State Historical Society

VOL. XVIII. TOPEKA, NOVEMBER 19, 1887. NO. 33.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.

Advertising $2.00 an inch per month.

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

FOR COAL
go to
J. V. McNEELY,
Corner of Adams and Fourth.

$250 IN CASH! 3 Worcester's and 3 Webster's Dictionaries, worth $89, and 4 Dictionary Holders, worth $15.50, given as PRIZES for best essays answering the question "Why should I use a Dictionary Holder?" For full particulars, send to La Verne W. Noyes, 99 & 101 W. Monroe st., Chicago, the maker of Dictionary Holders. Or inquire at your book store.

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

Great Reduction.

Owing to an overstock of goods millinery is offered at greatly reduced prices at Mrs. A. C. Elder's, 807 Kansas Avenue.

Great sale of fancy feathers. One of the largest and most varied assortments of fancy feathers of all new colors and styles; also ostrich tips will be opened at Mrs. Metcalf's 803 Kan. Ave.

GRANITEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA,
June 12th, 1887

Dr. A. T. Shallenberger,
Rochester, Pa. Dear Sir: My little five year old girl suffered a whole year with Malarial Fever, and all the docters did not seem to help her. I heard of your Pills and bought a bottle. The second dose broke the fever, and in ten days she was a new child, and is now fat and hearty. We use no other medicine in our family.
Respectfully, B. SIMS.

The Atchison company has along its tracks 3,000 loaded cars which it cannot haul on account of lack of motive power. There is almost a blockade at El Paso of Mexican freight and coal cars, and the line is crowded to its full capacity. About eighty new engines have been received this year, and more are arriving. That more work is not done with the motive power added is because a number, almost equal to the addition, have been employed in construction work. These will be relieved soon and put in regular service.

The one-sided way of expecting dumb animals to understand the owner and conform to his rules, is disappearing before the more sensible course, where the owner studies carefully the wants and desires of the animal and endeavors to meet them intelligently.

At Newcastle England, hides exhibited showed the damage done by the bot-fly to be very great. One hide had 400 perforations and it was stated the animal's death was by blood-poisoning. This will have the effect to decide to banish the bot fly.

An Australian sheep dealer recently visited Middlebury, Vermont, for the purpose of selecting and purchasing about seventy-five head of the best Spanish Merino sheep. He has bought twenty rams and fifty ewes, as well as twin ten year old rams, for which he paid $400 to E. N. Bissell. The entire purchase amounted to thousands of dollars.

Miss Edith Houghtelin niece of Mrs. and Rev. P. M. Buck, has indefinitely deferred her visit east.

The police are of the opinion that professional horse thieves are operating.

Preparations are being made to incorporate Potwin Place as a city of the third class.

The country commissioners have decided to make some necessary expenditures on the county court house for the purpose of cleaning, repairing, etc.

Judge Parkinson, of the Fort Scott sugar works, is expected to arrive this week, and the location of the Topeka mill will be selected.

Don't miss the bargains. Bargains in millinery at Mrs. Metcalf's, 803 Kansas Ave, on Monday. All the trimmed hats on that day at 10 per cent discount.

Miss Jessie Gwin, daughter of Mr J. F. Gwin, who has been dangerously ill for several weeks of diphtheria has entirely recovered.

The Rock Island general offices will be moved to the new building on First street about December 15,

Congressman Ryan left this week for Washington. Congress does not convene until December, but as Mr. Ryan is a member of several important committees it is necessary for him to be there in advance.

The collection of county taxes to date is over $20,000 which is somewhat better than last year and shows that there is no scarcity of money.

Mr. Alex T. Gibb returned from St. Louis Thursday afternoon. While in the Missouri metropolis Mr. Gibb purchased an elegant new hearse for his large and constantly increasing undertaking business.

The little seven months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phelps died Sunday evening of croup, and was taken to Independence Mo. for burial. This was the famous little baby that weighed only about a pound at its birth last May, and it never reached three pounds. Many friends sympathise with the sorrowing parents.

An enthusiastic meeting of the North Topeka, Silver Lake and Rossville Rapid Transit official was held Wednesday evening, and satisfactory progress was reported all along the line. The parties whose business it has been to circulate petitions through the several townships through which the proposed railway will run report that in every locality the voters express a general willingness to sign the requests to the board of county commissioners to call special elections to vote bonds in aid of the enterbrise. The farmers along the proposed route are eager to give the right of way, and many of them will doubtless take stock in the undoubtedly profitable scheme.

The parties interested in the Topeka, Silver Lake & Rossville Rapid Transit Railway company, are industriously at work circulating petitions in the several townships through which the road will pass, asking the board of county commissioners to call township elections to vote bonds to the enterprise. In Silver Lake township the necessary number of petitioners was secured a week ago. There is some opposition in Menoken township. The line will run, south of Soldier creek, and the northern portion of the township will oppose the voting of aid. The farmers along the proposed route are universally favorable to the enterprise and will give right of way, and in many instances will take stock.

A number of north side ladies, members of what was once popularly known as the "Comanche Squaw Club," repaired upon invitation of Mrs. George Parkhurst to the lovely home of that popular lady in Potwin Place, to participate in a social party and reception given in honor of Mrs Elinore, now of Winchester, but formerly one of the "squaws." Among the well known society ladies of the north side, who were present were the following: Mrs. Fred C. Lacey, Mrs. C. C. Nicholson, Misses Hattie, Clara, and Lulu Holman and Miss Anna Fulton. Mirth and music, interspersed with tender reminiscences of bygone days tended to make the occasion most interesting and highly enjoyable by those fortunate enough to be present.

TO OUR READERS.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family weekly newspaper of the first class—such, for instance, as The INDEPENDENT, of New York. Were we obliged to select one Publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly THE INDEPENDENT. It is a newspaper, magazine, and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial, and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 21 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be, THE INDEPEMDENT will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do no less than to send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is $3.00, or two years for $5.00. Those who desire to subscribe for The American Agriculturist as well as THE INDEPENDENT cannot make a better bargain than by accepting THE INDEPENDENT'S offer to send both papers for one year for the sum of $3.75. Each subscriber will thus save seventy-five cents on the two papers. Address, THE INDEPENDENT, 251 Broadway, New York City.

For the issue of November 12, the Illustrated London News (American edition) furnish their many readers, in connection with a wide variety of reading, the following timely illustrations: A very spirited picture of the unemployed in London entitled "The police and the Mob;" three pictures upon the state of Ireland, one of how some of the London poor spend the night, and another of the poor helping the poor, as well as the meeting of the unemployed in London. There are also sketches from the Burlesque of "The Sultan of Mocha," at the Strand theatre, and one page devoted to the Sultan of Morocco, while the opposite page presents G. L. Seymour's drawing of "A Favorite Slave.' Besides these attractions there is a double-page picture of buffalo hunting in North Americe. The price remains as usual at 10 cents for the complete number. Office of publication, Potter building, New York.

The Pansy has begun its new year already, the year we shall shortly be calling 1888.

Pansy's story to last all through the year is "Up Garret," sequel to "A Sevenfold Trouble" with the same people in it. Her Golden Text Story is "We Twelve Girls," an actual history how twelve girls did try to live by certain golden texts.

Margaret Sidney also makes another story out of the Children that figured in the "Little Red Shop" last year. Her story this year is "The Old Brimmer Place.

Rev. C. M. Livingston writes a serial, "Treasures: Their Hiding and Finding."

The Pansy is going on as heretofore, a monthly magazine made up of weekly parts: the first part containing Pansy's Golden Text and other stories: the second part Pansy's own and other stories; the third part stories of what is going on in America; the fourth part stories of life abroad; the fifth of missionary work.

This weekly arrangement adapts it to Sunday School use, the weekly parts being given out separately. It is better than any Sunday School paper; indeed it is the Sunday School paper.

A sample copy can be got by sending five cents to the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Mayor Metsker is fast recovering his wonted health. He has this week signed about $72'000 bonds issued to the Barber Asphalt Paving company, which have been ordered issued by the council on estimates from time to time and have accumulated during his illness.

KAUFMAN & THOMPSON,
DEALERS IN
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,
418 Kansas Avenue,
California Fruits and Canned Goods a Specialty.
Telephone 170.

WESTERN FOUNDRY
AND MACHINE WORKS.
R. L. COFRAN, Prop.
Manufacturer of
STEAM ENGINES,
Mill Machinery, &c.
Write for Prices. TOPEKA, KANSAS

Fine Cabinet Photographs only $2.00 per dozen at
DOWNING'S GALLERY.
During November and December.

Now is the time to get good photographs cheap. DOWNING is often asked how can you do as fine work for $2.00 per dozen as your competitors do for $3.00 to $5.00 per dozen? FOR THREE REASONS

FIRST. He does more work and can afford to work on a smaller margin.

SECOND. His immense business requires him to keep one, or more men, at each branch of the business, and therefore does more work of as fine a quality as his competitors.

THIRD. He buys his goods for cash and in larger quantities and therefore buys cheaper.

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.

DOWNING GALLERY,
617 Kan. Ave. Topeka, Kan.

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. Circusing 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 Circusing 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. 43 Milk St, Boston, Mass.

CARPENTER & SLOO,
Abstracters.
Room 33, Office Block.
TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

MRS. H. WEST,
Fashionable Dressmaker.
Cutting and Fitting a Specialty.
824 Quincy Street.
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

BAKER & WARDIN,
Store of Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware and Spectacles.
727 Kansas Avenue.
TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

FINE
FRENCH PANEL
PHOTOS
Equal to the best made,
50 CENTS PER DOZEN,
—AT THE—
INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
201 Kan. Ave. 2nd and Kan Ave. Cabinets $1 a doz.

FOR RENT.
I have a good farm for rent to a careful, industrious man that has a Good Team and Farm Implements, with no small Children. Address
C. DUNN.
No. 733 Kan. Ave.
TOPEKA, - KANS.
Can give possession immediately.

A successful series of meetings are in progress at the Baptist church this week. Both the afternoon and evening meetings are well attended.

Married, at the Kansas avenue M. E parsonage, on the evening of November 15, by Rev. P. M. Buck, Mr. Ora A. Maze to Miss Anna Sickinger, both of North Topeka. The happy couple have the best wishes of numerous friends for a long life of unalloyed nuptial happiness.

Mrs. Frank Parkhurst, is quite sick with malarial fever.

A defective flue in the house of Mr. Frank Parkhurst was the cause of the small blaze which called out the fire department Thursday morning.

Mr. J. W. Forgeus who has been in New York City for some time under medical treatment. writes that he will return home in a short time, and that he is much improved in health.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS GHOST.

"My duties," he remarked with tears,
"I've never sought to shun;
Yet hard it is that at my years
They have again begun.

"No one believed in me, nor cared
If I my vigils kept;
My diligence the public spared,
And undisturbed I slept.

"Yet now I never close my eyes
But in my dreams I see
The psychical societies
Descending upon me.

"They ask me whether I forgot
To wander round the moat;
They wonder what I mean by not
Steering my phantom boat.

"They would not think it such a joke
To rattle fetters through
The weary night till morning broke,
As I have got to do.

"Alas," he groaned, "on blood-stained floors
Again to fight and fall!
To shiver round the secret doors,
The draughty banquet hall.

"I say it was a heartless thought,
Wherever he may dwell
Who on us this disaster brought;
I'd like to haunt him well.

"And ah!" he cried, with rapture grim,
"One thing consoles me most;
"We'll make it very warm for him
When once he is a ghost!

"When every honest phantom sleeps
He'll have to freeze in cells,
And wring his hands by mouldy keeps,
And jangle rusty bells."

He paused, his fetters to arrange,
Adjust his winding sheet;
He murmured, "In this world of change
One can't be too complete!"

He fixed on me a glance of woe,
Then vanished into air;
I heard his clanking fetters go
Right down the winding stair.

Yet sometimes, when 'mid wind and rain
I'm lying warm and dry,
I seem to hear him clank his chain
Beneath the dismal sky.

One Too Many.

By the way that Eliza Moore slammed the soap into its receptacle and made the suds fly it was evident that she was not a little flustered. She showed no mercy for the washboard that trembled and groaned under the swift succession of rubdubs that were brought to bear up on it, and paid no attention to the quantities of water that were being swished over the top of the tub, running in streams across the kitchen floor. Her husband coming into the kitchen for a drink, barely escaped being hit on the head with a garment that his wife threw across the room into the boiler.

"Why, Eliza," laughed he, "you came near putting my eye out."

"I don't know that it would make much difference," retorted his wife, "for you couldn't see much less with one eye than you do now with two."

"However true that may be, I can at least see that there is something wrong with you. What is it, my dear?"

"Don't waste your time in 'my dearing' me when there are a thousand and one things happening under your very nose every day that you have no eyes or ears for!" said Eliza, brandishing the soap in the air.

"Why, Eliza! Eliza! what is the matter?" asked Mr. Moore.

"Matter enough, I should think! A man with no eyes at all could see what the matter is, when those three daughters of yours spend their time thumping on the piano and doing fancy work in the parlor, while I am in the kitchen washing!"

"But it is all your own fault, Eliza. You know that I don't want you to wash, for I can afford to pay for having it done."

"Suppose you can? Fifty cents is fifty cents, and if I can save fifty cents I propose to do it."

"But what has that to do with the girls?"

"A good deal. Why can't they wash their own clothes?"

"Why, because it is not necessary, I suppose. Clara and Lu are like their mother—not strong; and as Bertie is not yet out of school she could hardly be expected to do the washing."

"That is right, John Moore. Stand up for your daughters, no matter what becomes of your poor wife." said Eliza, beginning to sob. "The fact of the business is, I am one too many in this house, I feel it every hour. For a week or more your daughters have shunned me and tried to keep away from me as much as possible, I—just—can't stand it!"

"There is some mistake," said good John Moore. "I am quite sure the girls would do nothing to hurt your feelings, and—I—thought they quite liked you. Cheer up, Eliza, dear, and I promise to do all in my power to make you happy. If I had time I would go up and have a talk with the girls now; but I must wait until to-night."

He kissed his wife and left the house with a heavy heart. They had been married about a month, and this was the first time that Eliza had been "in a temper."

Mr. Moore's first wife had been a delicate, lady-like little creature, who was of about as much consequence as a helpmate to her husband as a doll would have been. He had petted and cared for her tenderly, and, if he was disappointed in her not taking more interest in her children and home, he never murmured. She died when the three girls, whom the father idolized, were very young. A widowed sister had kept house for him for a number of years, but she, too, had died, and since her death the house had sadly lacked a head.

After deeply considering the matter Mr. Moore decided to marry again, providing he could find a suitable partner. He wanted a wife who would not be above taking matters in her own hands and who would be quite capable of steering the household work. So instead of choosing one among the well-to-do families where he visited, he sought out Eliza Perkins, a little woman of five and thirty, who had been accustomed to hard work and poverty all her life, and who felt grateful for having been sought in marriage at such a late day by such a good man as John Moore.

Eliza had been so accustomed to scraping and saving that she was unable to give up the habit, even in John Moore's fine house. Mr. Moore thought it best to let her do as she wished for a time, in the hope that she would gradually come into taking things easier and enjoying life a little more. The plan seemed to have failed, however, and everything was in a muddle.

Eliza was tired and sore-hearted as she went to her room to change her dress that afternoon; but it was a good drying day, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had a long line of snow-white clothes flapping in the breeze. There was a scampering in the upper hall, and she pressed her lips hard together for she knew that the girls were hurrying away from her, and hot tears rolled down her cheeks as she entered her own room.

There was something on her bed, but she could not see what it was, so she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. A rich black silk dress was carefully spread out on the counterpane, and a slip of paper, with some writing upon it, was tucked into a fold. Eliza picked up the paper and read:

"From Clara, Lu and Bertie, with their love."

The astonished woman could only glance from the paper to the dress and from the dress to the paper. One, two, and then three heads popped out from behind the closet door, and in another moment three pair of arms were around Eliza and three voices asked her if she liked it.

"But did you really give it to me yourselves?" asked Eliza in astonishment.

"Of course we did," said Lu. "We bought it with our own money and made it ourselves."

"But then you know we had the dressmaker cut and plan it for us," said Clara.

"And what a time we had keeping it from you," said Bertie. "We came near spoiling it hustling it in the closet so many times when we thought we heard you comeing."

"But—I thought—you did not like me," said Eliza. "I imagined you thought I was trying to take your mother's place and——"

"But we didn't," said Clara. "We don't call you mother because you are so young; but if you will let us call you Eliza we would like it so much. You seem like a sister to us."

"I don't care what you call me," said Eliza, with happy tears in her eyes, "if I am not one too many among you."

"We lacked just one until you came," said Lu, kissing her, "but we are just a nice little family circle now."

When Mr. Moore returned home that evening there was a heavy shadow on his brow, and no one will ever know just how he dreaded going into the house. Upon entering the sitting-room he was surprised to find his wife and daughters talking and laughing together.

Eliza arose as he entered, and, going to him, said:

"I have been very wicked, John; but these dear children of yours have taken me in hand, and will, I hope, make a better woman of me."

"You need only be your natural self," he said, as he stooped down and kissed her.

Never after that time did Eliza think that she was one too many. If other step-mothers would give step-children a chance to love them there would be less cause for complaint.

The Marriage Fee.

"What do you ask for marrying a couple?" asked a Manchester business man of a well-known clergyman of that city the other day. "I leave that to the gentleman," replied the divine. "It is $5, $10, and sometimes more when the groom feels especially generous." "I'll give you $3 and that's all I can afford," was the merchant's final offer, to which the clergyman said: "All right," and the time for the ceremony was fixed. At the appointed hour the man presented his intended at the parsonage, but before the trying ceremony was begun astonished the minister by saying: "My woman here is pretty sharp at a bargain, and she thinks $2.50 is enough for this job." That amount footed the bill.—*Concord (N. H.) Monitor.*

Clear Shellac Varnish.

To get an absolutely clear solution of shellac has long been a desideratum, not only with microscopists, but with all others who have occasional need of the medium for cements, etc. It may be prepared by first making an alcoholic solution of shellac in the usual way; a little benzole is then added, and the mixture well shaken. In the course of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours the fluid will have seperated into two distinct layers, an upper alcoholic stratum, perfectly clear and of a dark red color, while under it is a turpid mixture containing the impurities. The clear solution may be decanted or drawn off with a pipette.

THE HONDURAS COAST.

The Town of Truxillo and Its Surroundings—Among the Caribs—Their Characteristics and Customs.

I was awakened the other morning, says a letter from Truxillo, by the childish voice of one of our passengers, a little girl, saying in a disappointed tone: "Why, them ain't houses; them's boxes." I got up and found that we were lying at anchor oft the quaint old-fashioned town of Truxillo.

This little Spanish settlement is built on an eminence and is approached by a very steep paved road at the eastern end of the town. The seashore side is crowded with fortifications, very old and dilapidated, and as a means of defense utterly useless.

The approaches from the interior of Honduras to Truxillo are mere trails through the mountains. The only means of transportation is by pack-mules. The Aguan Navigation company has been formed, in order to open up a new road to the interior by the rivers Aguan and Roman. They are now at work with a large dredge, cutting a passage through from the Bay of Truxillo to these rivers. They have a large concession, and this will open up a great mineral as well as fruit-producing region.

Most of the houses of Truxillo are long, low-roofed, one-story dwellings, built of stone and moatar, cool, and well adapted to the climate. Very substanitial, I am told they are: indeed some of them have been standing hundreds of years. They are anything but picturesque, looking totally unornamented on the outside. It seemed to me that all the houses looked alike; in fact an air of sameness pervaded the place.

The surrounding scenery on the other hand compensates for the dullness and makes a beautiful frame for a very plain picture.

Behind the town is a range of mountains thickly wooded, with little streamlets trickling down to the sea. In the valleys on either side are Carib villiages—one, the villiage ou the Rio Crysstallis, the other on the Rio Negro. We visited the Carib town on the Rio Crystallis and found it a much larger settlement than it appeared to be. These so-called Caribs are, properly speaktng, not Caribs, but the decendants of an African tribe. Yet they most decidedly object to being classed as negroes, and boast that they have never been slaves. They are quite like the negro, with this exception, that they are scrupulously clean about their persons.

As is common among most peoples of crude education, the women are the drudges. They are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, and it is not uncommon to see a mother paddling a dory-load of bananas, with her infant squatting in the bottom of the boat.

When a man among the Caribs wishes to take unto himself a wife he hews himself out a dory, and, with the assistance of his friends and a jug of rum, gathers together the wherewithal to build his hut, which consists of a few poles, a pile of clay to form the floor and to fill in the wicker-work sides of the house, and some leaves of the cohune palm to thatch the roof with. He then clears off a patch of ground and plants a few ears of corn, and some yams and cassava root. This he calls his plantation. He is then considered an eligible swain, and is in a position to choose a partner from among the dusky maidens.

The plantation is entirely looked after by the woman. She gathers the corn to make tortillas, and digs the cassava root to make her bread. I visited a Carib house and watched the operation of cassava bread-making. They first wash the root, then grate it on a poard studded with small, sharp particles of flint to form a rough surface; then strain it to extract the surplus juice, which is considered poisonous. Their mode of straining is extremely primitive. The article used as a strainer is a long snake-like arrangement, made from a species of palmetto grass plaited to-gether, and looks exactly like a huge serpent. It is about eight feet long and about three inches in diameter, and opens at one end. The strainer is suspended on a hook from the rafters, the grated cassava is poured in, then a heavy weight is attached to the lower end, which causes the strainer to contract, and so expresses the juice. After it is thouroughly strained it is taken out and baked into large flat cakes, which form the daily food of the Carib.

These appliances for making the cassava bread, together with a couple of stools, a table, and the inevitable hammock, comprise the furnishings of the house.

While walking through the town we happened in on the school. There were about fifty Carib boys, all orderly and clean-looking, taught by a young Spainard. The text books are all Spanish, the history and geography of Honduras being the principal studies. We had a delightful ride on horseback along the beach and up the Rio Crystallis, where we surprised a number of Carib women who were washing clothes in the stream. There they stood, knee deep in the water, rinsing their clothes and putting them to day on the stones. While riding up hill and fording the river we gave the horses the reins and allowed them to choose their own path, and to the utter consternation of the washerwomen, the horses walked right over the spotless clothes.

This beautiful crystal stream finds its source away up in the mountains, and besides lending a charm to the surrounding scenery furnishes the town of Truxillo with drinking water. It is brought into town by the Carib women in jugs, for which they charge a half real a jug.

It is a strange sight to witness these Carib women, with a shawl, sometimes of wool, generally of silk, thrown, mantilla fashion, over their heads and their shoulders, arms and feet, without any covering save what Dame Nature provided.

We crossed immense bowlders and rode up steep, rocky aclivities, and I really thought I was performing quite wonderful feats in horsemanship, but when I remarked my prowess I was told in the coolest possible way that I had nothing to do in the matter: my horse did the work. All I had to do was to sit still.

Some three or four years ago two young men from New Orleans came down to Truxillo, and started a store in a very small way; now they have built a large, fine building, and are doing a flourishing business—in fact they are on the road to making their fortune. Their store was completed about two months ago, and instead of putting up the proverbial roof tree, they hoisted the American flag.

The New Baby.

What strange little man can this be,
So weird and so wizened and wise?
What mystical things has he seen
With those wide-open wondering eyes?

What treasures untold from what lands,
Do this soft baby fingers enfold?
What word does he bring from afar,
This stranger so young, yet so old?

Does he bring us some message from spheres
Unheard of, from worlds we know not—
Starry countries we dwell in, mayhap,
As babies, and now have forgot?

Who can tell what he knows, what he thinks?
He says not a word, but he looks,
In a minute, more wisdom, I'll swear,
Than is shut in the biggest of books.

—*New York World.*

A HEARTLESS WRETCH.

The Cruel Words He Spoke to a Beggar and the Answer They Elicited.

He was a handsome man, as men go—a giant in frame and straight as an Indian, but slightly disfigured by a prominent foreground that suggested high living. His hat was of the shiniest silk, his clothing fashionable and elegant, and his umbrella gold-handled, while a blazing brilliant nestled in the knot of his four-in-hand tie. With a firm tread and haughty carriage he issued from the Twenty-fourth street entrance to the Hoffman house last evening and halted for a moment on the granite steps. As he was about to move away a small withered hand and bony wrist were thrust before him in a mute appeal for assistance. The hand belonged to a woman, or rather the wreck of what had once been a woman. She was bent and aged, haggard and thin, and her nakedness was barely hidden beneath her tattered garments. Her gray straggling hair hung closely about her scrawny neck, for she had not even a ragged hat. The bones of her face showed painfully through the tightly drawn skin, and her eyes, faded and lusterless, were sunken deeply in their sockets. The picture of misery touched not the heart or sympathies of the man of wealth. Raising his umbrella with a threatening gesture, he exclaimed:

"Be off, beggar; I've nothing for you. You ought to be at work earning an honest living instead of hanging around here importuning everybody you meet for money. Be off, or I'll turn you over to an officer."

These words were magical in their effect. The poor, shattered form of the suppliant woman straightened up to its full height, the lusterless eyes gleamed brightly once more with the light of an unutterable scorn, but the thin lips quivered with the pain that the cruel words had inflicted. There was no need for more. Her very attitude, the expression upon her face, should have been rebuke enough, but she finally burst forth into burning, passionate speech, and this is what she said:

"Git out, yez dirthy blaygard. Spake anither word til me and Oi'll kick the red nose off yez face."—*New York Times.*

Sunday Thoughts.

Just and rational principles of religion should till up that room in the minds of men, which dangerous fanataicsm will otherwise usurp.

Fame floats on the breath of multitude; honor rests on the jugment of the thinking.

Genuine virtue has a language that speaks to every heart throughout the world. It is a language which is understood by all.

Manliness and sensibility are so far from being imcompatible, that the truly brave are for the most part generous and humane; while the soft and effeminate are hardly capable of any vigorous exertion of affection.

Never delay till to-morrow what reason and conscience tell you ought to be performed to-day. To-morrow is not yours; and though you should live and enjoy it, you must not overload it with a burden not its own

Futurity is the great object on which the imaginations of men are employed; for the sake of which the past is forgotten and the present too often neglected.

Let not your expections from the years that are to come raise too high; and your disappointments will be fewer and more easily supported.—*Chicago Sunday National.*

HERE AND THERE.

There were 360 marriages in Camden, N. J., last month.

A state university is projected in Vera Cruz. It will be located in Jalapa.

A seven-hundred-pound bear was killed recently in Panola county, Mississippi.

A cow in Washington county, Ohio, recently gave birth to three calves in one day.

It is believed by Henry George that his party will poll 200,000 votes in New York next month.

At a point in a deep ravine two miles from Wallingford, N. Y., ice, it is said, forms the year round.

The Stewart mansion in New York is guarded by private watchmen at all hours of the day and night.

There are ten thousand tons of alfalfa in Mason valley, Nevada, which the farmers have been unable to dispose of.

The city of Brimingham, Ala., is about to tunnel the Georgia Pacific, to make passage way for vehicles and pedestrians.

The two largest gymnasiums in the world are owned by the Liverpool Young Men's Christian association and Harvard's.

Genuine Texas cattle fever has been discovered in Shelby county, Ohio and agriculturists are much alarmed in consequence.

The Springvale (N. Y.) *Advocate* says pointedly: "The woman who lost her bangs can find them where she pulled up the plants."

A Georgia debating society discussed the question: "Did Zeke Slade's tobacco barn burn up or down?" It was decided that it did.

Some of the old deer in the Windsor Great park in England are so fierce this month that the public are warned against approaching them.

It is stated that the smokestack of the Allentown (Pa.) thread-mill, 227 feet high, will, when finished, be the loftiest in the United States.

Over $800 has been raised by popular subscription at Ironton, O., for the benefit of the sufferers by the recent terrible boiler explosion.

Sixteen army officers and 436 privates are at present confined in the military prison at Santiago Tlaticlolco, awaiting trials or serving out sentences.

The output of the mines, furnaces, and factories of the Birmingham, Ala., district is estimated to bring a gross receipt of $25,000,000 per annum.

It is now stated that the Oregon swamp land cases will soon be legally settled, and that the rights of the original locators will be maintained.

A German suicide in New York left a note in which he said he was sorry to trouble his landlady, but the weather compelled him to kill himself indoors.

Floyd Tuft, a young giant of Westville, Vt., is 8 years old and weighs 125 pounds. He is as strong as an ox and can easily shoulder two bushels of corn.

There was a 100-yards foot-race at Helena Montana, the other day, between Fred. Stone, of Philadelphia, and Billy Barker, an Australian sprinter. Stone is reported to have won in 9⅘ seconds. Ten thousands dollars changed hands.

A German physician, in an article on the ate Prof. Langenbeck, says his methods were used during the last war with France, and, thanks to this circumstance thousands of soldiers now posses their limbs in sound condition, which the doctors of the old school would have amputated.

Says *The Arkadelphia Standard:* The palsied fist of the journalistic empyric who made such a vigorous dash at *The Standard* through *The Clip* this week seems eminently better fitted to sugarcoat bitter pills or direct the maneuvers of bobtailed bovines than to write a dissertation on journalistic ethics.

"Prisoners' Sunday," which this year will be observed in more than one-half of the states of the union, will occur on the 30th of October. The idea of a day especially set apart for the prayerful consideration of the criminal classes originated in the New York Prison association. Its observance was at first confined to New York state, but one state after another has taken it up.

Editor Twitchell, of *The Gorham* (Me.) *Mountaineer*, values highly his grandmother's spinning-wheel, for it has a pretty history. Eighty-five years ago Grandfather Twitchell, then a stalwart young man, went to Fryeburg to get him a wife. He rode one horse and led another. When he went home, on the led horse rode Grandmother Twitchell, then a blooming young woman, and fast to the saddle behind her was tied this identical spinning-wheel.

Joe Johnson of Philadelphia, makes a good living by catching sparrows and selling them to the restaurants for reed-birds. His work is all done at night or early in the morning. He hunts up churches, and other ivy-clad buildings, and covering a large space where the vines are thickened with a net, he has his assistant stir up the vines with a long pole. The sparrows flutter blindly into the net, and Joe pulls the string. He has captured 120 dozen in a single night.

Powdered-glass is largely taking the place of sand in the manufacture of sand-paper. It is readily pulverized by heating it red hot and throwing it into water, the finishing being done in an iron mortar. By the use of sieves of different-sized meshes, the powder is separated into various grades. A strong paper, or muslin, is tacked down or covered with a strong size of glue, the surface covered with powdered-glass, and when the glue is dry, the surplus glass is shakened or brushed off.

Not many days ago there was employed on the police force at Los Angeles, Cal., a private detective. The only person to whom he was known was the man who hired him, the chief of police. One night recently, disguised as a Chinaman, he was sent to a Chinese gambling-house. After being admitted he gave a signal to the men on the outside. Immediately the Chinamen pounced on him and gave him a thorough mauling, and then fled. After they had gone he followed them through a hole in the roof, and as he stuck his head out he was seized by a policeman, thrown violently to another near the eaves, and by him dropped to the ground at the foot of the chief, who seized him. "It's me," gasped the detective, and thus he was saved from further injury. He has resigned.

A MARVELOUS MADSTONE.

Now Possessed by a Venerable Citizen of Mississippi.

The madstone has been talked and written about for generations. It has been pooh poohed by scientists and discredited by all the balance of the world who are prone to deny to popular superstition the slightest foundation in reason. Yet the fact remains that such stones exist in localities of the south, says *The Memphis Avalanche*, and are devoutly trusted as a panacea for the bite of rabid animals by people who have seen them applied. If seeing justify believing, the ruralists who pin their faith to madstones are entitled to something better than ridicule. Of course it is wrong for them to care more for curing the patient than for scientific results, but the person most interested will doubtless excuse them, if the doctors do not. During the war when medicines were not to be had, the southern whites were compelled to bear witness to the efficacy of more than one simple remedy used by the slaves.

A day or two ago Mr. B. L. Milam, an old and respected citizen of Waterford, Miss., exhibited a madstone that has a history. It was brought to Alabama from China in 1810 by Dr. William Barker, who used it with success for several years. At his death it was sent to Jarvis Milam. Milam moved to Mississippi in 1835, and took the stone with him. He died in 1849 and left the stone to his son. The present proprietor has used it in 1,280 cases, for bites of rabid dogs, cows and horses, besides spider and snake bites, and he asserts that it did not fail to effect a cure in a single instance, when applied before paroxysms had set in.

The stone is porous, of a light cream color, one and one-quarter inches in diameter, and weighs one ounce. It has been broken in five places and is mended w th silver bands. When a person is bitten the wound is carefully washed with warm water, a mop being used to guard against danger to the operator from infected blood or pus. The stone is then bound tightly upon the affected part, and left there from two to fifteen hours, according to the freshness of the bite—the older it is the longer the time necessary. When removed it is found to have absorbed a quantity of blood or pus from the wound. It is then washed clean in warm water and dried before a fire or stove. Mr. Milam has been offered $5,000 for his treasure, but refuses to sell. He gets a good revenue from it, charging those patients who are able to pay, but its virtues are more frequently called into play to save the unfortunates who have nothing to give in return. It is to Mr. Milam's credit that these are never refused, and that he values the stone most for the good it does to suffering humanity. He is greatly troubled, least at his death his children should divide it up and thus destroy its virtue.

Toddy From a Plant.

Rain interfered with the exhibition of plants yesterday in the Biddle street rink. The display is very fine. Among the striking things that meet the visitor's eye near the entrance is the "toddy" plant, an eastern production about eight feet high, from the conservatory of Mr. T. Harrison Garrett. It has grown too large for Mr. Garrett's house, and he has presented it to the national botanic garden at Washington. A peculiarity of the plant is that during the sap season, about two months in the year, a quart of excellent toddy, with all the delicious intoxicating effects of the American mixed drink, can be drawn off twice a day and enjoyed. When this was known many inquiries were made as to whether the plant would grow in this latitude with ordinary care. An expert said it required a warm climate, about the temperature of India, for the tree to thrive. Several gentlemen were sure money could be saved by growing the plant at home. It is believed it will be attempted by several who looked at the plant.—*Baltimore American.*

The Lawyer's Responsibility.

"Have you got any family?" asked Mac Anderson, a San Antonio lawyer, of a colored man whom he was appointed by the court to defend, the latter being charged with having stolen a horse.

"I'se got no family yit. I looks to you for dat."

"Look to me to supply you with a family?" exclaimed the astonished advocate.

"I looks to you an' de jury, boss, I does for a fac."

"What kind of stuff is that you are talking?"

"Hits just what I says. Miss Matilda Snowball says ef I only gets one yeah in de penopotentiary she'll wait fur me, but ef I gets moah, den she is guine ter marry de very first niggah what comes along. So yer sees, boss, what a 'sponsibility dar am restin' on yer."—*Texas Siftings.*

How He Caught It.

Charlie Knickerbocker—What's the matter Gus? You theme all bwoke up.

Gus Snobberly—Yeth, Chollie, I'm a pwefect wreck. Cawt cold lasth night.

"Gweat heaventh! have you been expothing yerself?"

"I went to the opera, Chollie, and the scoundrelly usher gave me a pwogwam that had just been pwinted, and it wath tho dem moist and damp that I got chilled thu and thu."—*Texas Siftings*

Household Chats.

Clean the wood box every day; it is only a little work, but it brings good results. Of all the places in the house which requires the most constant and careful supervision, the wood box is one of the most conspicuous. By many it is made the receptacle of all the trash that falls upon the floor; the children carelessly throw therein their scraps of bread, etc., etc., all of which mingling with the wood dust, decompose—and Death, holding high carnival in its mystic depths, martials the myriads of minute germs which are constantly forming on the smallest particles of decaying substances, and sends them forth on their errand of destruction,—which not unfrequently takes the form of Typhoid and Diphtheria. See to it that all cloths for the cleansing of dishes are thoroughly washed and rinsed in hot water, then hang up to dry where the fresh air has free access to them, every time they are used. This is a duty we owe to husband and children, home, health and self; and though it may seem a trifling theme to dwell long upon, it has drawn forth some of the most scientific and beautiful lectures that hygienists have ever delivered.

Every housekeeper who really and truly studies to secure the health and happiness of her family should have a microscope, and with its aid examine more carefully into the condition of affairs in and around the house. There is the bread box, for instance. For several days bread which has been left over from different meals has accumulated, until, from being packed closely it has sweat, and on several pieces mold is already forming. Look through the magic lens; what has before appeared as common mold seems now a forest of beautiful trees, with leaves, branches and fruit. Already has that which is our chief staff in life, sent forth to poison our home atmosphere, its cargo of bactaria. Here on a shelf some careless hand has laid a soiled dish rag. Only a commonplace article of utility, but one which, weilded by the hands of careless servants or untidy housekeepers, has probably caused the death of as many as did the once famous guillotine. Spread it out upon the table, and through the wonderful glass let your eye wander slowly over its surface; a colony of insects are surging backward and forward like a herd of restless, hungry cattle. Just behind the house someone has emptied the contents of last week's wash-tubs: the water is cool, but the water smells vilely of sudsy effluvia. Bright dawns the morning sun, and as the warm rays dart forth, they linger most all on that pool of stagnant, fetid water. Look once again through your silent, faithful friend, and you will see a world of living creatures, swimming about as easily as fish in the ocean. Under the influence of those life-giving beams they rise to the surface, and all too soon pollute the atmosphere we breathe with the various forms of malaria. Oh! what a responsibility rests upon us who wield the wand over the home! There is no spot there, or article of domestic use, which would not be under the most constant surveillance. Would that all could be made to appreciate this, and in the most trivial matters practice the most excessive cleanliness; for we little know what moment the faithful germs will leave the article whereon they have formed, and covering the throat of some loved one with this unseen poison, will bear them in haste away into the dim beyond!

In these days of cheap literature, there is scarcely any one who cannot obtain good reading matter on almost any topic required. No matter how poor or unfortunate a person may be if he can read, he can thus gain surcease from care. Lost in thought the reader can, if he will, place himself in the best society, converse with the heroes and sages of the past, as well as the noted men and women of his own day; may revel in prose, or dream over poetry; can, by the exercise of judicious thought, repair the errors in judgment of the past, and by this interchange of ideas secure greater blessings to himself for the future. No matter how far from the habitations of man a person may be located, if he loves books, and can procure them, he is never alone. In the most complete solitude he can yet choose his company or subject of conversation; and thus, in quiet communion and thought, his every moment may be filled with happiness and content.—*Practical Farmer.*

Sunday Thoughts.

Let us always hope well of a cause that is good in itself, and beneficial to mankind.

Society reaps the fruit of the virtues of all the members who compose it; and in proportion as each apart is made better, the whole must flourish.

They who, in early times, attempted to bring the wandering and scattered tribes of men from the woods, and to unite them in cities and communities, always found it necessary to begin with some institution of religion.

The wisest legislators of old, through the whole progress of their systems of goverment, considered religion as essential to civil polity.

The doctrine of Christianity is most adverse to all tyranny and oppression, but highly favorable to the interests of good goverment among men.

Politicians may lay down what plans they please for advancing public property but in truth, it is prevalency of such principles of religion and virtue which forms the strength and glory of a nation.—*Chicago Sunday National.*

CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND.

The Terrible Situation of a St. Louis Hunter.

Otto and Ernst Betrand, two young men of Carondelet put their shotguns on their shoulders last Wednesday morning about daybreak, says *The St. Louis Globe Democrat*, slung their game-bags at their sides, and after eating a hearty breakfast in their parents' house, No. 6,324 South Broadway, started off to spend three days duck hunting among the lakes of the American bottom, on the other side of the river. They had a skiff moored near their house and crossed the river in it, hiding the boat in a little cove, between Cahokia and East Carondelet, when they had reached the other side and were starting for the lakes. They had fair luck hunting and started home yesterday morning. When they got to Cahokia, Ernst, who had the heavier bag of ducks, told Otto that he would cross by the ferry and sell his game in the Union market. Otto assented, and made his way alone to the boat. He missed the path, and attempting to reach the skiff by following the bank of the river he plounged into a black, filthy, and tenacious quicksand. His right leg went into the mire over its knee at the first step, and the other leg followed it, sinking up to the thigh before he understood he was in a quagmire. He tried to extricate himself, and could not. Both his leg were tightly clasped by the mud, and moved not an inch. He shouted for help, heard no reply, and then remembered that the nearest house was two miles away. It seemed to him that he was sinking deeper in the quicksand, and then it came to his mind for the first time that men had lost their lives in such places and their bodies had never been found. He grew frantic, and screamed at the top of his voice, and waved his arms about, beating the mud, and catching at little stones and roots that appeared in it. He tried to move his fettered legs, and found that his body up to his waist was dead. He was clasped in an embrace that knew no relaxing. He lost his senses, his mind wandered he thought of those he had left at home, his brother who had just lelt him; he cried, and feebly pattered his hands in the mud until his face was streaked with it. Then the thought came to him suddenly that he was about to die by suffocation, and in an agony of terror he lifted his voice and cried, for help again. The sky looked down upon him clear and joyful, and mocked him with its calmness. He tried to kill himself. His shotgun had been on his shoulder when he stepped into the quicksand, and he looked for it, intending to shoot himself. It had sunk. He continued to struggle, and became insensible, but continued to utter cries of distress in his unconsciousness. He had fallen into the quicksand at 9 o'clock in the morning. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon a negro boatman came rowing along from Cahokia and heard him moaning. He pulled his boat in and tried to pull the hunter out of the mud. Bertrand by this time, had sunk up to his armpits in the quicksand. The negro saw that he was unable to save the young man, and rowed back to Cahokia, four miles away, where he got two other men. When the boat got back to Bertrand he had sunk until only his head and neck were visible, and it was two hours before the three boatmen could get him out of the mud. He was taken home at once and put to bed, and is now rapidly recovering.

Historical Lore.

Regiomontanus made the first almanack, in 1474.

The first window glass ever manufactured in this country was at Pittsburg, Pa., in 1795.

Dom Pedro II., the present emperor of Brazil, who visited this country in 1876, was born in 1825.

St. Peter's at Rome was designed and begun by Bramalite. The dome was designed by Michael Angelo.

David Garrick, the greasest English actor of his time, and the friend of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and other literary celebrities, retired from the stage June 10, 1776.

The English national debt was established at the revolution which drove James II. from the throne and made William III. King of England.

Ladies Harcourt, Gray and Suffolk were by Edward III., Henry V., and Henry VI., made Knights of the Garter, and wore it above the elbow of the left arm.

Though St. Peter's College, Cambridge, England, was founded as early as 1257, it was a place of education as early as the time of Roman dominion in Britain.

In 70, Jerusalem was razed and plowed over by the Roman emperor, Titus, in order to obliterate and make unrecognizable spots venerated by Christians. It was refounded, as a heathen city, by the Emperor Hadrian, A. D. 140.

That famous and disastrous speculative craze known as the South Sea bubble, which swept away so many fortunes in England, was at its height in 1722, which is known in English chronology as "the bubble year."

A Conundrum.

"Mamma," said a little girl of four, whose father pays very little attention to the dinner hour, "Papa is just like the moon, isn't he?"

"Why, my dear?"

"Because he comes a little later every night."—*The Epoch.*

Some Strange Antipathies.

It seems absolutely incredible that Peter the Great, the father of the Russian navy, should shudder at the sight of water, whether running or still, yet so it was, especially when alone. His palace gardens, beautiful though they were, he never entered, because the river Mosera flowed through them. His coachman had orders to avoid all roads which led past streams, and if compelled to cross a brook or bridge, the great emperor would sit with closed windows in a cold perspiration. Another monarch, James I. the English Solomon, as he liked to be called, had many antipathies, chiefly tobaco, ling and pork. He never overcame his inability to look with composure at a drawn sword; and it is said that on one occasion, when giving the *accolade*, the king turned his face aside, nearly wounding the new-made knight. Henry III. of France, had so great a dislike for cats that he fainted at the sight of one. We suppose that in this case the cat had to waive its proverbial preogative and could not look at a king. This will seem as absurd as extraordinary to lady lovers of that much-petted animal, but what are we to say of the countess of Lambelle, of whose unhappy history, to whom a violet was a thing of horror? Even this is not without its precedent, for it is on record that Vincent the painter was seized with vertigo and swooned at the smell of roses. Scaliger states that one of his relations was made ill at the sight of a lily, and he himself would turn pale at the sight of water-cresses, and could never drink milk.

Charles Kingsley, naturalist as he was to the core, had a great horror of spiders; and in "Glaucus," after saying that every one seems to have his ant pathetic animal, continues: "I know one (himself) bred from his childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting and honest in feeling that all without exception is beautiful, who yet cannot, after handling and petting and examining, all day long, every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of a common house-spider.

The writer shares in this dislike to a painful extent; in this case it is inherited from his grandfather. The genial author of the "Turkish Spy" says that he would far prefer sword in hand to face a lion in his desert lair than to have a spider crawl over him in the dark. The cat, as we have previously mentioned, has repeatedly been an object of aversion. The Duke of Schomberg, though a redoubtable soldier, would not sit in the same room with a cat. A courtier of the emperor Ferdinand carried this dislike so far as to bleed at the nose on hearing a cat mew. A well-known officer of her majesty's army, who has proved his strength and courage in more than one campaign, turns pale at the sight of a cat. On one occasion when out to dinner, his host, who was rather skeptical as to the reality of his feelings, concealed a cat in an ottoman in the dining-room. Dinner was announced, but his guest was evidently ill at ease; and at length declared his inability to go on eating, as he was sure there was a cat in the room. An apparently thorough, but unavailing search was made; but his visitor was so upset that the host, with many apologies for his experiment, "let the cat out of the bag," and out of the ottoman at the same time. Lord Lauderdale, on the other hand, declared that the mewing of a cat was to him sweeter than any music, while he had the greatest dislike to the lute and the bagpipe. In this latter aversion he was by no means singular. Dogs too have come in for their share of dislike, DeMusset cordially detested them. When a candidate for the academy he called on a prominent member. At the gate of the chateau a dirty, ugly dog received him most affectionately, and insisted on preceding him into the drawing room, DeMusset cursing his friend's predilection for the brute. The academician entered and they adjourned to the dining-room, the dog at their heels. Seizing his opportunity the dog placed his muddy paws upon the spotless cloth and carried off a *bonne-bouche*. "The wretch wants shooting!" was DeMusset's muttered thought, but he politely said—

"You are fond of dogs, I see?"

"Fond of dogs," retorted the academician, "I hate them."

"But this animal here?" queried DeMusset.

"I have only tolerated it because I thought it was yours, sir."

"Mine!" exclaimed the poet: "the thought that it was yours alone kept me from killing him!"—*Ex.*

What Pained Him Most.

"Kicked you out, did he?" sympathized a friend with a walking delegate who had found himself suddenly projected to the sidewalk in front of a manufacturing establishment.

"Yes; but that wasn't the worst of it."

"No?"

"What pains me most is the fact that the boot he kicked me with wasn't union-made."—*Puck.*

He Gets There all the Same.

Bartender (to shabby party)—Havn't you been working that free-lunch counter about long enough, my friend?

Shabby Party (with his mouth full of tripe)—I admit, sir, that I have been here for some time, but, in justice to myself, must add that I am a very slow eater.—*The Epoch.*

A FUNNY STORY.

A Georgia Horse's Experience with a Railroad Gate.

An amusing affair is thus described in *The Macon* (Ga.) *Telegraph:* The other night a young man from the country came in town with his horse and buggy and proceeded to do up the town in the best way he knew how. On his way home he happened to think, just as he reached the railroad crossing near the city bridge, that he wanted to take one more drink as a night-cap. A train was passing at the time, and the long poles, called a gate, were down. He jumped out of his buggy and, supposing the gate was a fence, hitched his horse to it hard and fast, by a rope around his neck, and waddled off in the direction of a bar-room. In the meantime, the train having passed, the watchman, with his back to the gate, proceeded to haul it up by the windlass. The old horse felt the gate taking up the slack in the halter, but never dreamed that he was about to be hung up. Slowly but surely the gate was raised, and higher but surely the horse went up. The additional weight of a horse and buggy was not felt by the old watchman as he turned the crank, and the rope around the poor animals neck prevented him from murmuring a complaint.

The old watchman continued his winding and turned to go into a little box when he saw a sight that paralyzed him. From the position of the horse, with its forelegs clasped around the high pole, the old watchman's first thought was that the horse had simply climbed up the pole. It took him a minute or so to decide whether he was drunk or dreaming and saw an impossibility, or whether the pole had got tangled up in the harness and carried the horse up with it. While he was thus deciding in mind how it all came about the countryman had finished his nightcap and arrived on the scene. The sight presented to him not only sobered him but froze his young blood. It was a borrowed horse, and he knew that it was a dead horse. He ran to and fro as if crazed and yelled out for some one to bring a ladder. The watchman by this time had recovered his senses, and rushing to the windlass soon let the poor animal down. The countryman thought it was a mean trick of the watchman, but the watchman was too intent on getting life back into the horse, fearing a damage suit against the railroad to pay any attetionn to the fellow's threats. The horse was rubbed and doctored, and after awhile was on its feet and going at a jog trot toward Jones county.

The Tramp Was Dirty, But Rich.

A Saco, Me., letter says: A dirty tramp, with $2,000 in greenbacks, has been enjoying, gratis, the hospitality of a Saco farmer. The Maine farmer is not the man to give charity to a $2,000 tramp when he knows himself, but in this case the charity came before the discovery. It was John McKenny's farm-house whose door suggested a chance for lodging to the tramp in question. He was hungry, footsore, and weary when he asked permission to sleep in the barn that night. McKenny remembered the good Samaritan, gave the man supper and offered him the bed in the spare room. The next morning after eating a hearty breakfast and accepting the gift of an old suit of the farmer's clothes, the tramp disappeared. When Mrs. McKenny went to make up the bed that the tramp had occupied the night before, she found tucked away under one of the pillows a belt that at one time evidently belonged to a pair of trousers as a waistband. At intervals of three or four inches pockets were sewed into the belt, and in these pockets were stuffed bank bills to the amount of $2,000. The family was immediately called together in consultation, but before any action could be taken in the matter the tramp returned and claimed his own. He snapped at the belt greedily, and after satisfying himself that the amount was all right, took his departure without even thanking his entertainers for their honesty.

Power of the "Stay."

There is nothing that has been discovered that beats a "stay." Ever since the law became a profession that men practiced, the writ of *habeas corpus* has been the most powerful thing known, as it would find people where they were not, and get them out of scrapes that it seemed there was no escape from. But the *habeas corpus* has had its day, and now a "stay" is what keeps people out of the penitentiary, and relieves them from the courtesies of the hangman. Jake Sharp, of New York, the aged millionaire briber, has had his trunk checked for Sing Sing for months, and his ticket has been bought and it is not a round trip ticket either, but when the sheriff gets ready to escort Jacob to his new home, some judge grants a "stay," and he stays, and is a stayer. The Chicago bomb throwers have had their necks ready for seven nooses for months, but the "stay" has stepped in and caused them to remain as boarders right along, with the sheriff. McGarrigle got a "stay," and an order for a bath, and he is in Canada, "staying." I do not know what these "stays are made of, whether they are whalebone or woven wire, but it is certain that they fill a want long felt by criminals, and they seem to be taking the place of *habeas corpus*, and driving from the legal field that ancient process. Has the "stay" come to stay, or is it going out of style?—*Peck's Sun.*

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Nov. 19, 1887.

There are only two sides to the temperance question.

Both Carthage and Springfield, Mo. have voted in favor of local option.

While Topeka is working for manufactories, the grand opening for a paper mill should not be overlooked.

Many Good Templar lodges had services this week in memory of the late John B. Finch, the supreme head of the order.

A Union League republican club has been organized in this city. No special need of such organisation seems apparent, since the city, county and state are over-whelmingly republican.

Perhaps no such crowd of curiosity seekers was ever before seen in this country, as assembled in Chicago last Sunday to witness the funeral of the anarchists.

The Chicago anarchist organ begins to think that the time is not yet ripe for the social revolution. The cause of the anarchists will be found dead with dry rot before it ever ripens.

We remember well the night that C. J. Holt, the well known temperance organizer, now working in Mossouri, signed the pledge. He was so much under the influence of liquor that many ridiculed the act, and predicted its violation the next day. But in ten years that pledge has not been broken.

Memorial services in honor of the late John B. Finch are to be held in this city on the first Sunday in December. Mr. Finch was one of the most elequent temperance orators as well as one of the ablest executive workers in the prohibition cause. For over three years he had been chairman of the third Party Prohibition National Committee. It was through his influence that St. John was nominated for president at the Pittsburgh Convention in 1884. It is a little significant that Topeka should now lead in doing honor to the memory of one who has stood so firmly by the man who was burned in effigy on Kansas avenue but three years ago.

Judge Adams on Kansas Women.

"The Women's Vote in Kansas," a paper read by Hon. F. G. Adams, Secretary of the Kansas Historical Society, before the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association, at Newton, gives faces and figures which are an unanswerable argument for woman suffrage. 26,000 women and 66,000 men voted last Abril in the municipal elections. The result is thus concisely stated:

'It is no longer a question whether women want to vote. They do want to vote. This is proven by the fact that they have voted the first opportunity given them. They voted with an intelligent, zealous, earnest interest in the good of the community in which they have their homes. If the issue involved in the election in any town was one affecting merely the local material interest of the community, they voted with good judgement aud for the common welfare. If the question was as to better school judgment, they voted for the best; if it was for street, sanitary or other reforms, they voted prudently for what it would seem the good of all demanded. If it was for change of an administration notoriously involved inspeculations with waterworks or other corporations, they voted to deliver the city from such entanglement. If political parties, controlled by saloon influences, put up candidates with the odor of whisky on their garments, the women rebuked the party managers, and voted for candidates who would better promote the welfare of the community. In every instance they voted for home and fireside, for the freeing of the community from those demoralizing influences and temptations from which every good woman would deliver those of her own household."

The LaPetre brothers have given $400,000 to endow a Methodist college for women at Glenwood, Cal.

Rev. Annie H. Shaw will attend the Annual Convention of the National W. C. T. U. soon to be held at Nashville, Tenn.

The women of the Congregational churches contribute more than one third of the money annually received by the American Board for Foreign Missions.

So far as known, there are only fourteen Chinese women in New York City. Of these, nine are married. They obey to the letter the customs of their own country, where the wife is the property of her husband.

The Journal says the "Gaieties" have postponed their third party. We dont know about that but the Third Party has not postponed its gaieties. In fact it never was so gay before, and it declares that next year it will lead both old parties a lively dance, and especially in New York.

A bright Iowa woman, noting the invention of a ballotbox that cannot be stuffed, remarks: "Now, if some one will invent a voter that cannot be stuffed with beer, brag or bribery we shall have made a long stride toward better government." It is safe to predict that women, though the weaker vessels, will be less easily induced to fill themselves with beer, than some of our present voters. The average sobriety of the electors will unboubtebly be raised by women suffrage; and that in itself will be a step toward better government.

Harry Vrooman formerly of this city, son of H. P. Vrooman, of Quenemo, and brother of the street walker anarchist, Walter, has left the Kansas City field and is now on an anarchist paper in the east. Harry organized the group of the International Working People's Association in Topeka, and was its corresponding secretary. The group at one time numbered about thirty active members, and perhaps a hundred "redcard" members who attended as a matter of curiosity but were not permitted to have any voice in the management of the society. After Vrooman left Topeka the group which he had organized fell to pieces, from lack of interest. There never were more than six or eight who believed in actual "revolution" when it came to the scratch. The organization could not thrive in Topeka, and died of its own accord. There are a few anarchists in Topeka, but its organization ceased to exist over a year ago. Both Harry and his father are prohibitionists and tried very hard to engraft their socialistic ideas upon the prohibition party. "Judge" Vrooman has lately identified himself with the Union Labor Party, which in this state, at least, is but one step from anarchy.

The Union labor vote in this city was simply an absurd factor in our county politics. It was no better elsewhere with few exceptions. It would seem that the so-called, labor, antimonopoly, greenback reform has come to an ignoble end. It has practically petered out. This result was inevitable, and the cause is quite apparent. It is not that there is no need of reform. It is not that we do not suffer from the oppression of monopolies. It is simply because the attempts to better the condition of the producing classes, were not wisely made. They did not appeal to the judgment and moral sense of the people. On the contrary they did cater to the lower passions, and pander to the baser instincts. No attempt was made to gain the sympathy and good-will of the moral and temperance sentiment. On the contrary the moral idea was scorned. The Chicago Sentinel, the western organ of the party, was open in its opposition to prohibition. It is true there is need enough for reform in this country, but any reform in the interest of the laboring man, to be effective, must be based on sound moral and temperance principles. Otherwise all efforts in behalf of labor will be wasted.

Madame Demorest was among the New York ladies who applied the other day to register in order to vote.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has for many years edited a department in the Domestic Monthly.

Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) will spend most of the winter in Boston.

The Queen of Roumania has just completed a novel the scene of which is laid among the ancient Dacians.

If Bayard Taylor wrote a letter to Thomas Brower Peacock Jan. 1 1886, commending his "Poems of the Plains", it was after he had been some eight years in the Spirit land.

This is almost as kind as King James who thought it a good thing for his poor subjects to have the itch, there was so much enjoyment in scratching.

If we do not call special attention to the fact, perhaps no one else will, that Judge Nicholson, prohibition democrat, of the Dickinson—Morris district was re-elected.

Mrs. Reuben Gaylord, of Omaha, has given $1,000 to the Ladies' Boarding Hall of Gates College, Neb. It will be called the Gaylord Memorial Hall.

Mrs. Craik was prompted to write her last book, "An Unknown Country," which discusses the condition of the poor in the North of Ireland, by overhearing the remark of a laboring man, who, when rallied upon helping a little girl across the street, replied, "Ay, but a 'andful of 'elp is worth a eartload of pity."

Senorita Matilde Montoya is the first Mexican girl to become a doctor. A committee of young men of the City of Mexico got up a bullfight in her honor, and devoted the proceeds to the purchase of books and instruments for her. A country that is civilized enough to have women doctors ought to abandon bullfights.

When men and women help each other in government, and when the ideas of the Declaration of Independence are carried out by the laws, the condition of affairs will be as much better than they are now as home affairs are when a husband and wife help each other in their daily duties.—LUCY STONE.

The telegraph wires have this week been warm with the details of a brutal prize fight, and the Topeka dailies are quite low enough to publish them.

A writer in the Atchison Globe says:—

"I like to mispronounce common words in a crowd occasionally; there are people who take such delight in correcting me. In giving them joy I feel like a philanthropist."

Things Worth Knowing.

Feed raw meat to sickly and weak fowls.

Care should be exercised in choosing dairy salt.

Milk for young pigs and calves should be fed warm.

Flour from Manitoba is being exported to Scotland.

It costs no more to raise good fowls than poor ones.

Horses for city driving, especially, should have sound feet.

Germany has the Colorado beetle as its unwelcome guest.

The white flint seems to be the favorite corn in Long Island.

A grand "sheep-shearing" will be held at Chicago, in the spring.

Rub tar on sheeps noses to prevent their annoyance by the bot-fly.

205 of the students at Ann Arbor University are sons of farmers.

During the moulting season it is best to separate the hens and cocks.

A professorship of horticutlure has been founded at Cornell University.

The official report numbers the sheep in the United States at 45,000,000.

953 women own farms in Iowa and only eighteen are carrying mortgages.

Oranges have been successfully kept in Florida 120 days after gathering.

Recent very heavy frosts have badly injured the cranberries on the cape.

INDIANA

CASH STORE.

The Leading Dry Goods and Millinery House in North Topeka.

We lead the trade in Good Goods, and make the very lowest prices.

The last 30 days we made some very low prices, and offered the trade a great many big bargains, as we advertized to do, and we are pleased to know that our customers appreciated them, as shown by our greatly increased trade. Lately we have received some big drives from our eastern buyer, and for the next 30 days we will offer you still greater bargains.

3000 yds heavy unbleach cotton flannel as 10c per yard, would be very cheap at 12½c.

2500 yds heavy unbleach cotton flannel at 12½c per yd, which others would ask you 15c; get samples and see.

CASE, (60 pieces) good standard prints, just received, good patterns, and would be cheap enough at 7c. We will sell them at 5c pr yd.

25 pcs strictly all wool Tricot, yd wide, at 50c per yd, all colors, very cheap.

40 pieces double width Dress Suitings, 25c per yard.

100 prs white and colored blankets from $1.50 to $5.00 pr pair; these are samples, and are 25 pr ct cheaper than can be bought ordinarily.

50 doz Ladies all wool hose, 25c per pair.

100 doz childrens and misses all wool hose, at 15c, 20c and 25c per pair.

25 doz. mens all wool hose at 25c per pair.

150 doz mens Buck gloves, lined and unlined, at rock bottom prices.

30 doz mens heavy shrunk mittens, at 25c per pair.

15 doz mens heavy shrunk mittens, faced, at 50c per pair.

50 doz Ladies Merino Vests and Pants, at 50c each, cheapest garment in the market.

50 doz mens Merino shirts and drawers at $1.00 per pair, a bargain.

LARGE line Ladies, Gents and Childrens scarlet and white merino underwear at popular prices.

$3,000.00 worth of Ladies, Misses and Childrens cloaks, including Newmarkets, Jackets, Short Wraps, and Fashionable Plush Garments. We offer these garments at a great discount, to reduce the stock, and ask your personal inspection. We can save you money.

25 per ct Saved in Buying Yaur Millinery of us.

Large Stocks to select from and the very latest fall styles. We trim you a hat to suit your taste, at prices to suit all.

We invite you to call and see the Live Dry Goods House of North Topeka, and compare goods and prices. We offer bargains through out the entire stock. We will meet all honorable competition.

N. F. CONKLE.

Nov. 17th. 1887. 811 Kansas Avenue, under Opera House

Books and Magazines.

A Home Library.

2000 Famous Authors.

It seems almost incredible to say that a library fairly representing approximately two thousand of the most eminent authors of the world, of all lands and all times, can really be placed within the reach of ordinary homes. Yet this is what is accomplished by Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature, volume VIII. of which is issued in November. The work, completed, is to comprise from fifteen to twenty volumes, which are in large type and really beautiful and excellent in all mechanical qualities, and yet sold at the phenomenally low price of 50 cents per volume for cloth, or 60 cents for half-morocco bindings; even from these prices large reductions are made to early purchasers, and to clubs.

Volume VIII. includes such notable names as Ferreira, the Portuguese poet; Feuillet, the French novelist; Johann Gottlieb Fichte, German philosopher; Henry M. Fiele. American journalist and author; Henry Fielding, English novelist James T. Fields, American publisher and author; Louis Figuier, French scientist; Firdusi, Persian poet; Geo. P. Fisher and Wilbur Fisk, American theological writers; John Fiske, American scientist; Flammarion, French author of "The Wonders of the Heavens;" Flaubert, French novelist; Mary Hallack Foote, American artis and author; John Forster, English biographer; Charles Fourier, French socialst and political economist; Charles James Fox, English statesman; George Foxe, of "The Book of Martyrs" fame; Dr. J. W. Francis, American author, and Sir Philip Francis (the famous Junius); Benjamin Franklin, American statesman, philosopher, and philanthropist; E. A. Freeman, historian; John C. Fremont, general and "might-have-been" President—all of these in the letter F, besides a small host in the letter G. The publisher will send a specimen volume to any one on receipt of the price, allowing the privilege of return if the set is not wanted. All lovers of good books should at least see the work. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.

Among the December magazines, "Peterson" stands out prominently in its freshness and interest. It is really astonishing how bright and youthful this old favorite keeps; the only thing that reminds one of its age is the remembrance that it has been a welcome monthly guest since one's childhood; a periodical essentially for the family, possessing elements of interest for all, from the oldest to the youngest. This has been a year of exceptional interest and excellence; its engravings and illustrations have never been better, and, regarded from a literary point of view, we may assert that it has never before reached the same standard. It has given stories and serials from some of the most popular writers in America, and its prospectus for the forthcoming year is even richer in promise. Nearly a half-century of useful and successful progress has taught us to place entire confidence in this friend of countless households, and we look forward to its efforts in 1888 proving a complete triumph, both as a literary and illustrated magazine. The price is only Two Dollars per year, with large reductions when taken in clubs, and elegant premiums to those getting up clubs. Sample-copies free to those desiring to get up clubs. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Pa.

The Leading Features

of the YOUTH'S COMPANION Announcement for 1888 just published are its Six Illustrated Serial Stories, by Trowbridge, Stephens, and others, its Two Hundred Short Stories and Tales of Adventure, its articles by Eminent Writers, including the Right Hon. Wm. H. Gladstone, Professor Tyndall, Gen. Lord Wolseley, Louisa M. Alcott, Gen. George Crook, and one hundred other popular authors. THE COMPANION has two Million Readers a week. Every family should take it. By sending your subscription now, with $1.75, you will receive it free to January 1, 1888, and a full year's subscription from that date.

The wheat yield of Dakota for this year is estimated at 90,000,000 bushels, and this is grown on 3,899,380 acres of land.

Corn fodder, hay straw, etc will be cut for cattle to a greater extent than usual this year, because of high-priced grain.

A woman in Castile, New York, found a bird's egg imbedded in the centre of a cabbage head, which she opened last week.

686 beans from one ordinary white bean is said to have been raised this season by Edmund Wilson of North Harpswell, Maine.

An Arcadia, Lapeer county Michigan farmer, pays thirty cents a stump to a contractor, who is to clear eighty acres of his farm of stumps.

J. M. Olmstead of Hobard, New York, who bought a suit for $1,200 for damages from "vicious bees" owned by S. W. Rich was awarded six cents.

Lecturer's Department, National Grange.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD, Middlebush, New Jersey

For a number of years past farmers in all parts of the country have been subjected to a very unjust application of the present patent laws by which the purchaser of an article that is an infringement upon someone's patent has been held personally liable, compelled to pay royalties on machines, etc., for which he has already paid full price. The National Grange has taken decided action against this unfair feature of the patent laws. Bills have been presented in Congress and petitions asking for their passage have been signed and forwarded by Patrons from all parts of the country. A sentiment has thus been slowly created and is growing and will doubtless ere long bring the desired result. Farmers must learn to stand together in these matters. The Grange has secured a number of reforms through legislation, and this can be brought about in the same manner.

The Farmers' Home Journal says: "A recent decision of the Supreme Court makes every person owning a 'drive well' liable to the patentee in the sum of $10. As thousands of these wells have been put down all over the West, some combined action will have to be taken, and the best compromise possible effected. It is a serious question in many localities. If the farmers of this country would make their influence felt in politics in proportion to their numbers, it is probable that patent laws could and would be adjusted in such a manner that a farmer could buy an improved machine without fear of being called upon in after years for royalty and damages by some one they never heard of. A patentee should be made to look for his damages to the guilty party who imposes upon him, rather than the innocent farmer, who is merely persuaded to buy some utensil which he thinks will be a help to him". That is just the position the National Grange has taken for several years on question, and the reform, will come.

The Grange has always set its face squarely against the practice of issuing free passes on railroads to all legislators, Congressmen and public officials. The Rural Vermonter takes the right view of it: "Should it be proved in a Vermont court that the jurymen on a panel had each received a barrel of flour from a party to a suit, one can imagine with what abhorent mien and withering legal phrase the judge, with a railway pass buttoned up in his pocket, would visit the penalty of the law and outraged justice upon the cowering occupants of the jury box. And yet that judge has set, and every year is sitting, with the money value of a small cargo of flour in his possession, placed there by parties to suits in which he assumes to sit as an impartial minister of the law. Is there any difference in the case of the, jurymen and the bench? In degree. none in kind, and the difference is all on the side of the jury box."

"Practically all the great necessities of life in this country, excepting only the air—and that would be monopolized if it had solidity like the earth—are now controlled by soulless and mercenary combination. Are these things inevitable? Are they legitimate product of our civilization? If they are we had better begin anew But they are not the outgrowth of progress. They are rather fungus growths — horrible escrescences. They are the fruits of bad legislation. Laws, enacted by professional politicians have created monoplies that have already absorbed more than onehalf of the wealth of the country and are sucking the lifeblood of the people."

The Pomona Grange of Whitley county. Ind., conferred the fifth degree upon 23 members at its last meeting, and has 15 applications on hand.

Greenfield Grange, No. 226, Erie county, Pa, is building a new Grange hall.

PAINTING A PAIN!

A New Parisian Artist's Canvas Story of a "Rheumatic."

"Tell me, Mr. Wight," asked our reporter of the well-known art connoisseur of the Everett, New York, "is American art improving in character and excellence?"

"Very much so."

"Do Americans much patronize foreign art?"

"Yes. And as they pay the best prices, their private galleries contain gems of all the modern masters."

"Which are preferred, works of modern or ancient masters?"

"The modern. Historical scenes, real and ideal landscapes, and decided characters in figure are the most popular.

"The last time I was in Paris I picked up a very strong bit of drawing, which depicted a middle-aged man bolstered up in a much be-cushioned chair, his face and surroundings indicating intense agony.

"His table is crowded with many a physicians' phials, abandoned bandages, and used-up blisters. Before him a tub of steaming water derisively sends its incense into his face, and the grate fire cheerily blazes in mockery of his unhappiness. His nurse is a type of dismay.

"I really enjoy looking at this picture!"

"I know how the old fellow feels! I myself was for twelve years a victim of inflammatory rheumatism. Every spring and winter perfect torture twisted me for two or three months, during which I was often unable to sleep for a week at a time; was tormented by continuous agony, and at one time was totally blind for a fortnight, the disease having settled in my eyes. I had the best medical skill, used all the most approved scientific specifics, visited the famed mineral springs of America, of Carlsbad and Paris, but every year the same mad fire literally burned me alive!

"I often laugh to myself as I think what an old 'bear' I too must have been, when suffering as that old fellow seems to be."

"Aren't you tempting fate by making sport of your old enemy?"

"Oh, no, I fear him no longer! My last tussle with him was over two years ago, and all the agony of the years of remission settled on me then. My physicians gave me no hope of recovery. I had faith in myself, however."

"Well, how did it work?"

"The rheumatism was in my case, as in nearly all others, caused by a disease of the blood, probably produced by unsuspected inactivity of the kidneys, for I had never had any pain in them. Twenty bottles of Warner's safe cure, however, completely purified my blood, and I never have enjoyed such robust health as now. Hundreds of friends in Europe and America have, on my recommendation, used it for general debility, malaria, rheumatism, etc., and I have never heard an unsatisfactory report from them."

Mr. Wight has a personal acquaintance with the best art lovers of Europe and America, and his experience gives weighty testimony to the remarkable power of the celebrated preparation named.

"You think, then, Mr. Wight, that there is substantial art development in America?

"I certainly do, and I have confidence that when the true American idea is settle upon, our development will be both rapid and excellent."

It seems an excellent plan to do much of the ploughing in the fall, that the seed may be sown earlier in the spring. Some favor sowing early, even on deep snow.

The fine cow, Peerless, imported from England by Tom Clark of Illinois, is dead, she was only seven years old. The death was caused by abscess on her kidney.

It is noticeable that the eye chooses more frequently than the palate the fruit or vegetables to be purchased. Notice the partiality for red apples and red strawberries.

It is suggested that farmers, whose neighbors are at a distance, establish horn signals among themselves for protection against burglars and to be used in case of emergency.

The cold weather is close at hand, and there can be no idleness on the farm, for all crops must be harvested, tools housed, and the buildings made comfortable for the winter.

For Year, 25c. KANSAS CITY, MO., U. S. A. Six Months, 15c.

The MISSOURI AND KANSAS FARMER is the cheapest paper in the whole wide 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 private entry in each county. Every number **25 CENTS A YEAR** contains the Government Land Laws, telling all about how to enter Government Lands. Every number contains descriptions 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 it now—do not delay. It **ISSUED** will be mailed to any address **EVERY** in the United States, Canadas **MONTH** or Mexico 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.] Address,

C. M. BROOKE, Editor and Publisher, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Journalists' Drawer "B"

Entering on Life.

By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D., author of "The Life and Words of Christ," "Hours with the Bible," etc. Ideal Edition, Long Primer type, fine cloth; price *reduced from $1.00 to 40c.*; postage 6c.

Contents: Youth, Character, Companions, Success, Christianity, Helps, Reading, Dreams, Farewell.

A Book for Young Men.

"In every respect admirable."—*Standard*, Chicago.

"A healthful and elevating book."—*Journal*, Indianapolis.

"Full of beauties and excellencies."—*Ch. Cynosure*, Chicago.

"One of those personal assistants to character that every one is the better for owning."—*Traveller*, Boston.

"It is full of just such truths as should be implanted in every young man's mind."—*Methodist Recorder*, Pittsburgh.

"We earnestly recommend young men to read what has been to ourselves a truly delightful work."—DEAN ALFORD.

"The entire book reveals to young men that it is a noble and a blessed thing to live."—*Central Baptist*, St. Louis, Mo.

"It is strong with argument and appeal; beautiful with fancy and figure; tender with pathos and piety."—*English Review.*

"It will give a higher ideal of life, and inspire to a nobler work. Nothing can be healthier in tone."—*Messenger*, Philadelphia.

"A most valuable help for all young men who desire to attain a high character, as well as success and influence in life,"—*Luth. Observer*, Phila.

"Every young man would be deeply benefitted by a perusal of this entertaining, sensible, and scholarly work.—*Homestead*, Springfield, Mass.

"After the manner of Matthews' "Getting on in the World," and Smiles' "Self Help," but more positively Christian in tone."—*Guardian*, Phila.

The Literary Revolution Catalogue (64 pages) sent free on application. ALDEN'S publications are *NOT* sold by *book-sellers*—no discounts allowed except as advertised. Books sent for *examination before payment*, satisfactory reference being given.

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER,

NEW YORK: 393 Pearl St. P. O. Box 1227. | CHICAGO: Lakeside Building, Clark and Adams Sts.

CABINET PHOTOS

99 CENTS PER DOZEN

At C. F. McKee's

Instantaneous Gallery

203 Kansas Avenue.

I have secured the services of Mr. R. A. WILLIAMS, a photographer of 10 years experience, who, for the past three months has been in the employ of GEO. DOWNING, of this city.

Mr. Williams can and will do as fine work here as he did for Downing, who gets from $2.50 to $3 for cabinets.

Come early and avoid the rush. Remember the place, 203 Kansas Avenue, near second street.

C. F. McKEE.

TOPEKA, KAN.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

A YEARLING colt, owned by Matthew Moyle, of Westport, Cal, weighs 1,395 pounds.

There are twice as many colored Baptists as there are white in the state of Mississippi.

WAYNE MACVEAGH has suffered greatly from indigestion since his return from Europe.

AN old woman at San Jose, Cal., has sold her property and left the town from fear of ghosts.

ROBERT BROWNING'S son "Pen" is about to visit this country with his American bride.

PIGEONS have almost entirley disappeared from the streets of Boston, where once they were so numerous.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE. a member of the English parliament, is said to be a living image of the Emperor Napoleon.

THERE is a restaurant in London where only those eat who are afflicted with corpulency, the food being entirely anti-fat.

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT will spend Christmas in New York. His voyage in the Alva will be resumed after the holidays.

THE influence of "Sunset" Cox must have been omnipotent at Constantinople, as the sultan recently delivered his first postprandial speech.

THE colored men of New Bedford, Mass., have organized the "Crispus Attucks club," with the hope of being given permission to join the National guard.

THE navy-yard at Mare island is in want of brick-masons. The wages are first-class, the men receiving $5.50 per day of eight hours on plain bricklaying.

AN old patron of the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York who has been its guest for twenty-five years, says that in that time his lodging and meals have cost him $70,000.

BENJAMIN WINGATE, who recently died near Farmington, N. H., at the age of 91, once employed on his farm a young man who afterward was well known as Vice President Henry Wilson.

WHEN once asked to contribute something toward the funeral expense of a bailiff who had died in poverty the elder Dumas inquired the amount required. "Twenty francs," said the solicitor. "What? Only 20 francs to bury a bailiff? There, There! Take 40 and bury two!"

MRS. JOHN C. DRAPER, of New York city, has given to Trinity college, Hartford, a large and valuable collection of photographs on glass, illustrating researches in physics and especially in the study of the spectrum, made by her husband, the late Prof. Draper, of the University of the City of New York.

REMENYI, the famous violinist, is said to have met his death recently by drowning in a shipwreck off the coast of Madagascar. He was a Hungarian by birth, but seldom resided in that country, most of his time having been spent in the United States. He was 62 years old, and leaves a family and a large fortune.

IT is related that once at Victor Hugo's house someone remaked that their host's name should be given to that street. "Not a street alone," cried another, "should be named for Victor Hugo, but all Paris should be named after him." Hugo, who was present, heard these words and replied, "That will come in time."

MRS. BURKE-ROCHE, whose divorce from her husband is one of the sensations of London just now, was formerly well known in New York as Fannie Work, daughter of Frank Work, the well-known banker and horse-owner. Mrs. Burke-Roche is of the dark and stately type of beauty. Her sister married a son of Mayor Hewitt.

REAR ADMIRAL WORDEN, hero of the Monitor and Merrimac fight, is living in Washington. He is 70 years of age, but looks younger. He has a full blonde beard and his hair is not as white as his age would warrant. The wound he received at the Monitor and Merrimac battle not only impairs his sight, but has left him always subject to severe headaches. He was retired from the navy in 1886 on full pay, and is thus in receipt of $6,000 a year.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Why Agricultural Fairs Have Become of Less Interest to Farmers Than Formerly.

The Waste on Western Farms Largely Due to Peculiar Local Circumstances.

Have They Had Their Day?

The agricultural fairs are over for this season, and the managers of them are engaged in making up their reports. From a financial stand-point they have as a rule been tolerably successful. Generally the receipts were larger than the expenditures. The money received for admission tickets ordinarily paid the premiums, and that obtained from other sources paid the remaining expenses. No serious accident occurred at any of the fairs held this season, and no disturbances were reported. There were fewer objectionable side-shows than usual, less gambling, and less grog-selling. Those who visited many fairs this season state that they saw few things that were calculated to offend the moral sense of the visitors. It is observable that there is more harmony about locating and managing agricultural fairs than there was a few years ago. One town does not now establish and support a fair in order to show spite toward some rival town in the same county. There are few counties in the western states in which a fair is not held, and only in rare instances is there more than one.

All these things appear to be favorable to the success of fairs as they are now conducted. It is generally admitted, however, that there is a lack of interest, or at least of enthusiasm, on the part of farmers in respect to fairs. They have ordinarily allowed their management to pass out of their hands, and have permitted them to be conducted by men living in town, who have only an indirect interest in farming. As members and officers of a fair association often have no special interest in agriculture, they are likely to look upon a fair simply as a means of making money and affording pleasure. They arrange a sort of variety entertainment in which farming interests are represented to about the same extent they are in an ordinary agricultural college—just enough to justify using the name and securing an appropriation. There are fine animals of various kinds, a few field, orchard, and garden products, some flowers and pictures and specimens of fancy needlework. There are other and greater attractions in the form of horse-races, baloon ascensions, military drills, brass bands, distinguished strangers, and perhaps collections of curiosities of various sorts

The fair is likely to be a very enjoyable entertainment. Farmers come to it with their families and have a pleasant time. If they make exhibits and obtain premiums they are made happy and are paid for the trouble they have had in taking articles to the show. The monotony of farm life is broken, and good results from the change. That some new and valuable ideas are obtained is ordinarily true. That farmers do not spend much of their time at fairs in going from one stock-pen to another and comparing the merits of the animals or in watching the examination of committees is a matter of common observation. Farmers in England and France may spend their time at a stock-show in this manner, as there is little but live stock to claim their attention. But our fairs are too much like a circus in diverting attention. The pursuit of knowledge is constantly being interrupted by inducements to participate in the pursuit of pleasure. The performances on the race-track will cause every person to leave the agricultural hall, while the keepers will leave the herds and the shepherds desert their flocks. Farmers have so little sport at home that they are inclined to make the most of the advantages afforded by fairs.

Fairs do not instruct people as they once did. A generation ago, specimens of the improved breeds of cattle, horses, sheep, and swine were not distributed about the country. If any of them were exhibited at a fair, the farmers came long distances to see them. They were as great novelties as the wild animals captured in a distant part of the world. Now, specimens of all these breeds have become so common that almost every farmer and farmer's boy have seen them, and know of their comparative merits. Besides, the illustrated live-stock journals have produced portraits of the most noted specimens of all the breeds of fancy animals, so that they are almost as familiar to people as the pictures of distinguished men. The illustrated biographies of noted animals are now published and read by most persons interested in live-stock matters. It is easier to obtain the pedigree of a race-horse than the genealogy of a statesman or philosopher. Young boys can at once recognize a Hereford, Jersey, or Holstien cow by the information they have derived from the study of pictures. People are better informed about the various breeds of farm animals than upon any subject on which they converse.

Twenty-five years ago, many people attended fairs principally for the purpose of seeing the farm implements and machinery that were on exhibition. They were then great novelties, and attracted much attention. Now they have become so common that very few examine those on exhibition at fairs. They have seen most of them in operation, and have examined those recently brought out in the stores of dealers. A large proportion of farmers receive the illustrated catalogue of implement dealers and manufacturers. It is no longer necessary to attend an agricultural fair to acquire information about farm machinery. As with machines and implements, breeds of animals and fowls, so with varieties of friut, grain, and vegetables. They have all become very common, for they are found in every city or village market. Besides, illustrations of them have appeared in papers and in the catalogues of nurserymen and seedsmen. In seed stores one can see a greater variety of all kinds of grain and better specimens of each than at any fair. The agricultural fair was very useful as a means of imparting instruction. But during the past few years it has been superseded by other agencies, a part of which have been mentioned.

In view of these things it does not appear strange that the managers of fairs have been obliged to present new attractions in order to attract visitors. It is now evident that fairs are in a transitive state. They are combinations of the useful and the pleasing—the latter predominating. It is evident that the farmers' institute is now regarded by most persons interested in agriculture with more favor than the fairs, as a greater amount of practical information can be obtained from one. Most farmers are now well informed about breeds of animals and fowls, the different varieties of grain, fruit, and vegetables, and the many kinds of implements and machines. They want information in regard to farm management, the treatment of soils, the raising of crops, the breeding of stock, and the establishment of dairies. This they can acquire at a farmers' institute much better than at a fair. At the latter they have used their eyes to good advantage, and they now need to learn through their ears. At a farmers' institute no attempt is ordinarily made to make the exsrcises other than instructive. Scientific and practical knowledge is imparted by experts to persons who desire to be instructed rather than amused.

Waste on Western Farms.

That nearly as much is wasted on a farm in the west as is raised on one of the same size in the east has often been remarked when a farmer from the first-named region visits this part of the country. He often sees many acres of grass that have not been cut and over which prairie fires will run. He is surprised to see the cornstalks in the fall and winter on the hills where they grew, the foliage destroyed by the frost and wind. He knows that these cornstalks if cut in time and properly cured and protected are worth as much for feeding stock as the hay that could be cut on the same amount of land. The waste is painful to him. He does not wonder that the average western farmer has a hard time when he allows so much good stock food to go to decay. He looks over a township and estimates the value of the corn fodder that has been wasted at some $10,000. He multiplies this sum by the number of townships in the state, and ascertains that the waste amounts to tens of millions of dollars. On his return home he writes to some paper an account of what he saw. In his articles he states that the farmers in the region he visited could become rich in a few years if they would practice the methods of saving that are common in the eastern states, where corn fodder is all cut when the foliage is green, and where the husks are saved for making mattresses. He notices that other things than cornstalks and grass are wasted. He observes that grain springs up in every field after harvest because no attempt was made to collect the stalks that were not secured by the harvester. He also sees that much of the grain straw is burned or allowed to rot.

He forgets the old adage that "circumstances alter cases." He does not take into consideration the fact that there is not stock enough in that part of the country to eat all the grass that is produced, and that the price of hay may not pay the cost of preparing it and sending it to market. It does not occur to him that a farmer can cut and cure four acres of grass easier than he can one acre of cornstalks, and that he has not time to secure both grass and corn fodder before they are killed by the frost. His stay in the west is so short that he does not ascertain that farm labor is more scarce and expensive than it is at home; the farm products sell for much less, and that there is no market for many of the things that command good prices in the east. On his farm, which is near a large town, straw and small hay are worth sowing for bedding horses, and command as high a price as timothy hay does in Iowa or Nebraska. This being the case, he sows them and takes them to market, though he is obliged to hire help to enable him to do the work. He cuts, cures, and puts under cover all the corn-stalks he raises. There may be no demand for them in towns, but they take the place of hay in his own feeding yard, and the hay commands a good price. It will pay him to employ men to rake over grain-fields after the harvester has done its work. It also pays him to use the hand-rake in the mowing-field. He would probably find that he could not make living wages by using a hand-rake in a grain or grass field in many places in the west. In them the waste of hay and grain can only be prevented by a greater waste of labor and money. It may not pay to save it and can not collect enough to support him. Gleaning is only profitable in countries where grain is scarce and many persons are without profitable employment.—*Chicago Times.*

Wintering Bees.

This question is again before us, and in spite of the assertion by one and another that it is no problem to them, that they feel perfectly safe in wintering their bees, the question comes to many of us with a good deal of force, How shall I fix my bees so as to carry them safely through the winter? Let us look at some of the requisites that are considered positively necessary to successful wintering.

1. Abundance of young bees. The life of a worker bee is very short. In the height of the honey harvest it is found by experiment that the whole population of the hive (with the exception of the queen) will be changed in from six to eight weeks. Bees at this time of the year do not die of old age, but wear themselves out, or rather, I think, they wear their wings out, and there comes a day when they will load themselves up so heavily that they fail to return to the hive. We often see the old bees with but stubs of wings trying two or three times to rise from the entrance on their outward flight before succeeding. During the leisure of winter bees live much longer, those hatched in September and October living through to March and April; so if we want to go into winter with our bees in good condition they must be raised during those months, and if honey is not coming in from the fields during that time, they must be fed in order to encourage brood rearing. The older bees will die too soon in spring before enough young ones are raised to keep up the cluster and do the work of the hive.

2. Abundance of food, and that readily accessible to the bees. As before stated, twenty or twenty-five pounds of honey or syrup for each fair-sized colony, capped over before cold weather sets in, is considered sufficient for winter, and until bloom opens in spring. In order that the bees may make use of these stores there must be some way provided whereby they may shift their cluster without having to pass round or under the frames, either by cutting small holes half an inch or more in diameter, through the combs near the middle of the length and about two or three inches from the top, or by placing sticks across the top of the frames an inch or so apart, provide means for them to pass over, and so shift from one part of the hive to the other. By placing an inverted wooden butter dish, such as the grocers use, across the frames, a clustering chamber is formed, which the bees will take possession of and so gain access to the frames over the top, and being enabled to form a compact mass in the warmest part of the hive, save food and the wear and tear consequent upon its consumption in order to make the necessary heat.

3. Limited space. The size of the hive should be regulated according to the size of the colony, by removing extra frames and contracting the space with a division board, so that the bees will be rather crowded for room, and so have less space to keep warm. The combs should be spread a little further apart for winter than for brood rearing in spring and summer, say one and three-fourth inches from centre to centre, instead of one and three-eights as is usual, by that means allowing more of the bees to cluster together between them.

4. Good ventilation at *the bottom of the hive;* that is, the entrance should be kept clear and open, but no *upward* ventilation except so much as may pass through three or four inches of chaff or sawdust packing, which may be placed over the bees to keep down the heat. Where openings are left above the bees, either from a misplaced mat or illfitting cover, this causes a draught of air through the hive and consequently great loss of heat, which should be particularly guarded against.—*Practical Farmer.*

My Other Me.

Children, do you ever,
In walks by land or sea,
Meet a little maiden
Long time lost to me?

She is gay and gladsome,
Has a laughing face,
And a heart as sunny;
And her name is Grace.

Naught she knows of sorrow,
Naught of doubt and blight;
Heaven is just above her—
All her thoughts are white.

Long time since I lost her,
That other Me of mine;
She crossed into Time's shadow
Out of Youth's sunshine.

Now the darkness keeps her;
And call her as I will,
The years that lie between us
Hide her from me still.

I am dull and pain-worn,
And lonely as can be—
Oh, children, if you meet her,
Send back my other Me?

—*Grace Denio Litchfield, in St. Nicholas.*

Advice a Wind Pudding.

"Don't give me any advice," said an intelligent beggar to a gentleman to whom he had appealed for alms. "I want something tangible, something of a metallic kind that will buy bread and meat, and beer if necessary."

"I was giving you the desert first," replied the gentleman.

"I want the substantial first," said the man. You rich men are always giving the desert first, and filling us mendicants so full of Angel food that there is no room for that which will keep body and soul together. What would you fellows do if us paupers should attempt to turn the tables on you, and transform your frame works into an ice cream foundry?"—*Chicago National.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Three teacupfuls flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of butter mixed well through flour, and one teaspoonful salt. Mix with sweet milk to a dough stiff enough to roll out upon the mouldingboard. Roll into a sheet half an inch thick, spread with chopped apples. Roll dough up as you would roll rolled jelly cake. Pinch ends well together, so juice cannot escape. Place in well-buttered steamer and steam one and one-half hours. Serve with cream or milk and sugar, or hard sauce.

VERY DELICATE MUFFINS.—Beat one teacup of butter and one of sugar to a stiff cream: beat four eggs very light—yelks and whites separately—and beat them into the sugar and butter until quite light. To four quarts of flour put one-half teaspoonful of salt. Pour into the middle of the flour a cup of good home-made yeast—or whatever yeast you are accustomed to use—as much as you uaually take for four quarts of flour; then stir in the sugar, butter and eggs, with two quarts of sweet milk. Let it rise over night, and bake in well-buttered muffin risers in the morning.

CORN MUFFINS.—Make a batter with sour milk or butter milk, and one egg and a pinch of salt, and let it stand awhile—ten minutes, or all night—as suits your convenience. When you are ready, spider hot on the stove, plates warm and things ready for your meal, dissolve a level teaspoon of soda in warm water; stir in, through and through, and add one heaping spoonful of flour, stir well and fry in a little butter, or butter and good lard mixed. Have one spoonful of batter in a place; shake the spider a little tiit to shape them; fry quickly; turn with spatula, lift on hot plate, and you will be pleased with the light, puffy, crisp, dainty things. Speed is required again.

FINE CORN CAKE.—Take three pints of sour milk, or butter milk, with one teacupful of sour cream stirred into it; two eggs, a teaspoon of soda dissolved in warm or cold water,—not hot,—a pinch of salt, and as much new coarse corn meal as will make a moderately thick batter. We bake this in the long sheet iron bread pan. While making the cake we have the pan warming with a little lump of butter in it, standing, say, on top of the tea kettle on the stove. Have a good baking fire ready. Pour the batter into the pan, and stir it from the edges, so that the melted butter will mix in well. This should bake in less than half an hour. Everything should be hot and ready, so that supper may be served the instant the cake is done. Cut out in checks and lay on a hot plate, lightly. It will be crisp, and have the fine nutty flavor that belongs to any edible made from fresh, new and untainted yellow corn meal.

SWEDISH ROLLS.—One pint of boiled milk; one-half cup of butter and one-quarter cup of sugar creamed together. Add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff and one-half cup of compressed yeast dissolved in a little warm water. Stir in flour enough to make it stiff enough to knead until smooth; set it rise. When well risen, roll out one-half inch thick, spread with sugar, spice, a little grated lemon, or a few currants. Roll up like jelly roll, cut in slices an inch wide, let them rise, and bake in a quick oven.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Make a syrup of a pound of white sugar to a pint of water; let this boil, removing any scum that may arise. Drop it into a dozen or more tart apples pared, cored, and quartered; flavor with the juice of a fresh lemon. Let it cook until the apple is very soft, and the syrup thick and jelly-like, then put it away to cool in a mould or a bowl. When it is cold and firm, turn it into a dish, and pour over it a soft custard. This makes a palatable deseert dish.

Discipline the Eye.

A very good way to discipline the mechanical eye is to first measure an inch with the eye, then prove it with a rule, then measure a half-inch, then an eighth, and so on, and you will soon be able to discover at a glance the difference between a twelfth and a sixteenth of an inch; go to three inches, six, twelve, and so on. Some call this guessing; there is no guesswork about it. It is measuring with the eye and mind. Acquire the habit of criticising for imperfections every piece of work that you see; do everything as nearly as you can without measuring (or spoiling it), or as nearly as you can trust the eye with its present training. If you cannot see things mechanically, do not blame the eye for it; it is no more to blame than the mouth is because we cannot read, or the fingers because we cannot write, A person may write a very good hand with the eyes closed, the mind, of course, directing the fingers. The eye is necessary, however, to detect imperfections. Every operation in life requires a mechanically trained eye, and we should realize more than we do the great importance of properly training that organ.

A Business Secret.

"You must be very polite to succeed in this business," said a barber to his young apprentice. "Always wear a pleasant smile and try to flatter everybody."

"I'll do my best to, sir," replied the apprentice; "but how am I to flatter a baldheaded man?"

"Easy enough," replied the barber. "Just ask him if he doesn't want his hair cut."—*Judge.*

NEW YORK GHOSTS.

"No, we don't expect to find any haunted houses in the great cities, especially in New York. The practicability and the mutability of men and houses are not favorable to ghosts."

That's what a member of the Society for Psychical Research said to me.

I was amazed at it, for New York in the matter of ghosts, as in the matter of most other things, is far ahead of the rest of the country.

There are plenty of haunted houses, with all modern improvements, on Fifth avenue, tenanted by advanced ghosts, quite abreast of the latest thing in pneumatology.

I don't think the ghost business is carried on anywhere on the island in the old-fashioned and ridiculous stripe of the ghosts of 100 years ago. The spirits do not clank chains and point out buried skeletons and knock down the pans and crockery, and scare the life out of the kitchen maids as they did in the time of the Wesleys. Nor are the haunted houses isolated and set apart for the finger of superstition to point at tremblingly. As a rule, as fast as the ghosts drive out one family another comes in, and whenever the place becomes untenantable, that great exerciser, the contractor, comes along, sprinkles his holy water on it with a hose and tears it down. That plan effectually scatters the spirits, whether they materialize as rats or roam as wraiths.

No, sir, long before the Society for Psychical Research was instituted (whenever we copy anything from London we institute it) we had a little party of practical ghost hunters here in this city who set out to find the rationale of the ghost business. If I tell you who were in that party you will no doubt recognize some of them. There was Winship, the artist, who was a Swedenborgian, one of the best talkers of transcendentalism in this country and one of the bitterest haters of the table-tipping, medium-working gang I ever saw. There was Ormund, who traveled all over the country for well-attested phenomena, who wrote up the result of his investigations in the *Graphic* aid afterwards went to India to study the Astral body business. There was Dr. Meade, the pamphleteer, and later the Neurosthenia inventor, one of the profoundest materialists I ever met, whose theory of life was comprehended in the remark that "man was a worm in a barrel," and there was Avery Wells, who smoked cigarettes and was once called "Unsavory Smells" by John C. Fround. To this group may be added Malden, the melancholy and almost misanthropic wretch who wrote the funny editorials for a daily paper and kept the town laughing for a year or two before he got a foreign appointment. Like all funny men he had a morbid desire to exploit and expose Spiritualism.

Wells would hunt up haunted houses for us—how he managed to find them I never knew, but he certainly did furnish us with some of the best attested cases of local disturbance and authenticated apparitions, and he successfully exploded the old-fashioned notion that ghosts prefer to walk in desolate old ancestral mansions by the "Nights' Plutonian Shore." We found them walking in railway stations, in storehouses, in banks, in crowded tenements; that is to say, we found the living record and willing attestations of them. We were not so lucky in finding the wraiths themselves. We visited two old buildings up town, said to have been built during the revolution and having a clean sheet of ghost disturbance stretching over fifty years. We did the regular business of watching with a candle through the night; we tried to secure all the conditions of super or sub-natural annoyance. But not a crack of a board, not a breath of cold air, not a foot-fall or a clank or a sigh broke the stupid monotony of our vigils.

Malden made lightsome fun of us in his best sepulchral style, and Dr. Meade accepted the negative results as proof positive.

We tried the Nathan mansion not long after the celebrated murder. We took one of the best "sensitives" there and had a midnight lunch sent over from the Fifth Avenue Hotel. We went up to the Morrison house after that strange story in all the papers of a face in the window. We got home to sit out an examination of the Cruder house. But we did not get a sound or a sight of a ghost, and Malden and the doctor had humor and science all their own way until we ran across the Will Davidson house on Fifth avenue.

I ought to tell you, though, one very notable thing about that Cruger house on Second avenue, and I don't think any of the investigating party that I have named (one of them, alas, is dead) will dispute the statement, which is this: We found indubitable living evidence that, whether ghost haunted or not, the Cruger house, so far as the tenants were concerned, was under some kind of a spell or curse. The record of misfortunes begins about 15 years ago. A whole family of 12 melted away in it during one year, and the father, who was a Prussian, fled to his native country. As near as we could get at it there was not the slightest ground for suspicion of epidemic or poison or hereditary cause. Each victim died from a different set of circumstances. The next tenant was a boss mason by the name of Conley or Cowley. He had a wife and two children, one of which was an infant in arms. He had not been in the house three months before the infant was killed by a most extraordinary accident. The ather came in one day suddenly, picked the infant up from its mother's lap, and in tossing it up impulsively struck the sharp point of a common chandelier squarely into the structure of its head, and killed it instantly.

About five months afterward, Mrs. Conly, who was standing on a step-ladder in the same room putting in a window curtain, fell by the giving way of the steps in a lateral direction, knocking down a large mirror, a fragment of which severed every artery in one arm, and she bled to death before assistance could be obtained.

We saw the blood stains on the boards long afterwards.

The next victim in the house was a young man by the name of Ryerson, who, you may recall, was accidentily shot by his own brother while sitting at the window where Mrs. Conly had fallen a year or two before. There was then a pond in an empty lot opposite the house, and the younger brother had gone there with a musket to shoot frogs. The first shot he fired struck the surface of the pond, glanced and entered the left breast of the young man at the window. You will find newspaper accounts of it in the files of 1862.

Up to as late as 1879, when the place was pulled down, every tenant met with misfortune or disaster, and nearly every accident took place in this room. One servant was nearly burned to death by kerosene poured into a lighted fire. Two others were so badly maltreated by tramps that they died, and a Mr. Cunningham, who hired the house in 1876, and who had never shown the slightest inclination toward insanity, was found one morning hanging to the same chandelier that had killed Conly's baby. The weight of his body had pulled the gas pipe through the plaster after he was dead and let him down on his feet, so that, instead of hanging, he was found standing erect, a ghastly corpse, in the middle of the room.

In 1878 Francis Stalnitz, a wealthy and successful German, who was building a factory near by, leased the house and refitted it completely. His wife died of a lightning stroke six months after. The electricity struck the front chimney, tore up the bricks and hurled Mrs. Stanlitz, who was sitting at the grate, across the room, where she struck her temple on the sharp corner of a malachite pedestal. Her skull was crushed in, but there was no mark of the electricity upon her person. Before the year had expired Mr. Stalnitz failed.

The strange succession of catastrophes was put down by Dr. Meade to coincidence. But it was curious, to say the least, that the chain of coincidences, perfect up to '79, was promptly and effectually broken by rooting out the place from the foundation.

All I've got to say is that the superstition embodied in the idea that to change one's luck is among the widest and deepest rooted of human notions. And our investigations forced upon us the conclusion that some houses in New York had unimpeachable records of ill-luck. But we did not find them associated with a spirit of disturbances.

With regard to the Will Davidson mansion on upper Fifth avenue, the circumstances were of an entirely different character. Will leased his house for three years. It was one of a row of five-story brownstone front residences that brought a high reutal, being opposite the park. His family was a large one, there being four or five children and several servants. His wife began to complain of mysterious annoyances when they had been there but two weeks. The children came trooping into her room at night in great fright that some one had "pulled all the bed clothes off." Her suspicion that one of the boys was implicated in the trick was completely dissipated by putting them in separate rooms and locking all the doors. One morning she found the sheets and coverlets of the three girls' beds tied in a congeries of hard knots in the middle of the room so tightly that it required the full strength of the three stout servants to extricate them after working several hours.

The result of this was vexation, not alarm. Will was as far removed from superstition as is a meat axe. He swore at the d—n nonsense, but told of it on the street as a practical joke. When, however, the annoyance increased and Mrs. Davidson declared that she would leave the house, Will, with a practical man's method, went to a plumber and asked him to overhaul the place. The plumber sent three men with a kit of tools one morning. They proceeded to open up a dark closet at the basement, where pipes were interlaced. What they encountered was not learned at the time. They went away suddenly, leaving their tools, and the next morning Will went to the plumber's and wanted to know what kind of men he had sent there. "I found nothing done when I reached home," he said, "and your men gone."

"What kind of house have you got?" asked the plumber. "My men say I havn't got money enough to make 'em work in it. It's haunted."

Will moved out in the spring, after the annoyance had become insupportable, and it was impossible to keep any help.

After hearing his stories, Winship and Wells and I determined to get the keys and spend the night there.

We had a great deal of trouble in accomplishing our purpose, on recount of the owner's disinclination to have his property injured by ghost investigations. But Wells bribed the old man who had charge of the empty building, and we got in with a lamp, a basket of refreshment and some smoking tobacco.

Mrs. Davidson had told us to go on a Thursday night and we'd hear the procession, for it seemed the sp rits held regular Thursday night receptions, and many was the night she and her frightened children had listened to the switch of satin pitticoats and the click of high heels as they swept up the staircase.

We had a dreary enough night of it up to 1 o'clock in the morning. We did not hear a sound except an occasional rat in the wall or an early bettle from the park as he butted against the pane. Wells went to sleep on the floor, with his arm under his head, and Winship and I talked art. We had set the kerosene lamp on a soap box, where its two-inch flame burned bright enough to make the big room look dismal.

Suddenly in one of the pauses of listening Winship caught me by the arm and pointed silently at the flame. It had grown sensibly larger, and there was a round hole in the centre of it.

We both started at the phenomenon without saying a word. There was no explanation of it. The air was calm and the lamp undisturbed, but there was the perfectly described circle two inches in diameter, around which the steady flame ascended without breaking its line.

Then, while we were looking at it, there came through the orifice a perfect and symmetrical human index finger, on which we saw the pink nail and the first joint. It pointed steadily at Wells, who was fast asleep.

I touched him, and as he woke pointed to the lamp. I shall never forget the awed look of amazement in his face.

"I'd give my right arm," said Winship, in a husky kind of whisper, "if the doctor was here.

As he spoke the finger disappeared. It did not melt. It was slowly pulled out of the hole, and in a few minutes later the hole itself closed up.

That was the sum total of our experience in the Davidson house. We saw nothing else and heard nothing, and about 3 o'clock came away tired.

We could not make the doctor or Malden believe that we had not been victimized by our senses. The doctor wrote a pamphlet not long after on "Phantasms of the Retina."

But Wells and I went with Will to the plumber's and found one of the men who had been sent to the house. This is what he said:

"Well, boss, I don't go much on spooks and fairies, that's a fact. I'm a plain-sailing mechanic, and I work too hard to dream. But it took the wind o' me when I put that lamp down on the cellar floor for too see what I was about, and a big hole blowed itself in the middle of it and a dead man's finger was shoved through it. That was too much for the three ot us, and I kinder think it would a pleased you some."—*Nym Crinkle, in New York Mail and Express.*

OLD COINS.

One of the Finest Collections in the Country Hidden Away.

The venerable Thomas Cleneay, who was buried Monday, was in many respects a remarkable man, says the *Cincinnati Telegram.* Many years ago he was one of the most active business men of the old school in Cincinnati, and amassed a large fortune, when he retired to the ease and elegance of his splendid home, where he surrounded himself with all the comforts that could be desired. He was 79 years of age at his death, but had never married. His brother's widow and her family were his household.

Mr. Cleneay had a passion for the collection of rare coins, and had at the time of his death one of the most valuable and extensive assortments in this country. It was estimated a number of years ago that it was worth between $25,000 and $30,000, and since then much has been added to it. Mr. James A. Hughes sold him a full set of silver American coin for $1,100, and later Mr. Cleneay is known to have paid $175 for a 1 cent copper piece of 1793. Mr. Mercer, the collector of curiosities, on Central avenue, has also sold him a number of expensive pieces.

But strange as it may seem no one appears who ever saw his collection. He made it for himself and seems to have kept it entirely for his own amusement. He was a secretive man, and none of his own household were ever taken into his confidence. It was not known at the house whether he had a will or not. Some time since he presented several large cabinets of curiosities to the art museum, and it is believed that it was his intent on to leave his coins to the same institution. They are now in the vaults of the Safe Deposit company. Persons who ought to know say it is the finest, if not the very finest in the country.

Met Its Creator.

A Forfeited Bail Bond was going down the street, when it met the Judge who had accepted it.

"Good day," said the Judge, "I am glad to see you. I want you in my collection."

"You will have to excuse me," replied the Forfeited Bail Bond; "I do not care to accompany you. There is no precedent for my collection in this city."

Thereupon the Judge put out his hand to grasp the Forfeited Bail Bond and clutched nothing, for it had neither the length, breadth, nor substance of a real bond, and was only a judicial illusion.

Moral—When you accept a bond lock the prisoner up, that you may have something to fall back upon when the bond fades away.—*San Francisco Post.*

Bilious Attacks.

This is the popular name for an affection with which most are familiar. The name, however, is somewhat deceptive, and often leads to injudicious treatment. It is doubtful if their is any special ailment of the liver in the case. It is probably only a brief, functional disorder of the digestive system. This is the general view of the medical profession.

It is a mild form of acute, as distinguished from chronic, dyspepsia, induced, it may be, by indigestible food, over-eating, physical exhaustion, excessive brain work, violent emotions, or by general care and worry. It is more liable to occur in the Spring, because while one continues to eat the same food and in nearly the same quaintity as in Winter, the power of the system to assimilate food is reduced.

The most prominent symptoms of "biliousness" are loss of appetite, nausea (sometimes vomiting), coating of the tongue, an unpleasant taste, headache and a general sense of ailing (*malaise*).

These may have been preceded by a feeling of fatigue, and aching in the back and limbs. Sometimes, in persons inclined that way, the headache becomes what is known as "sick headache."

As to treatment, aside from medicine and tonics, which should be prescribed by a doctor, the malady usually presents little difficulty. Says Quain's "Medical Dictionary:" "Such attacks are almost effectually prevented by regulation of diet, and the careful avoidance of exposure to cold, fatigue and undue mental exertion and anxiety; when they come on, abstinence from food is desirable, with rest in the recumbent posture and perfect quiet."

The writer in Reynold's "System of Medicine" says: "In the milder forms, a tolerably complete abstinence from food for four-and-twenty hours will frequently do much toward affecting a cure. This abstinence secures for the stomach that rest of the organ so essential to the cure. After this rest, light farinaceous puddings may be allowed, followed by a cautious return to a more nourishing diet."

The too common practice of people who fancy that they are "bilious" of dosing themselves with cathartics, to "clear out the system," should be discharged. In most cases nature will cure the patient if he will give her a chance.—*Companion.*

Chased by Hard Luck.

He sat in the park the other day, a dejected looking man. His clothes were in poor condition, his shoes were tied with wrapping twine and there was a tired look in his gray eyes that grew sad as he said to a man with a red nose who sat on a seat near him:

"I've had hard luck, pardner. Ther devil seems ter be chasin' me every derned step I take. When I was er kid down in Kerneticut, workin' on er farm, they kept me turnin' ther grimdstun in ther summer and sortin' pertaters in ther winter. I runned er way from ther farm an' went to ther city. Ther fust day I struck ther town I fell through er coal hole an' broke my arm. I finally went to Derkota an settled on er 160 acres. I got er long all right for er while, but one day ther minister run away with my wife, an' gitt n' discouraged, I sold ther farm fur $500 an' cum ter St. Paul ter see what I cud do."

"Did yer ketch on?" inquired the man with the roseate nose.

"Yaas, I ketched on all right. I bought ther patent right fur St. Louis county of this pump for pumpin' out cisterns," and he showed the model of a pump.

"How much'd yer give fur it?"

"Five hundred dollars. Every darned cent I had in the world."

"It looks to me like er good thing."

"Thar pump's good ernough."

"What's ther matter then?"

"Waal, pardner, thar an't er durned cistern in St. Louis county."—*St. Paul Globe.*

Too Many Money Makers.

Beef cattle are too low to beremunerative to the producer, who is relatively also too far away from the consumer; that is, there are too many money makers between the ranchmen and the beef-consuming public. In September last native steers, bred and grazed in Virginia, average 890 pounds gross, were sold at three cents per pound, giving the result of $25.70 per head; at the same time Texas and coarse grass-fed Colorado steers were not salable. The highest price reached in New York and New Jersey live stock yards for many weeks past has been five and three-quater cents per pound gross, and only a few selected beeves obtained that figure. The next highest price for heavy fully fatted grade steers, was ten cents per pound net, or $5.60 per hundred weight gross; a few sales of selected beeves reached $5.65 per hundred weight. The average weights of these beeves were from 1,400 to 1,580 pounds. Weights above these are too heavy in the season of summer heat; the carcasses require so much more ice for cooling, and ice is costly and lowers the already small margin of profit left to the wholesale butcher. In view of these facts, and the evident abundance of our present supply, judged by the lowness of prices, there is no just cause for alarm. Probably prices will advance, but as yet the signs indicate nothing extreme. An advance of one cent per pound would be felt in the export business, but would go unregarded in our local trade.—*American Agriculturist.*

WILD GEESE.

What May Be Daily Seen in Dakota.

For the information and, perhaps, benefit of sportsmen, says a letter from Harrisburg, Dakota, I will give a faint description of what we are daily witnessing of the grand armies of the strong-winged birds whose name heads this letter. Of the variety known further south as wild geese, the "honkers," as they are called, from their peculiar cry when on wing, we see large numbers. A great many of them nest and breed about the small lakes in our neighborhood, and people often take the eggs and hatch them under domestic birds, either geese or hens. Besides these there are the brat, a smaller, gray goose, and the beautiful snowy geese. Of these last there seems to be no limit to numbers. The air is almost constantly filled with their notes, and one can scarcely look up at the sky—which is wonderfully wide from these highlands—without seeing flocks of these magnificent birds wheeling across it in one direction or another. No mathematics yet invented could enumerate the hosts that have so far appeared. Instantaneous photograhpy is the only method by which any truthful representation can be given of their hosts. We rode out a day or two since, to the lake (Wamhuska, sometimes called Stump lake). The day was one of the mellow, golden, bracing, thoroughly enjoyable days that October sometimes brings even to you poor dwellers amid the midst and damps of Indiana, but to us she is lavish of such treasures during her entire reign. All the day and the days before—one can not tell for how long—flocks of geese, in countless numbers, were sailing overhead in ranks and clusters of ranks, some dark and some snowy white, with black tippde-wings. They are congregating about our beautiful lake, probably making preliminary arrangements for their southern flight. The whole blue vault, which showed no cloud, was lined in every direction by ranks of snowy birds. The afternoon sun shone full upon their brilliant plumage, tinging it a full golden color, than which no bird of paradise could be more dazzling, and the vast numbers on wing of shinning, goldhued hosts, made one of the finest sights that one can behold. I never before saw anything to equal it. When we come in full view of the lake, where there are several miles of water in sight, there was another remarkable surprise for us. If the canopy above was full of flying birds, the surface of glistening water was a hundred times more so. Along the further shore and far out from land there were thousands of geese floating so close together that one saw no glimmer of water between them.

Midway between the shores islands of geese floated, but appeared, to observers on the high banks, like still, inanimate earth, covered with a fresh fall of snow. Sportsmen were crouching here and there behind clumps of bushes, and every now and then a rifle-shot echoed along the woodland; but what were a few sportsmen among such multitudes of birds?

My neighbor, the postmaster, brought in half a dozzen geese, the result of two or three odd half-hours' sport. Another neighbor took twelve the same day. One man shot fourteen within thirty minutes. The flesh of these birds is excellent, and in this climate can be kept a long time. A party of sportsmen are here now from Florida, and will spend a week or more.

Two gentlemen from Boston spent a week here shooting, and bagged a large number of ducks and several geese. They left for home about two weeks ago. Had they remained till now their sport would, perhaps, have been more satisfactory, as the larger birds are far more numerous at this time than a month earlier. As it was, however, these Boston men were so well pleased with their trip, and with the opportunities for good shooting, that they left their canoe here for next year's use. In passing, I will just mention that we have a survey made and stakes set for a railroad to our burg, which is promised to be built next year. In a country where a railroad can be built at the rate of seven miles per day, as the Manitoba has been doing the past season between Devil's lake and Montana it is easy to believe that we may not wait long for the whistle of the engine. Any good Hoosier who wants fine sport and boundless pure air, better than all the medicines and milk shakes in the country to set one up in good, sound health, can find both right here with little trouble.

Life Worth Living Once More.

There was a hush in the sick man's chamber, broken only by the whispered instructions of the physician to the nurse and the surpressed sobs of the wife and children, who felt that in a few short hours, perhaps in a few moments, they would be widow and orphans. Everything that medical knowledge and professional skill could do had been done, and the doctor had said he could do no more. "Keep him comfortable," he said, "that is all we can do for him now." Suddenly there came a shout through the open window. Immediately a perceptible tremor passed over the dying man. Another shout. The sick man opened his eyes. He listened. Again came that voice from the street. It was a newsboy crying his wares. "Ho!" exclaimed the patient, throwing back the clothes, jumping out of bed and turning a double back-somersault. "Don't you hear him?" he exclaimed. "He says the base-ball season is over. I've got something to live for now. Give me my clothes, please. I'll take a run down town."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE INDEPENDENT.

The Largest, The Ablest, The Best

Religious and Literary Weekly in the World.

"One of the ablest weeklies in existence."—Pall Mall Gazette, London, England.

"The most influential religious organ in the States."—The Spectator, London, England.

"Clearly stands in the fore-front as a weekly religious magazine."—Sunday School Times, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prominent features of The Independent during the coming year will be promised

Religious and Theological Articles,

BY

BISHOP HUNTINGTON, BISHOP COXE, DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER, DR. HOWARD OSGOOD, DR. HOWARD CROSBY, DR. WM. R. HUNTINGTON, DR. JAMES FREEMAN CLARK, DR. GEO. F. PENTECOST, and others.

Social and Political Articles,

BY

PROF. WM. G. SUMNER, PROF. RICHARD T. ELY, PRES. JOHN BASCOM, PROF. ARTHUR T. HADLEY, and others;

Monthly Literary Articles,

BY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON and other critical and literary articles by MAURICE THOMPSON, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, JAMES PAYN, ANDREW LANG, EDMUND GOSSE, R. H. STODDARD, MRS. SCHYLER VAN RENSSELAER, LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, H. H. BOYESEN and others.

Poems and Stories,

BY

E. C. STEDDMAN, ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, EDWARD EVERETT HALE, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, JULIA SCHAYER, ROSE TERRY COOK, EDITH M. THOMAS, ANDREW LANG, JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, and others; and

A Short Serial Story,

By E. P. ROE.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Three months	$0 75	One Year	$3 00
Four months	1 00	Two years	5 00
Six months	1 50	Five years	10 00

Can any one make a better investment of $2.00 to $3.00 than one which will pay

52 dividends during the year.

EVERY INTELLIGENT FAMILY needs a good newspaper. It is a necessity for parents and children.

A good way to make the acquaintance of the Independent is to send 30 cents for a "Trial Trip" of a month.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

THE INDEPENDENT

AND

The American Agriculturist

Will both be sent, one year each, to any person not a subscriber to The Independent, for $3.75. The regular price of both is $4.50. Make remittance to The Independent, P. O. Box 2787, New York.

No papers are sent to subscribers after the time paid for has expired.

The Independent's Clubbing List will be sent free to any person asking for it. Any one wishing to subscribe for one or more papers or magazines in connection with The Independent, can save money by ordering from our club list. Address

THE INDEPENDENT.

P. O. Box 2787. New York

Attempt to winter only as much stock as you can winter comfortably and well.

The better blanketed you keep your horse the less grain will be required for him.

Don't attempt to keep ducks and geese unless you provide plenty of water for them

30,000,000 acres of land in Dakota have been taken up by settlers during the past year.

Remember always in marketing that there is a shrinkage in dress fowls to be allowed for.

Clark Morrill of Hinesburgh, Vermont raised 530 bushels of potatoes from one acre this year.

An Australian farmer finds that thistles, which infest his lands, make ensilage that the cattle eat readily.

Feed cows regularly and well and keep them warm, if you wish to maintain the standard of the milk produced.

In marketing butter it is of great importance that it looks well itself and is packed in a neat and attractive manner.

As far as possible see to it that all drinking water passes through iron pipes and not through wood, which decays and favors germs of disease, nor lead, which is a subtle poison.

Deposit dry coal ashes in the hen house and spread them about. The hens will naturally scratch in them and thus scatter them in crevices, This is an excellent preventive of hen lice.

Provide water for all stock, and have a keg of water near the apiary with a cloth over it, npon which the bees may light and suck the water' which they need' without danger of drowning.

Use every precaution to avoid fire. Have a convenient peg for each lantern in use in the barn, and never place a light where it may accidently set fire. Be careful in leaving hot ashes around.

A Holstein-Friesian bull calf nearly six months old, weighing 890 lbs. is said by a correspondent of the Breeders' Gazette to have been exhibited at the recent county fair in Jasper Co., Iowa.

The Vice-regal Council of British India has passed a law to check the slaughter of wild birds. The European demand for their plumage has caused their destruction, so that agricultural pests have increased alarmingly.

A Michigan boy rented two acres of land of a farmer last summer and planted onions. He raised 800 bushels' paid for the land in half the product, and had $300 worth for his share. He regards the summer as profitable.

At Cost. AT COST!

For the next 20 days we will sell all goods in our line strictly at cost. Come and examine our goods and convince yourself; you cannot buy the

SAME QUALITY

of goods elsewhere for the money.

Look at our figures:

Prints, 3c, 4c, 5c and 6c per yard.
Domestic, brown and white, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c and 8c.
Flannels, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c and 40c.
Cashmere, 40c, 45c and 50c.
Tricot cloth, 25c to 50c.
Ladies Cloaks, 26 styles, $5 to $13.
Ladies Wraps and Jerseys, 50c to $6.
Ladies underwear, 75c to $2. (Per suit.)
Gents underwear, 60c to $1.75. "
Overcoats, $2.50 to $18.00
Pants and Overalls, 4c to $8.00

Hosiery, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Tinware, &c.

FERGUSON BROS.

213 Kansas Avenue, between Second and Third Street.

CATARRH SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE We mail enough to convince B. S. LAUDERBACH & Co. 773 Broad St. Newark, N. J.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN Washington, D. C. Send for circular.

Lady and Gentleman Agents Wanted in every city and town. A great opportunity. Agreeable work Address THE WOMAN PUBLISHING CO., 122 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$25 A WEEK, and upwards positvely secured by men agents selling Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Belt, Suspensory and other appliances. Samples free. These are the only original and genuine. No humbug. Dr. SCOTT, 844 Broadway, New York.

LADIES ARE OFFERED plain needlework at their own homes (town or country) by a wholesale house. Profitable, genuine. Good pay can be made. Everything furnished. Particulars free. Address Artistic Needlework Co., 135 8th St, New York City.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling 50c. at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.

The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. HISCOX & Co., N. Y.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading.

Recommended by Mark Twain, Richard Proctor, the scientist, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Minor, &c. Class of 100 Columbia Law students; two classes of 200 each at Yale; 400 at University of Penn. Phila., 400 at Wellesley College, 350 at Oberlin College and three large classes at Chautauqua University, &c. Prospectus post free from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave. New York.

Liebig Company's EXTRACT OF MEAT FOR Improved & Economic Cookery

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue across label.

To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS. The cabinet organ was introduced in its present form by Mason & Hamlin in 1861. Other makers followed in the manufacture of these instruments, but the Mason & Hamlin Organs have always maintained their supremacy as the best in the world.

Mason & Hamlin offer, as demonstration of the unequaled excellence of their organs, the fact that at all of the great World's Exhibitions, since that of Paris, 1867, in competition with best makers of all countries they have invariably taken the highest honors. Illustratrated catalogues free.

PIANOS. Mason & Hamlin's Piano Stringer was introduced by them in 1882, and has been pronounced by experts the "greatest improvement in pianos in half a century."

A circular, containing testimonials from three hundred purchasers, musicians, and tuners, sent, together with discriptive catalogue, to any applicant.

Pianos and Organs sold for cash or easy payments; also rented.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO. Boston, New York, Chicago.

Adams Express Company.

Letter from the Assistant Foreman of the Delivery Department.—A Subject in which Thousands are Deeply Concerned.

About five years ago I suffered from painful urination and great pain and weakness in the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, disgust at food, and great mental and bodily depression.

I live at 241 York street, Jersey City, and on arriving home one night I found a copy of the Shaker Almanac that had been left during the day. I read thearticle, "What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?" It described my symptoms and feelings better than I could if I had written a whole book. My trouble was indeed "like a thief in the night," for it had been stealing upon me unawares for years. I sent for a bottle of Shaker Extract of Roots, or Seigel's Syrup, and before I had taken one-half of it felt the welcome relief. In a few weeks I was like my old self. I enjoyed and digested my food. My kidneys soon recovered tone and strength, and the urinary trouble vanished. I was well.

Millions of people need some medicine simply to act on the bowels. To them I commend Shaker Extract in the strongest possible terms. It is the gentlest, pleasantest, safest and surest purgative in this world. The most delicate women and children may take it. One point more: I have all the more confidence in this medicine because it is prepared by the Shakers. I may claim to be a religious man myself and I admire the Shakers for their zeal, consistency and strict business integrity. What they make may be trusted by the public.

W. H. HALL.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White, 54 Warren street, New York.

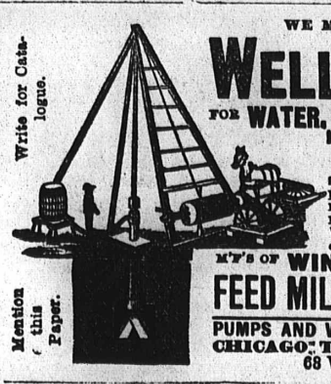
EXTRA BOOK AGENTS, HIGH TERMS.

Agents who have had fine success should write us in a letter (no postal cards) names of books date, number sold in what time, what terms received (FULL PARTICULARS,) and obtain from us NEW PLAN and EXTRAORDINARY Discounts to better themselves on new and fast-selling books HENRY BUCKLIN &CO ST., LOUIS, MO.,

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

WE MANUFACTURE



Write for Catalogue.

WELL DRILLS FOR WATER, COAL AND GAS, HYDRAULIC OR JETTING.

Farmers with small outlay, (experience unnecessary) can make large profits. No risks. Can direct buyers to paying territory. Prospecting for Water, Coal or Gas done on application. Also M'F'S OF WIND MILLS, HORSE POWERS, FEED MILLS, FODDER and ENSILAGE CUTTERS PUMPS AND WELL SUPPLIES.

CHICAGO TUBULAR WELL WORKS, 68 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

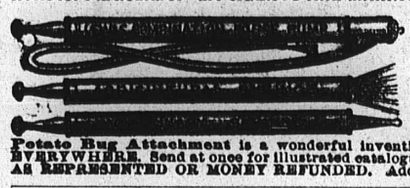
Send 14c. to cover cost mailing Catalogue.

Largest Stock in America.

Mention this Paper.

Reliable Agents Started in Business Without Capital!

Write for Particulars. MY AGENTS ARE MAKING $5, $10, $15, $20, $25 and $30 PER DAY



Selling Lewis's Combination Hand Force Pumps.

It makes 8 complete machines. I have Agents all over the U. S. who are making $10 to $30 per day selling these Pumps. I give their name and address in Catalogue. *To introduce it I will send a sample Pump, express paid, to any express station in the U. S. for $5.50.* Made of brass; will throw water from 50 to 60 feet, and retails for only $6.00. Indispensable for spraying fruit trees. The Potato Bug Attachment is a wonderful invention. They sell rapidly. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Send at once for illustrated catalogue, price-list and terms. GOODS GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED OR MONEY REFUNDED. Address F. C. LEWIS, Catskill, New York.

The BEST

WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL WASHER" to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED!

in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

1888—EVERY LADY SHOULD TAKE IT—1888

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION

Sketches of Noted Places and People, Splendidly-Illustrated Articles, Tales and Novelets by Famous Authors, Illustrated Hints on the Fashions, Numerous Work-Table Patterns.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST of the lady's-books. It gives more for the money and combines greater merits than any other. Its stories, novelets, etc., are admitted to be the best published. Its contributors are among the most popular authors of America.

A FULL-SIZE DRESS-PATTERN with each number, which alone is worth the price of the number. Every month, also, there appears a MAMMOTH COLORED FASHION-PLATE, superbly colored, and giving the latest Parisian styles of dress. Also, household, cookery, and other receipts, articles on art-embroidery, flower-culture, home-decoration—in short, everything interesting to ladies.

CLUB-PREMIUMS FOR 1888! FINEST EVER OFFERED!

TERMS, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE, $2.00 A YEAR.

2 Copies for $3.50
3 " " 4.50
} With the elegant book, "Choice Gems," or a large steel-engraving, "The Wreath of Immortelles," as a premium for getting up the club.

4 Copies for $6.40
6 " " 9.00
} With an extra copy of the Magazine for 1888, as a premium, to the person getting up the club.

5 Copies for $8.00
7 " " 10.50
} With both an extra copy of the Magazine for 1888 and the large steel-engraving or the book "Choice Gems" to the person getting up the club.

FOR LARGER CLUBS STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS!

Address, post-paid, CHARLES J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

PRESBYTERIANS READ THIS

Should take the HERALD AND PRESBYTER, a large eight-page Presbyterian weekly; subscription price, $2.50 per year; interesting and instructive to old and young.

Send us $3.00 and we will send you the HERALD AND PRESBYTER for one year and a copy of the steel-engraving,

"Longfellow in His Library,"

Engraved by Hollyer. Size 24x32 inches. Add 10 cents postage and packing of engraving.

SPECIAL OFFER.

We have on hand, in supplement form, Pansy's latest serial, "Eighty-seven." While the supply lasts we will send it FREE to each person who will return this ad. to us with $3.10 to pay for the paper one year and the engraving. The story in book form would cost $1.50.

SEND AT ONCE and get your friends to order with you. Say where you saw this and address

HERALD & PRESBYTER, 178 ELM ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Send five one-cent stamps for sample copy and our steel-engraved Calendar for 1888; size 4 1-4x6 1-2 inches.

THE CREAM of ALL BOOKS of ADVENTURE. Condensed in One Volume.

PIONEER HEROES, AND DARING DEEDS.

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fighters with Indians, outlaws and wild beast, over our whole country, from the earliest time to the present. Lives and famous exploits of DeSoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Bowie, Housten, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, General Miles and Crook, great Indian Chiefs, and scores of others. Splendidly illustrated with 220 fine engravings. AGENTS WANTED. Low priced and beats anything to sell.

Time for payments allowed agents short of funds H. SCAMMELL & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO

AGENTS WANTED

for the most complete popular family physician book ever produced. Select something THOROUGHLY USEFUL of TRUE VALUE, and sales are always sure and large. ENTIRELY NEW, up to the very latest science, yet in plain language. A great novelty in all its parts and attracts instant attention. 250 engravings. The most profusely and beautifully illustrated book of the kind ever got up. BEST OF ALL, it is by far the Lowest Priced ever published—less than half the cost of any decent volume yet out. Agents who are tired of struggling with high priced books, write for particulars of this great new departure in bookselling.

PLANET PUBLISHING CO. 203 Pine Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

30 day's time given Agents without capital.

AGENTS double their money selling our BRASS finished corrugated REFLECTING SAFETY LAMP.

Can be sold in every family. Gives more light than three ordinary lamps. Send thirty-five cents for complete lamp and be convinced. We manufacture a large line of household articles. Send for free illustrated Circulars to FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS We beat the world for low prices. A handsome and Strongly Bound Photograph Album, 8½ x 10½ inches, gilt sides and edges, holding 22 pages of Cabinet and Card pictures sent for 60 cents, retail price, $1.25. A Red Plush Photograph Album, 8½ x10½ Embossed padded sides, gold edges, extension clasp, holding 32 pages of Cabinet and Card pictures sent for $1.00, retails for $2.25. Illustrated circulars FREE of the above and FINER STYLES ON ALBUMS Forshee & McMakin, Cincinnati, Ohio.

F. F. F.

FECHTER'S FAMOUS FAIRICON

The above cuts are made from photographs of the discoverer of this wonderful remedy, the first cut showing him while perfectly bald, and the second after he had restored his hair by means of the FAMOUS FAIRICON. This preparation is a perfectly harmless herb remedy, the result of a scientific study of the causes governing the growth of hair, and contains all the elements of which hair is composed. Many have used it who were entirely or partially bald, and in not a single instance has it failed to produce hair in from fifteen to thirty days. We particularly invite those who have unsuccessfully tried some or all of the various so-called hair tonics, restorers, &c., to make a test of the Fairicon, and we will *guarantee* that it brings about a new growth unless the roots of the hair be entirely dried up, which latter occurs very rarely and exists in perhaps not more than five cases out of a hundred. Cases of fifteen years' baldness have been cured and of any number of years, even if double that, can be cured by the use of the Fairicon. No sugar of lead, nitrate of silver or other poisonous substances are used. We back up these remarks by offering

$1,000 REWARD,

payable to anyone who will prove that our statements are not correct.

FAIRICON No. 1, price 50 cents per bottle, is for heads entirely or partially bald, to stimulate a new growth of hair.

FAIRICON No. 2, price 75 cents per bottle, is used after the new hair has made its appearance, and if applied as directed, the entire restoration of the hair is a certainty.

FAIRICON No. 3, price 75 cents per bottle, is a modification of Fairicon No, 2, and invaluable as a HAIR DRESSER, especially for ladies. If applied to the head occasionally, it will renew the growth of hair that is falling out, keep it smooth and glossy, remove all dandruff and keep the scalp perfectly clean. IT IS A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE SCALP and will preserve the hair of anyone using it, for the balance of life. While it is used neither total nor partial baldness need be feared.

FECHTER'S FAMOUS FAIRICON is for sale by all druggists or can be sent by the manufacturers on receipt of price. On application we mail a circular giving the history of the discovery of this remedy, testimonials from those who have used it and a treatise on the hair, explaining how to preserve and care for it.

H. A. FECHTER & CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.