of liquor were observed among the Indians of the Alaskan coast, but among the Siberian natives the presence of liquor was undeniably tested. At Cape Tlapin (Indian point) Indians visited the Corwin in an intoxicated condition, and the omak chiefs confidentially informed the captain that they had about fifty barrels of rum concealed on shore, which had been traded for by his people with American whaling vessels.

For their superior sobriety, however, the Alaskans are not to be credited, as it seems, according to their port, that a large number of whales had been taken by the natives on the Siberian coast, and they had traded the bones for whisky, while on the Alaskan coast scarce a whale had been caught by the natives, hence their surpassing sobriety.

Concerning the dangers and difficulties of Arctic navigation, the report has the prevalence of foggy weather makes it impossible at times to obtain astronomical observations, and even when obtained they are not entirely to be relied on, owing to the great refraction and indistinct horizon. On portions of the Alaskan coast the general contour of the land is unchanged for many miles, requiring experience to establish the identity of certain points of land in order to locate the vessel's position. To add to the difficulty, the currents are not constant either in force or direction, being controlled entirely by the ice and wind.

The value of the services of a medical officer in the Arctic, he says, cannot be too highly estimated. When the Corwin first went north the Indians had great repugnance to receiving medical attendance from a doctor, preferring to resort to their shaman to cure all their ailments. Now, however, the doctor is sought by them in all their ills, and their faith in his power is surprising.

Of the cod and salmon fisheries of Alaska it seems impossible to conceive

of the vast quantities that abound, principally in the waters adjacent to Bristol Bay, far exceeding the yield of the Columbia river, and of excellent quality. Speaking of seal fisheries, the report suggests the need for increased vigilance in protecting the fisheries from raiders.

Following Capt. Healey's report is a narrative account of the explorations of the Kowak river by Lieut. Cantwell, a voyage made with no little difficulty, owing to strong currents and occasional shallows and rocky gorges, the journey being accompanied by frequent torrents of rain, the month being July, with not infrequent days when the thermometer was dancing in the nineties. Much handsome scenery was seen along the route, however, and the Indians are industrious and obliging.

The report of the exploration of the Noatak river, by S. B. McLenehan, next follows, and is graphically written. The latter river is of but recent discovery, for though it runs almost parallel with the Kowak, and discharging in an estuary about thirty miles north of the last-mentioned river, it seems to have hitherto escaped notice, even the traders of the Yukon river conceding that they knew nothing of the Noatak, although it had figured vaguely on the latest maps of Alaska.

The volume concludes with an interesting report by Charles H. Townsend on the natural history and ethnology of northern Alaska, a report that in itself is sufficient to upset the popular idea that that section is a bleak and barren waste. In short, the volume of which the above is necessarily a hasty review, is an interesting description of a most interesting region.

Know One Thing Well.

It has been remarked that the farmers who best succeed in this country are those who devote their chief attention to some one product which is favored by their special soil and climate.

There is a county in New Jersey and a town in Michigan where farmers grow rich by raising a vegetable so unimportant as celery; one region of Long Island thrives upon asparagus; parts of Delaware upon peaches; the Gulf States upon cotton; northern Vermont upon grass in its various forms of milk, butter, cheese and beef; northern New York, upon potatoes transmuted into starch; Iowa upon corn condensed into pork and whisky. By concentrating his attention upon a single product or class of products, and that product favored by nature, the farmer surpasses competitors in other places. There is a world of secrets involved in the raising of a fine field of cabbages. Try one row of fifty plants, and you will wonder how one man ever succeeded in winning the victory over the acute, numerous and unslumbering rivals who dispute with you the possession of every leaf.

The special farmer must of necessity possess all the erudition of his specialty, and he succeeds because he does. A man became rich on the Hudson by raising one variety of apples, the Newtown Pippin, which brought the best price in Europe and India. There are farmers in Virginia who gain a large revenue by the raising of peanuts. To use the language of our informant, "They know peanuts all to pieces."

Is it not precisely the same in all the avocations of us mortals? An English lady, who has been struggling for life in New York and Boston for six years as a writer, told her story the other day in the *Woman's Journal*. She failed because she did not know how to do one thing well enough.

Soon after reaching New York, she was offered \$15 a week to work upon an encyclopaedia, with a promise of \$25 or \$30 if she proved herself competent. For a month she worked for herself and her children with the energy of desperation, only to be told that her want of knowledge made her services useless.

She has barely lived, she and her children, while seeing chance after chance glide by which she could not improve because she had not the special skill or special knowledge required.

But she has learned wisdom, which she has utilized in the education of her children. Each of them, she says, "knows one thing well," and they both have good prospects of success because of this, one as a teacher of the usual English branches, and the other a teacher of music. She utters this comment, which we advise our ambitious young readers to consider:

"There is one key, only, which will open the door to the bread winner, and that key is thorough knowledge of and training for the work selected, whether it be making a buttonhole or writing a treatise on philosophy. The days of amateur work in any department are over."—*Youth's Companion*.

It Recalls the Past.

This is the season of the year when fallen man is likely to fumble around and find a cork stopper in the deep pocket recesses of his last winter's overcoat. If the discovery should start a sigh, this is about the size of it: "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, and let me remember when last I was tight."—*Montgomery Advertiser*.

An Adept.

Jones—I say, Smith, I saw a great magician last night. He could give you lemonade, or any drink you wanted, out of a white, high hat."

Smith—That's nothing; we've got a grocer on our corner who can give you 35, 40, and 45 cent butter out of the same tub.

BILL NYE AS A FOX-HUNTER.

The Delights of Fox-Chasing in a New Country.

The joyous season for fox-hunting is again upon us, says Bill Nye, in *The New York World*, and with the gentle fall of the autumn leaf and the sough of the scented breezes about the gnarled and naked limbs of the wailing trees, the huntsman comes with his hark and his halloo and hurrah boys, the swift rush of the chase, the thrilling scamper 'cross country, the mad dash through the Long Islander's pumpkin patch—also the mad dash, dash, dash of the farmer, the low moan of the disabled and frozen-toed hen as the whooping horsemen run her down; the wild shriek of the children, the low melancholy wail of the freighted shoot as he flees away to the strawpile, the quick yet muffled plunk of the frozen tomato and the dull scrunch of the seed cucumber.

All—all indicate that our great national autumn sport, the sport which has for years characterized us as a nation and been imitated to some extent in England and our other colonies, is here.

The huntsman now takes the flannels of his fox, rubs his stiffened limbs with gurgling oil, ties a bunch of firecrackers to his tail and runs him around the barn a few times to see if he is in good order.

The foxhound is a cross of the bloodhound, the greyhound, the bulldog and the chump. When you step on his tail he is said to be in full cry. The foxhound obtains from his ancestors on the bloodhound side of the house his keen scent which enables him while in full cry 'cross country to pause and hunt for chipmunks. He also obtains from the bloodhound branch of his family a wild yearning to star in an "Uncle Tom" company, and watch little Eva meander up the flume at \$2 per week. From the greyhound he gets his most miraculous speed, which enables him to attain a rate of velocity so great that he is unable to pause during the excitement of the chase, frequently running so far during the day that it takes him a week to get back, when, of course, all interest has died out. From the bulldog the foxhound obtains his great tenacity of purpose, his deep-seated convictions, his quick perceptions, his love of home and his clinging nature. From the chump the foxhound gets his high intellectuality and that mental power which enables him to distinguish almost at a glance the salient points or difference between a two-year-old steer and a two dollar bill.

The foxhound is about two feet in height, and 120 of them would be considered an ample number for a quiet little fox hunt. Some hunters think this number inadequate, but unless the fox be unusually skittish and crawl under the barn 120 fox hounds ought to be enough. The trouble generally is that hunters make too much noise, thus scaring the fox so that he tries to get away from them. This necessitates hard riding and great activity on the part of the whippers-in. Frightening a fox almost always results in sending him out of the road and compelling horsemen to stop in order to take down a panel of fence every little while that they may follow the animal, and before you can get the fence put up again the owner is on the ground, and after you make change with him and mounted again the fox may be nine miles away. Try by all means to keep your fox in the road!

It makes a great difference what kind of fox you use, however. I once had a fox on my Pumpkin Butte estates that lasted me three years, and I never knew him to shy or turn out of the road for anything but a loaded team. He was the best fox for hunting purposes that I ever had. Every spring I would sprinkle him with Scotch snuff put him away in the bureau till fall. He would then come out bright and chipper. He was always ready to enter into the chase with all the *chic* and *embellishment* of a regular Kenasha, and nothing pleased him better than to be about eight miles in advance of my thoroughbred pack at full cry, scampering 'cross the country, while stretching back a few miles behind the dogs followed a pale young man and his fiancée, each riding a horse that had sat down too hard on its tail at some time and driven it in to his system about six joints.

Some hunters, who are madly and passionately devoted to the sport, leap their horses over fences, moats, donjon keeps, hedges and currant bushes with utter sang froid and the wild unfettered foot of a gipsy on a brass band. It is one of the most spirited and touchful of sights to see a young fox-hunter going home through the gloaming with a full cry in one hand and his pancreas in the other.

Some like to be in at the death, as it is called, and it is certainly a laudable ambition. To see 120 dogs hold out against a ferocious fox weighing nine pounds; to watch the brave little band of dogs and whippers-in and horses with sawed-off tails making up in heroism what they lack in numbers, succeeding at last in ridding the country of the ferocious brute which has so long been the acknowledged foe of the human race, is indeed a fine sight.

The other huntsmen succeeded in freeing the anise-seed bag at sundown, in time to catch the 6 o'clock train home.

Fox-hunting is one of the most thrilling pastimes of which I know, and for young men whose parents have amassed large sums of money in the intellectual pursuit of hides and tallow, the meat, the chase, the scamper, the full cry, the cover, the stilled fracture, the

yelp of the pack, the yip, the yell of triumph, the confusion, the whoop, the holla, the holla, the hurrah, the abrasion, the snort of the hunter, the concussion, the sward, the open, the earth stopper, the strangulated hernia, the glad cry of the hound as he brings home the quivering seat of the peasant's pantaloons, the yelp of joy as he lays at his master's feet, the strawberry mark of the rustic, all, all are exhilarating to the sons of our American nobility.

Fox-hunting combines the danger and the wild, tumultuous joy of the skating-rink, the toboggan slide, the mushroom-and-milk sociable and the straw ride.

With a good horse, an air cushion, a reliable earth stopper and an anise-seed bag, a man must indeed be thoroughly blasé who cannot enjoy a scamper 'cross country, over the Pennsylvania world, the New Jersey mere, the Connecticut moor, the Indiana glade, the Missouri brake, the Michigan mead, the American tarn, the fen, the gulch, the buffalo wallow, the cranberry marsh, the glen, the draw, the canyon, the ravine, the forks, the bottom or the settlement.

For the young American nobleman whose dual father made his money by inventing a fluent pill, or who gained his great wealth through relieving humanity by means of a lining pad, a liver pad, a kidney pad or a foot pad, fox-hunting is first rate.

P. S.—The above is written in the utmost good humor, and I hope that nothing I may have said can possibly cause any fox-hunter who may read it to take a fence.

The Acadians of Louisiana.

"The Acadians? They belong to this world—to daylight. They have been here not two centuries. I am Acadian myself on my mother's side. Oh, I know my people!" said the priest.

"They do not seem to be a progressive people," ventured Mr. Ely.

"No, perhaps not. But is progress everything? They are not lazy. The men work faithfully—when they work at all. The women in these houses keep them tidy, cook, sew, and carry on their little *metiers*. They have rough looms, and weave the homespun cloths which they and their husbands wear. They make, too, really beautiful fabrics of the Nankin cotton in its native dull yellow color, or beautifully striped with threads colored in vegetable dyes. Some ladies, wives of the large planters, have found agents in New Orleans and New York who will sell the stuffs which these poor women weave. I am told" added the good father, cheerfully, "that it surpasses in beauty and durability the fabrics woven by the Chinese, and is much cheaper. I do not say that it is so: I have never seen the stuffs made by the people of China. But it is reasonable to suppose that good Christian women could surpass barbarous savages in civilized work."

Mr. Ely was discreetly silent. "It would be fortunate," continued Pere Nedaud, "if their little manufactures could be brought into the market. They are very poor, many of them, and thus comfort and much pleasure would be brought into their lives."

"Ah, m'sieu, progress, newspapers, railroads, do not make the heroic; not even education. He is born—here in the Cajan's cabin just as in Ancient Greece or Rome. Let me tell you a story which comes to pass this spring. One of my flock is Landry, a big, middle-aged man, with grown sons and grandchildren. He is a shrewd, money-making fellow, overseer on a great cattle plantation. His life comes for much, you see, to him and his family. One evening I see Joseph in his bateau rowing down the bayou. He does not return until morning. Down yonder is nothing but a desolate island, inhabited only by alligators and wild birds. Again and again I see him go. I ask him what it means, and he tells me, against his will, that a month ago a wretched old negro took the small-pox, and was driven by his people out on the prairie. Joseph took him to the island, made a deserted hut there habitable for him, and every night went down to nurse and care for him, stopping halfway to change his clothes. He took his life in his hand every day, you see, for this miserable fellow and Joseph is not a young, reckless and bold, but grave, middle-aged. He tells nobody; he counts it for nothing. Aha!" the priest broke into tremulous laugh, stopping to pat the neck of his horse. Joseph is a rough-looking fellow. He swears hard, and sleeps when I preach. But it is out of such stuff God makes His servants."—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine*.

A New Method with the Sick.

"Doctor, do you think I shall recover?"

"I don't think anything about it. I know it."

Pulling a paper out of his pocket he hands it to the patient.

"Here are the statistics relative to your case. You see that one man out of every hundred is cured."

"Well!" asks the sick man nearly frightened to death at the announcement.

Well! you're the hundredth I've treated; the other ninety-nine I lost!"—*Judge*.

No matter how good a character a deacon may have, he can not put a five-dollar bill in the plate, which he has just passed, and make change for himself without arousing the suspicions of the congregation.—*Puck*.

PITH AND POINT.

There may be nothing new in this world, but there's a heap that's fresh.—*Tid-Bits*.

The gin mill is one which gives the face of the poor a hard grinding.—*Wa-terloo Observer*.

Next to mince pie, there is nothing in this world so vastly misunderstood as poetry.—*St. Louis Magazine*.

When a bank boodler skips to Canada now, it is in order to ask, "Was it the lady or the tiger?"—*Philadelphia Times*.

Uncle Sam has been clearing his yachting garden of its weeds. Of course the Thistle will be cut down.—*Fall River Advance*.

When a New York minister mentioned "death on the pale horse" in his sermon, half the men looked around for red-headed girls.—*Texas Siftings*.

A Connecticut woman has invented a bustle which she says has "never been worn before." And we hope it never will be. It would look awfully odd.—*Chicago National*.

It isn't the man with the biggest library who is the best informed. Generally he has to yield gracefully to the man who has only a dozen books, and reads 'em.—*Somerville Journal*.

Professor Proctor figures that the earth is shrinking about two inches a year. That accounts for the nervous anxiety manifested by some people to possess it while it is of some size.—*Buffalo Express*.

An exchange speaks of "the idea grumbler." He is not likely to become as popular as the ideal "growler." The latter, we've been told, holds about a quart. The ideal grumbler may hold more.—*Norristown Herald*.

Isn't it strange that a rooster should crow, and a crow should hawk, and a hawk should fly, and a fly should die? But, come to think of it, flies do not "die" this time o' year. They stick closer than a brother.—*Golden Days*.

"Whenever I attempt to write a paragraph," says a well-known English journalist, "a dullness springs up in my mind." And upon reading one of his paragraphs a dullness springs up in the reader's mind.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Horseflesh is eaten in Paris, and yesterday we saw a gentlemanly looking man take a horse-car for dinner. Some men prefer beer. That a man is able to take a horse-car for dinner shows that his digestive organs are in great shape.—*Goodall's Sun*.

We shall not get out an evening edition of *Siftings* just yet, although it looks as though we were not up to the times by delaying. Putting out evening editions seems to be the thing to do now. The success of the *Evening Sun* has been the inspiration. The *Star* imitated the *Sun*, as stars are apt to do, and now the *World* has entered the field. With so many papers, it will be an exceedingly alert piece of news that will be able to escape being spread before the public, and it will be spread very thin, frequently.—*Texas Siftings*.

Three Stories.

The Rev. Reever Remington, who paces up and down the City Hall portico when he is not talking, was yesterday inclined to story-telling. He said salvation and water had done a great deal for him.

"I preached for \$100 a year, and one year, in Mississippi, I got \$40. It took six years to pay my college debts. I was thirty before I held on to any money. Now I have nine savings bank books. Somebody once told me that that could easily be. I could put a dollar in each of nine banks. I took \$200 down to my savings banks in Wall street, but they handed it back. The teller said they didn't want any more of my money, as they had \$4,000 of it now. Then I took it over to the Williamsburg bank. There are nine, in each of which I have \$4,000. I also have a mortgage of \$1,800, and own a good house in Brooklyn. I have given \$50,000 to the poor of New York, and have \$40,000 left. And it's all from salvation and cold water. Some of you think this outdoor preaching don't do any good. But I preached a great many years ago in Counties Slip, and a young man was converted there. He became a minister. William Niblo gave a great dinner to ministers, and this young man was invited. The wine was passed around. All the preachers took some except this young man, who refused. The next morning Mr. Niblo sent for the young man, and asked him to go to Europe with him. He took him there three times. When he died the first person named in his will was that young minister, the Rev. John S. Parker. He left him \$10,000.

"I was traveling in a stage coach when studying for the ministry with a learned man. He said he could prove the Bible lied.

"Well, do it," said I.

"Humbold ascended Chimparazo," said the infidel. "He found that human life could not be sustained there and that at five miles up men would freeze to death."

"But how does that prove that the Bible lies?" asked I.

"Well, the Bible says Elijah went to Heaven alive. Why, he would have frozen to death five miles up."

"Aha, my friend," said I; "you haven't read all the Bible. If you had done so you would have learned that God took Elijah up in a chariot of fire. Now, how could he freeze to death when he had a chariot of fire to keep him warm?"

"I had him there, didn't I?"—*New York Sun*.

