

SPRINT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XVIII.

TOPEKA, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

NO. 37.

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.

In last week's issue the types made
Mr. A. W. Lacey's ad read "Dressing
Cases from \$1.50 to \$3.00" instead of
"Dressing Cases from \$1.50 to \$30.00"
as it should have been.

I give honor to whom it is due. Dr David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me of Bright's disease and Gravel. Four of the best physicians had failed to relieve me. I have recommended it to scores of people with like success, and know it will cure all who try it.—Mrs. E. P. Mizner, Burg Hill, O. Send 2-c. stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for book how to cure Kidney, Liver, and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

Go to Sweet & Brown's for your tea, fresh roasted coffee or finest spices, No. 718 Kansas Avenue between 7th & 8th or telephone No. 272.

Klussman's Candy Kitchen, Corner Gordon and Kans. Ave. is the place to get pure unadulterated candies. Sunday Schools can purchase supplies for festivals at low prices, for goods that are FRESH and pure.

Before purchasing Holiday Presents it will be well worth your while to examine the collection of beautiful articles at A. W. Lacey's Opera House Drug Store, where you will find an extensive and elegant variety of useful as well as ornamental presents of artistic design and permanent value at very reasonable prices.

Sweet & Brown at No. 718 Kansas Avenue are the leading tea and coffee merchants in the city.

For Toy Trunks, Ladies and Gents Satchels, Toilet Cases, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Collars and Cuff Boxes, etc., go to the TOPEKA TRUNK FACTORY, No. 412 Kansas Avenue.

Pure unadulterated baking powder 20 cents per pound at Sweet & Brown's Tea Store 718 Kansas Avenue.

Certain cranks residing in the First ward are advocating the secession of that district from the city government. The scheme does not seem to meet general approval by the inhabitants of the North side.—JOURNAL.

No, the scheme does not meet with favor on the North side. The mere suggestion is indicative of a shallow brain that is unable to comprehend the simplest business principles.

If it is true that the democrats of this state have agreed to pay \$50,000 for the Abilene Gazette when they could have bought the Commonwealth for the same amount, if that is also true, then it needs no argument to prove their child-like ignorance of the value of newspaper property.

Work has been resumed on the state house, since the weather has moderated, and the architects are "making hay while the sun shines," as it were by pushing the work with all possible despatch.

Lodge No. 3, A. O. U. W., of Topeka is the largest lodge of the order west of the Mississippi river, with the single exception of one lodge at San Francisco. Topeka is famous for her large fraternal societies. Lincoln post having the distinction of being the largest G. A. R. post west of the "Father of Waters."

Action will be taken on the 9th day of January, 1888 by the superintendent of public schools for Shawnee county, to collect tax on the property of Joseph Midglaugh for school purposes north of the city limits. Said tax to be levied for the benefit of school district No. 45, in Soldier township, in which his property is located.

William Taylor has begun suit in the district court against Soldier township, for \$197.25, claimed to be due him for work done at the instance and under the direction of John W. Gordon, overseer of road district No. 10, of said township.

To-day upon opening a package of goods purchased at the Great Five Cent Store 423 Kansas Avenue we were much amused upon reading a certificate of purchase. The same is being given away with every package of goods bought at the above store, which is an idea that originated in the fertile brain of the proprietor, F. E. Brooks. He has the largest and finest selection of Holiday Goods in this city. The following is a fac-simile of the certificate we received.

Dealer in Almost Everything.
5c, 10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Counters.
Lamp and Miscellaneous Departments.



"Brother, the wild waves say, 'Wish you a Merry Christmas,' and they say that
THE GREAT FIVE CENT STORE,
is the largest and cheapest store of the kind in the west."
No. 423 Kansas Avenue.
F. E. BROOKS,
Prop.

This Certificate of Purchase

ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO ONE COUNT IN OUR
CUSTOMER'S HOLIDAY PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

EXPLANATION.—One of these certificates will be enclosed in every package of goods bought at this store. Prizes will be awarded to the person who presents the greatest number of certificates up to the date mentioned below.

RULE.—The name of the buyer must be endorsed on the back of each certificate. Certificates must be put in an envelope marked with the name of the buyer, and the total number enclosed, and sent in not later than the day mentioned. Envelopes containing certificates endorsed by two persons will not be counted as one lot.

Certificates will be issued up to December 26. Certificates must be sent in by January 2, 1888.

Prizes will be awarded January 7, 1888.

FIRST PRIZE.—Twenty Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

SECOND PRIZE.—Ten Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

THIRD PRIZE.—Five Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

To be given to the three persons presenting the greatest number of certificates bearing their names.

THE GREAT FIVE CENT STORE,
Dealer in
ALMOST EVERYTHING.
Articles from 2 for 1 cent to \$75.00 each.

F. E. BROOKS,
Prop.

The letter carriers will give a grand ball at the handsome new Metropolitan hall, on Tuesday, December 27.

Martin Ostrand, of Silver Lake, fell from a load of hay near that place and fractured his arm just above the elbow.

The sixth annual meeting of the state Shoo Horn Breeder's association is in session in Topeka this week. It is largely attended.

Over two hundred cases have been thus far either tried or otherwise disposed of in the United States district court during the present term, leaving upon the docket yet to be tried over four hundred cases.

The new clock in the tower of the Rock Island's handsome new depot and general office building is an ornament, as well as being quite an accommodation to pedestrians and residents of the vicinity.

The state insurance department has information that the "Covenant Mutual," of Galesburg, Illinois, and the "United State Mutual Accident Insurance" companies are doing business unlawfully in different parts of the state.

Mr. Joseph Cummings, an old soldier of the 11th Kansas volunteers, leaves for the Soldier's Home at Leavenworth. He was one of the pioneers of the fifties, and closely identified with the early settlement of Kansas.

Rev. A. H. Stote of Lawrence, returned to North Topeka on Monday afternoon, and preached to a large audience in the evening at the Baptist church. At the conclusion of the sermon seven persons, four young women and three young men, were baptised. There have been up to date about thirty additions to the Baptist church as a result of the meeting, and it will continue over next Sunday, the Rev. Stote preaching every evening at 7:30. He is an able preacher, and all are invited to hear him.

Oscar Redmond is unfortunate, in that he can never do an unlawful act without being found out and made to suffer for it. He was released from the county jail by the board of county commissioners a few days since, where he was serving a sentence for petty larceny. On Saturday evening he was again arrested on the charge of larceny and locked up at the police station. Redmond had on that day been employed by an express man to help move a lot of household goods in the First ward. He succeeded in getting away with a clock, table and other articles. He was found guilty before Judge Read this morning and fined \$100, which he will work out at \$1 per day on the rock pile.

The following gentlemen will constitute the delegation of the Topeka Union League at the national convention of Republican clubs, at Chickering hall, New York City: Ex-Governor T. A. Osborn, H. C. Speer, C. C. Baker, State Treasurer J. W. Hamilton and Senator R. M. Crane.

The fore part of this week Mrs. J. T. Sargent, of No. 404 Harrison street, North Topeka, employed a German widow named Marie Kettler to do general housework, and on Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock after Mrs. Kettler had completed her work, she retired to her room on the second floor. Her little boy, 10 or 12 years of age, who occupied the room with his mother, was in the room at the time, and saw her pour out some coal oil in a tin dipper, with which she proceeded to fill up the lamp, which needed replenishing. She removed the burner from the bowl of the lamp and began pouring in the oil, when suddenly a blue flame shot up in the woman's face, the lamp bounded from the table and when the frightened child woke up he saw the form of his mother wrapped in flames, while at her feet the carpet was also on fire. The poor woman stood for a moment spell-bound with fear, then with terrified screams rushed from the room, down the stairway, through the kitchen and out in the yard, still shrieking loudly for help, while her body was almost entirely wrapped in flames. The occupants of the house, together with the neighbors in the immediate vicinity, hearing the cries of the unfortunate creature, rushed to her rescue but were too badly excited to fully comprehend the situation. Mrs. Sargent, when the burning apparition rushed through the house, was much frightened, but seeing the awful danger her employee was in, picked up a long, heavy rug lying near, which she handed to one of those near the burning woman, with the instruction to "wrap it about her and smother the flame."

Instead of doing this, however, the party to whom it was given commenced to use it in much the same manner as one would in fighting an ordinary fire. This only served to fan the flames, and not until every shred of clothing was burned from her body and her flesh burned to a crisp, was the fire subdued. The woman was in a frightful condition. Ghastly strips of burned flesh hung from her body, and it was not thought that she could survive more than a few hours.

Dr. Ellinger was called, who examined the injuries of the badly burned woman and gave it as his opinion that she could not possibly survive. He, however, did what he could to alleviate her sufferings, which were excruciatingly painful. Mrs. Marie Kettler is a native of Germany, about 50 years of age, and has resided in this country about twenty years. She formerly resided in Fort Scott, but for the past seven years has been a resident of Topeka, supporting by her labor herself and little boy, who is almost crazed with grief at the awful fate of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. I. K. Lapp depart for California where they will reside in future. They will be missed by the social and business circles of North Topeka, where they are well known and highly esteemed.

KAUFMAN & THOMPSON.

DEALERS IN

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,
413 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.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine
For January, 1888.

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

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

H. REISNER,
Candy Factory.

807 Kan. Ave. NORTH TOPEKA.

Candy Cheap and Lots of it.

Toys, Dolls, &c. in endless variety.

James Halloran, one of the gang of thieves engaged in stealing from the Union Pacific, was arrested Saturday evening by the police. One member of the gang is in the penitentiary, sent there by the district court, and another is serving a jail sentence from the United States district court. Halloran will probably join one or the other of his pals.

The Boston Syndicate now contemplate building their line west of the city south of Sixth street instead of north of that street, as before planned, for reason that they are unable to make reasonable terms for right of way.

"WILL PAPA COME TO-NIGHT, MAMMA?"

BY FELIX.

(Lines suggested from a reading of Burt Arnold's poem, "Papa's Boy.")

Will papa come to-night, mamma,
I'm tired of waiting so;
My hat has hung by the chimney side
Full four long days ago,
When I ran to peep within door,
By the morning's early light,
Oh! I see it now; but say, mamma,
Will papa come to-night?

Will papa come to-night, mamma?
I see the snow is on the hill;
The ice must be three inches thick
Down on the meadow rill.
I heard you say to him last night
That I was sick in bed;
I didn't mean to hear, mamma,
And some medicine, you said.

Oh, if papa wouldn't drink, mamma,
I should be so full of glee;
I could tell the boys and girls at school
What papa's done for me;
I'd give them toys and lend them books,
And make their life so glad;
For God, on say, takes back his gifts
When little boys are bad.

And won't you let me go, mamma,
Upon my next birthday,
And carry something warm and nice
To poor old Widow Gray?
I'll leave the basket near the door,
Just inside the garden gate.
Will papa come to-night, mamma?
It seems so long to wait.

An angel came last night, mamma;
Oh, I saw him in my sleep!
His dress was white as snow, I thought.
But say, mamma, what makes you weep?
In her hands he held a little shroud;
Yes, a shroud, and nothing more,
And a little coffin, made for me,
Was standing on the floor.

And it seemed so very strange, indeed,
To find such gifts, instead
Of all the toys I want so much.
My story books and sled.
While I wondered what it meant,
You came with tearful joy,
And said: "They go first we love best;
God calleth thee, my boy!"

But I thought it all a dream, mamma,
And now I know it must be true;
But, mamma, I've been so bad a boy
That papa stays away from you;
I don't know what mamma'll do
When I am laid to rest.
You'll have no little Willie's head
To fold upon your breast.

Will papa come to-night, mamma?
Lay your head against my cheek,
And raise my head a little more;
It's so hard for me to speak.
You needn't buy my skates and sled,
For I cannot go and slide;
Before-morrow's sun is up,
I'll be on the other side.

I shall not want the skates, mamma,
Nor my little trundle bed;
Give them both to Tommy Smith,
Who hit me on the head.
He used to hide my books away,
And tear my pictures, too;
Please tell him now that I forgive him, ma,
As then I tried to do.

Will papa come to-night, mamma,
And see me in my room?
I don't think papa heard me ask
For just another June.
I know I've been a naughty boy
And made you too much care;
I know that you'll not lay it up, ma,
When I am over there.

There's one thing more—my pretty pets,
mamma.
My robin and my dove—
I give them to you and papa dear,
And teach them how to love.
And there's my rake and little hoe—
You'll find them both nicely laid, ma,
Away up on the garret floor.
The place where last I played.

I know, dear mamma, you will keep
The summer flowers green,
And plant a few—don't cry, mamma—
Only a rose or two, I mean.
When I'm asleep I'll sleep so sweet
There beneath the apple tree,
Where you and Robin in the morn, ma,
Can come and sing to me.

Hark! Papa's come to-night, mamma,
But his eyes, they are so wild;
Come kiss your Willie, papa, dear,
Come and kiss your dying child.
If I—how cold it seems, how dark—
Come and kiss me, I cannot see;
O, papa's come to-night, mamma,
And God has come for me.

An Episode.

BY C. JEWETT.

"Every time I look at you," said Myri, severely, "I am reminded of that text of Scripture, 'There is no fool like an old fool.'"

Now I don't in the least mind being called a fool, or even an 'old fool'; Myri and I are neither of us sprung chickens; but I do, and I always did, object to her habit of finding all her unpleasant speeches inside the Bible.

The misquotation, not the assertion, touched my temper, and I answered with considerable indignation, that no such remarkable statement could be found between the covers of the Good Book.

"If it ain't there, it ought to be," persisted Myri, "for it is gospel truth any way, and in your case I must say I am surprised at it."

Here is Peter, as good a boy as ever lived in love with a pretty respectable girl, and you won't give your consent to his marriage, won't see the young lady, won't listen to reason, and won't understand that you are driving him into deceit and disobedience."

"Deceit and disobedience!" cried I; "I'd just like to catch him at anything of the kind. When Peter arrives at a marriageable age I will pick out a wife for him myself, a woman with brains and money, not a giggling little shop girl."

As I spoke I left the room, shutting the door vigorously; I do not mean to insinuate that I slammed it, only closed it impressively as one may say. I always do that at the end of an argument because it drowns the sound of the human voice and one can go away with the comfortable assurance of having had the last word.

Even this privilege, however, failed to restore my equanimity. I was worn

ried and vexed about Peter. The boy was just like his mother, determined to have his own way in every trifle, and I knew well enough that if he had set his mind on a wife I should have to get him one; as for that hussy in Atkinson's dry goods store she would not do at all; or any of her kind.

I knew 'um, the streets are full of 'um, pert, saucy, minxes, all airs and graces, rhine stone and ribbons.

Just as I had about made up my mind that I should have to send him to Australia or Van Diemen's Land or some other retreat where the young of the opposite sex lack the allurements of bosom pins and bustles, a little lady entered the car whose appearance exactly suited me.

I don't often look at girls. Myri says it is scandalous at my time of life; but on Peter's account I broke through my usual reserve and examined her somewhat attentively.

She wasn't exactly handsome, but clean and fresh looking, round and rosy, and neatly dressed in some sort of gray stuff, that made her look like a plump little pigeon.

She did not put on airs, or wear jewelry; but she had the very sweetest voice in the world.

I made sure of that, because she stepped on my tenderest corn, and off again with a lady-like apology.

She hurt me terribly, but there is a good deal of the stuff in me, out of which martyrs are made, and when I saw how distressed she was, I hid my anguish and entered into conversation.

I do not think Myri would have approved of the bright little smile she gave me at parting. I wasn't quite easy in my own mind until I recalled the fact that my wife regarded me as an old fool.

That memory so hardened my heart that I returned the pretty salutation with a bow, which I flattered myself was not altogether paternal.

Myri was cross at supper time, and Peter came to the table with a towel round his head; said it ached from overwork; I noticed he fed well notwithstanding.

His mother seemed quite overcome, but begged him not to grow discouraged.

"Boys," said she, "whose fathers disinherit them upon the slightest provocation, cannot too early make the acquaintance of poverty and suffering."

"Boys who can't stand overwork should shun marriage as they would an ax handle," said I, and, finding no peace in the bosom of my own family, I left the house.

It was Myri's fault entirely, that I was alone and unprotected upon the street, when I happened to meet my pretty little cat acquaintance.

She blushed and smiled modestly before she bowed, then, of course, I returned her salutation, and as she was alone, offered to escort her home.

She accepted my offer with apparent pleasure, and I was glad to discover that she lived up town in a very aristocratic neighborhood.

On Peter's account, I determined to follow up the acquaintance, and if all things proved satisfactory, to procure at once a suitable, as well as a charming, daughter-in-law.

Although I said nothing regarding my plans to the lady herself, she seemed perfectly willing to further them in every possible way.

It was really surprising to see how often we happened to meet; on the street, in the horse-cars, even at places of amusement.

This was particularly pleasant, because Myri absolutely refused to accompany me anywhere. She even stayed at home from church, rather than walk two squares beside me.

Indeed, my home life was daily becoming more and more turbulent. Peter pined, his mother sulked, and to punish them I said nothing of my rapidly maturing plans.

Rosabella became every day more charming, and I took great pleasure in her society. It is some consolation for a man whose wife regards him as a brute and an imbecile, to know that he is not altogether unattractive to the opposite sex.

The undisguised admiration of a very pretty young woman cannot fail to please any man; and when our chance meetings began almost imperceptibly to lose their accidental character, and a yawning perception of my own fascinations grew upon me, I was conscious of a pleasure which a man who possessed an appreciative wife would never have experienced.

I knew, of course, that Myri was an excellent woman, but when she called me an addlepated old numb-skull, and Miss Rosabella said that she regarded me as a kind and judicious friend, it was not to be wondered at, that her sentiments coincided with my own more nearly than did Myri's.

Peter at this time took it upon himself to be more than usually trying.

He refused good wholesome victuals, and went mooning about the house when he ought to have been asleep.

His mother said he was going into a decline, and called a touch of the liver complaint "blighted affections."

"Blighted fitz-ticks!" said I, "if that young working woman who wants to finger my money, would let him alone, his affections would come out all right."

I know 'um, root and branch, pert, lazy trollops, who had rather make eyes at a young fool with a rich father, than to mind their own business."

"I am sure," answered Myri, "a rich father-in-law as stingy as you are would be no attraction for any woman."

"Peter is not a fool, there is not one particle of father about him; and Miss McCalister is neither pert, saucy, nor a trolley, if you would only see her, you would say so yourself."

"She is a baggage!" I retorted, "and

I won't see her. I've picked out a wife for Peter. If he marries her, I will go to the wedding and give him twenty thousand dollars; if he doesn't I'll disown him. I have said it and I'll stick to it. Now he can go into a decline or he can eat his victuals like a sensible man, just as suits him best."

For three or four days after this unpleasant episode, I did not see Rosabella, and I must confess that I did miss her pleasant smiles and appreciative words; missed them all the more from the fact that Myri was glum as a poker, and Peter's rapidly developing decline necessitated a doctor, with, of course, an attendant bill.

I am not a stingy man, Myri to the contrary notwithstanding, and I do not begrudge necessary medical advice to my family, but to be obliged to pay an enormous bill just on account of that Calister hussy, was exasperating.

If Peter had been a submissive son, and Myri a gentle, loving wife with no desire but to make her husband's home a happy one, I should have been, in a measure, shielded from temptation; as it was, a delicate, violet scented note that reached me after an unusually trying day claimed my immediate attention.

It was an invitation to spend the evening with Rosabella, who was confined to the house with a severe cold, and whose parents were out of town.

On Peter's account I felt that I should like to see the young lady in her own home. I also felt that Myri deserved to lose for a time the pleasure of my society. I did not care to walk the streets, therefore, I determined to make at least a short call.

After attending somewhat carefully to my toilet, I uttered one or two misleading remarks in regard to a special meeting of the club, and left the house with a guilty conscience and a new silk handkerchief.

Miss Rosabella did not answer my ring in person as I had hoped she would; instead, a trim maid ushered me into a small and very dimly lighted apartment, where she left me to the not altogether agreeable companionship of my own thoughts.

After sitting in uncomfortable solitude full ten minutes, I began to wish I hadn't come. I did not like the looks of things; to be sure, I couldnt' see much, but I heard enough to make up for that.

The house seemed full of people, laughing, whispering and fussing about in a perfectly incomprehensible manner. I wished I had stayed at home, or that I had brought Myri. I knew very well that no one would dare impose upon me when she was around; but having voluntarily relinquished her protection, I felt terribly lost and helpless.

When all the noise and confusion seemed to locate itself in the next room; I fairly trembled with excitement.

Visions of murder, robbery, and disgrace danced through my brain. Little cold shivers of apprehension crept up and down my spinal columns.

With the courage of despair, I arose, determined to fly before it was forever late.

Alas! I had miscalculated my opportunities.

Before I could reach the door it opened. Feeling that all was lost I shut my eyes and screamed.

"I won't! I shan't!" I shouted, "Murder, fire, thieves! let me out of here! Myri! Myri!"

"Do stop that racket!" said an icily familiar voice, the voice of my idolized conjugal companion.

A drowning man will catch at a straw; Myria was no straw, but a plank of safety, a very steamboat, as one may say; and I caught at and held her fast.

When I recovered sufficient presence of mind to open my eyes, I saw that my wife presented a remarkably splendid appearance.

She wore a new satin gown, very unsecluded at the top, and voluminous at the bottom, while her hair was full two inches higher than I had ever seen before.

I was always a little afraid of Myri in full undress, and to save my life I couldn't brace up enough to demand the explanation which the circumstances required.

"Come," said she, authoritatively linking her arms in mine, "we are all ready and waiting for you."

I wanted to hang back, I wanted to run, I wanted most of all to go home, instead of which, walked decorously into a brilliantly lighted, and crowded room, in the centre of which stood a clergyman and facing him, a young man and woman.

An instantaneous hush greeted our entrance; a hush broken by the voice of the clergyman, repeating a brief and simple marriage service.

It was not until after they were pronounced man and wife that I awoke to a realizing sense of the fact that I was attending the wedding of my son Peter and Rosabella McCalister.

I have in reality a good deal of nerve and backbone. In spite of the terrible experiences of the early part of the evening, I rose to the occasion as few men could have done.

I kissed the bride, I shook hands with the bridegroom, I filled out the check which his mother handed me for twenty thousand dollars; I partook of the wedding supper, I drank to the health of the young couple and I urged, I actually begged, my dear wife to accompany them as far as Exeter.

I went after her the next day, taking with me the finest set of diamonds to be procured in the city.

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THE ERA OF SLANG.

Expressions Which send the Creeps Up the Purist's Back.

The era of slang is upon us with a breadth that is almost appalling. Not only the slang that might be defined as the burlesque or colloquial form of expression, the language of low humor, or the jargon of thieves and vagrants, but a species that is almost as reprehensible. It will not do to apologize for it by saying that "slang is probably as old as human speech," and that the early writers indulged in it, especially the Greek and Roman dramatists; and while we may speak and write against the pernicious habit, we suspect that we will not grow disgusted enough with it to thoroughly uproot it until it has reached its climax.

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FARM AND HOME.

SCIENTIFIC FARMERS.

The intelligent farmer, who gives thought to his business, finds his mind occupied with matters belonging to the year that is just closing, while he also looks forward to the season rapidly approaching. Have there last year been failure with some crops, while others have been unusually successful? We should examine into the failures, not to mourn over them, but to ascertain if they were due to avoidable causes, or to natural phenomena beyond human control. We are apt to ascribe our losses to a Higher Power, but are we so ready to credit our successes to the same controlling influence? The "scientific farmer," so-called, is the sensible farmer who sees that all Nature, on his farm or off it, is governed by wise and immutable laws. Those who study to learn what are these laws, and how they can best work with them, are the most successful farmers; they are called "scientific."

MAKING A HOME ON THE PRAIRIES.

The first question to decide in making a home on the prairies is What do you want to do? Do you want to raise wheat? Do you want to raise a specialty? If so, Northern Dakota offers every inducement. Do you want to raise stock extensively? Then Northern Dakota winters are too long, and the cost of fodder will eat up the profits; but you can go beyond the Missouri and find a better field open for this, or follow the river down, and you will find men who have been in the business for a number of years. Southern and Central Dakota also offer many opportunities, especially the latter, on account of the small amount of snow that falls in the winter. For raising fruit and a general variety of crops, or anything but root crops, or the more hardy varieties of grain, the winters in the north are too long, and the summers too short, while in Central and Southern Dakota, even in the shortest seasons, corn on breaking ripens well, and gives good crops when put in early. Wheat and oats also produce crops fully up to the average, and the range of hills lying on the northern boundaries of Hand and Spink counties, furnishes some of the finest stock ranges east of the Missouri, the entire region being well supplied with grass and water the year around.

ABUSES OF LIVE POULTRY.

During the summer weeks, live poultry suffer even until death from overcrowding and insufficient supply of water. In winter these much-suffering creatures die from exposure to intense cold. These being the extreme seasons of the year, persons not familiar with the horrors of cooped-up life would be reasonable in supposing that at least slight loss would be experienced during spring and autumn. That is the inference. Such is not the fact. The heavy losses entailed by suffering from improper modes of transit are heavy all the year round, and are increased under the influence of extreme heat and extreme cold. In the month of October, for example, the sides of the great freight carrying railways leading into New York are strewn with the mortal remains of poultry that have succumbed to harsh treatment. Ducks die most readily when subjected to the combined hardships of want of water and want of air; next to these, chickens suffer most; then turkeys and fowls, and geese in the order named. To remedy this evil is the question. Shippers evidently make so much profit from their investments that they can afford the depletion of numbers, but can the consumers afford to pay such prices as will cover the deficit caused by inhumanity and sheer carelessness? We think not.

PROFITS IN PREPARED FOOD.

Cutting the fodder has the effect of reducing the muscular work of the cow. Every movement of the cow's muscles, every motion of the lungs as the animal breathes, consumes some of the muscular tissue and requires some food to repair the waste. Every digestive function is also carried on at some cost of substance for the repair of which food is required. The proper preparation of the food, then is a saving of labor for the cow, and a saving of food for the owner. Thus, the grain food should be ground as finely as possible, and being mixed with the cut and moistened fodder, is eaten with less exertion, and digested with the greatest ease. More of it, too, is digested, because of the fine condition of it, by which it is more completely subjected to the action of the solvent fluids of the mouth (the saliva), stomach, and intestines. As the fat and oil of the food exists in exceedingly fine particles distributed in the cellular tissue, the thorough grinding and the perfect mastication of it tend to its most economical disposition in the body of the animal.

The results of feeding vary with circumstances. The character and quality of the herbage vary, and necessarily, as grass is the basis of a cow's feed, any variation in this will affect the results of the grain feeding and make some modification necessary. To observe the effect of feeding, some tests will be found useful. A dairyman should be very inquisitive and observant, for his profit depends upon it. He should count, measure or weigh everything; and the quantity of food given, its cost and its results, should all be carefully noted.

EARLY WINTER MILLINERY.

As the cold weather approaches, the female mind naturally turns to the consideration of that most important part of her costume, the hat, or bonnet, and well may the modern woman be bewildered by the variety of shapes dis-

played for her to select from. If she is young and partial to the English style of dressing, she will likely select a stiff, moderately high crowned shape of the glossy beaver or hatters' plush, as milliners term it, which was worn somewhat last winter, and will be still more in favor this, as it now comes in a variety of colors as well as in black.

IN FEATS.

The low crowned English turbans are still worn by conservative people, and some of these have the crown indented toward the front; indeed the leading features of the newest round hats are lower crowns and projecting brims. These brims, however, are most eccentric, and it is in this the variety exists.

Some extend from the crown far out in front, some are wide on one side, some turn up in a point at the back of the hat, and others roll toward the front, and become gradually narrower on the right side, while still another style rolls up on both sides close to the crown. These are often stylishly trimmed with a long rich plume extending over the crown towards the back.

Another odd conceit is a pinked edging of felt around the rim of both hats and bonnets, while other hats are embroidered in small leaf and flower patterns. A new gray-blue shade known as "Globein blue" is fashionable for millinery, as well as walking suits, replacing "heliotrope," which has had its day; but the useful browns and navy blues will, as ever, be the most popular, next to blacks.

BEES IN DECEMBER.

This month is a comparatively quiet one for the bees, as there are scarcely any broods reared at this season, except in the warmer climates. Still the bee-keeper has some matters of importance to attend to, foremost among which is the care of his empty brood combs, for they all contain more or less eggs of the moth miller. How these eggs get there is still an unsettled question. Some bee-keepers hold to the theory that they are deposited by the miller on the bottom board, or about the entrance, and that the bees, when passing in the hive, or moving about the bottom board, get them attached to their feet or legs, and thus carry them among the combs. Be this as it may, the fact remains, the eggs are in the combs, and, if stored in a warm place, will hatch and soon destroy them entirely. To prevent this, the combs should be fumigated with sulphur before being put away. The safest way to keep the empty combs is to stretch heavy wires from one end of the room to the other, just far enough apart for the ends of combs to rest on. The combs should be about one inch apart, thus admitting light and free circulation of air between them. It is preferable that the combs be stored in a room in which the temperature falls below freezing as then there is no danger from moths; and by hanging the combs on wires they are also out of the reach of mice, who are very destructive to combs. Store all honey in a warm, dry place, to keep it as long as possible from granulation. Should your extracted honey granulate, set it in water on the stove until it returns to its liquid state. This destroys the grain, and as it does not come in contact with the fire, the flavor is preserved, and the honey is not apt to granulate again for a very long period.

American Agriculturist for December.

The Farmer's Seventy Years.

Ah! there he is, lad, at the plow;
He beats the boys for work,
And whatsoe'er the task might be,
None ever saw him shirk.
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
Run o'er with mirthful tears,
And sing full many an old-time song,
In spite of seventy years.

"Good morning, friends!" 'tis twelve o'clock;
Time for a half-hour's rest."
And Farmer John took out his lunch
Ate it with a zest,
"A harder task it is," said he,
"Than following up these steers,
Or mending fences far, for me
To feel my seventy years.

"You ask me why I feel so young;
I'm sure, friends, I can't tell,
But think it is my good wife's fault,
Who kept me up so well;
For women such as she are scarce
In this poor vale of tears;
She's given me love, and hope and strength,
For more than forty years.

"And then my boys have all done well,
As far as they have gone.
And that thing warms an old man's blood,
And helps him on and up and on;
My girls have never caused a pang,
Or raised up anxious fears;
They were such that I feel young
And hate at seventy years.

"Why don't my good boys do my work
And let me sit down and rest?
Ah! friends, that wouldn't do for me;
I like my own way best.
The world needs duty, I have mine,
And till that man appears,
I mean to smell the roses, my friends,
Said the man of seventy years.

Hartford Times.

An Honest Explanation.

Poultry Dealer. How does it happen that all the turkeys I bought from you have their crops filled with shot?

Granger. Filled with shot?

P. D. Yes as full as they could hold.

Now you know I'm not going to stand any business of that kind. If—

G. Don't be hasty, mister, don't be hasty. I kin tell you how that happened. Instead of cutting off the turkey's heads an' mussing up the place with their blood, I took my old gun—she's a ratter—an' loaded her up, an' just shot them fowls one by one. That did the job for 'em an' I had the sport into the bargain.

P. D. But that doesn't explain the presence of shot in their crops.

G. Why sartin it does, mister. I'm a pretty good shot you see an' I aimed at their breasts an' every blamed charge must hav' lodged in there stummicks.—*Boston Courier.*

THE SLAVE TRADE.

A Hand-to-Hand Fight With an Arab Craft.

A few days ago, says *The London Standard*, the lords of the admiralty promoted Lieut. Fred F. Fegen, R. N., to be commander, to mark their recognition of his gallant conduct in as brilliant and thorough a real sea-dog exploit as ever graced British naval annals. Last May Lieut. Fegen, who was on board her majesty's ship *Turquoise*, then stationed at Zanzibar, set out on board an ordinary pinnace, with seven men all told, to patrol that portion of the East African coast and watch for Arab slaves.

On the morning of May 30 the pinnace was lying snugly anchored within Fungal gap, Pemba, an island to the north of Zanzibar. The crew of the pinnace comprised five bluejackets, one mariner, one interpreter, and Fegen. At daylight the look-out reported that a dhow was entering the gap. As far as could be ascertained she seemed a peaceable trader making for port under crowded sail. Only a man or two could be seen on deck, and there was nothing to indicate the craft was full of slaves and armed men. The lieutenant had a little dingy with him, and in this, as a matter of duty and precaution, he sent his coxswain, the mariner, and the interpreter to hail the stranger and see that she was all right. Stoutly the little dingy was rowed toward the dhow to intercept her as she ran along.

When within one hundred yards of the Arab the interpreter hailed them, but received no answer, nor could he see anybody on board, for the huge sail screened her crew.

Plying their oars with more vigor, they made to board the strange craft, when instantly a score of faces rose above the gunnel, and a volley from Snider rifles was poured into the dingy. Fegen shouted orders to his men to turn the nine-pound gun with which the pinnace was armed to bear on the dhow, while at the same moment one of his men opened fire on them with his Martini-Henry. The marine from the dingy had already got to work with his weapon, and was evidently doing execution. The slaver, holding the dingy as too insignificant, changed her course and bore down full upon the pinnace, clearly intending to run aboard her. Fegen and his four men had their anchor tripped in a trice, made sail, but their was no time to get under weigh when down upon them came the dhow. The lieutenant called "Prepare to resist boarders," "Stand to them, my lads," and setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped forward to repel the attack as the two vessels bumped together. With the characteristic ferocity the slavers—some thirteen Arabs and seven bloodthirsty half-breed cut-throats—endeavored to spring aboard the pinnace. Fegen shot down two with his revolver and ran a third through the body, when he in turn would have fallen under a fierce blow from an Arab's blade had not Pearson, an A. B. run the man through with his cutlass. As it was, Fegen received a severe wound on the right arm, but still the fight went on, for he could use his pistol with his left. Three of his men were cut down, and were by this time lying seriously wounded in the bottom of the pinnace, while nine Arabs had already been slain by our sturdy tars. Still Fegen battled on, shooting, pushing, and shoving with the help of his crew and now one man, both of them receiving fresh stabs and wounds. J. Guys and Fred Russell, leading seamen had stood by him like steel, fighting with courage and determination of those who have immortalized our navy. Russel fought on heedless of his many wounds until he sank from sheer loss of blood. At length the dhow slipped past and sheered off, not to escape however, for wounded as all on the pinnace were they fought and held on with the tenacity of bulldogs. With those still in the dingy they maintained a fire on the dhow and followed her up. The slaver replied with their Sniders, and Fegen, seeing his men in the dingy exposed, held the pinnace to the wind to obtain the weather gauge and cover the "punt." The protracted fight attracted a number of Arabs to the shore, and they in turn began firing at the two, to them, hated British craft. A lucky shot from one of the Martinis killed the slaver's helmsman, and the dhow broached to in shallow water and capsized. The remainder of the rascally crew plunged into the sea, which was about two fathoms deep at the spot, and swam for the shore, four or five only succeeding in reaching the land alive. Most of the penned slaves managed to scramble out and hang on to the dhow, their heads alone visible out of the water. Fegen got his men from the dingy on board the pinnace, and with a few shells from the nine-pounder drove away the beligerent Arabs on the shore. This done, he sent the dingy to the rescue of the slaves, and succeeded in saving the lives of fifty-three unfortunate negroes. Unfortunately twelve had been drowned by the capsizing of the dhow, the number of slaves on board having been sixty-five. A sailor named Benjamin Stone, an A. B., was the only one killed outright on our side during the plucky little sea fight. So far as known up to the present the wounded blue-jackets were all doing well.

Train Robber (on Texas express) — "Shell out now, quick!" Passenger — "All my money is this satchel!" "Open it!" "Look." "All in silver dollars! Keep it. We ain't no daymen." — *Omaha World.*

It has been estimated that Ben. Butler got about five dollars for each tear he shed for the Chicago Anarchists. — *Tid Bits.*

Authoresses as Wives.

No female novelist worthy of the name appeared in England until the reign of George III. The lady who first had the courage to brave public opinion was Frances Burney, the friend of Garrick and Dr. Johnson. Miss Burney remained unmarried until she was nearly 40 years of age. Romance is then supposed to exercise a less dominant power, but she, nevertheless, had the imprudence to espouse M. d'Arblay, a French refugee, whose income consisted only of a precarious annuity of £100. The marriage, however, proved a very happy one. M. d'Arblay describes M. d'Arblay as "an honorable and amiable man, with a handsome person, frank, soldier-like manner, and some taste for letters." The pair did not suffer from poverty; the wife became the bread-winner, and not long after her marriage her third novel, "Camilia," was published, by which she is said to have realized over 3,000 guineas.

FRUIT CAKE.

Wash and drain well one pound of raisins, chop coarsely one pound of citron, beat five eggs and two cups of brown sugar together, add to them one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of spices to taste; stir in six cups of flour, reserving one-half cupful to mix with the raisins to prevent their settling to the bottom; add fruit last. This cake will last a year.

BEEF SOUP.

Into three quarts of water put the bones and drippings left from a sirloin steak; place over the fire and let boil steadily until about an hour before dinner, then add two onions, one carrot, three common-sized potatoes, all sliced, some parsley cut fine, salt to taste, and one red pepper.

ECONOMICAL PIE-CRUST.

When boiling beef, before putting in vegetables, skin the grease into a dish and set aside to cool; when cold, scrape off the under side. Take one teacup of this fat, two cups of sour milk, two teaspoonsful of salaratus; mix quickly; flour the board well when you roll it out. Bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown.

POTATO SALAD.

Boil eight or ten good sized Irish potatoes, and when cold, slice them; chop fine one good-sized apple, and one and a half small onions; rinse and chop the leaves of a large handful of parsley; spread a layer of the potato in a chopping tray and sprinkle liberally with salt, then put in half the parsley, apple and onions; then the rest of the potato, some more salt, and the remainder of the parsley, apples and onions; pour half a teacup of melted butter over the whole; also a small cup of vinegar; mix carefully, so as not to break the potatoes.

ONION OMELET.

Put a lump of butter in a frying pan, then put in some sliced onions, season with pepper and salt; cook slowly until done, not brown; beat some eggs, allowing two for each person, pour in the frying pan, add a little salt, and stir until set. Serve at once.

BOILED MACARONI.

Pour one pint of boiling water over five ounces of macaroni, let it stand half an hour; then drain and put in a custard kettle with boiling milk to cover, cook until tender; drain, add a tablespoonful of butter and a teacup of cream; season with pepper and salt; grate cheese over the top and serve.

LEMON MERINGUE PUDDING.

Stir to a cream one cup of white sugar and one half cup of butter, add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, the juice of one large lemon and half of the rind grated, one quart of milk, two cups of bread crumbs; bake in a buttered dish until firm and slightly browned; draw to the door of the oven and cover with a meringue of the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, with three tablespoons of powdered sugar and a little lemon sugar; brown very slightly and sift powdered sugar over it; make an orange pudding the same way.

SAM'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

It Works Like a Boomerang and He Will Play No More.

There is one darky in Peoria who will play no more tricks or practical jokes for a while, at least. This is something for which he has been somewhat noted in the past. Shortly after the anarchist executions he met another darky who was badly frightened.

"Sam," said he, "I've almost afraid to go to bed. Suppose some anarchist goes to bomb against me some time when I was gwing home."

"Phaw!" answered Sam, the joker, "that ain't the way they do. They'd just drop a bomb in your back yard, and you'll wake up some morning and find yourself a mile high and a cellar in the back yard."

Then finding that Joe was so badly frightened Sam resolved to have some fun with him. He took about three inches of gas-pipe, filled it up with sand, plugged up one end, and in the other inserted a piece of fire-cracker, with the snap removed, so that it would merely fizz. He then took it and quietly placed it in Joe's back-yard. Unfortunately for the success of his project Joe was peeping through the cracks in the stable where Sam was manufacturing the bogus bomb, and also saw him place the bomb in his yard. The next morning Sam was over to see Joe early. He drew him gently in the back-yard, and there pretended to discover the bomb. Joe jumped about three feet in the air, and exhibited all the marks of extreme terror. He wanted Sam to leave the spot, with him at once, and warn the family. And Sam sat down on the doorstep and laughed until his back ached.

"Joe," said he, "you am de darndest fool niggah I ebber see. Dat am nothing. Why, I could fire dat off in my mouth!" And he picked up the gas-pipe.

"Sam! Sam!" yelled Joe, "drop dat, or foah de Lawd you'll be blow'd up."

Sam's only answer was to laugh harder. Then he pulled a match, held the gas-pipe up to his mouth, and touched the match to it.

The next moment there was a flash, a spattering sound, a red light, a howl of terror, and the most surprised darkie ever seen in these parts was dancing around, with a burned mouth, blackened face, his eyebrows singed off, his nose, mouth, ears, and hair full of sand.

He doesn't know to this day that after he deposited that bomb in Joe's yard the latter took it in the house and substituted powder for a portion of the sand. — *Boston Transcript.*

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Dec. 17 1887.

Wellesley has six hundred students, and has to turn applicants away.

A Woman's Exchange has just been opened in Colorado Springs.

The City Government of Boston has voted \$8,500 for a base for the Ericson statue by Miss Anne Whitney.

Mrs. Dinah Mulock-Craik left a personal estate valued at more than \$85,000. It all goes to her adopted daughter, Miss Dorothy Craik.

The Kansas City Star raised a fund of \$1,100 last year for Christmas presents for poor children. It has started the fund again this year with the prospect of greater success than before.

It is becoming quite common for an impecunious society-woman to go into trade. There are half-a-dozen small arts in which her connections are of distinct value. One such in New York imports dainty bonnets, another paints toilet articles and menu cards, a third does fine embroideries for fashionable baby clothes, and a fourth conducts a sort of private brokerage in duplicate wedding presents.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher's case well illustrates the incongruities of male suffrage. Here is a woman to whom the majority of Congressmen might well go to school on the subject of Indian legislation, and who has had an important personal influence in effecting public measures; yet she cannot be trusted with the ballot. Incongruous our system certainly is.—CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

ELI PERKINS says: "The 'boom' in Kansas comes from prohibition. Kansas used to send out \$22,000,000 a year for whisky and beer. It is not sending out over \$4,000,000 a year now. This saving of \$18,000,000 a year by Kansas is making a surplus for the people and reducing the surplus of the United States. There will be no panic. The railroad building has peopled the west with new people who bring money."

The strip of territory southwest of Kansas, known as No Man's Land, is now asking to be attached to Kansas for judicial purposes. The tract is 168 miles long and thirty-four miles wide and contains 3,672,640 acres of farming land. The settlers in this territory are becoming quite numerous, and it is likely that at the present session of congress the tract will be taken under the wing of Kansas for judicial purposes.

The death of Rev. I. S. Kalloch, announced in this paper to-day, brings to mind many stirring facts which were current in the political and religious history of Kansas about fourteen years ago. Kalloch was an eloquent preacher of political aspirations. As an orator he had few equals. He left the pastorate of the Baptist church and entered the political field, denied him in Kansas, shortly becoming mayor of San Francisco and a actor in the Pacific coast politics.

Friday morning last Prof. I. H. Hornier, the silk culturist, through whose efforts a silk station was established in Kansas, died in destitute circumstances in a room over the public school library building at Kansas City. This was a sad ending for a man with the ambition and energy of Mr. Horner. He was at one time well-to-do, but he spent all his means in introducing silk culture in Kansas, and although he lived to see his pet project established, he was driven out of its management in a manner that leaves a stain on the characters of the men who compose the silk commission. Hornier is said to have died of inflammation of the lungs, but more than likely, disappointment and grief had much to do with his death. He is an industrial martyr. His remains are to be buried at Lima, Indiana.

Major William Sim, secretary of the state board of agriculture, has returned from the east, after an absence of three weeks, having attended the national farmers' congress at Chicago and the national meeting of the grange at Lansing, Michigan, as a delegate to each from the state of Kansas. It was largely through Major Sims' efforts that the next annual meeting of these two national organizations were secured for the city of Topeka; especially was this so with the national grange meeting. Major Sims went to Lansing with the intention of capturing the next convention if it could be done by fair and honorable means. The Major is grand master of the Kansas grange, and his earnest invitation to the national grange to meet in Topeka in 1888 had great weight with the delegates. Major Sims said regarding the selection of this city for the next meeting: "When the first vote was taken, there were several cities asked for it, but about the fourth ballot the contest narrowed down to Washington, D. C., and Topeka. The fourth ballot was a tie between these two cities. The claims of Washington were very ably presented by Norman J. Coleman, commissioner of agriculture, who was very desirous of having the next meeting held in that city. The Kansas delegation, however, were too much for him, for on the fifth ballot a majority voted for Topeka. The convention to be held here will be an unusually important one; the Grange is a very strong agricultural organization, and there will be delegates at the Topeka convention from nearly every state in the union. By accident, the next meeting of the National Farmers' congress and of the National Grange have been fixed for the same date—the third week in November. Topeka will have an opportunity to do herself proud in the entertainment of those two important national conventions. Among the prominent gentlemen present at the Lansing meeting were Governor Robie of Maine, who is master of the grange of that state, and Governor Luce, of Michigan, who is master of the grange of that state, and also Commissioner Coleman. The latter gentleman, who was master of the first grange organized, has a plan to make Washington the headquarters of the national grange, and have all annual meetings held in that city hereafter. He thinks that a portion of the \$50,000 now in the grange treasury should be used for that purpose.

We don't believe in the right of free speech on the part of ignorant and criminal foreigners. We may advocate free speech on the part of citizens to a very liberal degree, but when it comes to allowing foreign anarchists, nihilists, and similar enemies of republican government, the right to undermine our national principles, let it be required that they first become citizens before beginning their reforms, and let it require as long for them to become voting citizens as it takes for a native born citizen to become a voter. Make them keep their mouths shut for twenty one years before permitting to openly provoke treason.

"It is jest as ridiculous to say it would make a woman act coarse and randage round, to vote, as to say that kissin' pretty baby makes a man a hen-huzzy. . . . You may wast a green shade onto the front side of your house, and to that end and effect you may plant an acorn, and set out a rose-bush; but all the legislators in creation can't make that scorn-tree blow out with red posies, no more can they make that rose-bush stand up straight as a giant. And their bein' planted by the side of each other, on the same ground, and watered out of the same waterin' jug, don't alter their natural turn. They will both help shade the window, but do it in their own way, which is different. And men and wimmen votin' side by side would no more alter their natural dispositions than singin' one of Watts' hymns together would. One will sing bass and the other air, so long as the world stands."—JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

Every farmer and citizen living at a distance from large towns feels the necessity for some means of remitting small sums of money. Only about 14 per cent of our postoffices are supplied with postal notes, and it is often difficult to get postage stamps. The proposition to receive fractional currency in amounts of 10, 15, 25, 50 and 75 cents meets with universal approval as a supplement to our present silver coin. To the weekly press such action would be a decided boon, for many subscriptions are delayed or never sent from the difficulty in getting postage stamps or postal notes. In the payment of wages by large manufacturers the fractional currency will be found much more convenient in making change than silver, which is too bulky for the purpose. This new issue could, if necessary, be based upon silver and be always hoped that this plan may be carried through.

A Wonderful Work.

Clay Center Times: The history of the Rock Island road in Kansas is an epitome of short, sharp and decisive work. Three years ago the Rock Island's western terminus was Kansas City, Mo. Its management became dissatisfied with the treatment of the connecting lines running out of Kansas City and covering the great growing western world, and applied for admission to the state, and met with a repulse from the legislature. Nothing daunted, M. A. Low, the present energetic head of the C. K. & N., again appeared before the legislature, and made his case so plain that there was no further opposition to such enactment as would give the Rock Island a fair show on Kansas soil. To-day the result is summed up in the completion and operation of 1,210 miles of road, all but about 100 miles being in this state, the remainder being in Nebraska. One thousand miles of road built and in operation in twelve months is the proud record of the Rock Island, a record probably without its counterpart in the world. Reaching out in four directions, like immense fingers, the Rock Island covers northeastern, northern, central and southwestern Kansas, preparatory to grasping Nebraska, Colorado, Indian Territory and Texas. Next week and thereafter there will be a great convention daily of its passenger trains at the state capital, where the various fingers merge into the wrist, which leads to the elbow at Kansas City. In northern Kansas trains will reach Phillipsburg, on the Denver extension, running from Kansas City—through Topeka, McFarland, Manhattan, Clay Center, Clyde, Belleville, Mankato and Smith Center. Down on the southern border the gate-way to Indian Territory is reached at Caldwell by passing through Topeka, Marion, Herrington, Peabody, Wichita, and Wellington. Headed toward the land of Montezuma, the Rock Island reaches out for the Rio Grande, at present operating as far as Kingsdown, Kiowa county, to reach which point the road passes through Topeka, Herrington, McPherson, Hutchinson, Pratt and Greensburg.

Central Kansas is not neglected. Reaching out from Herrington, the Rock Island gently feels the pulse of Enterprise, Abilene and Salina. Nor is this all. Next week the track will be seen winding on the plains and through the valleys of the southwest, and soon trains will be opened to Dodge City, leaving the main line at Budsland.

In regard to further extensions for '88, several are in view. There will be three Colorado points reached from Kansas within twelve months, Denver, Colorado Springs and Trinidad. Minor lines will be built, and various coal fields reached, and it is intimated that New Mexico and Arizona may within that time be tickled in the ribs by one of the great Rock Island's finger nails. It is promised that if the money market is easy next spring more than 1,800 miles of new road will be added to the Rock Island system.

The principle of woman suffrage is not so palpably absurd that a chain of reasoning ought to be pronounced unsound merely because it leads to female suffrage. Every argument which tel's for universal suffrage of males tells equally in favor of female suffrage.—MACAULAY.

Mrs. J. N. Cushing, Secretary of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Philadelphia, was for years a commissioned captain in the United States army, under full pay during the war, and sent a well-drilled and efficient company to Col. Higginson's regiment. Mrs. Cushing was but twenty-one years of age when she received her commission. The employment of a woman as captain seems extraordinary, but the fact is vouched for by Harper's Bazaar, which is generally good authority.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean speaks sharp and true words about the miscarriage of justice in the case of an elderly man named Mumford, who was guilty of seducing a little girl still in short clothes. The judge who ordered his discharge regretted the absence of any law reaching his offence. If he had committed the crime after the 9th of June last, he would have been liable to imprisonment for life. Unfortunately, he committed it in May, and therefore goes scot-free. The age of protection for girls in Illinois has since been raised from ten to fourteen years. But, as the Inter-Ocean truly says, fourteen is not high enough. These things would be better regulated if mothers had votes.

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TOPEKA. - KANSAS

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

A recent convert to esoteric Buddhism is Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the artist and poet.

WALTON, the once famous "plunger," is living quietly in the quiet city of Philadelphia.

It is literally true that John L. Sullivan is at present the most striking figure in England.

THE London dudes plume themselves on their ability to converse with Buffalo Bill in his native language.

THE Goddess of Liberty on the top of the Capitol at Washington is to be turned around to face the west.

SAM JONES has left evangelism for the lecture platform for the present. At \$250 a talk the new business pays fairly well.

W. WALLIS, aged sixty, died at Houghton, Mich., from the effects of a bite received from the teeth of an insane man.

Ex-Gov. CURTIN, of Pennsylvania has recovered the gold watch which was stolen from him during the constitutional celebration Philadelphia.

THE sultan of Morocco has been tormented by a revolt in his harem, and forty of his majesty's ladies have been distributed among the officers of his guard.

A RUNAWAY couple seated on the back of a small mule rode up to the Court-house at Milton, Fla., the other day, and were married by the County Judge.

MISS FANNIE STEVENS, a Boston actress, has been sued there for breach of promise of marriage by E. J. Levy, a New York broker, who lays his damages at \$10,000.

AT Moore's Hill, Ind., a quarrelsome Jersey cow and a Poland-China hog had a fight, in which the hog struck the cow in the abdomen with his tusks and killed her.

MISS OLIVIA FOOTE, of New Haven, Conn., left two wills—one dated in 1779 and the other in 1885. The claim is made that in 1885 she was not competent to make a will.

EDWARD ATKINSON thinks the provinces are worth \$60,000,000, and Citizen Train values them at \$1,000,000. The Boston Globe thinks we will get them for nothing some day.

A MEMPHIS paper says that an Arkansas planter has succeeded, after thirty years' experimenting, in raising a breed of dogs that will dive after fish and bring them ashore.

It is curious, says *The Philadelphia Times*, how notoriety attracts women. Even so unclean and repulsive an object as Herr Most has the warmest sort of admirers among the gentler sex.

DR. NOAH PORTER denies that he is at work on a revision of Webster's Dictionary. The word "dude" will, therefore have to drift about in creased trousers and a silk hat for some time to come without official recognition in the great American lexicon.

MANUEL GARCIA, the illustrious teacher of singing, is about to celebrate his eighty-third birthday. He says that Jenny Lind was one of his most satisfactory pupils because he never had to tell her a thing twice. Her attention, intelligence, docility, and strength of will were remarkable, and to those qualities her success was due.

REV. J. C. KIMBALL, pastor of the Unity church, Hartford, Conn., who has caused such a storm by his recent sermon in defense of Anarchy, is a warm advocate of the Darwinian theory. He does not seem to see, however, that in the consistent progress of evolution every dynamiter should eventually lose his head.

MR. WILLIAM T. WALTERS, of Baltimore, made his fortune, which is a big one, selling good whisky, and he has employed his riches of late years largely in the purchase of paintings, statuary, and works of art. He bought the much-talked-of peach-blow vase, and grew famous at once by the price he was said to have paid for it.

DR. MORRELL MACKENZIE, English physician to the Crown Prince, of Germany, has a benevolent, rather handsome face. His forehead is high, his features regular and his mouth smiling. He wears small English side whiskers, but no moustache nor beard. He somewhat resembles Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York city.

BILOXI BIVALVES.

An Interesting Sketch of the Great Oyster Industries Along the Banks of the Gulf States.

Biloxi, the great oyster port of the gulf coast, is reached by rail or sail fifty miles down the gulf from Mobile, says a letter to *The Atlanta Constitution*.

The town itself is not much to speak of, though the people are proud of its antiquity, its origin being claimed to date that of New Orleans by some years. In fact an old village fisherman who was quaffing with an affection of intense delight the sulphurous water of the artesian well that flows steadily and boldly every second a stream as large as one's arm, told me that Biloxi was really intended to have been Mobile. I had heard somewhere before a remark of a similar nature—where—and finally I located it one Sunday afternoon at the Oconee White springs in Hall county, where Parson Reynolds, an ignorant hardshell of doubtful orthodoxy, made the same remark to a dapper young blood from Atlanta, only it was "you ain't a sayin' of nothing agin' that Charley, for yours means a come being mighty nigh daddy and son, for your mammy, as likely a wench as ever flitched water on a cow's teats was powerful in the way of lovin' of one another in them days!"

But be that as it may.

Forty years ago there was not an oyster on the gulf coast anywhere near Biloxi. The town itself was a rude summer hamlet where a few New Orleans families came to spend the warm months of the year. To-day the sound and coast are literally swarming with the bivalves, and the rude village from its humble origin has become a place of twenty-four hundred souls. Man, woman, and child in Biloxi are engaged in the oyster trade, the men doing the rough work connected with the fishing, boating, and dragging, the women and children attending to the opening and the canning.

The gulf coast is twenty miles from Biloxi beach, the waters of the Mississippi sound intervening, and the land strip ship island being the outer shore. The Biloxi beach is covered with small wharves, boat-houses, and piers, and most of the entire business of the coast is done here. Of course, the preparations required for even an extensive embarkation in the oyster trade are not very elaborate, but of late years establishments for the steaming of oysters and their canning have been erected, and more employs and better buildings are required. It is a picturesque sight to see the Biloxi oyster fleet in motion. The boats are one-masted luggers, ranging from two to eight tons carrying capacity. When they set out, the row is a long one, the faster craft slowly forging into lead, all going swiftly, for while they mostly carry but one sail, they are made for all sorts of weathers and seas. The boat's load when discharged will generally run out into two to three hundred tubs. The oyster captain frequently owns the boat, controlling the two or three men forming the crew. Others there are who are employed in various ways; in no one does the compensation amount to very much. The fishermen as a rule work entirely upon their own chance of profit, they being entirely a distinct class from the boatmen. Some of the larger fishermen have captains whom they supply regularly, having ready at stated times a certain amount of the oysters. It frequently so happens that a captain whose trade is large and growing has eight or a dozen fishermen working for him. They sell their oysters at so much per tub, a tub always being in shell, and the measure generally a flour or similar barrel sawed equally in two. The best class of oysters at the grounds bring from \$1.30 to \$1.50 per tub. Of course the price varies according to the quality, but the quality is generally dependent upon a locality so far as the fisherman is concerned. Often the captain, on his arrival at the town, sells out his entire cargo at from \$1.75 to \$2.25 per tub, and the price has been known to be higher. He makes large profits in other ways; for instance, rarely, if ever, does he give the same size tub to the dealer as he received from the fisherman, consequently in one cargo the difference in quantity may reach eight tubs, which, at a fair profit, would realize him \$12.

The people are a simple-minded, honest people. Though they sell their cargoes every day, and deal with any and every one, dishonesty is unknown. One peculiarity of their dealing is that there is no "jeweling down" the price. A fisherman sets his price on his tubs, if the luggerman or captain does not care to take it he says so, and that is the end of the business, the tub being allowed to wait for the next boat. Nearly all the people engaged in the trade at Biloxi and on the coast are foreigners, and we are so often accustomed to associate dishonesty and trickery with this class. Yet nothing is farther from the truth. The oldest man in Biloxi—one who was there before the oyster came—told me he had never known of an incident, and had only heard of but one. The courts have nothing to do with these men; they live their simple life, and drink their abominable drink with the complacency and a contentment wiser than a higher and better calling. The fishermen live in small houses or sheds on land convenient to the fishing grounds, and rarely leave to visit the town; the lugger boats as it comes for its load bring them the provender that is their daily fare. They drink to some

extent, but not intemperately, the manner of their life and the exposure subsequent thereto making this in a great measure indispensable. Austrians, Hungarians, Greeks, and Italians predominate among them.

All the pier posts about Biloxi are covered with oysters more than half way up their sides. The bivalves will cling to anything, an old shoe, a bottle, a stick, or a plank will in a short time start an oyster-bed. At low water the beach at Biloxi is literally covered with oysters, some having been thrown there because too young, and others for good reasons. Year by year these increase in size and succulence, and frequently some of the finest oysters found are just on the beach. The excellence of an oyster depends by no means upon its size. If this were otherwise, the Biloxi oyster, the largest to be found, would be the very best; but its excellence is altogether the result of its treatment, and the peculiar yet simple treatment given them by the Biloxi fishermen accounts for its alleged superiority.

Oysters taken from the very same bed differ in size and in quality. This is looked after in loading the boats, the poorer ones being put in first, the second best next, leaving the best on top. I suppose it will be observed that the best in every basket is found on top—a very trite and true observation. The first dealer who gets a chance at the cargo gets frequently the very best, while the last man gets the poorest, but each buyer endeavors to purchase according to the quality of his custom, and he will oftentimes refuse at all to buy, for the reason that he can not get what his patrons want. It so happens that the captain has to throw over a large lot, or the fisher at the grounds finds on his hands a quality he can't sell. He treats these judiciously; taking them to a reef where the depth of water is conducive to superior growth. He throws them overboard and waits until next season. The poorest then have very likely become the best, an application, if you please, of the last

bedding.

It is said that, while an oyster is essentially a salt-water production, fresh water to some extent is very essential to his harmonious development. The shallow water oysters are held better than deep salt-water oysters for the reason that they get more fresh water because of rain and low tides. And yet the fishermen claim while all this is so, in one sense the salt-water bivalve is superior to its rival for cooking purposes, but my oldest inhabitant did very lucidly explain here.

We up-country people often smack our lips and draw our gums over a succulent half dozen on shells, be they Blue Points or what. But as a man who has never seen Niagara has but a faint conception of a cataract, so it is the man who has not eaten the oyster fresh from the water with the salt taste sufficiently strong as to do away with the necessity of condiments and sauces, has but a poor idea of the delicious delicacy of the bivalve. And these people don't care for them. They certainly take no pains to prepare them nicely; it is possible that they may look upon the oyster-eater as a man who is daily accumulating debt against his stomach. It is their fault if they do not, for they have at the very foot of their threshold some of the most delicious specimens extant.

The product of Biloxi does not go to Mobile, that city being supplied by equally fine plants from a place higher up the coast. Neither does it go to New Orleans, the creoles getting theirs from bayous lower down still. They go to the great cities of the west and north by thousands of barrels, and find, doubtless, warm and overweening hospitality.

Feathery Snowflakes.

See the snowflakes gently fall
Hiding woods, and fields, and all
From our sight.

Dancing, whirling here and there
Through the chill November air,
Feather-light.

Gently falling to the ground,
In a soft and feathery mound.

There they lie,
Through the leafless trees they sift,
Heaping here and there a drift
Shoulder high.

Feather-light they seem to be,
Whirling here and there the air so free—

But, siak!

How they do arouse your wrath,
And, when you shovel out a path,
Break your back!

—Somerville Journal.

The Kind of a Girl to Have.

Minneapolis girls average better than its editors. One of them (a girl, not an editor) was out with a young man the other evening, and when he put his hand in his pocket to pay for the ice cream that they had eaten, she saw by the expression of his face that he had forgotten his money. She let him hunt a moment, and then with rare presence of mind, handed him her own purse, saying: "How stupid of me, I declare. When you passed me your purse in the postoffice, while you stamped your letter, I forgot to return it." The grateful young fellow took the purse and paid the bill; now he would go through fire and water to please that girl. —Chicago Herald.

Not Altogether Friendless.

The small child is to the front again. He had been naughty. The naughtiness of youth and the naughtiness of age are widely different.

"If you do that nobody will love you," the tender mother told him.

"Taint so. I know one who'll like me," he answered.

"Who?"

"Satan. He likes the bad ones."

The Little Man Conscience.

Every window of the parlor was wide open, and although the sun, shining from the east, laid bright bands of gold light across the carpet, yet the crisp, cold air of January sent icy blasts along with the sunshine.

Christie was sweeping; not such short, careless sweeps as a less pronounced character could be satisfied to give, but cleanly strokes, that at once cleaned the carpet and raised but little dust; in fact just as everybody knew Christie would work.

Christie was a curiosity to the members of the household; at once as simple and as light of heart as a child, yet on occasion a woman upon whose judgment they could rely, true and brave to a great degree.

On the particular day on which you are looking at her through a stranger's eyes, she was in a quandary; her mind contained an unusual burden, for she was not singing as usual, and her big gray eyes had a look of trouble that was so intense that it seemed to bring a suspicion of tears to them.

Some of the family would say that tears and Christie's eyes could never be seen together. But more folks than she have many sad moments mixed in with the gay ones; for life is made up of sunshine and shadows, and if the dark clouds never came overhead, we should never know how bright the sun can shine.

In a sort of unconscious way Christie swep over and over a figure of green and gold that was worked in the carpet; then she paused, and, clasping both hands over the top of the broom, rested her chin upon them, still thinking upon the bothers. Just then a gentle knock at the door, and the turning of the handle, disclosed to view the face of little Jacky, Christie's especial pet.

"Can I come in, Christie?" he asked.
"Not when the cold is coming into the windows at such a rate, my darling."

"But aren't you cold, Christie?"
"No, little kid; my dress is thicker than yours, and I have a silk handkerchief over my ears and a pair of mittens upon my hands. Whereas if you become too cold you might turn into a big icicle."

Jacky gradually disappeared behind the door and Christie continued her work. She was thinking just as hard, but there had come into her eyes a more hopeful look that dispersed the mist of tears. "I know how to settle it; Jacky shall decide for me." So, when the windows were closed and the room had become warmer, she called the boy, and perching him upon the table she knelt beside him.

"Jacky, little man, do you know what a judge does?"

Hasn't he a court, Christie? I think papa said so to John last evening."

"Yes, you are quite right. Now, this room is the court, you are the judge and I am the prisoner. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Oh! But, Christie, you would not do what I told you unless you chose to, and I couldn't make you, you know."

"Yes, I will."

"What is the matter, prisoner?" asked Jacky, with mock dignity.

"Just this. I am invited to go to a place of amusement this evening and—"

"And won't mamma let you go?"

"I have not asked her yet."

"Well, why don't you?"

"I am not quite sure that it is right for me to go; how shall I find out?"

"Oh, Christie, don't you know? Papa says that everybody, big and little, has in their head a little man, Conscience, that can help them every time. You had better ask him."

I ought to know that without being told by a baby like you."

"Ask the little man if it is right, and if he does not say yes very quickly, then he means that you had better not do it."

"That is just it, pet."

"And papa says to ask the questions quickly, and to take his first answer, because he likes to be played with sometimes, and then we go wrong."

"I thank you very much, darling; you have given me a lesson that I shall never forget. And hereafter I shall not need the help of any one except the little man, Conscience, to show me what is best to—"—Ex.

Why a Lover is Like a Newspaper.

"Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said a Guelph paternosters, leaning his chin on his hand and glancing affectionately up at William Henry, who was sweet on the old gentleman's daughter, Felicia Angelica.

"How so?" inquired the prospective son-in-law.

"Well, they commenced on a weekly, then they grew up to a semi-weekly; the next change was a tri-weekly; still later we are favored with an evening edition, and now it has progressed to both morning and an evening issue."—Truth.

Somewhat Overburdened.

"George, dear," said Naomi, "I am afraid that you are too industrious in your efforts to win enough money to obtain papa's consent. Your health will break down under it."

"Too industrious? Why, I don't work very hard."

"Oh, yes you do."

"How do you know?"

"Why, I heard papa say to-day that you were carrying an awful load last night."

CURRENT EVENTS.

A \$100,000 chapel is wanted by Wesleyan college.

A pure white sparrow is an oddity at Pawtucket, R. I.

Mushrooms are selling at \$1 per quart in New York city.

New York city is the fourth largest shipping port in the world.

A business men's association has been organized at Rochester, N. Y.

The Ohio Dunkards are holding their annual love-feast in Miami county.

Asbestos cloth is being used for wearing apparel by the firemen of Paris.</p

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE

Betwixt a Man and a Bear, Which Ended in the Latter's Death.

A Geneva, N. Y., letter says: George W. Patterson and Andrew P. Catlin, young farmers in the town of Junius, returned yesterday from a ten days' hunt ten or twelve miles from the village of Gizzam, Clearfield county, in northern Pennsylvania. Mr. Catlin carries his left broken arm in a sling, and his face, scalp, arms, and hands are covered with scratches and deep cuts made by the claws of a she bear. His right ear was nearly torn away, and has been sewed to his head. Mr. Patterson also bears scratches and lacerations on his arms and hands from the same cause. Both men suffer seriously from their injuries. Patterson and Catlin had nearly finished their hunting and trapping season, and intended quitting their home in the woods last Saturday afternoon. On Saturday morning Patterson started off with his gun on his shoulder to take up the fox-traps about the forest in which they were camping. Catlin was left alone at the camp, and a little later went out for a stroll about the woods, carrying his rifle with him. The morning was pleasant, and having a recent letter from his wife in his pocket he sat down on a stump to read it again. He had been reading but a few minutes when he heard the sound of snapping twigs upon the ground and rustling of dead leaves, as if someone were clumsily approaching. He carelessly looked up from his letter, and was paralyzed to see a large female bear within one hundred feet of him.

"I shall never forget how big that bear looked to me at that moment," said Farmer Catlin. I had read all about their quiet ways and how they will avoid a tussle with a man. Now, thought I, here's a chance to astonish Patterson when he comes back from dinner. I'll kill that bear in about five seconds, and with that I up and took what I thought was the most deliberate aim at old bruin's head. The aim was poor; for instead of the beast dropping dead she gave a resounding grunt and leaped a foot or two in the air. The bullet had taken effect in the bear's nose, and was painful. In a second more the animal dashed toward me, swinging her head from side to side, and showing the largest and sharpest teeth I ever saw. I reached instantly for another cartridge, and found I had forgotten to take my cartridge-box with me. The sensation was dreadful. Perspiration started from every pore. I had no time to think, but everything flashed through my mind. I had nothing about me but a long and very sharp two-edged dirk-knife with which to defend myself, and there was that infuriated and hungry, powerful bear almost upon me. I reached for my knife and drew it from its sheath, at the same time running forward a foot to strike as powerful a blow as possible with my weapon. The beast struck against my legs and I nearly fell to the ground. I turned and in my haste gave the animal a savage cut across the back. At that the bear turned upon me more fiercely than ever. I had got upon my feet, and the bear struck me a powerful blow upon the breast. If I had not been prepared for it I would have fallen beneath the beast. I was then more than ever alarmed. It seemed as if that was my last day on earth. The next move I made was to attempt to put my long knife into bruin's heart. My body, however, was so close to that of the bear that the knife blade struck too close to the beast's shoulder to do any injury. Old bruin was more enraged than ever, and dealt me a blow with one of her great paws that seemed like a sledge hammer on my breast. I fell backward upon the ground. I thought then I was surely a goner. In an instant the animal was upon me again with her fore paws, and I reaching up gave her a great slash across the breast, from which great quantities of hot blood poured down upon me. Then we had a close embrace, during which my face and hands, as you see, were so terribly scratched and torn. I fought like a demon, and managed to keep the bear's awful jaws from closing upon me. I did not receive any severe hugs from the animal. I don't know how I did it, but I managed to hold on to my knife, with which I had given the old beast three deep digs and at the same time to grasp her about the waist. Then we rolled over twice, during which my heavy clothing was nearly torn off and my legs were terribly lacerated by the bear's hind paws, and I still continued to ward off those fatal jaws and hugs. My strength was beginning to fail and I realized I could not continue at this rate much longer. By almost superhuman strength I rolled upon my side, and, getting my right arm and hand free for an instant, I made a lunge at bruin which I meant should finish the beast. I struck exactly where I wished, under the left fore-paw. That blow did not strike the heart, but it struck in a pretty tender spot, for the bear fell upon me like a beef. My left arm, as you see here in a sling, was broken by the fall. The bear was helpless for a few minutes, and you can better believe I freed myself from the beast in a second. Once on my feet I ran, dripping with blood from my own and the bear's wounds, to our camp for a gun. Patterson arrived there at the same moment that I did, and was dumbfounded at my sanguinary appearance. I could scarcely speak because of my intense excitement, but told him in a few words of my awful experience. I could not return to the bear because of my broken

arm, but Patterson seized a rifle and instantly ran to the disabled beast. Upon approaching bruin Patterson thought her already dead. She lay in a great pool of her blood, and did not move a muscle. Incidentally he approached, and in curiosity overturned the bear with the stock of his rifle. At that moment she opened her eyes, and before you could say Jack Robinson she had given Patterson three or four scratches with both her front and hind paws. Some of the claws actually sunk over an inch in Patterson's hands and arms, which are marked for life. Those were the last scratches of bruin, for the next moment Patterson had jumped away from the infuriated but fatally wounded animal and sent two big bullets into the beast's head. We walked four miles for a physician, who set my arm and spent two hours plastering up our wounds. Then we hired two men to skin the beast. It weighed just 305 pounds, and its skin, which is in that box over there for your inspection, is five feet and three inches long. It was found that my knife had cut the bear's left jugular vein, and she would have bled to death in half an hour. If my knife had been even an inch shorter there is no doubt of my death then and there. Yes, we are going to have the old bear skin stuffed and set up at home on the farm as a souvenir of our first and last combat with a bear. The doctor says there are fifty-two deep scratches and lacerations upon me, and about half that number on Patterson. They are very painful, and I expect that neither of us will be any good about our farms for several weeks. For myself, I am only too glad to get away from old bruin with my life.

Habits of Eels.

A curious superstition still exists among waterside people to the effect that the skin of the eel will prevent cramp in a swimmer if worn about the ankles.

In the last century, and even into this one, almost all sailors wore their hair in thick cues, or "pig tails," and a large eel-skin was a favorite cover or sheath for this appendage. The oil of the fresh skin no doubt kept the hair soft, but it may have given an ancient and fishlike smell.

Eels are found in quantities in remote mountain streams, and yet, so far as we know, all of them are born in the sea, or at least, in salt water.

Eels do not breed in the fresh water streams. They are born alive and not hatched from eggs, as most fish are, and go up the rivers in millions almost as soon as they are born. Think what a number of little silver threads there must be, when so many escape their ravenous enemies and reach the upper streams.

They go up to the very spring heads, indeed, and often keep on from there, if they find wet grass. Who can tell why this instinct is implanted?

Most of those which go up the rivers and their branches never return to the sea. As they do not breed in fresh water, this is an other puzzle.

Eels grow very slowly. Dr. Abbott, a careful American naturalist, says that they do not double their weight in two years, no matter how well fed. Let us think, then, of the time it takes to grow to weigh 5 pounds from a few grains, and 5 pounds is not an uncommon weight for eels in mill pounds and such places.

There is no doubt whatever that eels can make quite long overland journeys, and at night they often leave the water to eat off on the shore. The observer quoted has seen this very recently. He noted that a place on the shore of a creek where refuse portions of fish had been left, at least 20 feet from the water, there were serpentine lines in the sand, leading from the decaying mass to the water.

With the eye of a naturalist he saw that they were not any mammal, or trachian, or insect. No muscle or sinew made such a path, and snakes generally glide so gently over sand so as to leave no trace of their passage.

Feeling certain that whatever made the tracks came at night, he went there after dark and found about a dozen small eels, feeding upon the decaying fish heads and entrails.

It is probably owing to this habit of eels, in leaving the water if attracted by decaying animal matter, that minks, cats—wild and tame—and other animals which are fond of fish, so often get a good catch by night prowling; and the heads of eels, found far from water, cause many people to suppose that minks and cats fish them out from their native element and carry them away to eat them. No doubt this sometimes happens.

In South America the great animals of the cat kind have often been observed to lie upon a tree trunk which overhung a river closely, and thence jerk out and land, with their sharp talons, unware fish of very large size.—*Golden Days.*

Wholly Past Kissing Time.

"Why that far-away look, dear?" he said, tenderly. "Are you gazing into the future and contemplating the restful happiness which is coming to you and me, love?"

"No, George," she replied, dexterously suppressing a yawn. "I was merely looking at the clock."—*The Epoch.*

A Fine Memory.

Brown—What have you got that string around your finger for, Robinson?

Robinson—to remind me of something I am to get for my wife; and, by thunder, I've forgot what it was.—*New York Sun.*

THE PHONOGRAPH AT WORK.

Test's With Edison's Experimental Instruments—Some Curious Combinations of Sounds.

Within the last week, says *The New York Evening Post*, Mr. Edison has so far finished some specimens of the type of phonograph which he intends to put on the market next January that many interesting tests are possible. While these experimental machines are not so perfect in their working as the finished ones will be, a very fair notion of what the coming phonograph will do may be obtained from them. These first machines are made from the parts of the original phonograph with which Edison worked six months ago, and lack the delicacy of action which may be safely expected from the machines to be manufactured with the aid of costly and very beautiful machinery which he has devised. A factory at Bloomfield is now working upon this machinery for turning out phonographs, and some parts of the instrument are already being made. The capacity of the Bloomfield factory will be about twenty-five phonographs a day at first, to be doubled should the demand warrant it. The first five hundred phonographs will be ready before the end of January, unless some expected delays occur. Orders for phonographs now come into the Edison laboratory in Orange at the rate of twenty a day from all parts of the world.

Yesterday Mr. Edison showed the only working phonograph now in his possession to a reporter, and though it was not in perfect adjustment, owing to the fact that it had been repeatedly taken apart and put together within the last week by machinists who are making tools for the wholesale manufacture, the results of certain tests to which the instrument was put were wonderful, and quite sufficient to show that the phonograph will be a perfectly practicable and commercial apparatus, and will do what Mr. Edison has claimed for it.

So far as the mechanism of the new phonograph may be described at present, it consists of a cylinder which revolves upon itself and also has a side movement governed by a very fine thread, so that a fixed pencil would trace upon the cylinder a spiral with the lines almost touching. The motive power used is electric motor devised by Edison himself, a very poor motor economically considered, but one which does its present work of turning the cylinder at an almost nominal cost and without noise, which is the great thing to be sought. The motor runs with four cells of a simple battery, which can be renewed at the end of each month for less than a dollar; with this power the phonograph will work for four or five hours every day during the month. Upon the cylinder is placed a sheet of soft substance somewhat resembling the wax used at times with the old phonograph. The chief feature of the new instrument made by Edison in the last six months in the phonograph consist in a radical change in the apparatus by which the vibrations of a diaphragm under the sound of voice are marked under the cylinder and also in the reproducing apparatus the two being entirely distinct, while in the old phonograph the same device was used for both purposes—to make the sound indentations and to reflect them when the phonogram was repassed through the machine.

The phonograms will be sold in the shape of small cylinders one and a quarter inches in diameter and from one to four inches in length. The one-inch phonograms will contain two hundred words or what is considered quite sufficient for an ordinary business letter; they will cost 15 cents a dozen. The full size phonograms of four inches in length will contain eight hundred to one thousand words, according to the rate of speed of the speaker, and will cost about 36 cents a dozen. Of course there is no manipulation of the apparatus necessary. It will occupy about the room necessary for a typewriter, the cells going in any closet or under the table. The motor will be boxed over, and nothing but the revolving cylinder and the mouth piece in view. One touch of a little switch sets the machine in motion. Then the mouth-piece is adjusted to the cylinder and the talking may begin; the same process is gone through when the machine is to read. It will be seen that the cost of the phonograms is a great deal more than that of letter paper, but provision is made for the use of the same phonogram over again twelve times if the messages which it contains are not worth keeping. A little knife is attached to the machine which takes a shaving off the surface of the phonogram seven-thousandths of an inch thick and gives a fresh surface, this process being repeated twelve times. The boxes for mailing the phonograms will be ready at the same time with the instruments, and resemble the old-fashioned wood-turned pill-boxes. Mr. Edison hopes to get the government to carry them at the same rate as letters.

The phonograms for the reduction of books or long pieces of music will be entirely different from the commercial sizes and will measure four inches in diameter by ten inches in length. Each phonogram of this size will contain about ten thousand words, or perhaps more, and, from tests made last week with "Nicholas Nickleby," that book will go into eight cylinders of this size. The duplication or multiplication of phonograms of books or music is now

the problem with which Edison is steady working.

The speed at which business letters can be dictated in a satisfactory manner to the phonograph has been a matter of considerable test during the last week. One of Edison's assistants has read from a book at the rate of 245 words a minute, or faster than most speakers, without making an unintelligent mess of the result. The speed at which a message is given the phonograph, of course, regulates the number of words which can be put upon one phonogram.

The instrument having been hastily adjusted yesterday morning in Mr. Edison's private room at the laboratory, the reporter was asked to go out of the room while Edison read out something to which the reporter was to listen.

This was done, and a small earphone was attached to the instrument and handed to a reporter upon coming back into the room. Owing to Edison's deafness the adjustment of the instrument was not perfect, and nothing but a confused jumble, sounding like half a dozen men in warm dispute, was the result.

The trouble was remedied at once by an assistant, and then Edison's voice came very clearly from the phone, reading off a list of geographical names, many of which the reporter had never heard before, but which were perfectly distinct. It must also be noted that there was considerable noise. When that was the case, it was only necessary to touch a spring in order to make the phonograph go back ten words, one hundred words, five hundred words at will when the sound became intelligible. A test made two days ago with the editor of a scientific paper, who listened while the phonograph read to him one page of "Nicholas Nickleby" resulted in his getting 80 per cent. of the words the first time, notwithstanding the rattle around him, and every word the second time.

It has been said that the phonograph's voice is about twice as loud as that of a good telephone. Yesterday it seemed a great deal more than that. Standing four feet away from the phone attached to the phonograph, it was easy to tell when it began to talk, and even to distinguish some words. The quality of the voice of the phonograph is far more characteristic of the voice of the speaker than that of the telephone; in other respects it rather resembles the telephone voice, but there is a delightful absence of the usual buzz of the telephone, due to induction along the lines.

A most curious effect of the phonograph is the impression it gives the listener of talking to another person. When it is necessary to make the machine repeat, one almost instinctively feels like apologizing for the trouble to the person at the other end of the line, and more than once the reporter was on the point of saying: "Have the kindness to say that over again." The notion that there is nothing before one but a machine is hard to acquire, and Edison's assistants say the same thing. There is so little machinery about the affair, and nothing but the operator to do except to listen, that the differences between operating the old phonograph, which was turned by hand, and the present machine, which runs itself, are tremendous. Besides reading in an ordinary tone of voice from a book, some experiments were made in superimposing one sound upon another. After reading a long list of geographical names, Mr. Edison toned the machine back and sang "Hail Columbia" right over the previous message. Then he turned it back again, and whistled "Yankee Doodle." The triple message was then given out by the phonograph, resulting in a most curious combination in which each part was perfectly distinct. The marvelous aptitude of the machine for whistling and musical sounds is quite as marked in the new instrument as in the old.

Within two weeks Mr. Edison hopes to have several machines ready for testing with sound-condensers or funnels, which will gather in the sound from a large area. At present it is necessary to talk to the phonograph just as one now talks to the receiver of a telephone, with the lips close to the mouth-piece. He hopes to make this unnecessary, and workmen are now making a large variety of sound condensers. Their use will be necessary for recording the music of an orchestra or the voices of a number of speakers.

An Oft-Worked Dodge.
Ex-millionaire—My son, you have ruined me.

Son—Have I? "My whole fortune has been squandered in paying your debts."

"Haven't you any real estate you can mortgage?"

"Nothing. We must move next week to a rented house. I can no longer support you. You must go to work."

"Well, I'll go into politics."

"Papers which knew your record will oppose you."

"That's all right. I'll claim they are opposing me because I am poor."

Omaha World.

Too Previous.
Lady patron—"I want to get some good rat poison."

Druggist (with embarrassment)—"Really, you are in great haste, aren't you?"

"Haste? I don't see it. What do you mean?"

"Well, you know you've only been married to your fourth husband two months and—"

"And?"

"For the sake of appearances you ought to wait a while. I am afraid you will have to go elsewhere for it."

Nebraska State Journal.

HERE AND THERE.

Seven-pound mushrooms grow in Tyrol. Virginia is the leading peanut-bearing state. A coal famine is in prospect at Los Angeles, Cal.

There are twelve vacancies in the corps of surgeons in the navy.

There is a drams shop for every forty-five inhabitants of Belgium.

The name of a man under arrest in Philadelphia for murder is Killer.

At Roaring Creek, W. Va., is a family of ten persons who weighs 2,440 pounds.

A fall of red snow is said to have taken place at Alleghany, Pa., a few days ago.

Large quantities of genuine cod have been taken by the Monterey, Cal., fishermen lately.

"Paint" signs are picketed at every corner in the senate and house chambers at the capitol.

A British Columbia legislator has resigned his seat in the lower house and joined the Mormons.

Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, is going to do his best this winter to have a navy-yard established on Puget sound.

The English consular reports are now stamped in the upper right-hand corner with the notice, "all rights reserved."

During the twelve months ending with October, 17 vessels and 127 men were lost in the Gloucester, Mass., fishing-grounds.

Oyster juice is what Paris doctors now prescribe for patients whose stomachs are too weak to hold any other kind of food.

The number of negroes who enlisted in the union army during the war of the rebellion, according to recent estimates, was 178,000.

A Nashville undertaker complied with the dying request of a woman who was recently buried in that city by interring her new bonnet with her body.

A centenarian has been found in Monmouth County, New Jersey, who was never twenty miles away from his birthplace, and who never saw a steamboat or a railroad.

Petroleum is being found in increasing quantities all over the islands of the Dutch East Indies, particularly in Sumatra and Java. Rich wells have been discovered in eastern Java.

Electric wires can not be placed underground in New Orleans because the water level is only three feet below the surface. Strong towers 150 feet high are to be erected on which to place them.

A party of scientists are boring in the soil of the Nile delta in search of rock. A depth of 300 feet has been reached, but no rock was found. The overlying soil to a depth of one hundred feet is sand.

The Zulu and Ethiopians of south Africa are to have a taste of Salvation army religion. Gen. Booth having ordered a squad of his soldiers to settle in that country. The army has already invaded Jerusalem.

Beef cattle at Tucson, Arizona, are cheap and in big demand, being bought up by San Francisco dealers. The cattle are in splendid condition. Stockmen are realizing 4 and 5 cents per pound, on foot, at the railroad depot.

The government of New South Wales offers a reward of \$125,000 to any person who will make known and demonstrate at his own expense any method or process not previously known in the colony for the effectual extermination of rabbits.

Although great quantities of peanuts are yearly shipped to Antwerp, but few are eaten by the Dutch. The nut is submitted to a treatment by which its oil is extracted

Lecturer's Department, National Grange.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD, Middlebush, New Jersey

The twenty-first annual session of the National Grange held at Lansing, Michigan, November 16 to 24, 1887, plainly proved the progress in the work of revival of this oldest and most complete farmers' organization. The Master of the National Grange, Put Darden, of Mississippi, in his annual address, said:

"The progress made in the work of our Order since we last met in annual session, is commendable and gratifying. Success has attended the efforts of our lecturers, as shown by the large number of dormant Granges that have been revived and by the establishment of 174 new Granges—an increase unusual if not unparalleled in an institution as old and well established as the Grange. The State Grange of Nebraska has been re-established and we have the pleasure on this occasion of welcoming Brother O. E. Hall, her worthy representative, to our meeting. We also have the pleasure of extending fraternal greetings through Brother Peckham, the Worthy Master, to Patrons in Rhode Island who have recently fallen into line with this farmers' movement, thus completing the circle of States, and making the Grange indeed and in truth a grand National organization."

The Grange organization is now twenty years old. It is no longer a theory, an experiment or an untried plan. It has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. If there had been no good in it it never could have lasted all these years. It is the largest and best organization farmers have ever had. Farmers' clubs and other local societies do good, much good, but their influence is local and not wide-spread. The Grange covers the whole country. It is local, State and National in its work. A single Grange has strength, but "strength united is stronger."

In common with all other forward steps in the world's history, the earlier days of the Grange were days of struggle, of misrepresentation. Yet even of persecution in some instances Even farmers then opposed it, or treated it with silent contempt. "He came to its own and his own received him not." Mistakes were made in its earlier work. Its own members did not always understand it. It sometimes fell into improper hands, or was used for wrong purposes. Still the child grew and waxed strong. "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

The Grange deserves success and success came. The Grange grew because it was right, founded on the right, on justice and on truth. It has succeeded because thousands of weary, isolated and lonesome toilers have felt the need of a bond of union the strength and support that comes from a union of strength; that farmers must have an organization as well as all other classes and professions. And so, silently as the morning sun, did it arise spreading its bright beams of hope to the farmers all over our land. It is really stronger than ever before. More new Granges were organized last year than for several years before. Maine added 1,100 to its membership and 11 new Granges; New Hampshire, 700 and 9 new Granges; Massachusetts more than doubled its membership, and 10 new Granges; Connecticut increased its members 150 per cent. and 16 new Granges; Pennsylvania, 1,700 new members and 18 new Granges; Texas, a large increase of membership; California, Idaho Territory a good increase. It has come to stay and is now one of the permanent institutions of our country. As permanent as are the churches or the common schools.

W. H. Stinson, of New Hampshire, Assistant Stewart of the National Grange, in his report at the annual session, said:

"It is most certainly a matter of hearty congratulation that the preservation of peace within our borders has not been at issue in the National Grange, but rather the benediction 'Blessed are the Peacemakers' has rested and hovered over the work of the Order during the year with a noted significance."

The unity and fraternity of the Grange has been apparent everywhere, whether knocking at the doors of Congress or of State Legislatures for the enactment of righteous and honest laws, or more quietly in its social and educational work at our frequent meetings, or at our homes and around the fireside circle.

To every thoughtful Patron it is evident that the Grange has brought more sunshine and good cheer to the agricultural classes of our country than any other society or association of similar design or purpose of work in this or of any other day or generation.

"The half has not been realized in benefits to the farming community that will yet come to the toiling yeoman of our Nation from this institution if the faithful, earnest united efforts of the past are continued by

our members. Let not your hearts grow weary in the efforts for a Secretary of Agriculture, for a Governmental telegraphic system, for amendments to the Patent Laws, and for other meritorious measures that are

"The Grange is not a temporary organization, gotten up to secure some revolutionary purpose. It is to agriculture what masonry is to charity. Founded as it is upon the great principles of truth, justice and equality, it is destined to live on and on, progressing with the march of improvement, the grand conservator of farmers' rights, promoting the general interests of all people. It has triumphantly battled through the experimental age, and been successfully and permanently established."

The Master of the National Grange also said:

"The Grange is the pioneer in the work of organization for the advancement and protection of agriculture, and as such it to-day occupies commanding ground. Through its regard for the rights and interests of others, and its conservatism in all things, it commands the respect of all classes, and its petitions are treated respectfully by the law-making bodies of the land. To it the farmers of America look for a wise and statesmanlike leadership that will, by and by, relieve agriculture of the hindering causes to prosperity. By pursuing a wise and firm, but patriotic and progressive course, it has reached its present high position in the estimation of people, and I feel sure that you, its present leaders, realizing your responsibilities, will nobly press on to the accomplishment of the aims of the Order as published in our Declaration of Purposes."

A Return to Fractional Currency.

The United States Postal Improvement Association is the name of an organization that has been formed to promote the re-issue of fractional currency, and also to secure a reduction in the postage on seeds and plants. Every planter now has to pay tax of 16¢ per pound on seeds, bulbs and cants, as that is the postage on this class of mail matter. It is desired to have seeds and plants classed as third-class mail matter, and subject to a rate of postage of one cent for each two ounces or eight cents per pound. The rate in Canada is only four cents per pound. Any plan that will facilitate the dissemination of plants and seeds is for the universal good of the nation, and will be supported by nine-tenths of our population. Incidentally it is desired to abolish the present postal note system and substitute therefore money orders for \$5 or less at a charge of three cents. The value and importance of this great facility to the mail business of the country will be generally recognized.

We heartily indorse this movement to increase our postal facilities. We urge all of our readers to immediately write to their representatives in both branches of Congress to give this matter their earnest and cordial support. The value of these personal letters to Congressmen from their constituents cannot be over-estimated. If this is followed up by the general circulation of petitions in behalf of these measures, success will be assured. The national grange in session at Lansing, Mich., unanimously voted on Monday to help this work for postal improvement in every possible and legitimate way. Success is certain, if every one in favor of these ideas will take hold in earnest.

There is continually an increasing evidence that the people desire the re-issue of fractional currency. At present a large majority of our citizens are hindered in making remittances in sums less than \$1, very much to their discomfort and dissatisfaction. Either postage stamps or postal notes must be used. In most cases, distance from the nearest money-order postoffice renders it difficult to secure the postal note, while postage stamps are not intended as a circulating medium, and are not negotiable. Moreover postal notes, being issued at only about 14 per cent of the postoffices in the country, are difficult to obtain. They are no safer than a fractional currency bill, while those who have experienced the delay necessary in our large towns and cities to secure one of these notes, as well as to collect the payment on it, will be in sympathy with the present movement to secure from Congress an early re-issue of fractional currency.

All who are interested in this matter are requested to apply at this office by mail or in person for circulars giving further information, blank petitions to Congress, etc. These may also be obtained free upon application to the secretary of the association Heribert Myrick of Springfield, Mass.

We shall be pleased to have our readers discuss this matter freely in our columns.

Professor Redom, the eminent German hygienist, says that the nervousness of women is generally owing to the notion that a hearty appetite is unfeminine, and to a lack of fresh air and exercise.

The Inventor of the Steam Engine—His Boyhood Days—Always Studious and Industrious.

In a small cottage at Greenock, near Glasgow, in Scotland, there was living, about a century and a half ago, a very right but delicate boy.

In many ways he was quite unlike other boys of his age. He was very fond of books, yet he disliked going to school so much that, being feeble in health, his parents kept him at home.

He was a very truthful boy. When any dispute took place between him and his playmates his father would always say: JAMES WATT.

"Let us hear what James says about it. From him I always get the truth."

When this boy was seven or eight years old a neighbor said to his father: "Why don't you send this lad to school? He is wasting his time doing nothing here at home."

"See what he is doing," was the father's reply, "before you say he is wasting his time."

The neighbor looked down at James, who was seated on the hearth. He was not amusing himself with playthings, but was very busy drawing triangles and curves and other mathematical lines. "You must pardon my hasty words," said the neighbor; "his education has been neglected; he is, indeed, no common child."

Not far away from his own home lived a aunt of James, with whom he often staid. One day the aunt found him in the kitchen studying her tea-kettle. He was bent over it, and was closely watching the steam which puffed from its spout. Then he would take off the lid, hold a cup over the steam, and carefully count the drops of water into which it was condensed. The aunt roundly scolded him for what she thought his trifling. She little dreamed that the boy was taking his first lesson in a science by the pursuit of which he was destined to change the whole character of the industries of the world, and win for himself an immortal fame.

James Watt's pastimes and tastes, indeed, from earliest boyhood were very different from those of other lads. His father kept a store for the sale of articles used by ships, and it was a favorite recreation of James to spend his time there among the oars, sails and tackle, finding out how they were made, and to what use they were levitated. He was often found in the evening, too, sprawled full length on theward of the hill near Greenock, gazing for hours together at the stars. Already an ambition to learn the great secrets of astronomy had arisen in his mind.

When he was fifteen years old young Watt was known in his neighborhood as a prodigy of learning for his age. He had now been to school for a year or two, and had ardently studied mathematics and natural philosophy. At the same time he had earned a great deal about mineralogy, chemistry, botany and physiology. Not only had he learned a great deal from books, but he understood how to apply his knowledge in many ways. He had become a good carpenter; he knew how to work in metals; and he took great delight in making hemispherical experiments in a little laboratory which he had fitted up at home. But perhaps the most wonderful thing that he did was to construct a small electrical machine, which astonished every one who saw it.

But the triumph of his life, bringing with it world-wide renown and ample wealth, came at last. Just a hundred years ago Watt set up his first complete steam-engine in London. It saved labor, and in many industries at once took the place of man and horse-power. All the world saw after a while what a wonderful machine it was; but no one then could have foretold to what uses the idea of Watt's engine was to be put. We, who live in the days of steamships, railways, great mills, elevators, and thousand other results of Watt's invention, can more clearly see of what enormous benefit it has been to mankind.

James Watt lived to a happy and prosperous old age, crowned with honors and revered by all his countrymen. He pursued his labors and researches to the end, and many were the ingenious devices which he invented. A fine statue of him stands in the museum at Glasgow, near which the little model of his steam-engine, made by himself, was long kept for every one to see. The visitor to Westminster Abbey may see among poets, statesmen, and the most famous of Britain's sons another statue of Watt, in a sitting posture, with an eloquent inscription by Lord Brougham.—*Our Young People.*

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There are said to be more students in the Maine Agricultural college than ever before.

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