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## SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL. EDITOR.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.

Advertising $2.00 an inch per month.

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THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, advertised in another column under the head of "Patents," certainly needs no one to "sing its praises," but notwithstanding this fact, we feel it an absolute duty to the general public, at least that portion of it which has never seen or heard of the paper, to tell them that such a "one is published" at the low price of $3 a year, and that its true value cannot be over-estimated. It stands at the head of all publications of its kind. A file of the paper may be seen at this office and subscriptions received.

### The Forum.

This Magazine has taken front rank among the truly great magazines for the people. Its popular articles on all sides of all questions, give it a value possessed by no other publication.

Among the writers for the early numbers of the Forum in 1888 will be Prof John Tyndail, of England; Justice Samuel F. Miller, of the United States supreme court; Prof. Emile de Lavelye, of Belgium; Judge Pitman, of Massachusetts; Canon Wilberforce, of England; Prof. John Stuart Blakcie, of Scotland; Andrew D. White, ex-Minister to Germany; Dr. Henry Maudsley, of England; William Crookes, the English chemist, Prof. Edward A. Freeman. the English historian; W. P. Mallock, the author of "Is Life Worth Living?"; Prof G. J. Romanes, of Scotland; Wilkie Collins, the English novelis; Senators Dawes and Cullom and Edward Everett Hale.

Mrs. Joseph Du Frane, an aged lady, who resided at 1119 Central avenue, north Topeka died suddenly Monday evening about 10 o'clock from heart disease at the grocery store of W. R. Evans, corner of Tenth street and Kansas avenue. Mrs. Du Frane had spent the afternoon and evening with her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Blake, who resides at the corner of Monroe and Tenth streets, and about 9 o'clock started home. Mr. Blake accompanied her to the avenue, where she intended taking a street car. After waiting a few minutes for a car she felt a peculiar feeling and was induced by Mr. Blake to go into the store and sit down. A cot was provided for and a physician sent for immediately, as the lady seemed to be in great distress, but before Dr. Jones arrived she threw her hands up above her head and exclaiming "I am dying," sank into a stupor from which she never rallied, and half an hour later she died. The husband and Mrs. Blake were both sent for but neither arrived until after Mrs. Du Frane had become unconscious. A. T. Gibb, the north side undertaker, was summoned and took charge of the remains.

The ball given by the "Oddities" on Monday evening was a highly interesting and enjoyable affair. About thirty couples participated.

Miss Della Perkins, teacher in the Quincy street schools, entertained her pupils at her home on Harrison street Monday. The house was full and the yard literally alive with them. All report a fine time.

Mr. Billard. of the Central Mill, was presented by his employees with a willow rocker as a testimonial of their good will. The donors were: J. H. Smith, R. V. Higgs, J. G. Bullard, H. B. Pitcher W. H. Humphry, Wm. Bowman, H. Overfeldt, John Kull, O. Z. Goodrich, F. P. Stump, J. M. Brown.

The State Teachers' Association met in our city from December 27 to December 29, inclusive.

Wm. Hodson, paymaster of the C., K. & N., has returned from a trip over the western lines of the popular "Rock Island route."

Mr. William Spangler has completed an elegant new residence on Central avenue, which is a very handsome one both in design and finish.

Mrs. R. B. Quinton of Denmark, Iowa, mother of Probate Judge Quinton and E. S. Quinton will spend the holidays in Topeka.

Messrs. Lamaster, Winn & Bryan have made arrangements to put in a cracker factory plant in the rear of their bakery and confectionery establishment. It is understood that the machinery has been ordered and work will be commenced in a short time.

The matter of putting in an electric light plant on the north side seems to be meeting with universal favor from the business men in the first ward. They consider that there is no reasonable excuse for the delay they have had, and may still be subjected to in securing the incandescent light, and that they are amply able to furnish light for themselves. It may result that a plant will be put in in the near future.

The Rock Island road gives notice that taking effect December 27, a reduction of 25 per cent. off full tariff rates will be made on shipments of lumber to be used in the construction of corn cribs, destined to points on the line of this company in Iowa and Missouri river points. Also, that when shipments of fruit and vegetable are accompanied by stoves and lining in order to protect property from frost, the stoves and lining will be returned free to point of shipment on this line.

GRANITEVILLE, S. C., May 13th, 1887.

Dr. SHALLENBERGER,

Rochester, Pa. Dear Sir: I have been using your Malaria Pills for two years and find nothing equal to them for chills and Malaria. We have had no doctor in our family, but when any of us feel badly we take the Antidote, and are soon all right. Would not be without the medicine for any money.

Respectfully yours, GODFREY GREEN.

Word was received at the United States attorney's office Thursday from Kiowa that five horse thieves, from whom the United States officials have been on the outlook for some time, had been captured and bound over for trial. They were placed in jail at Wichita. The gang had been operating in the Indian territory.

Governor St. John will leave for California next Monday, and remain till March, delivering addresses. In March he goes to Sandwich Islands with his wife and daughter, under auspices of the W. C. T. U. In April he will make ten speeches in Oregon, after which he will return home. The latter part of June will be devoted to Nova Scotia, where he is to make some fifteen speeces.

SENATOR INGALLS is a lawyer and is 54 years old. Senator Plumb is a printer by trade, was admitted to the bar in 1861, and is 50 years old. Congressman Morrill is a banker, and is 53 years old. Congressman Funston is a well-to-do farmer, and is 51 years old. Congressman Perkins is a lawyer, and is 46 years old. Congressman Ryan is a lawyer, and is 50 years old. Congressman Anderson is a minister by profession, and is 53 years old. Congressman Turner is a lawyer, and is 41 years old. Congressman Peters is a lawyer, and is 45 years old.

Married—Thursday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents in Rossville, Mr Frank N. Binus, an industrious young carpenter of North Topeka, to Miss Anna M. Wilt, of Rossville. A number of the friends of the contracting parties from the first ward witnessed the ceremony.

### Big Reduction.

25 per cent. discount on Millinery at Mrs. Metcalf's 803 Kansas Avenue. Some new novelties offered at a great sacrifice.

Harper's Magazine has accepted an article by Prof. Robert Hay, of Junction City, and paid him liberally for it, on "Kansas, the Central State." It will appear in an early number, with many illustrations.

Mr. J. M. Worrell, of White City, is staying a few days with friends and relatives in the city. Mr. Worrell is a relative of F. J. West, of the Rock Island. He claims White City is booming and that there are some fine openings for business. The city is offering $1,000 to any one who will start a flouring mill.

On Tuesday evening Mr. J. B. Marshall, leader of Marshall's military band was presented by the members of that excellent aggregation, with a new elaborately finished baton. It is made of mahogony, mounted with a fine ivory head and gold hands. Mr. Fred C. Lacy made a happy presentation speech and Mr. Marshall responded in manner suitable to the occasion.

The meeting of the North Topeka board of trade on Tuesday evening was not well attended and little business of importance was introduced. Judge Carey, the gentleman who recently struck a rich vein of coal on his farm north of the city, was present and gave a very flattering report regarding his coal find. He wishes to form a local company to develop the discovery.

The young people's bible class of the Baptist Sunday school have organized a singing club, with their teacher, Mr. J. A. Lukens, as leader. They have purchased new books with a choice selection of appropriate music, and held their first musical rehearsal at the residence of Mr. Lukens, 1009 Central avenue, on Wednesday evening. They propose to give a series of musical entertainments during the winter months, of which due notice will be given.

The daily Capital, since its recent improvement, is now a real metropolitan newspaper. It is better for the general reader than the unwieldly Kansas City papers with their pages of block advertising. Every Kansan must feel proud that we have such a newspaper representative. Its last enterprising move is to send a special correspondent to Washington after the style of the most entergetic New York dailies.

The parties interested in the proposed new North Topeka, Silver Lake and Rossville Rapid Transit railway, were very jubilant Friday afternoon, when the reports came in that the bonds had certainly carried in Silver Lake township. It is thought that now there can be no doubt as to the success of the enterprise. The proposition will be immediately submitted in the several other townships and it is believed that each of them will vote in favor of granting bonds to this highly meritorious enterprise. The result of the election was number of votes cast 228. For the bonds 148; against, 80. Majority for the bonds 68. When last heard from the people of the lake were "ratifying."

D. P. Elder, pl't'ff. vs. T. J. Massey, Def't. } Before M. M. Hale, a J. P. in and for the city of Topeka, Shawnee County, State Kansas.

The defendant in the above entitled cause is hereby notified that on the 8 day of Dec. 1887 he was sued before said Justice of the Peace for the sum of $36.00 and money owing said defendant garnisheed in the hands of Fred Payne and that said cause is set for trial at 9 o'clock a. m. on the 25 day of January 1888. D. P. ELDER, Pl't'ff.

Attest: M. M. HALE, Justice of the Peace.


H. REISNER,

Candy Factory.

807 Kan. Ave. NORTH TOPEKA

Candy Cheap and Lots of it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## THIEVING INDIANS.

**Troubles between Tribes In and Out of the United States.**

"Canada makes no effort to prevent marauding bands of Indians from leaving their reservations under the control of the Dominion government," said Lieut. George B. Backus, of the 1st cavalry, who is on a leave of absence from Fort Buford, "and until, some steps are taken in that direction just so long will there be Indian troubles along the frontier. Besides our forts are too far from each other, and especially from one of the main entrances used by the raiding Indians, to be of any practical service in preventing such forays. Take Fort Buford, for one instance, eighty miles from the boundary line, Assiniboine, forty miles distant from the same point. There is a long stretch of country, about two-hundred miles between these forts and the rocky mountains, and through one of these passes the Indians make their entrance into the United States. They are for the most part Bloods, or as they are known, East Crees, and they confine their depredations to peaceably disposed Indians like the Assiniboines, and settlers, but are careful to give the war-like Gros Ventres a wide berth. Their raids are for the most part for the purpose of running off horses, and they usually come across the line in parties ranging from ten to twelve at the most. Mingling among the friendly Piegans after they have run off a number of horses, they take a good rest and recuperate, and in the meantime it is utterly impossible to detect them, owing to the care taken of them by their allies. The point at which they come into the States is noted for the abundance of water and facilities for grazing, and, in my opinion, another fort could be profitably located on the Piegan reservation and would act as a check in preventing these incursions.

"Whenever any of our Indians steal stock from their Canadian brethren, and they are caught, the stolen property is promptly given up; but on the other side of the line it is different. What the Bloods steal they keep, unless they are detected before they get out of this country and then they are forced to abandon their plunder. Our Indians complain bitterly about the injustice thus manifested and say: 'When *we* take anything from the Canadians our agents make us give it back; but when the Canadians rob *us* they are permitted to keep it.' There is some show of reason in their argument. These raids can only be stopped by cavalry, but the force that we now have at our disposal to guard this immense territory comprises only about four troops of about fifty men each. There should be fifty-five men in a complete troop, but we are short, of our number at both forts. Then too, the smallness of raiding parties makes their discovery difficult, and it frequently occurs that a trail is three or four hours old ere we start in pursuit, and the results are consequently very meager. I think during the past year our troops have compelled raiding bands of Canadian Indians to give up fifteen ponies, and these were dropped behind when the chase became too hot for the enemy."—*St. Paul Globe.*

### The Lady and the Horse Car.

From the curb stone—"Driver!"

"Whoa!"

"Driver! Driver!! Stop the car!"

"W-h-o-a! Ride, Madam?"

"Does this car cross Fifth street?"

"Yes'm; jump in."

"How near to X street does it go on Fifth street?"

"Within three blocks. Ride, ma'am?"

"Can't you go any nearer than that?"

"Not without pulling up the tracks. The passengers inside are getting anxious ma'am."

"How dare you try to hurry me. I'll get in and ride just as soon as I get ready. How long long does it take to go to Fifth street?"

"About an hour and a half sometimes. Twenty minutes is the schedule. It depends on who wants to ride."

"I'll report you, sir. Why, there comes another car right behind you."

A groan rises from the car platform. "I should think you'd be ashamed to be caught up with in that way. I think I'll take that other car, it isn't nearly so crowded."—*Merchant Traveler.*

### Hardships of a Western Editor.

"Our paper is two days late this week," writes a Nebraska editor, "owing to an accident to our press. When we started to run the edition on Wednesday night, as usual, one of the guy ropes gave way, allowing the forward glider-fluke to fall and break as it struck the flunker-flapper. This, of course, as any one who knows anything about a press will readily understand, left the gang-plank with only the flip-flap to support it, which also dropped and broke off the wapper-chock. This loosened the flunking iron between the ramrod and the flibber-snatcher, which also caused trouble. The report that the delay was caused by over-indulgence in intoxicating stimulants by ourself is a tissue of falsehood, the peeled appearance of our right eye being caused by our going into the hatchway of the press in our anxiety to start it, and pulling the coupling pin after the slap-bang was broken, which caused the dingus to rise up and welt us in the optic. We expect a brand new glider-fluke on this afternoon's train."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## Scientific Miscellany.

The amount of force exerted by heat and cold in expansion and contraction of metal is equal to that which would be required to stretch or compress it to the same extent by mechanical means.

In addition to supplying crops with the necessary moisture, rain has a distinct manurial value. At Rothamsted, the well-known farmer of Sir John R. Lawes, it has been shown that, with an annual rainfall of little less than thirty-two inches, each acre of land receives every year in the rain water over fourteen pounds pure chlorine, seventeen pounds of sulphuric acid, and between two and three pounds ammonia.

In one of his lectures before the Royal Institute, London, Prof. Lodge illustrated the lately discovered fact that smoke and dust are removed by electricity by exhibiting a couple of glass jars filled with smoke and dust, and which were instantly rendered clear by discharging through them a current of electricity, on a large scale, over London would be as effective.

Alfred Carpenter, of the Marine Survey Office, Bombay, has observed Macacus monkeys on the Island of South Burmah opening oysters with a stone. They bring the stone from high water mark down to low water, selecting such stones as they can easily grasp. They effect the opening by striking the base of the upper valve until it dislocates and breaks up. They then extract the oyster with the finger and thumb, occasionally putting the mouth straight to the broken shell. The way they have chosen is the easiest way to open the shell.

The interesting statement is made in the last municipal reports of the corporation of Chelsea, near London, that contrary to what has generally been assumed in the relations of occupation and health, the sewermen of that place show marvelous health, and vitality, notwithstanding they spend seven hours daily in the sewers, often in cramped up positions, dealing with offensive and dangerous matter. One of the sewermen, who is now pensioned off, is 86 years old, and was a sewerman for more than twenty-eight years; another who is yet at work is 74, and has followed his occupation more than thirty years.

It is asserted by Mr. Ashburner, the geologist, that not only is natural gas not a modern or recent discovery, but that even its utilization for the purpose of the mechanic arts was long ago successfully attempted in China, where, by pipes of bamboo, it was conveyed from natural wells to suitable furnaces, and by means of terra-cotta burners of suitable size and construction was consumed. Of its origin, concerning which so many divers theories have been advanced, Mr. Ashburner is strongly of the opinion that the gas arises from the decomposition of forms of animal or vegetable life imbedded in the rocks in certain situations.

### A Little Fun at Home.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

So said the old poet Horace, and although he wrote in Latin, he was not far from right after all. So do not be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Do not shut your houses least the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, least a laugh should shake down a few old musty cobwebs, that are hanging there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearth-stone, they will seek it at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly in winter, and let the doors and windows be cheerfully thrown open in summer, and make the homestead delightful with those little arts that parents so well understand. Do not repress the spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment within doors and merriment of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little home sanctum.—*Christian at Work.*

### The Missourian's Rage.

"You killed a fellow two or three weeks ago, didn't you?"

"Yes, I laid a duck out in good shape."

"Who was he?"

"Some newspaper reporter."

"How did it happen?"

"Why, he came around axin' a lot of fool questions about my dad. He axed how old he was, and when I said he was 80, the fellow called him an octogenarian. I don't allow no duffer to call my old man names, so I just plugged him and he dropped."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

### A New Idea.

Sam Peterby, who has a great deal of literary ability, recently submitted an unfinished novel to a friend for criticism. The friend examined it, and upon Peterby asking for a candid opinion, the former said:

"What in the mischief do you mean by killing off all the characters in the fourth chapter?"

"Ha! that's a splendid idea of mine. In the fifth chapter I am going to trot out all their ghosts and have them kill each other off. It is going to be one of the most spirited novels of the day."—*Texas Siftings.*

## NATURAL GAS.

**Account of a Correspondent's Visit to a Village Lighted by Natural Gas.**

It has long been known that natural gas was put into use at Fredonia, N. Y., more than half a century ago, but no detailed description of the manner of its use or the quantity or quality of the gas has been known to be in existence. A gentleman of Indianapolis has found in *Brewster's Journal* of 1830 the following full account of a correspondent's visit to a "village lighted by natural gas:"

The village of Fredonia, in the western part of the state of New York, presents this singular phenomena.

I was detained there a day in October of last year, and had an opportunity of examining it at leisure.

The village is about forty miles from Buffalo, and about two from Lake Erie; a smaller but rapid stream, called the Canodoway, passes through it, and, after turning several miles, discharges itself into the lake below; near the mouth is a small harbor with a light-house.

While removing an old mill which stood partly over this stream, in Fredonia, three years since, some bubbles were observed to break frequently from the water, and on trial, were found to be inflammable. A company was formed, and a hole an inch and a half in diameter being bored through the rock, a soft feted limestone, the gas left its natural channel and ascended through this.

A gas meter was erected (or constructed) with a small house for its protection, and pipes being laid, the gas is conveyed through the whole village. One hundred lights are fed from it—more or less—at an expense of $1.50 yearly for each.

The flame is large, but not so strong or brilliant as that from the gas in our cities; it is, however, in high favor with the inhabitants. The gasometer, I found on measurement, collected eighty-eight cubit feet in twelve hours during the day, but the man who has charge of it told me that more might be procured with a larger apparatus.

About a mile from the village, and in the same stream, it comes up in quantities four or five times as great.

The contractor of the light-house purchased the right to it, and laid pipes to the lakes, but found it impossible to make it descend, the difference in elevation being very great.

It preferred its own channel, and bubbled up beyond the reach of his gasometer. The gas is carburretted hydrogen, and is supposed to come from beds of bituminous coal; the only rock visible, however, here, and to a great extent on both sides along the southern shore of the lake, is feted limestone.

### "Hobson's Choice."

Did you know that this familiar phrase. "Hobson's Choice," preserves the memory of a very good and useful man? Thomas Hobson was born in 1544; he was for sixty years a carrier between London and Cambridge, conveying to and from the University letters and packages, also passengers. In addition to his express business he had a livery stable and let horses to the University students. He made it a rule that all the horses should have, according to their ability, a proper division of work and rest. They were taken out in regular order, as they stood, begining with the one nearest the door. No choice was allowed, and if any man refused to take the animal assigned to him he might go without any. That or none. Hence the phrase, "Hobson's Choice."

In the Spring of 1630, the plague broke out in England. The colleges of Cambridge were closed, and among the precautions taken by the authorities to avoid infection, Hobson was forbidden to go to London. He died in January, 1631, partly, it is said, from anxiety and fretting at his enforced leisure. Hobson was one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge, and did much for the benefit of the city, to which he left several legacies. His death called forth many poems from members of the University, officers and students, among them two by the poet Milton, then a student at Christ's College.—*Wide Awake.*

### Mistaken Identity.

Confidence man (to stranger whose name he had learned from the hotel register)—"Hello, General! Glad to see you in Boston, and hope you are well and happy."

General Scabbard—"Well enough in health, thank you though not exactly happy, but perhaps you can help me."

C. M. (confused)—"In what way?"

G. S.—"I am not much acquainted here and have a check which I wish to get ca—. Well, bless my heart, how that man can travel. Thinks he is in danger of being fleeced by one of his own kind."—*Boston Budget.*

### Very Singular.

Prof. Snore, the absent-minded Professor of the University of Texas, recently put his foot in it again. It was at the Gubernatorial Mansion at a reception. Meeting Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin, he said:

"Good evening, Madame, is your husband here this evening?"

"Why, Professor, don't you know that I am still single?" replied Esmerelda, blushing.

"Is that so? So you are still single. Then I suppose your husband is also single. Give him my regards when you meet him."—*Texas Siftings.*

### The Hour Before Bedtime.

The hour before bedtime, in the early dark of winter days, is, perhaps, the most trying for a mother with a brood of young children. A quiet, fireside game that calls for low-toned voices and no running of little feet, sitting sometimes in their nighties by the warm hearthstone while baby's head sleepily droops lower and lower, the half lights of the fire play softly over the eager, trusting little faces upturned to yours, is easier, often, for a spent mother to follow than a good-night story.

We had several such games for our little folks, some of them original, and some of them ourselves played, when a little child sitting by our mother's knee, in the firelight that has forever gone out in the old home.

Game No. 1.—Mamma and each child wise enough to count six is given six kernels of corn, or six beans, or six buttons. (Ten is the original number, but we limit to six to simplify and abreviate the game. Then mamma slyly slips from one to six kernels into her right hand—no one must see how many—and, turning to her right-hand-neighbor, briefly asks in a whisper: "Hull-gull?" That neighbor promptly replies: "Handfuls!" To which mamma laconically responds: "Parcel how many?" The waiting little man or maiden eagerly scans the closed hand as though to read the number hidden within. "Two," he answers as a guess.

"I hold five; you must give me three moneys," and in proof of her statement shows on her open palm five kernels of grain.

This right-hand neighbor pays her due out of his store, and then, hiding in own his pink-tinted, or chapped, or grimy little fist from one to three grains of corn, whispers to his right-hand neighbor the old query: "Hull-gull?"

"Handful," she answers, mentally guessing how many kernels his closed hand holds.

"Parcel now many?" is the next question, and on receiving the answer "three" jubilantly assures her that she owes him two of her yellow coins for a single grain he held in his right hand.

So the game goes on from left to right, round the happy group before the fire, each paying his due, which is always fixed by the number of coins between those held and those guessed, and if the guess is correct just so many coins is forfeited to the right hand neighbor.

When one has parted with all his money he is dropped from the game, unless some trusting friend will lend him a coin or two, with which new capital he can again commence business, though if bed time be too near, mamma will not allow such extension of the game.

Whoever wins all the kernels wins the game.—*Home Journal.*

## A PERFECT WOMAN.

**Her Thirty Points, According to the Spanish, and Her Fifteen, According to the American.**

It was a very old Spanish writer who said that a "woman is quite perfect and absolute in beauty if she has thirty good points." Here they are.

Three things white—the skin, the teeth, the hands.

Three black—the eyes, the eyebrows, the eyelashes.

Three red—the lips, the cheeks, the nails.

Three long—the body, the hair, the hands.

Three short—the teeth, the ears, the feet.

Three broad—the chest, the brow, the space between the eyebrows.

Three narrow—the mouth, the waist, the instep.

Three large—the arm, the loin, the limb.

Three fine—the fingers, the hair, the lips.

Three small—the bust, the nose, the head.

Well suppose she has all these good physical points, she would still not be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," unless she had the following intellectual and moral points:

1. Intelligence.
2. Mildness of temper.
3. Modesty.
4. A kind disposition.
5. Ability to wash and iron a shirt.
6. A willingness to sew on a button.
7. Patience.
8. A soft melodious voice.
9. Gentleness.
10. Courage.
11. Faith that knows no faltering.
12. A bouyant hope.
13. Cleanliness of person.
14. Taste in dress.
15. A loving heart.

### A Strange Pair of Lovers.

A singular attachment exists between a pig and a half-grown cat belonging to Mr. John Grover, of Norwalk, Conn. Shortly after he had purchased the pig a kitten less than 3 weeks old accidently fell into the pen. The pig instead of devouring the intruder, seemed pleased with his new companion and showed it every attention consistent with his hoggish nature. The attachment was reciprocated by the kitten, which soon made itself at home, and is now to be seen any day, whether the porker is walking or sleeping, perched upon his back or curled up under his left ear. The pig guards the kitten with jealous care and shows the most vigorous hostility toward any one who attempts to molest or pet her.—*New York World.*

## PITH AND POINT.

Wise men hesitate; only fools are certain.—*Whitehall Times.*

A cotton boom makes quite a business bustle.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

As a choice of evils, a well behaved blizzard beats a winter fog.—*Chicago Herald.*

A man's temper is one of the few things which improve by disuse.—*Boston Transcript.*

It doesn't abbreviate a three months' note to have the indorser make a minute of it.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Theaters would not feel the need of calcium and electric light if stage stars were all of the first magnitude.—*New Haven News.*

The discourse of the spirits at a spiritualistic seance are of course always listened to with rapped attention.—*Merchant Traveler.*

It seems to be French scripture to visit the sins of the son-in-law upon the head of his wife's father.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Man wants but little here below," doesn't apply to the man who goes down cellar to look at your gas meter.—*Burlington Free Press.*

If coal goes up much higher during the next few weeks, this long-suffering nation will have to eat its Christmas turkey raw.—*Chicago News.*

"There is beauty in extreme old age," seems to be the motto of the grocer who makes a specialty of country butter.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

The red flag species of Socialists don't want the earth. They want the land and the lager. The rest of the folks can have the water.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

"I hate a man who uses toe-back-oh!" exclaimed young Podger, when his girl's irate progenitor kicked him down the front steps.—*Charlestown Enterprise.*

There is a colored man in Texas 117 years old, with 1,000 descendents. There was a gardner in Eden who has over one billion living descendents.—*Boston Globe.*

"How are the collections to-day?" asked a man of a bill collector yesterday. "Slow, very slow; can't even collect my thoughts," was the reply.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The Calcutta woman who had a solid cut-glass bedstead made for her will save lots of time generally wasted in looking under the bed for a man.—*Philadelphia News.*

The man who found it impossible to keep down a dozen oysters he had swallowed referred to a poor grade of whiskey as the power behind the throne.—*Lincoln Journal.*

If the rowdy West has nothing better than the blizzard to offer in return for the coal she gets from Pennsylvania, we might just as well close the account and stop trading.—*Philadelphia Press.*

An agricultural exchange asks "Do you know that the hog feeds regularly?" Yes, he sits at the next table to us, and he is there three times a day, as regularly as the steward rings the bell.—*Dakota Blizzard.*

"Tommy," said his aunt, "I hear your grandmother gave you a watch on your birthday. Was it a hunting case watch?" "No," replied Tommy, who is 7 years old, "it was a barefaced watch.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

An English medical journal has offered a prize to anyone who discovers the cause of baldness. We do not know how it is in England but in this country baldness is generally caused by a loss of hair.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

First turkey (a youthful bird)—"Well, thank goodness, we've escaped the Thanksgiving Scylla." Second turkey (of mature experience)—Yes, but I tremble when I think of the Christmas Charybdis.—*New York World.*

A Boston orator recently made the assertion that our national banner was eloquent in every fold—that it spoke with no uncertain sound. The Boston man has things mixed. He was evidently misled by the flag's-tone.—*Cleveland Sun.*

"Music," said Dr. Johnson, "is the least disagreeable of all noises." The learned doctor did not know everything. He never lived next door to a cornet amateur, a young brass band or a piano-banging young lady.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

Reports of rich mineral finds in Arizona should be received with a good deal of salt. Arizona is rich in mineral resources, but can produce more talented liars to the square mile than any other portion of the United States.—*St. Louis Republican.*

### Drew the Line at the Bustle.

In a desertion case heard by Judge Pershing, Monday, the defendant husband swore he never bought anything for his wife—his mother always attended to that. When the old lady was put on the stand she said:

"I always bought everything she wanted."

"You never refused her anything she asked for, did you?" asked her son's attorney.

"Well, I did refuse to buy her a bustle. I told her we never used them in our family, and if she wanted one she must get her husband to buy it for her."—*Pottsville Chronicle.*

### And It Didn't Come Down.

"Hello, Brown! Have you any new factories going up at Hellebore, this fall?"

"Yes; our powder factory went up last week.—*Burlington Free Press.*

## EUROPEAN TROOPS.

**Praise for the Italians and Swiss, but England has the Model Soldier.**

Col. Clark, of the 7th regiment, who has just returned from a three month's leave in England and the continent, had his eyes on things military while across the water, says *The New York Herald*.

What he saw to admire among soldiers over there he will tell in the December number of *The 7th Regiment Gazette*, a sprightly little periodical, edited and published by members of the regiment.

Soldiers are met so frequently over there as to impress him with the magnitude of the burden their support must entail. The english soldier, he says, is a model in appearance. He is strong and athletic, very erect, with a most soldierly carriage. His uniform is clean, handsome, and well fitting, and when seen on duty, with a natty little cap perched jauntily on the side of his head, cane in hand and well gloved, "he is in apperance the most distinguished soldier in the world." Distinctive uniforms add greatly to the *esprit de corps* of the army, for every uniform has a history and a record that is to be maintained. While he deems the English volunteers a powerful adjunct for national defense, he thinks their organization and system in many respects inferior to our National guard.

The armies of Holland and Belgium are insignificant, he thinks, compared with those of the great powers of Europe. The soldiers of these countries seem to have no pride in their military duties, are not very muscular or well set up, are clean but very slouchy, and their uniform, which greatly resembles the service uniform of this state, is in strong contrast with the handsome and close-fitting dress of the English troops.

Mr. Clark's reference to the French soldier is very timely, and in view of the present condition of affairs they are very interesting: "French soldiers are a disappointment, for they seem spiritless dull, and despondent. They move about listlessly, are slouchy in gait and appearance, are not always neat and clean, do not appear to be educated or specially intelligent; in short, are not at all the ideal soldiers of the period. Their drill, as observed in and about Paris, was careless and indifferent, and their discipline is inferior."

"The republic is not a success in the fostering of the French martial spirit or maintaining the esprit de corps which prevailed in former times. The statue of the City of Strasburg stands in the Place de la Concorde among the memorial statues in honor of the great French cities, draped with garlands and emblems of morning; the Champs de Mars is being occupied by immense buildings for a great industrial exhibition; all emblematic of departed or departing military power and glory. The hope of France in the future seems to be in a peaceful industry rather than in successful military achievements. But with the dissatisfaction generally existing in France, and especially in Paris, with the present condition of public and business affairs, no one can predict what change is imminent or what a revolution may do to revive the martial spirit for which that country was once famous."

Of Alsace and Lorraine he says: "A tourist entering Germany at Strasburg is impressed with the magnitude and perfection of the military establishment of the empire. The extensive and wonderful fortifications, constructed by the most eminent French engineers, have been repaired or renewed, and another great line of military defenses of recent construction encircles the city. An immense garrison of troops, with every possible military appliance, indicates that the Germans are in the late French provinces to stay.

"The German soldier, as seen at Strasburg and in other parts of the empire, is the result of a most careful and thorough military organization for a long series of years and of a military system that has reached perfection. He is an educated man, physically and mentally, and a part of his education is acquired under military discipline. He is not so dashing in his appearance as the English soldier, but he shows in his figure the result of thorough training in athletic and gymnastic exercises, and there is an air and expression of intelligence and mental culture about the German soldier not seen in the army of any other nation. His uniform is scrupulously neat and clean; he is sober, quiet, respectful, and obedient; he is faithful, loyal, and patriotic. My observation of the German soldier leads me to think that in physical development, in military education in every detail, and in general education, which includes the knowledge of several languages, the German soldier has no superior or equal."

The Swiss establishment he considers something like our National guard. The men "are plainly but comfortably uniformed, passably well drilled, of good physique, and are active, sprightly, and patriotic."

"The Austrian army is large and imposing, but its material does not compare favorably with that of the English and German armies, physically or intellectually, except in some favorite or select battalions. The soldiers of Austria proper are superior in appearance, more elegant and cleanly in dress, and more soldierly in bearing than those from Bohemia, Hungary, and other parts of the Austrian empire, but there is a servile manner about most of them which must be the result of the despotic character of the government, rather than good militiary discipline. Some soldiers from the Austrian provinces are so poorly and cheaply unformed, so untidy in person, and so very slouchy and unsoldierly in carriage and bearing that a looker-on in Vienna' is obliged to doubt the military efficiency and success of an army composed in part of material of that character."

The Italians he likes better than the Austrians, and thinks they will compare "favorably with those of France and Austria, and, considering the brief existence of the kingdom, resulting from Italian unity, deserve special notice. They are active and sprightly, well uniformed and equipped, and appear to be in a fair state of drill and discipline. In appearance and in spirit they well represent a country that is rapidly improving and developing under its present government, but why it is necessary to burden this fair, sunny land, so very old, and yet so very young in modern civilization, with the support of so large an army only those wise in European statesmanship can explain."

## THREE TROUBLESOME CRANKS.

**Gen. Grant, Secretary Lamar, and Secretary Frelinghuysen's Experiences With Them.**

A Washington letter to *The New York Mail and Express* says: Detective Henry Kolb, of the white house, who knows more about cranks than any other man in the country, tells a story of Gen. Grant's encounter with one of these fellows.

"One afternoon during President Grant's first term," said Mr. Kolb, "a tall, stylishly dressed man, about 45 years of age, came to the main entrance and in a very dignified manner demanded to see the president. I informed him that the president was not receiving that day. 'Ah,' he rejoined, with the utmost *sang froid*. 'Gen. Grant is always at home to republican members of congress.' It was during the session of congress, and believing the caller was what he represented himself to be, I pointed out the way to the reception room up-stairs. He quickly disappeared up the velvety stairway, and I resumed conversation with an acquaintance. Pretty soon there was a commotion at the head of the steps and the usher up there sang out: 'Come up here, Kolb, quick.' I bounced up stairs and into Gen. Grant's office, and there was the 'congressman' gesticulating wildly, talking loudly and following the president about the apartment in a very excited manner.

"The president was as cool as a norther, but there was an angry gleam in his eyes. 'Put this fellow out!' he commanded, imperatively, and as I seized Mr. Congressman the president quietly resumed his seat at the desk and continued his work as though nothing had happened. After a brief struggle I got the fellow to the head of the stairs and told him I would throw him down if he did not go peaceably. He went. It was several days before I learned the true cause of the disturbance. In the meantime the president rebuked me for not being more careful who I admitted into the building. 'I am not afraid of such fellows,' he said, 'but they annoy me and occupy valuable time, all of which you could avoid by not admitting them.' Had I known at the time what the fellow had done I would have handed him over to the police. I learned the particulars from one of the children. He came in, said that he had been elected to congress from the Baltimore district by 1,000,000 republican majority, and that notwithstanding that fact his seat in the house was still occupied by a democrat. He wished the president to go to the capitol with him at once and demand that the democrat be ousted forthwith. The Gen. not only refused to do this, but he touched the button and summoned his doorkeeper. In the meantime, before my arrival on the scene, the crank followed the president about threatening dire vengeance unless the president should go to the capitol. I have always believed that Gen. Grant narrowly missed being assaulted or perhaps assassinated on that day, as the crank was in a white-heat rage when I fired him out of the white house."

The detective described how the late Secretary of State Frelinghuysen was grappled by a German, who wished to be made a special envoy to England and Canada for the purpose of working a secret scheme to overthrow the English government, raise the stars and stripes over St. James' castle, and declare England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada and the other provinces to be additions to the republic of the United States. When Mr. Frelinghuysen ordered the fellow out, the latter seized him by the lapel of the coat, and would have assaulted him but for the presence of a doorkeeper and messenger, who hustled the fellow out.

Kolb says that a crank called on Secretary Lamar last week and demanded one million acres of land in the west to establish a new "Land of Canaan," where the followers of the "unborn lamb" could worship in peace, away from the vices of civilization. He termed himself the high priest of the new order. Secretary Lamar informed him that the red man was still a feature of the wild west, and that the followers of the unborn lamb might find the scalping-knife slightly more unpleasant than the vices of civilization.

### Five Years After.

"Pa, what does a wooden wedding mean?" Pa, looking over his paper—"It means, my son, that if the wedded parties were free they wooden get married again. That's all.—*Macon Telegraph.*

### Things to Do.

Live where sunshine can come into your house; it will brighten up the home beautifully, and children and flowers need its warm, cheerful influence. Never mind if it does dim your bright carpet; better walk on sobered colors than breathe a gloomy and dark atmosphere. There is no ecnomy in keeping out the sunshine; if you feel the necessity of economy, try economizing in some other way, for generally, "where sunshine goes in, doctors stay out."

Decorate your walls with pretty pictures. Chromos, wood-cuts and prints all are cheap, and as for frames, neat and pretty patterns may be obtained at a small cost, or you may make them of straws or "splits" which may be improved by staining with burnt umber and varnishing, but they are very pretty left in their natural state. Many pretty designs in odds and ends may be fashioned with your own hands of inexpensive material. A pretty Japanese fan tacked here or there in some appropriate place will help wonderfully in relieving the nakedness of your bare walls. A couple of new clay pipes with the stems crossed and tied with a bunch of narrow, bright ribbons and a pretty transfer picture or even a pretty scrap picture pasted on each bowl will be a novel attraction in the way of inexpensive decoration. The soul that loves beauty will feast on its productions while it will starve in the midst of unattractive and dark surroundings. A home with the artistict and beautiful presented in its appearance is suggestive of something higher than the things of the earth and as the eyes rest upon pictures of beautiful landscapes, sun-set skies and running brooks, the mind is led away into higher and purer thoughts.

Furnish the home with some kind of music, if you cannot afford the most popular instruments, furnish the best possible; let its sacred strains exercise its marvelous power for good in softening and mellowing the home atmosphere and binding young hearts together in purity to sing heart praises to the Divine Master, Who has given us this wonderful power to breathe his praises in sweet melodies.

Read good books and papers, and therefrom cull the choicest thoughts. They purify the soul, and ennoble the heart. Can you put linen through a clensing process and bring it out unaffected by the purifying powers? Can the soul and mind be fed on the pure and beautiful and have no trace of their purifying qualities?

Regard those around as honest and good meaning. Estimate every person as honorable until proved otherwise. "What ye seek, ye shall find." Thus by seeking good in others, you will draw out their best qualities, for as a rule, people are the best to those who believe in them.

Cling to your church, even though you think your minister stupid. No sermon will be so poor but it will be helpful in making the best of yourself.

Live for others, form friendships and love, it was designed by the Creator and taught by Christ. God placed us in His world for this purpose and Heaven. We need the friendship and love of others, and they need friendship and love from us, and to conclude, there is no better advice to give than has been given in the following lines.

"Live for those who love us,
For those who know us true;
For the heaven that is above us,
And the good that we can do."

—*Minnie Myers Billings, in The Wisconsin.*

### A Metropolis Without Newsboys.

One of the most characteristic street-cries of London and of New York is never heard in Paris, nor is one of the most picturesque figures in the streets of London and of New York ever seen in the streets of Paris, for in France the noisy and pertinacious newsboy is unknown. The functions of this unstable disseminator of intelligence are filled in Paris by the staid old dame who sits at the receipt of custom in a kiosque.

A Parisian kiosque has nothing Oriental but the name. It is a little sentry-box of glass, just large enough to shelter the newsvender from the changeable weather of the French capitol. On a little stand in front of the kiosque are tiny heaps of the countless newspapers of the city, and on strings on each side are pendent numbers of the chief illusterated journals, artistic and comic. These kiosque's are scattered along the bulevards, and from them the Parisian buys his *Figaro* in the morning and his *Temps* at 5 in the afternoon. This difference of attitude between the hurrying American who has to have his newspaper brought to him in haste hot from the press, and the leisurely Frenchman, who is content to pick up his paper when he goes abroad—this difference is far more than external; it is essentially typical of the irreconcilable difference between the French journal and the English or American newspaper.—*Century.*

### Same as Usual.

He sat at the end of the car and blew five loud and successive blasts on his nose. A man in the centre of the ear sprang up, located the man, and inquired:

"Was that a dander signal or only your usual way of blowing your brains out?"

"If you will get out of the car I'll whip you in two minutes!" said the man with the nose, as he turned very red.

"That settles it, and I sit down. No danger, ladies—all keep your seats. It was one of his usual blows."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Hero of the Hoodlums.

The United States has sent many distinguished tourists from its own shores to those of Great Britain—men of historic achievement and literary renown—men like Franklin, Hawthorne, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow and General Grant; but never has a traveler from the Western Continent received on British soil such a welcome as was accorded, a few weeks ago, to an American tourist from Boston. This man, who was received with such tumultuous demonstrations of joy that the crowds who rushed to see him blocked up the streets of London and impeded the traffic of the world's metropolis for hours, was not distinguished for his intellectual profundity, for his statesmanlike achievements, or his military renown. He would make a sorry figure in a discussion of philosophy with Herbert Spencer, a *tete-a-tete* talk on literature with Tennyson, or in a chat on political economy with Gladstone: and yet Gladstone or Tennyson, or Herbert Spencer have none of the crowd-drawing magnetism of John L. Sullivan.

The Saxon race still inherits from its old Viking forefathers a worship of physical force; and to millions of our race the man who can stand up single-handed and defy any man in the world to "come on" and lick him is the supremest hero. The pugilistic chivalry of the play-ground is not confined to school-boys by any means; and though in this age of gunpowder and dynamite guns a physical giant, for purposes of protect on and defense, is no better off than a dwarf or a cripple, yet there is a great latent admiration for the individual, who in an unweaponed battle with the fists can stand up and "square off" with any man in the world.

With certain classes of men the physical giant is still the only hero.

There are millions of people in every civilized country who know nothing of civilization. The accumulated literature of 3000 years is a sealed book to them. They are not the heirs of all ages from the foremost files of time, as the poet has mistakenly sung, and all the knowledge they possess is gained by the experiences of their own short span of existence. Only indirectly do they draw upon the accumulated intellectual stores of the race, and the wealth of wisdom that has been handed down to us by the world's great monarchs of thought is never inherited by them. They pay no attention to the development of the intellect, and their entire lives is a struggle to satisfy their physical desires.

It is not strange that to such men a great physical hero, like John L. Sullivan, should be the ideal of all that is desirable in manhood. Sullivan is the king of the hoodlums. He excites the same awe among them as Hercules the dragon-slayer probably excited among the worshiping savages of the infant world.

Sullivan, since he has made himself the focus of the world's attention, has exerted a depraving influence that has been widely extended. The glorification of mere brute physical force is always barbarizing. Sullivan is really a very small man with a large muscle. When a small man is made a hero, all his worshipers are thereby made smaller than he.—*Yankee Blade.*

### Mother Was There.

Six tow-headed MacMoffats stuck their heads over the rim of the pine table and looked anxiously but cheerfully at their Thanksgiving dinner of boiled codfish and potatoes, which Mr. MacMoffat, with his hand in a sling, from a fall he got from a scaffold last August, was commencing to laddle out to them.

"It's Cape Cod turkey," exclaimed Master John MacMoffat, who was the wit of the family, and all laughed.

"Our turkey roosted too high this year," said Mr. MacMoffat, at which they all laughed again, though a broken arm and idleness and doctor's bills had scared off the turkey.

"Turkey makes your feet sore," said the family wit, and there was another laugh.

"I'd rather have well cooked codfish than tough turkey, for my part, any day," remarked Miss Mary Ellen MacMoffat, who was aspiring to be a young lady.

"An' pie," suggested the youngest tow-head, at which they all laughed again, for there really was to be an apple pie, with a piece all round, at the end of the meal, though it was as yet held to be too good to be talked about.

"Well it's a blessing that we're all here and in good health," remarked Miss Eliza MacMoffat, the spinster aunt, somewhat dismally and quite irrelevantly.

A quiet hush fell on the clothless table. For a second the tin ladle in MacMoffat's hand rattled faintly on the platter's edge.

"Sister Eliza, would you mind running up the next flight to Dugan's and asking him to lend me the loan of his almanac till I see a date?" said MacMoffat.

Sister Eliza was as accommodating as she was stupid, and did not mind a bit. The quiet around the table was unbroken. An unseen form was at the board. Aunt Eliza's careless words had turned the eye of the heart upon the face that had passed away in the last spring. The tin ladle stopped its rattle on the platter. MacMoffat laid it down. He did not trust his eyes with the six little faces around the table, but gave them to his heart to see the face that was there, yet invisible. "Yes, dears," he said, slowly and softly, "she's here; maybe we can't see her, but she's here. Mother's here with us, children. We are all, all here."—*The Witness.*

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Preserved ginger—Select young and tender roots; scrape off the outer skin, and boil in sirup. The best ginger is hot and biting to the taste and of aromatic odor.

Chicken and rice—Two cups of cold boiled rice, one cup of cold chicken chopped fine, one cup of chicken broth, salt and pepper; boil five minutes, stirring all the while.

Eggless cake—One heaping cup sugar, one cup strong coffe, one scant half-cup butter, three not very full cups of flour, two heaping teaspoons baking powder rubbed in flour.

Butter crackers—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, mixed into a stiff paste with sweet milk; beat well, roll thin, prick and bake in a quick oven.

Beef soup—Take four pounds of beef to four quarts of water, boil four hours, add six onions, four carrots and two turnips chopped fine, season with salt and pepper and boil one hour longer.

Potted shank—Boil a shank of beef till tender; chop the meat up and season it with salt, pepper, and (if liked) half a nutmeg; reduce the liquor to three pints, add the meat and cool in a mold. It should turn out well when cold.

Ginger snaps—One pint molasses and one cup lard heated together and poured hot in one quart flour; two teaspoonfuls soda and two ginger. Let this duogh cool; then add enough flour to roll. Roll thin and bake quick.

Veal salad—Boil a knuckle of veal in six quarts of water; when tender remove the bones, chop the meat, and add the juice, which should be mostly absorbed, and two cups of cracker crumbs, cinnamon, pepper and salt; put in a mold. Serve hot.

Tea cake—One even cup white sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs. Beat these until they are creamy, then add a good half-cup cold water and two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful lemon; beat thoroughly. Bake in a long tin, and cut while warm in squares.

Pie crust—For one pie take one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one-half teaspoonful of salt; mix well, then add one-half teacup of water. If a flaky top crust is desired, take enough dough for one crust, roll thin, spread butter over it, and roll up and let it stand while filling in the fruit, when it will be ready for use.

### What Push Can Accomplish.

The first experience of a millionaire merchant of Philadelphia on his arrival in this country, aptly illustrates what push can accomplish. When he stepped ashore from the sailing vessel, he said, "I was without money or friends. I spoke to a man on the wharf, and asked him what to do. He replied, 'Work, young man. Have you any motto? 'No,' I said, 'what do you mean?' He said, 'Every man must have a motto. Now, think of one. Go out and hunt for work.'

"I started, thinking of a motto. As I walked along the street I saw painted on a door the word 'Push.' I said, 'That shall be my motto.' I did push at that door, and entered an office. I was asked what I wanted. I said, 'Work; and the word on your door gave me not only a motto, but confidence.'

"My manner pleased the man. He asked me many questions, all of which were answered promptly. He said at last: "I want a boy of "push," and as you have adopted that for a motto, I will try you."

He did. My success followed, and the motto that made my fortune has made and will make that of others again.

The world is old, short and crisp, but it expresses everything and has carved out fortune and fame for hundreds of thousands of poor and obscure boys.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

### A Model Husband.

No healthlift in his house has he,
No patient substitute for rowing,
No clubs to swing nor anything
Like that to keep his muscle growing.

He saws and splits the kindling wood,
To sift the ashes early rises,
Brings up the coal, the noble soul,
And in this way he exercises.

—*Boston Courier.*

### A Terrible Responsibility.

Bogg—"Do you think, Snaggs, the Rev. Mr. Soporific is 'called to preach?'"

Snaggs—"No, I believe he is a volunteer."

Bogg—"Well, I shouldn't suppose a God of divine goodness would allow such a preacher to torture the public."

Snaggs—"Well, you see he was sorter driven to it."

Bogg—"I'm surprised that you should use such irreverent language. Please explain yourself."

Snaggs—"Well, you see Mr. Soporific was on board a ship in the midst of the Atlantic in a most terrible storm. The sea swept over the deck; the timbers of the vessel were wrenched and torn assunder, and the cry went up that the ship was sinking. Just then Mr. Soporific kneeled upon the deck and promised the Lord that if he would spare the ship he would devote himself to the ministry. So you see he thrust a terrible responsibility upon the Lord who had to take him or else drown the whole ship."—*Yankee Blade.*

A pretty little child smilingly asked her mother why fish are so full of splinters.—*Puck.*

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Dec. 31 1887.

## The Prohibition Conference.

The Third Party Prohibition Conference assembled in this city on St. John's day, the 27th instant. In many respects it differed from any similar gathering in the state. Very few of the earlier members of the party were present, except the officers who have taken the party under their protection. A great proportion were strangers who had evidently not been long in Kansas.

The attendance was comparatively small, probably less than one hundred. The body of Music Hall seats only about two hundred, and the chairs were not half filled. It opened with a promise of practical work. Three questions were outlined by the committee,—state organization, finances, and a state paper.

They cover the whole ground. But the two first named have been up at every conference and convention held by the party and have never been forced out of the shell. They fared no better on this occasion. It was "resolved" to organize in every county, and that has been done at every meeting, but the organizing never. It was resolved to levy a contribution of fifty cents upon every prohibition voter of 1886, about 8000 of them. This has been done before,—and the money never paid. County and individual pledges to the amount of $1200 were received. This, too, has been done before,—and much of the money never paid.

So in these two respects no advance has been made; no new genius has arisen to solve these two problems. The pledges only were three times as great as those mad two years age.

The committee on state paper reported in favor of a stock company of $10,000 and in default of this, the endorsement of some one of the local papers. The stock company is, of course, chimerical, and was so understood by the committee. An attempt was once made to form a stock company for this purpose, when a little more capital was needed, but failed because the then chairman of the state committee would not lend his influence in its favor without the free gift of several blocks of the capital stock for himself and friends in return for such influence.

As it would have been unfair to select any one of the weak local papers now representing the third party in the state, the whole matter was practically dropped, in other words referred to a committee.

As this was the substance of all that was done, except the selection of delegates at large to the Indianapolis Convention, it cannot be said that the conference was of much practical value. As has been done before, a little money will be raised, to be again frittered away by a few men, more for their own benefit than for that of the party.

There were, however, some notable changes in the material of the body, some for the better and some otherwise. The Vrooman-Corning socialist element that brought so much disgrace upon the Emporia Convention a year and a half ago, was conspicuously absent. It was a noticeable improvement. As one of the most sensible members of the conference expressed it, "It would have taken a good deal of gall for them to be present after the part they recently took in another party convention." Another element that will have to go one of these days is that of the free traders.

One of the other growing tendencies that embarrass practical work must be mentioned with pain. It is the over religions sentiment. Long prayers, and long speeches about Joshua and Gideon and Moab and Babylon take up time, to little profit. Those who would turn discussions on ways and means into sermonizing on the ancient prophets have no adequate conception of work that is essentially political. The prohibition party is based on higher moral ground than any competitor. It devoutly acknowledges God in all His great attributes, as its fundamental principle. It is founded in religious ideas of the highest and best kind. No grander spectacle was ever witnessed in a political convention, on this continent, than that when Dr. Miner, of Boston, invoked the devine blessing upon the great Prohibition convention in Pittsburg in 1884. Every head was bowed and every heart responded a most fervent amen. Then they went to work.

In all the great reform movements of this earth, no grander sight is on record than was presented on that November morning, before Lutzen, where Gustavus Adolphus, who was that day to give his great life for German and religious liberty, as he and his noble army knelt upon the ground to ask God's favor. But after praying there was fighting, and such fighting as even Wallenstein had never seen. Before we end the war we have begun, we must do more fighting than praying.

A committee on resolutions had unwisely been appointed- and it reported, with a sermon for a prologue, another for interlude, and still another for an epilogue. The report itself was was an eptome of religious doctrine, happily avoiding the tenets of baptism, and fortunately steering clear of both the Homoiousian and the Homoousian theories, but sandwiching in a request for the governor to call a special session of the legislature to prohibit the storage of alcoholic liquors. The report was as impractical and impolitic array of words as was ever introduced into a political body and was only further evidence that preachers are not apt to make good politicians. Still, this report was supported by as skilful a leader as Van Bennet. But then Van is getting to be as much preacher as politician, and is possibly forgetting some of his old democratic tactics. On motion of J. E. Rastall, a good Methodist, who has not forgotton his schooling in republican caucuses, the matter was quietly and very wisely referred to a committee that will be sure that it is never disturbed. Possibly it might have carried if some one had possessed forethought enough to move to amend by adding the Nicene Creed.

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Wellesley College is building a new cottage which is to be called the "Freeman Cottage" and will accommodate fifty students.

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Rev. D. P. Livermore has presented the friends of woman suffrage in Kansas with several hundred copies of his pamphlet in reply to Senator Ingalls.

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The wives of Clemenceau and Ribot, the noted French politicians, are both Americans. The former was a Connecticut girl and the latter from Albany.

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The press reports of the recent Prohibition Party Convention in Minnesota, omitted from the list of resolutions the strong one favoring suffrage for women. Ladies present at the Prohibition Conference desire this fact stated.

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The eighth regular meeting of the America Horticultural Society will be held in two sections, in California: first, in San Jose, commencing on Tuesday January 24, 1888, and continuing three days, and second, in Riverside, Febuary 7, 8 and 9, 1888.

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The petition of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, translated into Tamil and Singhalese, has been circulated in Ceylon by native pastors, catechists, teachers and Bible women, who have secured 16,000 signatures in six weeks.

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The great-granddaughter of Robert Morris, who furnished the "sinews" for the revolutionary struggle, is wofully poor, and is seeking admission, at the age of seventy-four, to an old ladies' home in Washington. She asks for one hundred dollars to pay her entrance fee into the institution.

## The Personal Devil.

**Do I believe in a personal devil, son?**

**Don't I? I don't know of any creature in the universe more given to personality than this same devil to whom you allude.**

I believe in demoniacal possession. I myself have seen men possessed with devils exceeding fierce. I have seen a child which had a dumb spirit. Why I myself have been greviously vexed with a devil. Not once, my son, but many times; not only 25 years ago, but yesterday, possibly to-day; more than likely to-morrow.

Why, my boy, did you never get up in the morning with a demon of ill humor, of perversity, of hatefulness, in full possession of you? You feel strong, vigorous, well; your head dosen't ache; your vision is clear; your debts are paid; the day is bright, sunny, beautiful; nobody gives you a cross word; everybody in the dining-room speaks pleasantly to you as you come in, and the bitter, mean, waspish devil of perversity that has possession of your snarls out a hateful answer the minute you open your lips to speak; makes you say something you never intended to say; puts into your mouth words that make your own heart ache as your eyes see the lips that you love quiver with pain at your harshness.

Have you never maintained a surly, mean, cruel humor while a brave, loving face, looking up into your clouded brow, was cheerily trying to cast out the evil spirit? Have you never done some mean thing at which your better nature revolted? Never been ill tempered all day when you had no cause, no reason for it and were torturing yourself even as you tortured those whom you most dearly loved?

Ah, yes; you have writhed in the clutches of these devils of perversity, obstinacy, ill humor, unreasoning and unreasonable meanness, fiercely crying out against the love that would cast out the evil spirits.

But this, you say, is owing to physical and mental cause. The body is in ill-health, and there is in the human organism an integration and co-ordination of different vital actions, which—There; that will do; I always feel one coming into me when I hear you talk in that way. Physical health has nothing to do with it, because some of the greatest sufferers the world has ever known have been entirely free from this demoniac possession, while some of the meanest men I ever knew have lived in perfect health to their eightieth year. You know yourself that when you feel that way you are possessed of a devil.

Do I believe in him? My boy, it doesn't make a particle of difference whether a man with the "jumping toothache" believes in the toothache or not; he's got it; the toothache is in possession just the same. And, between you and I and the man named Legion, he acts for all the world as though he did believe in it.—*Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

## A Bad Spell.

A few months ago and old gentleman was seen nailing a notice on a fence on the South side of Austin avenue, says *The Texas Siftings*. A friend passing, said:

"Why don't you have the notice put in the daily paper, where people can read it?"

"Waal," said the old gentleman, "if I took it to the newspaper office them newspaper fellers would get it spelled wrong, and then somebody would think I d dn't have no eddication."

The notice read: "Howze fur rent inchoir on preymesis."

## Wanted Protection Against Water.

"Can you assist me to a few penies, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp.

"I kin give ye some breakfast," said the woman, "but no money."

"I've had all the breakfast I want," he said, "I'm a very light eater."

"What d'ye want of money," the woman demanded, "to buy licker with?"

"No, ma'am, the nature of my profession keeps me from under shelter most of the time, and I am trying to raise money enough to buy and umbrella."—*Tid Bits.*

## A Poor Shot.

A.—"What are you still alive?"

B—"Yes, it looks like it."

"Didn't we throw dice that the loser should shoot a bullet into his head, and didn't you lose?"

"Yes, that's all so."

"Then why did you not as a man of honor comply with the agreement?"

"I did try three times, but I missed myself every time. You have no idea what a poor shoot I am"—*Texas Siftings.*

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**"Bear with me a little," said the grizzly as he hugged the hunter.—*New Haven News.***

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It has been so intensely cold in the south that men have frozen to death in Tennessee and Alabama.

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Democrats in Congress will be pretty sure to neutralize the influence of the president on the wool question.

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The state teachers, in several sections have been in session this week. Very interesting and profitable meetings have been held.

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The republican party owes President Cleveland a debt of gratitude for his address on the tariff. He does for it what no man in the party could do.

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The republican party, in Kansas and every where else is organizing state and local leagues. The prohibition party of Kansas don't think it needs very much organization, and that idea is one thing that has always ailed it.

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Senator Palmer believes that a bill abolishing the liquor traffic in the District of Columbia will be urged at this session of Congress and that it will receive the general support of republicans. Such action would be far more politic than any declaration in the platform, and be more practical also.


## The Century Magazine.

With the November, 1887, issue THE CENTURY commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 250,000. The War Papers and the Life of Lincoln increased its monthly edition by 100,000. The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and given the necessary survey of the political condition of the country, reaches a new period, with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption

**Lincoln in the War,**

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War and President Lincoln's part therein.

**Supplementary War Papers,**

following the "battle series" by distinguished generals, will describe interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adverture, etc. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

**Kennan on Siberia.**

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by THE CENTURY than this of Mr. Kennan's. With the previous preparation of four year's travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 15,000 miles for the special investigation here required. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with some three hundred State exiles,—Liberals, Nihilist, and others,—and the series will be a startling as well as accurate revelation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost, who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles.

**A Novel by Eggleston**

with illustrations will run through the year. Shorter novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter fictions will appear every month.

**Miscellaneous Features**

will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Charles De Kay; papers touching the field of the Sunday-School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; wild Western life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedrals, by Mrs. van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism, and Clairvoyance; essays in criticism, art, travel, and biography; poems; cartoons; etc.

By a special offer the numbers for the past year (containing the Lincoln history) may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for $6.00, or, with the last year's number handsomely bound, $7.50.

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## Books and Magazines.

The January number of THE ECLECTIC, begining a new volume, has a fine steel engraving of the Interior of the Coliseum at Rome. The number presents to its readers a number of strong and readable articles. The leading paper, by Emilio Castelar, the great Spanish statesman, whose name is so widely idenfied with liberal movements, is on "The Papacy and the Temporal Power," and discusses the question in a temperate but able manner. "The Story of Zebehr Pasha," is completed, and the succeeding paper, on French Socialism," by M. Kaufmann, will be found to touch current problems in a very important degree. The well-known Scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace, contributes a study of "The Antiquity of Man in North America," and presents views of great interest. "On Some Differences between Colleges and Castles," is a pleasant essay. J. A. Farrer throws light on one of the great religions of the world in "The Religion of Micthra, a study of Zowartranism." A writer in the Westminister Review gives us a brilliant and entertaining social study in "The French Women of the Century." H. G. Keen writes of Omar Khayyam, the great Persian poet and moral st, who has recently been made widely known to English readers. H. M. Hyndman, the Socialist, answers Mr. Mallock's recent articles in a short paper on "Wealth and Ability." "The Nerve Cure Rest," by James Muir Howie, ought to excite the interested reading of thousands of readers in this nervous and fretful age. There is a striking short story by J. H. Shorthouse, "A Teacher of the Violin." The poetry of the number consists of several admirable new translations from Schiller, by Sir. Theodore Martin. As this number begins a volume it offers a favorable time to begin subscriptions. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months $1. ECLECTIC and any $4 Magazsne, $8.

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None of the Magazines begins the new year with more brilliant prospects than the ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The excellent steel portrait of Miss Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock"), which forms the frontispiece, will gratify the numerous admirers of this famous writer. The number opens with the first chapter of "Yone Santo: A child of Japan," the new serial story Edward H. House, and a most refreshing and entertaining chapter it is. "The Secret," a charming poem in three stanzas, by Mr. Lowell, will attract special attention. Unpublished Letters of Benjamin Franklin, to his brother painter, Strahan, of England, are full of value and significance, throwing a new light upon certain of the best aspects of Franklin's character, as well as upon provincial politics and society. A spirited beginning of "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," the new story by Charles Egbert Craddock, is made in this number, which has also three more chapters of "The Second Son," the absorbing story by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich. In lighter vein, the descriptive articles on Southern California, by Charles Dudley Warner, and on Constantinople, by Theodore Child, are delightful reading, in particular to those whose good fortune it has been to visit "The Golden Hesperides," or the Queen city of the Golden Horn. Notable articles on "The History of Children's Books," by C. M. Hewins, on "A Liberal Education," by Edward J. Lowell, a postscript to his charming "Hundred Days in Europe," by Dr. Holms, and a short story of farm life and character, entitled "Judson's Remorse," by Lillie Chace Wyman, are included in this January number, which also contains a poem of conspicuous excellence by J. T. Trowbridge, entitled, "The Lost Earl," and the usual book reviews and Contributors' Club. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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### Nobody Can Go Astray

In investing two dollars in GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. This brings a year's subscription together with sundry inducements and premiums concerning which write to The Croly Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The January number of the famous and favorite old journal is before us, richly laden with all manner of good things, chiefly for ladies, yet interesting to everybody. Those who want to know both sides of the "Woman Suffrage Question" will enjoy Mrs. Croly's opening article on that much discussed subject. "The Representative from Raccoon" sparkles with wit. "Half Hours with Classic Authors" is capital; and there will be more. The stories, sketches, poems and fashion intelligence are better than ever. No lady should be without the hints on shopping, housekeeping and other domestic matters which are here freely given. The fashion plates and other illustrations are "tip-top." Every family ought to have this most excellent family magazine.

## The Magazine of American History.

The current December number completes the Eighteenth Volume of this admirably conducted illustrated historic monthly. The Best Historical Magazine in the World. The rapidly growing interest among the reading communities of the United States in the former politics, affairs, and events which have contributed towards making our young nation one of the foremost among the nations, is a matter of pride and congratulation to this periodical—which, as is universally conceded, was the very first in the land to popularize American history. No magazine in this country has achieved a higher reputation abroad than the Magazine of American History. "It is the Magazine of the world," recently remarked a prominent English librarian, "and we treasure it as one of the most valuable of our possessions." This Magazine aims to have no superior in all points of excellence; its papers are delightfully animated and picturesque, and its authentic and trustworthy information, in all its various departments, it is presented in clear, vigorous, and attractive style. It is spirited, educating and progressive as well as popular; and superbly illustrated it holds the highest rank in the current literature of the time. It is warmly commended by the ablest scholars and historians in all countries and climes.

During the coming year, as in the past, the publishers will continue to advance, extend, and improve this periodical, dealing with every problem in American history from the most remote period to the present hour; and while no attempt will be made to catalogue its brilliant features for the future—its practice being always to do rather than promise—it is prepared to furnish many a delightful surprise to its cultivated and appreciative readers, through its constantly increasing resources, historical and artistic, and the most eminent historical writers will continue to contribute the fresh results of careful research and profound study to its beautiful pages. While aiming to make this monthly interesting for the general reader whose desire for information is hardly less that of the specialist and antiquarian, fancy will never be indulged at the expense of historical exactness and symmetry; and no efforts will be spared to render this unique magazine of permanent and priceless value. On all matters where difference of opinion exist, both sides will be presented without prejudice or partiality. The present condition of the public mind shows that there is no lack of appreciative intelligennce and good taste in America, and promises well for the culture of raising generations.

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The price of the bound volume is 3.50 for each half year, in dark green levant cloth, and $4.50 if bound in half morocco Address Magazine of American History, 743 Broadway, New York City.

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### Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for January.

Ireland is likely to be a prominent European topic in 1888 as in 1887. To most readers a bright article describing the Parliament as that island once possessed it, will be something acceptable. The opening article of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for January will give general pleasure. The House, the Halls of each House, the prominent men who figured on the floor, are all drawn graphically with pen and pencil. "The Children Coming Home," is a poem that will touch hearts in many a household. Anna L. Ward takes us along the Southeast coast of Nova Scotia in a very pleasant way. Those fond of the theatre will be entertained with reminiscences of the Wallack family by Walter E. McCann. One of the curious crater lakes of our Western coast is well worthy of reading. The "National Sports of Canada" are well described, and chime in with the season, for our neighbor seems to enjoy herself more in Winter than Summer. "Itatian Schooldays" is something in a new vein, introducing us to the well-drawn characters in De Amicis's book so as to interest young and old. A vindication of Australia and incidentally of our own continent, from the charge of being a New World, when we are really the oldest, will be found in "A Fossil Continent." The stories are varied, full of interest for young and old, and the wonderful novel, "Prince Lucifer," by Etta W. Pierce, deepens in its intense and absorbing hold on the reader.

The January number, 1888, of "Peterson's Magazine" is at hand this early in the month. This opening number for the new year is a decided success. It has two handsome steel-engravings. one, "Among the Roses," is a beautiful plat, illustrating story by Frank Lee Benedict. The other is called "The Young Cricketer," and will go right to the heart of every boy who loves a game of ball. There is also an elegant design printed in colors, for a stripe for chair, etc., etc., in Berlin-wool, besides numerous illustrations of dress and worktable patterns. Miss M. G. McClelland, who has lately taken a front rank among young Southern writers, begins a serial in her most intense dramatic vein; and there are, besides, a goodly number of short tales by writers of first class reputation, and poems far above the average of magazine-literature. Between its literary claims, its artistic excellence, and its thorough reliableness as a guide to dress and fashion, "Peterson" covers a wide range; but in no respect is there ever any failure. We never fail to recommend it most heartily to our lady friends. The exquisite premiums offered, this year, make it better than ever worth any lady's while to get up a club. Terms: Two Dollars a year, with great reductions to clubs, and elegant premiums to those getting up clubs. Sample-copies, free to those desiring to get up a club. Address, Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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| 6—Extra large milk tumblers, | 60 | 25 |
| 1—Flat hand lamp, burner and chimney, | 30 | 15 |
| 12—Heaviest hotel goblets, | 1 50 | 75 |
| 12—Table tumblers, | 75 | 40 |
| 1—4 piece tea sett cream, sugar and spoon and butter, | 1 00 | 50 |
| 12—4 inch sauce plates or nappies, | 60 | 25 |
| 12—German cut glass tumblers, | 1 50 | 75 |
| 1—Epergne and fruit stand, | 2 00 | 1 00 |
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**The Editor, Mary Mapes Dodge,**

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# The Spirit of Kansas

**TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.**

THE sexes can be distinguished in ducks by noticing that a duck quacks in a loud, coarse voice, while a drake has a sharp, thin, peeping voice.

MANY of the La Conte pear trees in the vicinity of Albana, Ga., produced two crops the last season, and one man has a tree that ripened the second crop and blossomed the third time.

EX-GOV. J. GREGORY Smith is to the business circle of Vermont what Senator Edmonds is to the politics of the state. He is the Vermont railroad king, and it is said to be worth a couple of millions.

A GREAT international exhibition of sciences and industries will be held next year at Brussels, Belgium, commencing on the first Saturday in May and closing Nov. 3. The authorized agents for this country are Armstrong Knauer & Co., New York.

THE annual honey product of North America is about 100,000,000 pounds, and its value is nearly $15,000,000. The annual wax product is about 500,000 pounds, and its value is more than $100,000. There are about 300,000 persons keeping bees in North America.

JUDGE PORTER has decided that a stockman occupying the public domain as a cattle range acquires no right to the same that will enable him to prevent other stockmen from turning loose cattle on the range, even though the first occupant has developed the water on the range and has it fully stocked.

THE Lowell Co-operative Milk association has received 175,932 cans of milk during the past year, the average paid the producers being 22.2 cents per can. The sinking fund has been increased nearly $5,000 and the debt has been reduced about $5,000. Jesse B. Butterfield, of Tyngsboro, is secretary and James E. Gibson is treasurer.

THE Sandisfield, Mass,, creamery for September made 3,360 pounds of butter, which was sold at an average price of 26.54 cents per pound, and netted the patrons—32 in number—18.90 cents. The Monterey creamery made 4,222 pounds, which sold at an average of 24.30 cents per pound, and netted the 26 patrons 19 cents per pound.

GREEN wood is easier chopped than dry wood. But the forehanded man will chop the green wood while it is green and have it seasoned afterward. Stove wood seasons rapidly when it is in a dry, airy place. Though the wood must be burned as cut, it is more economical to choose the dry wood. The extra labor required for its cutting will be more than well paid for by the greater heat from its combustion, not to speak of the time lost in getting green wood to burn.

THE value of the various condiments in the preparation of combination dishes is great. Used with discretion they stimulate the appetite and promote digestion, red pepper being specially valuable in this connection. The various herbs and spices are exceedingly valuable; salt is absolutely necessary to health, despite all contrary assertions of the food cranks, and the condiments employed in making salads promote the digestion and assimilation of all food eaten at the same time.

A MEXICAN paper gives an account of a new species of silk, the cultivation of which has been undertaken in the state of Yucatan. It is the produce of the wild silk worm *bombyx psydii*, which is closely allied to the domestic silk-worm. The silk on the cocoons is elastic and of excellent qualily, though rather uncertain in color, varying from white to pale brown, but one difficulty is that it is covered with a gum which it is very difficult to disolve. The government of the state of Yucatan is making experiments with a view of utilizing this wild silk.

ONE of the greatest yields of butter ever given at a public trial has just been reported from Australia. At the recent national agricultural show at Melbourne, Daisy, a half-bred Ayrshire cow, bred by Mr. John Grant, of Seafield, Victoria, gave 107¾ pounds of milk in two days, from which the extraordinary quantity of 7 pounds 5½ ounces, or 3 pounds 10¾ ounces per day, was produced. At the same trial an imported Holstein-Friesian cow, Dairymaid, gave 123 pounds of milk in two days, from which the quantity of butter made was 4 pounds ¾ ounce, or a small fract on over 2 pounds per day.

## LOVE'S CALENDAR.

A young year's freshness in the air,
A spring-tide color in the wood;
The flowers in spring-time most are fair
And life in spring-time most is good;
For why?—I will not let you hear
Until the summer is a-near.

A summer all of burning lights
With crimson roses, passion red,
And moonlight for the hot, white nights,
And jasmine flowers, sweet, dew-fed;
Why has each rose a double scent?
You may divine when it is spent.

Autumn with shining yellow sheaves
And garnered fruit; and half regret
To watch the dreary falling leaves
And leaden skies above them set;
And why e'en autumn can seem dear
Perchance you'll guess when winter's here—

Winter, in wide, snow-covered plains
And drifting sleet and piercing wind
That chill the blood within our veins,
But our warm hearts can never find—
Ah, little love, you guess, I know,
What warms our hearts in spite of snow.

## Jack's Pigeons.

"Papa has got a gentleman in his study, and he is to stay to dinner, and mamma is in bed with sick headache, and Flossy don't know what to do; and there isn't a thing in the house for dinner."

"Of course not," said I, sardonically. "I might have expected it.

"Might have expected what, Perry?"

"That everything would happen just on this precise day that I selected to begin my story for the Ladies' Monthly Miscellany."

Mina looked wistfully up into my face. Have you begun it yet?" said she. "When I write a school composition I don't stop to think—I just plunge into it and say what I am going to say right off. It's a great deal easier."

"Oh!" said I, with genuine elderly sisterly scorn, "your school compositions, indeed! That has nothing to do with my story."

And I entered the little back porch, overhung with curly green hop vines, where Flossy, my second sister, awaited me with a perturbed countenance.

"What are we to do, Perry?" said she. "Oh! I am so sorry that we ate the last of that cold meat yesterday. It might have made a little pie, or a stew, or something."

"A few bits of fat and gristle," said I. "A fine pie you would have had! Haven't the boys been fishing to-day?" I added, as I sat despairingly down by the kitchen table, with my elbows on the board and my chin resting on my palm.

"No. They are up at Curanac falls, picnicking. And they took every bit of bread in the house."

"Exactly," said I. "For out and out voracity, commend me to your average boys."

"Poor dears! They didn't mean any harm," said Flossy. "They must eat."

"I know it, sighed I, with a wave of the hand. "But my disposition is getting soured by this sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" said Flossy.

"Company to dinner. Why can't people stay away? Why do they come gorging themselves when they aren't wanted? Do we go prancing around the country, uninvited, to eat our friends out of house and home?"

"Oh, Perry, hush!" said Flossy. "He will hear you. The study window is open, and you don't know how loud you are speaking."

"Let him hear!" sputtered I, lowering my voice a little, nevertheless. "It will be a lesson to him. But there! what is the use of rebelling against fate? He is here, and like the rest of the tribe of comorants, he must be fed. A quarter of 11! Then there is no time to be lost. Is there any ham in the house?"

"We boiled the scragg end on Monday," said Flossy, "with summer cabbage and bean soup."

"No meat of any sort?" I persisted.

"Not a scrap. And the turkeys are all out in the pastures, and the fowls were eaten up by the minks last week."

"I wish we were Chinese," said I, gravely, as Ponto came in, wagging his tail. "I would have fricasseed dog."

"Perry, don't be ridiculous," said Flossy.

"I never felt so little like jesting in my life," said I. "Because, Flossy, I am going to immolate the pigeons on the shrine of hospitality."

"Jack's pigeons!" gasped Flossy. "The pigeons he gave you as a parting gift, to care for and to tend for him! Oh, Perry!"

"Yes, Jack's pigeons," said I, tossing back my hair, in a sort of desperation. They're plump and fat. They'll make a very nice pie. Oh, you needn't stare so. Papa always said that hospitality was one of the cardinal virtues. And I dare say that I shall kill little Mina and make her into soup when there is nothing else left and the next detachment of company arrives.

This bold assertion threw us all three into a fit of giggling, which terminated only with the necessity for immediate exertions. Mina went off to pull radishes and pick peas. Flossy began to mix biscuit on the snowy molding board, and I went out and commissioned the little Irish boy who lived at the foot of the lane to catch and kill the 10 white pigeons that lived in the barn loft.

"They are very gentle," said I. "You won't have much trouble."

And I cried a little under my sun bonnet, as I returnd, for Jack Willis had given me the little white pigeons scarcely a year ago.

"But he don't deserve half a quarter of a tear," cried I, dashing the moisture out of my eyes when I came up the lane. "He hasn't written to me for three months! Why should I be sentimental about his pigeons!"

Papa was a learned professor in a half-starved country, institution in Canada, which called itself "The Pallington University"—and his scientific wisdom always flooded our house with equally learned company. And the wiser we grew, apparently, the poorer we became! Mamma, who had been a Quebec lady, was in delicate health, and quite unequal to managing the housekeeping below, so that all the responsibility came on Flossy and I, and we had solemnly interpledged each other never, never to marry a professor, or a scientific man, or a man who was poor.

"For we've seen enough of genteel starvation," said I.

"Quite enough," said Flossy.

Well, after all, the table didn't look so bad when the clock struck 1. A little well-preserved old damask, a few of the silver forks and spoons that had been the bequest of Grandmamma Harper, and a bunch of vivid Jacqueminot roses arranged in a cloud of feathery ferns, went far to redeem our other shortcomings. Flossy's biscuits, as usual, were perfection, and she had made a delicious apple pudding, while my pigeon pie was certainly a triumph in the culinary line, though I, the cook, had perhaps no right to make the assertion. But I felt that I could not muster courage to carve the pie that held Jack's pigeons.

"No!" cried I, hysterically. "I can't do it! I can't!"

"Perry, don't be foolish," pleaded Flossy.

"I couldn't eat 'em," said I. "I know I should burst out crying if anyone else did."

"But who is to take the head of the table," said Flossy, "with mamma?"

"You!" cried I. "I couldn't sit there, nor if the governor-general of Canada was there with all his staff."

And just as the footsteps of the gentlemen were heard emerging from papa's study I flew out to the bench under the the old apple tree, close beside the well sweep, and began to cry bitterly.

Here was moral courage for you. Here was a first-class hero ne.

But as I cried and sobbed like the silliest school girl in the Dominion of Canada, a sound more definite than the wind in the apple boughs struck on my ear—the sound of advancing feet—and a hand fell lightly on my arm.

"Ferry, my darling girl," spoke a soothing voice, "what are you crying for? Flossy says it is about those miserable pigeons. In themselves they are nothing, but it is because they are my gift——"

I started up with a curious sensation of being in a dream. But it was no dream, it was Jack—the real living and breathing Jack—that stood before me.

"Jack!" was all that I could stammer. "Oh, Jack, I—I thought you had forgotton me!"

"My darling—my own Perry!" was all that he said. But that was enough.

For Jack had the company after all—my true lover, Jack—who had received an appointment to go out to Van Dieman's Land colony as resident consul and had come directly to tell me the news and ask if I could get ready to marry him and go out there with him. If, indeed!

"I wanted to go to you at once," said Jack, "but your father kept me talking until the dinner bell rang. He gives his consent. Perry, although he says he don't know what he shall do when you are gone. But we are to have a snug salary, pet, and the residence is a fine stone mansion, and we can always have either Flossie or Mina stay with us, And now let's go back and eat the pigeon pie, darling."

But I was a great deal too happy to eat. I made a pretence of nibbling at the buscuits and drinking at the milk, but it was quite enough to see Jack devour the poor pigeons. There never was much surface romance about Jack, although for real, actual worth not a man in her majesty's dominions could excel him.—*Canada Paper.*

### Mistaken Hospitality.

The writer was once invited to spend a week in a family where the extra expense of an additional member was a frequent subject of discussion, greatly to her disturbance. "Have the milkman leave an extra pint, because we have company," or "order more berries to-day than usual, and tell the grocer we shall want s x pounds of butter this week instead of five," were among the orders given by the mistress with extreme frankness in the presence of her guest, greatly to the latter's discomfiture. At evening time it was the custom of husband and wife to discuss expenditures and make up accounts, and the excellent habit was not waived, as it might have been, till the couple were alone, but every item was talked over; it surprise was expressed at any one charge the wife would kindly explain that one must expect company to add something to the expense. "You are so much at home with us that we don't mind you," was frequently said as a sort of apology for the uncomfortably candid conversations that took place in her presence. But the "company did not thoroughly enjoy her visit, and gave herself strict orders never to let her own future guests feel that they caused trouble or expense in her house. True hospitality spares no pains to make a visitor comfortable' and a little self-sacrifice to gain that end counts as nothing in a truly cordial, warm-hearted family.

### The "New Trial."

Not long ago a little boy of ten years, was asked by his teacher what lawyers were for. The little fellow had never studied the matter, but something he had heard or read gave him an idea, and he answered: "Lawyers are to get a new trial for anybody." Careful readers of newspapers cannot help noticing that in nearly all court cases, a "new trial" is the principle thought expressed. A man is on trial, for instance, for stealing a horse. He is proven guilty, to the satisfaction of judge, jury, spectators, and everybody, and the jury return a verdict to that effect. That would seem to settle it. The prisoner himself is probably convinced of his guilt, and would admit it it anybody should ask him. But just before the judge sentences him, a lawyer pops up and moves for a "new trial." The judge, jury, and spectators look at each other in wonder. What the devil do they want to go to the expense of a new trial for? The man has had as fair a trial as it is possible to have. His lawyers have done all they could to save him. Everything has been fair, and the man has been convicted because he is guilty. But hold on. All through the trial his lawyers have been watching for a loop hole for a new trial. Ah! Here is the point. The prosecution has proved that the man stole the horse, the horse was found in his possession. He was seen to take it from the barn of the owner. But the complaint did not state at what hour the horse was stolen, or the age of the horse, or in what town the larceny took place. Clearly the thief is entitled to a new trial. The judge says: "Well, what is the matter with inserting those things in the complaint now. Here, give me a pen and ink and we will insert 10 o'clock P. M., as the hour, and seven years as the age of the horse, and Kalamazoo as the town. That will fix it all right, and we will go on and sentence this cursed horse-thief."

"*Nixy weden*," says the lawyer, and he argues all day, and brings a dray load of books, and fires latin at the judge, and shows that the constitution is about to be violated, and the whelp is given a new trial. He is allowed to go on bail, and in a year or two the case comes up for trial. The thief has stole a hundred horses since, and he is a man of property. The judge has retired from the bench, the prosecuting attorney has been beaten for re-election, and the lawyer who defended the horse-thief is now prosecuting attorney, and his partner, perhaps, is the judge, and when the case comes up again there is nobody that knows anything about it and a *nolle pros* is entered. Then the horse-thief sues the county for damages and injury to his reputation on account of the former trial, and he gets ten thousand dollars damages and the people who supposed the horse-thief was in the penitentiary long ago, foot the bill. The "new trial" is the greatest outrage and farce known in legal science. *Peck's Sun.*

### No Man's Land.

Washington is awaiting with some interest the arrival of the delegate from No Man's Land. A great many people will be surprised to learn that their is such a province under the shadow of the American flag. It will only be found under that name on the older maps. It is the disputed strip of country north of the Panhandle in Texas' whose inhabitants recently held a convention and elected officers. A territorial delegate is on his way here to ask for a seat in congress, and admission for their section into the United States as the Territory of Cimarron. The name is derived from the largest river which flows through the proposed territory. This land appears on the maps at the interior department as "public lands." It is a parallelogram thirty miles wide, larger than the State of Delaware and nearly as large as New Jersey. It is bounded on the north by Colorado and Kansas, on the east by Indian Territory, on the south by Texas, and on the west by New Mexico. The Cimarron river rises near its south-western boundary and empties into the Arkansas river in the Indian Territory.

Cimarron territory came into the possession of the United States in 1819, under what is known as the Florida treaty with Spain, by which treaty we secured Florida but lost Texas. The proposed territory of Cimarron is the most symetrical division of the United States. Not far to the south of it, in Texas and New Mexico, is the high table land known as the Llano Estacado, or "staked plains," which forms the eastern base of the Rocky mountains and rises to the height of over two thousand feet. The vote of the new delegate wil be democratic.—*Cor. New York Sun.*

### "The Tune the Cow Died Of."

How many have used this expression without any definite idea of its meaning and origin! It seems to have come to us from over the sea. In Scotland and the north of Ireland the saying is very common in the mouths of the peasantry. It arose out of an old song:

There was an old man and he had an old cow
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune;
"Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time of year for the grass to grow;
Consider, good cow, consider."

The old cow died of hunger, and when any grotesquely melancholy song or tune is uttered the north country people say: "That is the tune the old cow died of."

## CURRENT EVENTS.

A Montreal youth twenty-one years old is serving his fifteenth term in prison.

All but four of the 175 newspapers printed in Georgia are against the continuance of the war taxes.

General Grant's widow visits the tomb in Riverside Park every Sunday. Thanksgiving Day she placed flowers on the casket.

A farmer recently drove into Atchison, Kan., on a loaded hay rick made partly of iron. One of the wheels rubbed against the ironwork, setting fire to the hay and burning it up.

Professor Mees has shown by means of an air gun that to drive straws through pine boards, as is often done by tornadoes, a velocity of 120 to 175 miles an hour is required.

A California tramp set fire to a lot of railroad ties in order that he might be sent to state prison and learn a trade. He said that was his only chance of becoming anything but a tramp.

Spain has seized the Island of Peregil, which is situated in the Mediterrrnean, on the coast of Morocco, twenty-five miles east of Tangiers and fifteen west of Ceuta. The place will be fortified.

Portions of Iowa have been flooded with counterfeit dollars made of cast iron heavily plaited with silver. Ordinary acids fail to affect them and they can only be detected by their ring.

A farmer in Belmont, Ohio, is proud because among his other live stock he has a pig with toes, another with three ears, a cat with an ear growing wrong side out, and a boy with three thumbs.

Lord Salisbury recently sold his property between the the Thames embankment and the Strand for $1,000,000. By the growth of house property in London he is now one of the richest men is England.

Archbishop Heiss, of Milwaukee, says that of the 8,000,000 Roman Catholics of the United States 3,000,000 are Germans. Of the eleven archbishops and sixty bishops only one archbishop, Dr. Heiss himself, and eleven bishops are German.

In the old Arabian language there is no distinction between "pig" and "wild boar." One word has to serve for both; but the modern vocabulary gets over the difficulty by calling the former a "civilian pig" and the latter a "soldier," or "war hog."

George Bancroft, the historian, is said to regard the writing of 250 words as a good day's work; Mr. Blaine made 1,500 his stint when writing his recollections, and Admiral Porter dashes off 2,500 as rapidly as a poet writing under inspiration.

The Indian bucks on the Crow reservation in Montana are said to have become entirely reconciled to their defeat by General Ruger's troops, but the women are still unsubdued, and are making every endeavor to incite their braves to another outbreak.

It may interest the superstitious to note that both Gladstone and Bismarck were born on Friday. Of noted men of the past who came into the world on that day of the week may be mentioned Luther, Sir Isaac Newton, George Washington and Winfield Scott.

Mrs. Maria Phillips, of Denver, Colo., who is one hundred and one years old, has just been committed to the poor house by her relatives, who say that she disturbs them by crying out in her sleep and making other noises at night. She is well preserved and an habitual smoker.

The Gloucester fisheries are expensive in more ways than one. A Boston paper computes that during the year just ended seventeen fishing vessels have gone down, 127 fishermen have lost their lives, 60 women have been made widows, and 61 children rendered fatherless.

Of the 400,000 Hebrews computed to be in the whole United States, at least 125,000 are settled in New York. Among them are many millionaires. A New York paper recently published a list of nineteen Hebrews in that city whose fortunes range from $1,000,000 up to $8,000,000 each.

They tell a story in St. Helena, Cal., of a pumpkin which grew to such a size that when it split open from its own weight an old sow crawled in and made her home there. When she was found long afterward she had given birth to nine little pigs, which were playing hide and seek in the vast recesses of the agricultural cavern.

A twelve-pound cannon shot was found imbedded seventeen inches deep in an oak tree in the suburbs of Franklin, Tenn. It was evidently fired from a Federal cannon during the bloody battle twenty-three years ago, as it entered the tree on the side next to the town. The fibres of oak are still attached to the ball and are nearly as hard as the iron itself.

A remarkable specimen of graveyard taste has been received in Menosha, destined for the cemetery there. It is a16-ton stone in the form of a tree, with birds and squirrels in its branches, ferns at its base, also a large cross, a pot of flowers, an open book and a roll of music. By some oversight the cabinet organ was omitted. The stone was made for the grave of a young woman.

A new occupation recommended for semi-invalids by a Philadelphia writer is the making of artificial flies for fishing purposes. The tools required are a small pair of sharp scissors, a pair of spring plyers, a long pin, and a small piece of cobbler's wax. The materials are breast and tail feathers of fowls and game, with silver and gold tinsels, a little fine sewing silk of all colors, some Berlin wool, stained gut, and hooks of various sizes.

A novel industry has been started by boys in the San Monica Mountains in California. They catch rattlesnakes by means of a slip noose of cord, box them up and take them to Los Angeles, where they sell them. The Chinese are the purchasers. They use them as medicine, and the snakes sell for from 50 cents to $1 each. It is said that the Chinamen handle them fearlessly and never get bitten.

A. J. Hecht sawed a remarkable log on his "pony" mill, near Lubeck, Wood county, W. Va., Friday. It was a white-oak log, four feet and eight inches in diameter, and the wood was as curly as an African's wool. About twelve feet from the ground a phenomenon was found in the shape of a section which had grown at right angles with the length of the tree. The tree belonged to John Fries, and was blown into three pieces with blasts before it was hauled to the mill.

### The Jingle of the Bells.

Ah! the fleecy flakes are falling
Through the frosty winter night,
And December's winds are calling
Us to scenes of rare delight!
There are roguish eyes that glisten,
As the snow of pleasure tells;
And the rustic sweethearts listen
For the jingle of the bells—
For the jingle and the tingle
Of the merry winter bells.

In the Cupid-haunted valley,
'Twixt the old hills lying low,
Where the summer breezes chilly,
Falls the lover-cherished snow,
Oh! the silence of to-morrow
Will be broken in the dells;
And the heart will gladness borrow
From the jingle of the bells—
From the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
Of the never-ceasing bells.

Jingle! jingle! in the starlight,
Tinkle! tinkle! in the dark,
Gliding swiftly toward the far light
In the window but a spark!
There can be no joys completer
Than the ones the snow foretells;
Ah, my darling, what is sweeter
Than a kiss behind the bells—
As they jingle, jingle, jingle
O'er the snow, the jingling bells.

Life is but a dream of pleasure,
That returns with every snow;
Winter fills to-day the measure
Emptied often long ago.
'Neath the cutters' furry covers
Many a heart with rapture swells,
And the merry laugh of lovers
Greets the jingle of the bells—
Greets the laughter and the jingle
Of the ever-merry bells!

On the road and in the wildwood
Nature dons a robe of white,
And the happy laugh of childhood
Will be heard to-morrow night!
Everywhere the bells will jingle!
'Neath the starry sentinels,
And the lassie's cheek will tingle
With the kiss the sound impels—
With the kiss that gently mingles
With the laughter of the bells!

Oh, the bells my heart remembers,
With their music soft and low!
Oh, the sleigh bells of Decembers
Buried in the long ago!
I remember eyes that glistened
When the snow was in the dells;
I remember ears that listened
For the jingle of the bells—
For the jingle, jingle, jingle
Of the rich December bells.

## A CHRISTMAS TURKEY, AND HOW IT CAME.

Harper's Young People.

"I know we couldn't do it."

"I say we could, if we all helped."

"How can we?"

"I've planned lots of ways, only you mustn't laugh at them, and you musn't say a word to mother. I want it to be all a surprise."

"She'll find us out."

"No, she won't, if we tell her we won't get into mischief."

"Fire away, then, and let's hear your fine plans."

"We must talk softly, or we shall wake father. He's got a headache."

A curious change came over the faces of the two boys as their sister lowered her voice, with a nod toward a half-opened door. They looked sad and ashamed, and Kitty sighed as she spoke, for all knew that father's headaches always began by his coming home stupid or cross, with only a part of his wages, and mother always cried when she thought they did not see her, and after the long sleep father looked as if he didn't like to meet their eyes, but went off early.

They knew what it meant, but never spoke of it—only pondered over it, and mourned with mother at the change which was slowly altering their kind, industrious father to a moody man, and mother into an anxious, overworked woman.

Kitty was thirteen, and a very capable girl, who helped with the house-keeping, took care of the two little ones, and went to school. Tommy and Sammy looked up to her and thought her a remarkably good sister. Now, as they sat round the stove having "a go-to-bed warm," the three heads were close together, and the boys listened eagerly to Kitty's plans, while the rattle of the sewing machine in another room went on as tirelessly as it had done all day; for mother's work was more and more needed every month.

"Well," began Kitty, in an impressive tone, "we all know that there won't be a bit of Christmas in this family if we don't make it. Mother's too busy, and father don't care, so we must see what we can do; for I should be mortified to death to go to school and say I hadn't had any turkey or plum-pudding. Don't expect presents, but we must have some kind of a decent dinner."

"So I say; I'm tired of fish and potatoes," said Sammy, the younger.

"But where's the dinner coming from?" asked Tommy, who had already taken some of the cares of life on his young shoulders, and knew that Christmas dinners did not walk into people's houses without money.

"We'll earn it;" and Kitty looked like a small Napoleon planning the passage of the Alps. "You, Tom, must go early to-morrow to Mr. Brisket and offer to carry baskets. He will be dreadfully busy, and want you, I know, and you are so strong you can lug as much as some of the big fellows. He pays well, and if he won't give much money, you can take your wages in things to eat. We want everything."

"What shall I do?" cried Sammy, while Tom sat turning his plan over in his mind.

"Take the old shovel and clear side-walks. The snow came on purpose to help you."

"It's awful hard work, and the shovel's half gone," began Sammy, who preferred to spend his holiday coasting on an old tea-tray.

Don't growl, or you won't get any dinner," said Tom, making up his mind to lug baskets for the good of the family, like a manly lad as he was.

"I," continued Kitty, "have taken the hardest part of all; for after my work is done, and the babies safely settled, I'm going to beg for the leavings of the holly and pine swept out of the church down below, and make some wreaths and sell them."

"If you can," put in Tommy, who had tried pencils, and failed to make a fortune.

"Not in the street?" cried Sam, looking alarmed.

"Yes, at the corner of Park. I'm bound to make some money, and don't see any other way. I shall put on an old hood and shawl, and no one will know me. "Don't care if they do." And Kitty tried to mean what she said, but in her heart she felt that it would be a trial to her pride if any of her schoolmates should happen to recognize her.

"Don't believe you'll do it."

"See if I don't; for I will have a good dinner one day in the year."

"Well, it doesn't seem right for us to do it. Father ought to take care of us, and we only buy some presents with the little bit we earn. He never gives us anything now." And Tommy scowled at the bed-room door, with a strong sense of injury struggling with affection in his boyish heart.

"Hush!" cried Kitty. "Don't blame him. Mother says we never must forget he's our father. I try not to; but when she cries, it's hard to feel as I ought." And a sob made the little girl stop short as she poked the fire to hide the trouble in the face that should have been all smiles.

For a moment the room was very still, as the snow beat on the window, and the fire-light flickered over the six shabby little boots put up on the stove hearth to dry.

Tommy's cheerful voice broke the silence, saying stoutly: "Well, if I've got to work all day, I guess I'll go to bed early. Don't fret, Kit; we'll help all we can, and have a good time—see if we don't."

"I'll go out real early, and shovel like fury. Maybe I'll get a dollar. Would that buy a turkey?" asked Sammy, with the air of a millionaire.

"No, dear; one big enough for us would cost two, I'm afraid. Perhaps we'll have one sent us. We belong to the church, though folks don't know how poor we are now, and we can't beg." And Kitty bustled about, clearing up, rather exercised in her mind about going and asking for the much-desired fowl.

Soon all three were fast asleep, and nothing but the whir of the machine broke the quiet that fell upon the house. Then from the inner room a man came and sat over the fire with his head in his hands and his eyes fixed on the ragged little boots left to dry. He had heard the children's talk, and his heart was very heavy as he looked about the shabby room that used to be so neat and pleasant. What he thought no one knows, what he did we shall see by-and-by; but the sorrow and shame and tender silence of his children worked a miracle that night more lasting and lovely than the white beauty which the snow wrought upon the sleeping city.

Bright and early the boys were away to their work, while Kitty sang as she dressed the little sisters, put the house in order, and made her mother smile at the mysterious hints she gave of something splendid which was going to happen. Father was gone, and though all rather dreaded evening, nothing was said; but each worked with a will, feeling that Christmas should be merry in spite of poverty and care.

All day, Tommy lugged fat turkeys, roasts of beef, and every sort of vegetable for other people's good dinners on the morrow, wondering meanwhile where his own was coming from. Mr. Brisket had an army of boys trudging here and there, and was too busy to notice any particular lad till the hurry was over, and only a few belated buyers remained to be served. It was late; but the stores kept open, and though so tired he could hardly stand, brave Tommy held on when the other boys left, hoping to earn a trifle more by extra work. He sat down on a barrel to rest during a leisure moment, and presently his weary head nodded sideways into a basket of cranberries, where he slept quietly till the sound of gruff voices roused him.

It was Mr. Brisket scolding because one dinner had been forgotten.

"I told that rascal Beals to be sure and carry it, for the old gentleman will be in a rage if it doesn't come, and take away his custom. Every boy gone, and I can't leave the store, nor you either, Pat, with all the clearing up to do."

"Here's a by, sir, slapin illigant forninst the cranberries, bad luck to him!" answered Pat, with a shake that set poor Tom on his legs, wide awake at once.

"Good luck to him you mean. Here, What's-your-name, you take this basket to that number, and I'll make it worth your while," said Mr. Brisket, much relieved by this unexpected help.

"All right, sir;" and Tommy trudged off as briskly as his tired legs would let him, cheering the long, cold walk with visions of the turkey with which his employer might reward him, for there were piles of them, and Pat was to have one for his family.

His brilliant dreams were disappointed, however, for Mr. Brisket naturally supposed Tom's father would attend to that part of the dinner, and generously heaped a basket with vegetables, rosy apples, and a quart of cranberries.

"There, if you ain't too tired, you can take one more load to that number, and a merry Christmas to you!" said the stout man, handing over his gift with the promised dollar.

"Thank you, sir; good night," answered Tom, shouldering his last load with a grateful smile, and trying not to look longingly at the poultry; for he had set his heart on at least a skinny bird as a surprise to Kit.

Sammy's adventures that day had been more varied and his efforts more successful, as we shall see, in the end, for Sammy was a most engaging little fellow, and no one could look into his blue eyes without wanting to pat his curly yellow head with one hand while the other gave him something. The cares of life had not lessened his confidence in people, and only the most abandoned ruffians had the heart to deceive or disappoint him. His very tribulations usually led to something pleasant, and whatever happened, sunshiny Sam came right side up, lucky and laughing.

Undaunted by the drifts or the cold wind, he marched off with the remains of the old shovel to seek his fortune, and found it at the third house where he called. The first two sidewalks were easy jobs, and he pocketed his nine pences with a growing conviction that this was his chosen work. The third sidewalk was a fine long one, for the house stood on the corner, and two pavements must be cleared.

"It ought to be fifty cents; but perhaps they won't give me so much, I'm such a young one. I'll show 'em I can work, though, like a man;" and Sammy rang the bell with the energy of a telegraph boy.

Before the bell could be answered, a big boy rushed up, exclaiming roughly: "Get out of this! I'm going to have the job. You can't do it. Start, now, or I'll chuck you into a snow-bank."

"I won't!" answered Sammy, indignant at the brutal tone and unjust claim. "I got here first, and it's my job. You let me alone. I ain't afraid of you or your snow-banks either."

The big boy wasted no time in words, for steps were heard inside, but, after a brief scuffle, hauled Sammy, fighting bravely all the way, down the steps, and tumbled him into a deep drift. Then he ran up the steps, and respectfully asked for the job when a neat maid opened the door. He would have got it if Sam had not roared out, as he floundered in the drift: "I came first. He knocked me down 'cause I'm the smallest. Please let me do it—please!"

Before another word could be said, a little old lady appeared in the hall, trying to look stern, and failing entirely, because she was the picture of a dear, fat, cozy grandma.

"Send that bad, big boy away, Maria, and call in the poor little fellow. I saw the whole thing, and he shall have the job if he can do it."

The bully slunk away, and Sammy came panting up the steps, white with snow, a great bruise on his forehead, and a beaming smile on his face, looking so like a jolly little Santa Claus who had taken a "header" out of his sleigh that the maid laughed, and the old lady exclaimed: "Bless the boy! he's dreadfully hurt, and doesn't know it. Come in and be brushed and get your breath, child, and tell me how that scamp came to treat you so."

Nothing loath to be comforted, Sammy told his little tale while Maria dusted him off on the mat, and the old lady hovered in the doorway of the dining-room, where a nice breakfast smoked and smelled so deliciously, that the boy sniffed the odor of coffee and buckwheats like a hungry hound.

"He'll get his death if he goes to work till he's dried a bit. Put him over the register, Maria, and I'll give him a hot drink, for it's bitter cold, poor dear!"

Away trotted the kind old lady, and in a minute came back with coffee and cakes, on which Sammy feasted as he warmed his toes and told Kitty's plans for Christmas, led on by the old lady's questions, and quite unconscious that he was letting all sorts of cats out of the bag.

Mrs. Bryant understood the little story, and made her plans also, for the rosy-faced boy was very like a little grandson who died last year, and her sad old heart was very tender to all other small boys. So she found out where Sammy lived, and nodded and smiled at him most cheerily as he tugged stoutly away at the snow on the long pavements till all was done, and the little workman came for his wages.

A bright silver dollar and a pocketful of gingerbread sent him off a rich and happy boy to shovel and sweep till noon, when he proudly showed his earnings at home, and feasted the babies on the carefully hoarded cake, for Dilly and Dot were the idols of the household.

"Now, Sammy dear, I want you to take my place here this afternoon, for mother will have to take her work home by-and-by, and I must sell my wreaths. I only got enough green for six and two bunches of holly, but if I can sell them for ten or twelve cents apiece, I shall be glad. Girls never can earn as much money as boys somehow," sighed Kitty, surveying the thin wreaths tied up with carpet ravelings, and vainly puzzling her young wits over a sad problem.

"I'll give you some of my money if you get a dollar; then we'll be even. Men always take care of women, you know, and ought to," cried Sammy, setting a fine example to his father, if he had only been there to profit by it.

With thanks Kitty left him to rest on the old sofa, while the happy babies swarmed over him; and putting on the shabby hood and shawl, she slipped away to stand at the park gate, modestly offering her little wares to the passers-by. A nice old gentleman bought two, and his wife scolded him for getting such bad ones; but the money gave more happiness than any other he spent that day. A child took a ten-cent bunch of holly with its red berries, and there Kitty's market ended. It was very cold, people were in a hurry, bolder hucksters pressed before the timid little girl, and the balloon man told her to "clear out."

Hoping for better luck, she tried several other places, but the short afternoon was soon over, the streets began to thin, the keen wind chilled her to the bone, and her heart was very heavy to think that in all the rich, merry city, where Christmas gifts passed her in every hand, there were none for the dear babies and boys at home, and the Christmas dinner was a failure.

"I must go and get supper anyway, and I'll hang these up in our own rooms, as I can't sell them," said Kitty, wiping a very big tear from her cold cheek, and turning to go away.

A small, shabbier girl than herself stood near, looking at the bunch of holly with wistful eyes; and glad to do to others as she wished some one would do to her, Kitty offered the only thing she had to give, saying, kindly, "You may have it—merry Christmas!" and ran away before the delighted child could thank her.

I am very sure that one of the spirits who fly about at this season of the year saw the little act, made a note of it, and in about fifteen minutes rewarded Kitty for her sweet remembrance of the golden rule.

As she went sadly homeward she looked up at some of the big houses where every window shone with the festivities of Christmas Eve, and more than one tear fell, for the little girl found life pretty hard just then.

"There don't seem to be any wreaths at these windows; perhaps they'd buy mine. I can't bear to go home with so little for my share," she said, stopping before one of the biggest and brightest of these fairy palaces, where the sound of music was heard, and many little heads peeped from behind the curtains as if watching for some one.

Kitty was just going up the steps to make another trial, when two small boys came racing round the corner, slipped on the icy pavement, and both went down with a crash that would have broken older bones. One was up in a minute, laughing; the other lay squirming and howling, "Oh, my knee!" my knee!" till Kitty ran and picked him up with the motherly consolations she had learned to give.

"It's broken; I know it is," wailed the small sufferer as Kitty carried him up the steps, while his friend wildly rang the door-bell.

It was like going into fairy-land, for the house was all astir with a children's Christmas party. Servants flew about with smiling faces, open doors gave ravishing glimpses of a feast in one room and a splendid tree in another, while a crowd of little faces peered over the balusters in the hall above, eager to come down and enjoy the glories prepared for them.

A pretty young girl came to meet Kitty, and listen to her story of the accident, which proved to be less severe than it at first appeared; for Bertie, the injured party, forgot his anguish at sight of the tree, and hopped up stairs so nimbly that every one laughed.

"He said his leg was broken, but I guess he's all right," said Kitty, reluctantly turning from this happy scene to go ont into the night again.

"Would you like to see our tree before the children come down?" asked the prerty girl, seeing the wistful look in the child's eyes, and the shine of half-dried tears on her cheek.

"Oh yes; I never saw anything so lovely. I'd like to tell the babies all about it;" and Kitty's face beamed at the prospect, as if the kind words had melted all the frost away.

"How many babies are there?" asked the pretty girl, as she led the way into the brilliant room. Kitty told her, adding several other facts, for the friendly atmosphere seemed to make them friends at once.

"I will buy the wreaths for we haven't any," said the girl in silk, as Kitty told how she was just coming to offer them when the boys fell.

It was pretty to see how carefully the little hostess laid away the shabby garlands and slipped a half-dollar into Kitty's hand; prettier, still, to watch the sly way in which she tucked some bonbons, a red ball, a blue whip, two china dolls, two pairs of little mittens, and some guilded nuts into an empty box for "the babies;" and prettiest of all, to see the smiles and tears make April in Kitty's face as she tried to tell her thanks for this beautiful surprise.

The world was all right when she got into the street again and ran home with the precious box hugged close, feeling that at last she had something to make a merry Christmas of.

Shrieks of joy greeted her, for Sammy's nice old lady had sent a basket full of pies, nuts and raisins, oranges and cake, and—oh, happy Sammy!—a sled, all for love of the blue eyes that twinkled so merrily when he told her about the tea-tray. Piled upon this red car of triumph, Dilly and Dot were being dragged about, while the other treasures were set forth on the table.

"I must show mine," cried Kitty; "we'll look at them to-night, and have them to-morrow;" and amid more cries of rapture her box was unpacked, her money added to the pile in the middle of the table, where Sammy had laid his handsome contribution toward the turkey.

Before the story of the splendid tree was over, in came Tommy with his substantial offering and his hard-earned dollar.

"I'm afraid I ought to keep my money for shoes. I've walked the soles off these to-day, and can't go to school barefooted," he said, bravely trying to put the temptation of skates behind him.

"We've got a good dinner without a turkey, and perhaps we'd better not get it," added Kitty, with a sigh, as she surveyed the table, and remembered the blue knit hood marked seventy-five cents that she saw in a shop window.

"Oh, we must have a turkey! we worked so hard for it, and it's so Christmasy," cried Sam, who always felt that pleasant things ought to happen.

"Must have turty," echoed the babies, as they eyed the dolls tenderly.

"You shall have turkey, and there he is," said an unexpected voice, as a noble bird fell upon the table, and lay there kicking up his legs as if enjoying the surprise immensely.

It was father's voice, and there stood father, neither cross nor stupid, but looking as he used to look, kind and happy, and beside him was mother, smiling as they had not seen her smile for months. It was not because the work was well paid for, and more promised, but because she had received a gift that made the world bright, a home happy again—father's promise to drink no more.

"I've been working to-day as well as you, and you may keep your money for yourselves. There are shoes for all; and never again, please God, shall my children be ashamed of me, or want a dinner Christmas day."

As father said this with a choke in his voice, and mother's head went down on his shoulder to hide the happy tears that wet her cheeks, the children didn't know whether to laugh or cry, till Kitty, with the instinct of a loving heart, settled the question by saying, as she held out her hands, "We haven't any tree, so let's dance around our goodies and be merry."

Then the tired feet in the old shoes forgot their weariness, and five happy little souls skipped gaily round the table, where, in the midst of all the treasures earned and given, father's Christmas turkey proudly lay in state.

### The Christmas Tree.

Philadelphia News.

O,
the
Christ-
mas tree
so bright
and green,
awaits Old
Santa Claus.
And the chim-
ney place all swept
and clean gapes wide
its ponderous jaws.
The little stockings are
all hung up, and baby's
just makes four. Won't
Old Santa Claus be surprised
when he finds there is one
more! There's an elegant
place up in the tree to hang
Johnny's gun and a place for
May and one for Kate to leave
their dolls upon. But for little baby
blue eyes a lower branch he must
choose, where she may reach and find
the place he's hung her first new
shoes. Turn down the light a little, now,
so Old Santa Claus can't see and
baby and all must go to bed and
be as good as good can be,
and to-morrow morn get up
early, after a long nigtght's
sleep,
and
come
softly
down
to the
Xmas
tree
see
Who will get the first peep.

---

England proposes to raise $200,000 for a monument to Charles Dickens. Already a single person has contributed $80,000.

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Edward Chadwick, of South Lyons, Conn., has been postmaster for forty-eight consecutive years, and has seen postage reduced from twenty-five to two cents.

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A preacher of Upson county, Ga., has married 111 couples since he has been in the ministry and has received only one fee.

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Let your anger set with the sun but never rise with it.

## The Future of the Sorghum-Sugar Industry.

PROF. COWGILL'S REPORT.

**The sorghum-sugar industry now seems to have an assured future.** The quantities of sugar and molasses, and other valuable products, now obtained from each ton of the cane and from each acre of land, well remunerate the farmer for his crop and the manufacturer for his investment, and the labor and skill required to operate the factory.

An acre of land cultivated in sorghum yields a greater tonnage of valuable products than in any other crop, with the possible exception of hay. Under ordinary methods of cultivation, ten tons of cleaned cane per acre is somewhat above the average, but under the best cultivation the larger varieties often exceed twelve, while the small Early Amber sometimes goes below eight tons per acre. Let seven and a half tons of cleaned cane per acre be assumed for the illustration. This corresponds to a gross yield of ten tons for the farmer, and at $2 per ton, gives him $20 per acre for his crop. These seven and a half tons of clean cane will yield—

750 pounds of sugar.

1,000 pounds of molasses.

900 pounds of seed.

1,500 pounds fodder (green leaves.)

1,500 pounds of exhausted chips. (dried.) A total of 5,650 pounds.

The first three items, which are as likely to be transported as wheat or corn, aggregate 2,650 pounds per acre.

Sorghum will yield seven and a half tons of cleaned cane per acre more surely than corn will yield thirty bushels, or wheat fifteen bushels per acre.

In the comparison, then, of products which bear transportation, these crops stand as follows:

Sorghum, at 7½ tons, 2,650 pounds per acre.

Corn, at 30 bushels, 1,680 pounds per acre.

Wheat, at 15 bushels, 900 pounds per acre.

The sugar from the sorghum is worth, say 5 cents per pound; the molasses 1¾ cents per pound; the seed ½ cent per pound.

The sorghum products give market values as follows:

750 pounds sugar at, say 5 cents, $37.60.

1,000 pounds molasses at, 1¾ cents, $17.50.

900 pounds seed at say ½ cent, $4 50

Total value of sorghum, less fodder, $59.50.

The corn crop gives 1,680 pounds, at ½ cent, $8.40.

The wheat crop gives 900 pounds, at 1 cent, $9.00.

Thus it will be seen that the sorghum yields to the farmer more than twice as much per acre as either of the leading cereals, and as a gross product of agriculture and manufacture on our own soil more than six times as much per acre as is usually realized from either of these standard crops.

LENGTH OF THE SEASON FOR WORKING SORGHUM.

The season for harvesting sorghum is limited to the months during which it may be worked. At present, this dates in our southern countries from about the last of July to the middle or last of October, if a proper selection of varieties of cane has been made. Without doubt this season may be, and will be, lengthened. On this point I can do no better than quote from my report to this department in 1884.

As shown by the reports of the sugar factories of Kansas for the last two years, the working season is confined almost exclusively to the months of September and October. When the great cost of sugar works, the expense of keeping them in repair, and the salaries of the specialist are considered, the importance of lengthening the working season becomes painfully apparent That a $100,000 factory should lie idle for ten months every year, implies that it must be run at enormous profit during the two months or fail to pay interest on investment.

Several plans have been proposed for extending the time during which the works may run. One of these is the development of earlier varieties of cane by systematic selection of seed, cultivation and breeding. The researches of modern physiological botanists give reason to hope for good results in this direction.

Another plan proposed is to reduce the juice to a semi-syrup in small auxiliary factories, store the semi-syrup, and make it into sugar during the winter months. This has much to commend it, but there are some practical obstacles to overcome before it can be put into use.

CAN THE FARMER MAKE HIS OWN SUGAR?

If the question be asked, "Can the farmer profitably make his own sugar?" i. e., make sugar for his own use in a small way, I apprehend that the answer should be much the same as would be a given to the question, "Can the farmer profitably make his own woolen goods, or his own flour?" If, indeed, I have succeeded in the preceding pages in conveying an adequate idea of what sugar-making is, I apprehend that my readers will omit to ask the questions about manufacturing in a very small way.

The farmer who is so fortunate as to be near a sugar factory can do much better than to erect, and try to operate, sugar machinery on a small scale. An acre of good sorghum delivered at the factory will pay for a barrel of nice, nearly white sugar. The farmer who is not so fortunately situated will probably try to induce some company to erect a factory near him, or will join with his neighbors in forming a company for the purpose of building a factory as soon as the skilled labor necessary for its operation can be secured, thereby providing not only his own sugar from his own soil, but at the same time a sure and steady market for the most certain and profitable crop he can raise.

SUGAR REFINERIES.

The sugar produced by the process herein described is light, but not white in color. Its sweetening power is not surpassed by any raw sugar, and its taste is very agreeable. The demand of the age is, however, for the best possible goods, and sorghum sugar must be refined to the purest whiteness and made into the various conditions demanded by the market.

To do this requires the work of the sugar refinery. The largest of the central factories soon to be erected will doubtless be provided with refining factories, and when located at convenient shipping centers will be developed into large refineries as rapidly as the raw sugar can be obtained to give them work.

CONCLUSION.

There seems to be no doubt but that there is here developed an industry of vast importance to our state and nation. For the year ending June 30. 1886, there was consumed in the United States foreign grown and manufactured sugar amounting to 2,689,881,765 pounds. If one thousand new sugar factories were at once erected, and each should produce an annual product of two million pounds of sugar, they would not supply the place of the sugars now imported.

The annual consumption of sugar per capita in the United States, is about fifty-six pounds. The population of Kansas may be taken as one and a half millions. These people consume each year 56 times 1,500,000—84,000,000 pounds of sugar. It will be safe to say that the annual average product of the factories will not exceed 1,500,000 pounds, so that fifty-six factories will be required to supply the sugar consumed by the present population of Kansas, for which they pay over five million dollars annually.

Processes whereby sugar can be made at a profit from sorghum, have been worked out. These are far from perfection, but present developments give promise of others in the near future, and will enable us to produce our own sugar on our soil, with the labor of our people. Those who invest in the new industry will be cautious about experimenting with unknown conditions. Kansas is therefore likely to lead in the development, and become the first northern sugar state.

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## Educational Notes.

BY SUPERINTENDENT MCDONALD.

Our Canadian brethren are hinting to the managers of the Canadian Pacific railway that rates to the National Educational association, which meets at San Francisco next July, would enable many Canadian teachers to meet their American teachers in convention assembled.

Here and there one finds a table in the school room. A random glance shows the Youth's Companion, one or more of the county papers, and a few interesting books. Teachers say the table is well patronized.

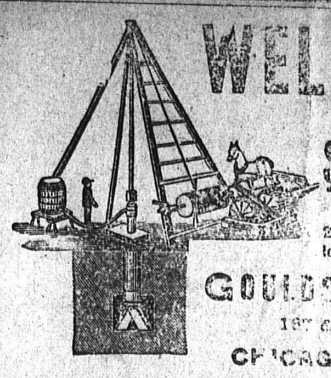
The additions about to be annexed to the city will carry with them the following named school houses: No. 83 school house, commonly known as the Nickel Plated; Lowman Hill, College Hill, Veale's Addition, Oakland, and two school houses in district No. 45, west of North Topeka; six school houses in all, with twelve teachers.

In several cases the entire district is annexed; in others, ragged edges, fringe fashion, are left outside. what to do with these fragments is a question which must be considered when the city has finished its campaign of conquest.

The state superintendent of Pennsylvania appointed Friday, October 21, as an autumn school arbor day. Reports were received from many counties showing that an autumn arbor day can be as well observed as a day appointed in the spring. In the state of Pennsylvania it is customary to appoint two day, one in spring, the other in autumn.

One of the aching voids which is seen at the door of many a school house is the lack of scrapers. When roads are muddy' children loaded with our fertile soil will reach the door, and after fruitless efforts to unload on a door step already covered with mud, will enter to scatter the stuff miscellaneously over the floor. And scrapers are so cheap, too. But while we sympathise with the teacher in deploring the masterly inactivity of the board, can not she invent some primitive scraping apparatus? Two stakes in the ground, iron barrel-hoop, or even sharp-edged board of hard wood. Why not? In the meantime, prayers could be offered that the inertness of the district board might be removed.

In the work of criticising let a pause be made here to say that the good order which is maintained in the schools of Shawnee county this year is worthy of the highest praise. Indeed, in this respect, there is a step in advance each term. The improvement can be placed to the credit of our annual institutes and monthly associations. Teachers have transferred to their respective school rooms the signals used in moving classes at the institute and the marching—military style—when dismissed at recess or at noon. These may be considered very small matters, but they are as oil to machinery. It is clearly discernible, too, that the children themselves recognized the beauty of orderly movements, for they gracefully and cheerfully fall into line at the word of command. Nevertheless, the circuit rider still finds a vast deal of missionary work to do. A violent slamming of doors; walking on the floor during school hours with ponderous recklessness, and a loud yelling in the school room at noons and recesses are evils which here and there need removing. But let thanks be given that our course is forward, not backward.

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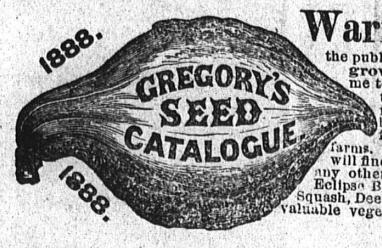


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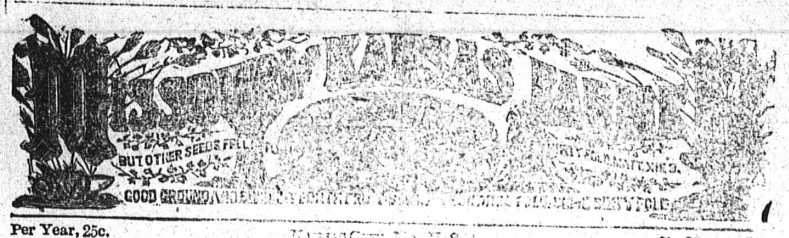


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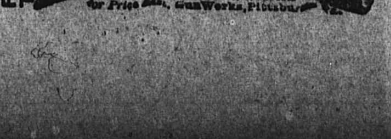

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