

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XVIII.

TOPEKA, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

NO. 45.

What do you think of this paper for 50c for this year?
 Don't you want it?
 Call and see us 835 Kans. Ave.
 Or send by mail.

Farmers on The Tariff.

Several thousand letters from farmers sent to the New York Tribune on the tariff question, were turned over to a committee to examine. As a summary of these letters, the report asks:

That agriculture be more effectually protected by preventing fraudulent importations of cattle, on pretence that they are for breeding only; by a duty of 20 cents per bushel on barley, with proportionate increase of duty on malt; by duties of 25 cents per bushel on potatoes and onions, \$2 per 100 on cabbage, \$3 per ton on hay, 10 cents per pound on hops, 20 per cent. on beans and peas, 5 cents per dozen on eggs, 30 per cent. on fowls and poultry, and on vegetables, in their natural state or in salt or brine, not otherwise provided with no removal or reduction of duties on market garden products now dutiable; by such increased duties on flax and on linen goods as will effectually encourage the preparation of fibre and manufacture of goods; by abolishing all duties on sugar, with a bounty to home producers; by preventing imports of leaf tobacco suitable for wrappers, a duty imposed on other leaf tobacco and repealing all internal taxes on tobacco; by restoring to wool growing the substantial protection enjoyed under the tariff of 1867 so modified as to meet the later forms of foreign competition and of evasion.

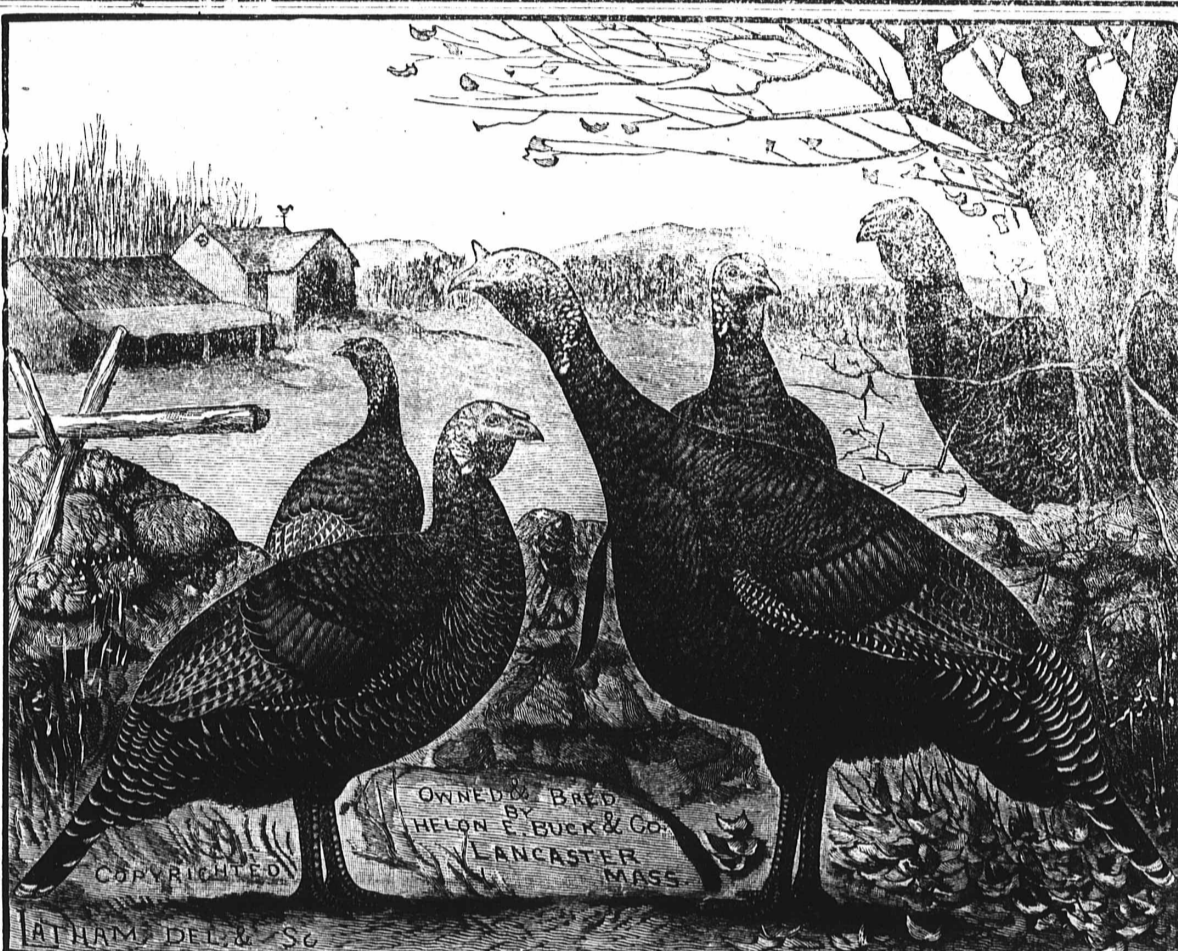
The great majority of these letters express the conviction that the tariff, notwithstanding the defeats and omissions, has contributed powerfully to the growth and welfare of agriculture. Few are hostile or indifferent.

With scarcely an exception the letters received point out that the tariff should have directly benefited the industry of farmers in ways in which it has not. It should shield them as completely as any branch of manufacture from the spasmodic and destructive competition which cheapens and degrades labor in some other lands permit.

But the barrier around the farming industry at all points has many gaps, partly from early oversight and partly from mistaken revision within the past few years. Even at this hour, some of the important products of American farms are undersold in many of our cities and towns by coming in competition with the products of ill-paid or unpaid labor. Onions from Spain and Egypt appear in markets as far west as Chicago. Tobacco raised by coolies in Sumatra lessens the value of that reared by American growers. Wool clipped by slaves, by convicts, or by creatures scarcely less degraded, steals wool growing by an army of American farmers and sends 6,500,000 sheep to the slaughter. Potatoes and cabbages by the cargo, from places where women work daily in the fields come here as ballast, with eggs by the shipload from Holland, cattle from Mexico and barley from Canada.

The fraudulent importation of cattle for slaughter across northern and southern boundaries on pretense that they are for breeding purposes only, and by the law free of duty, should be effectually prevented. It is quite enough that 73,000 head were last year imported at a duty of only 20 per cent., which would be thought scanty protection for any other industry, but 12,000 head were brought in from Mexico professedly for breeding and many more from Canada, though American producers have for years been unable to get living prices.

More than 1,000,000 tons of flax straw goes to waste or is burned in western states worth if prepared \$26,000,000 while we pay \$16,000,000 to foreign makers for linen goods be-



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The producers of tobacco do not ask any increase of duties but they earnestly desire that the fraudulent imposition of the Coolie-grown tobacco, by which their industry has been rendered unprotected, may be stopped by more precise language in defining the classes to which existing duties were meant to apply.

Scarcely a week passes that Topeka is not visited by a delegation from some part of the state who want a railroad, but the largest delegation which has ever yet visited the city was that which arrived yesterday from Salina, Lincoln, Oshorn, Kirwin, Phillipsburg, and other cities in northwest Kansas; for the purpose of interviewing President Low in the interest of a branch of the Rock Island to those cities. It used to be said that the great boomers all live in southwest Kansas, but the northwest fellows are getting to the front in every satisfactory manner. They are determined to have a railroad if all the people in the northwest have to come to Topeka to get it.

There was about thirty of the leading citizens of the town above mentioned who composed the party and they visited President Low in a body, headed by Mayor Banks, of Salina. The route which they desire to have the Rock Island built extends from Salina to Lincoln, thence to Osborne, thence to Kirwin, and thence to Phillipsburg, where it strikes the main line of the Rock Island to Denver. The claims of each of the towns were presented to President Low in eloquent language. There was a great spokesman from each town who told of the glowing prospects of his town and county, and urged upon President Low the necessity of occupying this territory, which they pronounce the richest in the state. The route was declared the most feasible one that could be selected, taking in as it does five of the largest and most prosperous cities in northwest Kansas. The delegation received no definite reply from Mr. Low. He said he would give the matter further consideration.

The street commissioner of the First ward can give the street commissioner of the south side pointers on how to keep the streets, alleys and crossings in shape. The First ward is a model of cleanliness and neatness, so far as the streets and alleys are concerned.

There was on trial in the supreme court yesterday a case which is remarkable because of the fact that the defendant is a son of the celebrated Siamese Twins. It is entitled "The State of Kansas against James M. Bunker," and comes from Ness county. The Siamese Twins were named Eng and Chang Bunker, and lived in North Carolina. The Bunker who was yesterday on trial in the supreme court was a third son. His parents have been dead at least fourteen years and since that time young Bunker has lived nearly all the time in Kansas. For several years he was a resident of Sumner county, and it was in that county where the trouble originated which brought him into the court, and which has taken him to the penitentiary of this state. He is a young man of ordinary intelligence only, has very dark features like his father, and is small in stature, but is in no way deformed. His father was his crime was larceny.

The Siamese Twins were one of the wonders of the age. They were born in Siam in 1811, of a Chinese father and a Chinese Siamese mother. They came to the United States in 1829, and were on exhibition a number of times in this country. They lived together as Eng and Chang Bunker about twenty years in North Carolina, the death of Chang preceding that of Eng about an hour. They differed in character, appearance and strength more than average twins, performed their physical functions separately and were addicted to different habits, Chang being intemperate and irritable, Eng sober and patient. Both were married and had large families of children, all of which are dead except the one who was on trial yesterday in the supreme court. They were remarkable from the fact that they were united at the waist, so that any surgical attempt to separate them would have proven fatal. After death it was found that their livers were also connected.

General Passenger Agent Sebastian, of the Rock Island, is in New York for the purpose of becoming the Rock Island's excursions to Villa.

HOPE VILLA, LA., Nov. 1st, 1886.
 Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER AND CO.
 Rochester, Pa. Gents.—I received a sample bottle of your Antidote for Malaria last spring, and have tasted it fully in my own case. After failing utterly with quinine, it has cured me permanently, and I would take it before my remedy whatever. There is no unpleasant effect while using, and it leaves none. If you could sell at price, if for introductory purposes only it would be "bread upon the waters" later, when the world finds it must have it.
 Very truly yours, J. S. WEBSTER.

The board of trade met last night with a fair attendance. The board of directors was reduced from thirteen to nine, by amendment of constitution. Report of committee on wheel factory, by Judge Carey, to the effect that twenty acres of land for the factory can be secured at two or three separate points. In addition to this, subscriptions to stock in the shape of land to the amount of at least fifty acres has been secured. An estimated value of \$25,000 is placed upon this, but the terms required that such subscription shall be put at an appraised valuation. It seems quite doubtful whether or not enough can be raised, even in land as \$75,000 is the amount wanted. The committee on market house, through Mr. Dolman reported that either one of five tracts, north of the M. E. church can be had. As these are central, and even from Kansas to Central avenues, they are very desirable. They will not be wanted if the Rapid Transit is not built. It was announced that the Missouri Pacific company will extend its road through the city to the northwest, various surveys for which have been made. The election of directors was postponed until the next meeting.

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In the February St. Nicholas Mary Hallock wrote has drawn the Frodo spirit—two young housekeepers in a contest, titled "Family Affairs." A romantic Italian Christmas Story by Amelia E. B. C., entitled "Michael and Feodora," begins the number, and is a proprietary story, edited by E. H. Bleshfield. Mrs. Currier contributes "Sara Cewe" by a very delightful "happy ending." Mr. Charles Henry Webb contributes a striking account of the "Diamondbacks in Paradise," telling of adventures encountered during a winter in Florida. In "The Story of an Old Bible" will find a list of sketches of London bridges and the great events which it has witnessed, illustrated with drawings by Peters and Brennan, and by other painters. The high tides in the Bay of Fundy are explained in an amusing story, "A Legend of Acadia," by C. F. Holder, and Lieut. Sewycka, in "How a Great Sioux Chief was Named," gives the origin of the name "Spotted Tail" and, incidentally, of other similar appellations.

The John Preston True being an interesting school serial, "Drill: A Story of School-boy Life"; Palmer Cox tells of the adventures with a witch; De la W. Lyman tells "How Polly Saved the Aprons Grove," a fanciful story, with amusing pictures by E. B. Bessell; Tudor Jenks contributes "The Astrologer's Niece," which has quaint designs by Birch; and among the poems are: "Cupid's Kettle-drum," by Clara G. Dolliver, illustrated by Alberdaie Randall; "She Disdains It," humorous verses by James Whitcomb Riley; and a pretty "Lullaby" by E. C. W. Zaza.

Other interesting features are: "A Wonderful Wall," with curious pictures by the author, S. Mary; an answer to Grace Denio Litchfield's poem, "My Other Me," by Alice Wellington Rollins; and the usual pictures, jingles, and departments.

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O. E. Morse, of Linn county, and Major Simms, president of the board of agriculture, left yesterday for Junction City with them will be joined by T. M. Potter, of Peabody, the third member of a committee appointed by the board of agriculture to investigate silos and ensilage. They will visit the farm of A. C. Pierce and also Prof. Shelton's farm at Manhattan.

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The Spirit of Kansas

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LOUISE MICHEL is sick and in need of money. Prince Krapotkine is lecturing for her benefit.

GEN. LONGSTREET is said to be in very straitened circumstances. *The Atlanta Constitution* makes an appeal for aid.

SENATOR HAWLEY and his new Philadelphia bride has the honor of being asked to the first White house dinner of the season—the highest social honor in Washington.

THE Austrian Crown Princess Stephanie, while curling her hair recently, ran the hot curling-tongs against her eyelid, and was laid up for a week. She should hire a maid.

THE municipality of Vienna, after the strictest investigation, declares that Madeleine Ponka, of Vienna, has completed her 112th year, her birthday having been in the year 1775.

VON MOLTEK's simple habits are likely to insure him a long old age. He enjoys family life, shuns company and talks rarely, but pithily, and relishes a good game of whist.

PRINCESS CLEMENTINE of Orleans, mother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, is a superb woman of great resolution and strong character. She is not unlike the queen of England in appearance.

THE marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene of Hesse will probably take place at San Remo during the second week in April, as Queen Victoria intends to be present at the ceremony.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES GOLDSBURY, of Warwick, Mass., have recently celebrated the sixty-first anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Goldsbury, although 81, goes to the barn daily and takes care of the stock.

AMONG the applicants for admission to the bar at Buffalo, at a recent examination, was a young man named Ullman, who is blind. He got his legal education by hiring a man to read law books to him.

MISS SALLIE KENNEDY is said to be one of the most successful real estate agents in Washington. She succeeded to the business on the death of her father. During one week recently she is said to have realized several thousand dollars in commissions.

A MEMBER of the duke of Norfolk's mission took his wife to Rome, but was at once obliged to relegate her to another hotel, as the Vatican etiquette, which is very strict, requires that no woman shall be included in, or connected with, any mission to the pope.

GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, the colored historian and the best known writer of his race, has just put the finishing touches to a drama, which he hopes to see performed on the stage before long. The name of the play is "Panda" and the scene is laid in Africa.

SUTTON, the desperate creature who was hanged in Oakland, Cal., last week, had a presentiment the day before his death that he was destined to win in a lottery. He bought two tickets, therefore, and gave them to certain friends who had shown him kindness in his last hours. The tickets did not pay a cent.

JUSTICE LAMAR, as is well known, is a very absent-minded man. A few days ago he boarded a "bob-tail" street-car in Washington, in company with his friend, Senator Cockrell, of Missouri. The ex-secretary walked dreamily up to the box and dropped a quarter through the slit. "Why, Lamar!" exclaimed the senator, "what are you doing? You put a quarter in the box." "Why, so I did," replied Mr. Lamar, "and I knew the fare was only 5 cents." And thereupon he slipped a nickel into the box, thus paying 30 cents for his ride.

The days have gone by, says *The St. Paul Pioneer Press*, when an able-bodied Minnesotan will sit down and lose \$40,000 at poker. That is what Allen Pierce, who was the first county treasurer of Ramsey county, did away back in the 50's. Mr. Pierce had made a good deal of money speculating in real estate. He went down to Washington, and when he returned to St. Paul reported that he had been cleaned out at the seductive game to the tune of \$40,000. Then he sold out his property here in order to square himself on that deal, and took passage down the river. He never returned to retrieve his fortunes.

VICTOR EMANUEL'S DEATH.

Its Tenth Anniversary Celebrated in a Most Impressive Way.

Says a Rome dispatch: On the 10th inst., in strange antithesis to the fetes of the Papal jubilee, there took place in the Pantheon a solemn service in memory of the tenth anniversary of the death of Il Re Galantomo, and of the hero of the Italian Risorgimento. In the most private manner possible King Humbert and his beautiful wife, Queen Marguerite, drove to the old temple to pray at the tomb of their father and father-in-law. But the Liberals of all Italy, and especially of Rome, availed themselves of the occasion to counter-demonstrate against the rival of papal power.

The immediate vicinity of the temple was thronged with people to the number of some 40,000 of the better class, who cheered the King lustily as he appeared in his carriage, until obliged to desist by the King's adjutant, who informed them that though a day reminiscent of all that was glorious in modern Italian history, for the King it was one which reawakened great and lasting sorrows. A private mass was celebrated by Mgr. Auzino, the Court Chaplain. The doors of the ancient temple were closed while mass was being celebrated. A detachment of veterans mounted a guard of honor at the mausoleum.

After the termination of the private mass, the Pantheon was opened to the various societies, sixty in number, preceded by their standards and by many bands of music. The municipality of Rome, headed by the Marquis Guiccioli, the acting Mayor, attended in state, and so did the representatives of all the constituted bodies of the metropolis. The Mortuary Chapel was soon filled with a large number of wreaths of flowers, which were brought in by corporations and private persons. Thousands and thousands of names were registered in the book kept there for the purpose, and during the whole day the Pantheon became the mecca of the Italian patriots.

All the associations who had given themselves rendezvous at the Pantheon, after proceedings were over unanimously decided to go in a body to the Quirinal Palace, the residence of King Humbert. Headed by their bands and standards, they crossed the piazza Della Minerva and by the new Via Nazionale went toward the Quirinal Hall. Through all the streets where the procession passed a great crowd had assembled to sympathize with the demonstrators. Nearly every house had hoisted an Italian flag at half mast, and I noticed the stars and stripes displayed among the banners. The Italian colony of New York sent a splendid wreath of dry flowers.

About noon the procession reached the royal palace, while the royal march and the Garibaldi anthem were played by the bands. As soon as the palace was reached a tremendous shout filled the whole square, and thousands of voices re-echoed "Viva Il Re." "Viva Il Padre Della Patria," "Viva Roma Intagibile." A committee waited on the King, who, greatly moved at the imposing manifestation, thanked the people most warmly, and excused himself for not coming out on the balcony, on account of it being a day of deep mourning for the royal family. A second demonstration was organized afterward by about five hundred students in front of the palace of the Prime Minister, where they hailed him with the words: "Viva Crispi; Viva the Liberal Ministry."

THE JUGGLER'S FATAL WAND.

How a Magician Destroyed Dogs in a Surprising Way.

In Batavia a Parsee juggler treated the Dutch residents to a novel matanza, or killing show, in the circus of the old city bull ring.

His victims were a number of worthless curs which their owners or captors had brought along with the distinct understanding that their entries would not survive the incidents of the performance. With no weapon but a light stick, (possibly a tube) some six feet long, by an inch in diameter, the performer entered the arena and then invited his patrons to start their pets, one at a time. A lank hound, almost hairless with mange, opened the festivities by making a rush round the ring, but stopped short on finding his way barred by the still ranker professor, and retreated after displaying his few remaining teeth. The necromancer held his staff at arm's length, still facing the dog, who presently began to stagger, and two minutes after had expired in convulsions. A second cur managed to run the blockade by leaping over the extended staff, but soon after began to show signs of distress, and before the end of the third minute had shared the fate of his predecessor. Dog after dog entered the ring in quick succession, some of them stopping in surprise and sniffing at the corpses of their doomed forerunners, but all finally approached the possessor of the fatal secret, or even snuffed at his naked shins, and not one of the 1,000 spectators saw him strike a direct blow, or defend himself in any way suggesting a mechanical explanation of the uniform result. He would merely lift his staff with a menacing gesture or permit a blockade-runner to touch it in darting by, but in no instance was there occasion for repeating that touch.

The victims had hardly time to complete the circuit of the ring before their

gait underwent a peculiar change; they would drag themselves along and stagger, or start as under a sudden blow, then roll over and die in the convulsions characterizing the effects of certain violent drugs. They had evidently been poisoned; but how? A postmortem inquest failed to reveal as much as a scratch or a puncture. A poisoned arrow could not have entirely disappeared, while a gaseous poison would have betrayed itself by its odor or by its effects on the person of the performer. After the conclusion of the matanza Mr. Gerstaecker secured a private interview with the artist, and in vain offered him a liberal inducement to explain the modus operandi of his trick. The Parsee seemed bribe-proof, but at last took his tempter aside and in a whisper guaranteed the results of his professional assistance if mynheer should wish to try the efficacy of his art by an experiment on a two-legged subject—the amount of the proffered compensation having evidently suggested a conjecture that the enterprising foreigner was contemplating the removal of some obnoxious fellow-biped.—*The Cosmopolitan*.

Modern Languages.

At the seventh Congress of the National Society of French Professors residing in England, held at Cambridge, Prof. Shelly, who has for the last twenty years held the chair of Modern History in the University at that place, struck the keynote of the contest between the classicists and the advocates of modern culture. He said: "We are not asked to renounce culture for business, but for the sake of business we are asked to impart culture by a new method."

These words are not narrow in their significance. They apply as well to this country as to England. Coming as they do from a man who is a warm admirer and close student of ancient literature, from a scholar who says of himself, "I am by breeding a classicist of the classicists," they are worthy of close attention.

Applying Prof. Seeley's generalization to educational details, we find that he means just this: That for English-speaking students culture may be found in the study of French and German as valuable as that which is derived from an acquaintance with Greek and Latin.

Extreme classicists have long claimed that while a knowledge of French and German may be of great practical value it is not of much use as an instrument of intellectual refinement. Culture *par excellence*, they say, lies wholly in a knowledge of classic tongues.

Prof. Seeley has therefore placed the study of modern languages on an even a higher plane than it has hitherto occupied. He boldly raises the culture-giving influences of French and German to a level with Greek and Latin, and says to the modern student, Choose not between the refining and the practical, but between two different modes of culture.

In this bustling, hurried life of today, when the field of knowledge is widening so rapidly, the young man has a few years of leisure to give to education is called upon to make his choice between a classic and a modern course of study. The time has come when the average student cannot serve two masters so far as the acquirement of languages extends.

And what is true of the individual is applicable to colleges and schools. Each institution must devote its main energies to one of the two forms of literary culture, the ancient or the modern.

Specialization is the unavoidable result of modern progress. Education as a system cannot resist this tendency.—*New York World*.

Degenerate Sons of Noble Sires.

It is almost pitiful to watch the degenerate sons of noble sires, says a Washington correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial*. One can hardly believe that these hollow-chested young men, foolishly fashionable in their dress, are the sons of Senators and Representatives and high officials in the American government. It is hard to believe that they are the sons of men mentally and physically stalwart in the halls and houses of legislation and the high offices of government. Why is it that the man of great ability, abounding power, and apparent physical excellence produce such offspring? It would not be pleasant to go into details in such a matter or use names, but it may be said that only two nights ago the son of an ex-Senator was picked up from the gutter at the corner of Tenth and F streets; that the son of a high official, who will borrow a quarter from you on five minutes' acquaintance, fell on the floor of a prominent hotel and was carried up-stairs by the servants; that the son of another senator shot at the servant who was waiting on him in a fashionable restaurant; that another nearly broke up a swell reception by his ribaldry and endeavor to break a gentleman's head with a champagne bottle; and that another was put on board a sailing vessel for a trip around Cape Horn in an endeavor to sober him up. By the time he arrives in California he will have been four or five months or more without a drink, and will probably celebrate his landing in a manner that will paint San Francisco red.

Decay of the Big Ranch.

It begins to look as if the big ranch business is to follow in the footsteps of big plantations and farms. The decade between 1870 and 1880 showed a breaking up in the large cotton plantations of the South and the grain farms of the West; and the average holdings of cultivated land were only half as great in 1880 as 1870. There had been a corresponding increase in the number of farms, and it was quite evident that the big farms all over the country were being subdivided into smaller ones.

Since 1880 there has been some alarm displayed at the size of the immense cattle, sheep and other ranches in the far Western and South-western States and Territories. The papers gave long lists of companies and individuals holding one hundred thousand acres and more, and noted particularly the fact that a large proportion of these holders were foreigners. As the tide of interstate immigration was pouring into the very sections where these ranches are situated, it was feared that they would interfere seriously with it. Indeed, in some States, particularly in Texas, these large holdings were found to act disadvantageously to the settlement of the country, and to be in other ways opposed to the best interests of the State.

It now looks, however, as though the big-ranch system was decaying; and that, instead of swallowing up all the available lands to the exclusion of the small farmers, they will break up themselves. The big Niobrara Land and Cattle Company of Montana which a year ago refused \$1,000,000 for its property, has just gone into hopeless bankruptcy from causes which promise to prove fatal to many other ranch enterprises—the fact that the business is being overdone. The tendency is toward the breaking up of the big ranches into smaller ones or farms, which can be easily looked after, and for the cattle on which the necessary food and shelter can be provided. This tendency is felt throughout the Territories; and Gov. Ross, of New Mexico, calls special attention to it in his late report.

Such a change is, of course, to be welcomed; and it is likely to produce important results, in another way, by increasing the production of cattle in the South. This section has millions of acres of land which can be profitably devoted to cattle raising. It is cheap, and as soon as the business of stealing Government land upon which to raise cattle has come to an end, the men who want to go into business in a legitimate way will be turning their attention to the Southern lands. The South is well able to raise all the cattle the country needs; and will do so when the ranch system is broken up.

The whole Union will be benefited by this, and no one will regret the change except the ranchmen themselves.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

International Copyright.

When a timid and unknown author tremblingly enters the sanctum of one of our opulent book publishers to submit "copy" for inspection with the expectation of getting pay for his brainwork, he is usually met with a "Why should we pay you money for an uncertain manuscript when we can publish Haggard's or Stevenson's stories for nothing?" Then the timid author retires from the august presence and wonders how it happens that in this country, rendered great and glorious by its protective system, he alone seems to be inundated and overwhelmed by practical free trade in British literary trash. It is the meanest kind of free trade, because it usually involves an unlimited amount of literary piracy. Of course the publisher does not say in bold English that he steals and pilfers, though he knows as well as anybody else that the important and salable quality in a book is the brain-work found between its covers and this he usually appropriates freely to his own use. It takes brain-power to work up even literary trash, and if the American people want that sort of thing, we are in favor of giving it to them red-hot from American authors. Publishers should be compelled to foster home talent, and should be prevented from flooding the country with a lot of cheap English literature because the brain-work in it costs them nothing. They are protected against competition from foreign book publishers by the tariff, but are reveling in unlimited free trade when it comes to stealing the ideas of foreign authors. When the International Copyright Bill comes up for action, it is to be hoped that Congress will do something to protect the American authors and the American public against the unlimited foreign literary trash with which unconscionable book publishers are now flooding the country.—*Cincinnati Times*.

Why She Wanted to Know.

"No, Miss Bell," said Gus DeJay, "I don't think I shall call on Miss Clawa fah a great many weeks to come."
"Why not?"
"Because of something she said the other evening. I had just been theah a few minutes, but I went right home."
"What was it?"
"Oh, it was something weal unkind."
"But I would like to have you tell me what it was?"
"Why are you so anxious to know?"
"I want to learn it by heart."—*Merchant Traveler*.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The cutting down of sealskin saques into jackets goes bravely and fashionably on. At this time 3,467 puddling furnaces are at work in Great Britain, and 1,956 are standing idle.

A new fashion for bridesmaids is to carry an ebony and silver walking-stick, to which is fastened a bouquet.

If the value of natural gas at and near Pittsburgh could be capitalized it would be worth at 6 per cent. \$100,000,000.

Electricity is to be utilized to obtain 100,000 horse-power of water-power at Lake Tahoe. An immense siphon will be used.

A Pittsburgh concern is the only one in the country that can turn out steel armor plates four inches thick. Each plate weighs ten thousand pounds.

The minister of mines in Victoria, Australia, Mr. Gilles, has calculated that Australian gold to the value of \$2,710,616 was mined last year, at an expense of \$2,385,680.

The largest savings-bank in the world is the Glasgow Savings-bank. The last report shows funds in hand of \$4,680,000, and \$4,623,000 are due to depositors, who number 137,204.

An old man in Indiana offers the county the interest on \$8,000 in government bonds in return for support in the poorhouse, and is willing to bequeath the bonds to the county.

Gen. John C. Fremont has concluded to reside hereafter in California, in pursuance of a resolution formed more than 40 years since, when "he came down from the winter of the mountains into the land of sunshine and flowers."

Here are some answers actually given to questions in the examination papers at a certain school: "The feminine of bridegroom is bridesmaid; of shepherd, shepherd girl; of Jew, Jew lady; of lion, female lion; of actor, actress."

A cablegram from Rome says that the Pope's successor is already being considered, and that there is a strong party in the Roman church in favor of selecting the Pope from some other city than Rome and from some other country than Italy.

"What becomes of all the rubber overalls?" The factories in Naugatuck alone turn out 15,000 pairs of shoes daily, or counting three hundred working days in the year, 4,500,000 pairs. Considering what rubber shoes are made of nowadays, perhaps it is not remarkable after all.

The town of Clarkville, Ind., wants to secede from Hoosierdom and become an independent territory, claiming this right under the old Virginia charter, which they hold is still in force. The town was chartered by Virginia in 1783, and was described as a county in Illinois.

According to official statistics on the subject, 78,792 cabin passengers were landed from the various steamers at the port of New York during 1887. The total number of steerage passengers arriving was 371,619, and the trips made by the steamships of the various lines aggregated 885.

A Russian general has created a great sensation in Europe by furnishing an elaborate scheme for the construction of a railway through Siberia to the Pacific ocean. It is intended to go by the shortest possible cut from the Urals to the Pacific ocean. The total cost of the road is estimated at \$200,000,000, which, it is believed, can be readily raised in Russia itself.

They are talking about establishing a maple-sugar exchange in Vermont to guard against adulteration. It is said that the widespread adulteration of genuine maple sugar and sirup is resulting seriously to the sugar industry of the state. The annual product is about twelve million pounds, and it is thought the organization of an exchange would increase it 25 per cent.

The United States is the largest consuming country of raisins in the world, and the annual consumption is about 2,000,000 boxes of about twenty pounds each, which at an average of \$2 a box shows an expenditure of \$4,000,000 per annum for one article in the dried fruit line. The amount referred to represents, say, 1,000,000 boxes Valencia, 950,000 boxes California, 200,000 boxes Malaga and 100,000 boxes Smyrna.

A little Esquimau woman, who left her native home on the eastern shore of Greenland when 15 years old, has resided in this country long enough to learn the language and to develop the fact that Esquimaux are as white as any other people when the dirt and grease are washed off. Among other things, she says, the people of her nationality never wash or bathe in all their lives, have no rulers, no form of government, everyone does exactly as he or she pleases, all are contented with their lot, as they know of nothing better.

The oft-asked question, "Where do seabirds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" is probably correctly answered by an old skipper, who says that he has frequently seen these birds far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, chattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. They can probably go a long time without water.

Anything more distressing than the untimely death of a little boy of 7, which is just reported from Paris, it would be hard to imagine. The only son of a French tradesman which was playing in his father's room when he perceived that the safe was open. In a spirit of boyish fun he got into it. Presently the father came into the room, and, before leaving for his day's work locked the safe, the child keeping silence the while. Soon the little fellow was missed, the police were called in, and a hue and cry raised. Next morning the father opened the safe—to find his son a corpse.

A few years ago Washington people began to call at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and all the receptions were over before 5. Last year from 8 to 5 were the fashionable hours for visiting, but this season they have been again changed, and very few people think of going out before 4 o'clock, and the receptions are not over until 6 or 7, giving people no time to dine if they intended to go out in the evening. This change is said to have been made for the accommodation of members of congress and other public men, who are making calls this year in much larger numbers than ever before.

A FAIR KLEPTOMANIAC.

She Goes Into a New York Book Store and Takes What She Likes.

A well known merchant of this city, says a New York correspondent of *The Baltimore American*, whose trade is principally among the female fashionables, gives some startling information about kleptomania, which he pronounces a disease.

"Having just threatened to prosecute one of the women in this city for theft, I have been in a position to know a considerable amount about the extent to which kleptomania obtains among shoppers generally," said the merchant to-day.

"I have a customer whose pilferings are worth more to me than her purchases, although she buys heavily.

"This disease has taken such firm hold upon her that her husband pays her bills without question. This lady, whose wealth is up in the hundred thousands, will not hesitate to pick up trifling articles and conceal them. For these we invariably send bills at the highest prices. The husband is so accustomed to these bills that each week he lays aside an amount he terms 'needle fund,' as needles are the articles most commonly preferred by his wife. Nor will this kleptomaniac hesitate to steal most trifling articles from her best friend. Frequently persons whose houses she visits report the loss of small articles to her husband, who always pays the amount, explains the disease to which his wife is a victim and begs that nothing be said about the theft rather than a presentation to him of a bill for the amount. A Broadway baker, whose shop it is her custom to visit, makes out a monthly bill for 'junk-cheese loss.' And so, wherever this kleptomaniac—rich though she is—visits, a bill, suspiciously worded, is sure to follow.

"During the holiday season the dealers in fancy articles complained of the loss of such goods as this kleptomaniac would fancy, and one of them took occasion to shadow her in her shopping tour through his place. He discovered that the lady had appropriated about thirty dollars' worth of goods, for which she did not offer to sell, while spending hundreds of dollars for handsome articles for presents. The proprietor was a quondam. To remind his fair customer of the fact that she was a thief meant the loss of the profits on her purchases, and not to do so would be to encourage her to greater thefts. Ascertaining her husband's address the merchant sought an interview. He threatened prosecution at first until the wife's disease for thieving was explained.

"Now there is a standing agreement between the husband and the proprietor of the store, to the effect that when in future the wife visits the store, she shall be closely followed by a salesman with account book. The value of all articles stolen shall be noted and a bill sent, without the lady's knowledge, to her husband, who promises to settle promptly for everything provided exposure is carefully guarded against."

Girls That Vivisect.

"Oh, yes, we studied physiology and anatomy at the Normal college, and once a party of us tried vivisection," said one of the girl graduates at the fair the other evening.

"Vivisection! You don't mean it?" "Yes, and on a frog, too. Seven of us girls went up to the Harlem woods one bright October afternoon to gather leaves for examination in botany. We had just reached a shady nook when an unsuspecting frog leaped upon the scene. With one accord we dropped botany, leaves, everything, and reached for the frog."

"What! You didn't touch the horrid thing?" "Indeed we did, and never girl's minds soared as ours did at the prospect of dissecting that frog."

"Of course you killed him first?" "Certainly not. We wanted to see his heart beat, to see life in death, as it were. So we ran a hat pin through his brain, just to destroy the feeling; but gracious how he kicked and hopped. One of the girls wanted to put him back into the water, but Ida said, 'No, we've made an idiot of him, and we had better finish the work. We happened to have a dull penknife among us, and with that we prepared for the operation; we put the frog on a flat stone for the table, and one girl held his hands, one his feet and another sawed away with the knife."

"How could you do it?" "Oh, we didn't mind. The outside skin was loose and flabby, but the inside skin was tight, and as soon as the knife touched this it opened at once. Everybody stood in blind rapture, looking at that beating heart, and in the midst of it all the frog made a couple of jumps and nearly escaped before we had finished with him."

"Why, what else was there to do?" "Remove the intestines and get a diagram of the spine. But I am not sure that anybody got that far, we were so taken up with seeing the heart beat and liver expand as in life."

"Not after they were out of the body?" "Of course they did. And the frog didn't die, at least while we were there, he folded himself together, made a bow, and hopped off. You can believe it or not, but I'll show you six other girls who will prove it, and if you still doubt you can try it yourself. The frog you try may not bow; that depends on the style of the girl who uses the knife, but the heart will beat a long time after it is taken out of the body."

New York Mail and Express.

Planting "In The Moon."

In the east thousands of people plant and sow "in the moon" to insure rapid growth, but in Dakota it is dangerous to plant in the prolific phase of the moon, so they are careful to plant at such a time that the moon will exert its influence in holding the crop back. I have known several disasters to result from neglect of this precaution. One day last January I got lost out in the country, and while I was toiling through the tall, new grass I saw a man with nothing on but his suspenders tearing along like mad. He stopped just long enough to tell me what was up, and off he went again for the Iowa side of the Sioux river, which he cleared at a bound, and fell on all four into a snow-drift four feet deep. He said he and his wife had looked up the moon business, and had planted their garden the evening before, but happened to get hold of last year's almanac, and missed it about four days. The result was when he woke up that morning the beets that he planted forty feet from the house had crushed in his cellar walls, and a squash-vine had taken the door off its hinges, and was just mopping the floor with all there was left of his hired man, whom it had snatched out of bed in the attic. He didn't know where his wife was, but he saw some shreds of a night-gown and several agate buttons in the front yard as he fled. He said there were pea-vines after him, with pods on 'em large enough for phantom boats; and one could see by the way he was dressed that if he was a liar at all he was not a regular Dakota thoroughbred sample. If I really thought I would ever become an average Dakota liar I would want to die. This territory must be divided sometime before the day of judgment, for how could the Almighty ever audit its accounts with only one set of clerical angels at work at a time?

About two weeks ago I saw a farmer out behind a straw-stack gathering into a heap a lot of old bones and pieces of hides and sprinkling salt on them. Yesterday I saw this same man selling a fine pair of steers to a butcher uptown. They were so fat and had filled up so fast that he had pieced out their hides with an old buffalo robe. This granger was a Sunday-school superintendent before he came to Dakota, but he swore that these were the same cattle I had seen him kicking together behind the straw-stack. He said all that they had eaten was some wild grass that had sprung up in his door yard, where the women had thrown out a few tubs of warm soap-suds on wash days. He said that he had learned that the best way to winter stock in Dakota was to knock them all to pieces in the fall and set them up again as wanted, otherwise, unless we get a blizzard every week, they are liable to get too fat and round on the native grass.

Last fall I stopped at a house to borrow a match to light my pipe. The man told me to go right out in the garden and pick all I wanted. I did not know what he meant at first, but he went out with me, and—I'm almost afraid you'll think I'm a liar for telling it—there was about half an acre growing the finest parlor matches I ever saw. They were as thick as hairs on a blind mole. He said he had a poor crop the year before, because the seed was too good for such soil. This year he had mixed his seed matches with about one-fourth toothpicks, and got a splendid yield.

I went out after breakfast and saw the man blowing up hubbard squashes with gunpowder. They were too large to be moved, and the farmer wanted the ground. I noticed that one of his wife's legs was about eight inches longer than the other, and the man explained it thus: He said when they first came to Dakota they lived in a "dug-out," with nothing but the ground for a floor, upon which they had to mow the grass once a day to find the baby. He said his wife had a habit of sitting with one leg over the other knee, and the leg that remained in contact with the soil got such a start that the other could never catch up.

One day I was very thirsty. I asked a man if the water in that neighborhood was good. He said: "You see that mule standing over there?" I replied in the affirmative, he said: "Why, three months ago that mule was a jack-rabbit. I should say the water was good."

He must also have taken a copious supply of the alkali grass, which grows in this country in abundance.—*Dakota Cor. Modern Miller.*

A SPARROW SAVED HIM.

A Man Who Was Deterred From Suicide by the Song of a Bird.

Among the early inhabitants of Buckfield was one Granville Maxim, a man of marked ability, but of eccentric habits. He early manifested an early love for music, and, for that day, was said to have acquired a very thorough knowledge of its principals. He was an eminent composer, and author of the most popular melodies of that day, which are now known as continentals, and by long and continued use have become so firmly established in the hearts of not only the people of this State, but throughout this Union, as to render their author's name almost a household word.

In early life, as tradition tell us, he met with a very serious disappointment in love. Tired of life and disgusted with the world, he one morning

took a stout rope and wandered into the deep forest between Owl's Head and Streaked Mountain with the fixed purpose of putting an end to his existence. He continued his way till he came to a deserted logging camp, where he sat down to rest and think the matter over. On the old hovel sat a lone sparrow uttering her lament at the disturbing of her nest by some ruthless marauder. He sat for a long time listening to the plaintive song of the bereaved bird. At last he thought to leave some memento which might chance to meet the eyes of his lady-love, and in some measure remedy her of his sufferings. Going to a birch tree he removed a piece of bark, on which he wrote the following lines:

As on some lonely building top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I'll sit and grieve alone.

He then commenced to write a plaintive melody of most exquisite sweetness in the minor scale, justly befitting the language. When he had finished this he had become so interested in his work he began to affix the other parts, and his whole mind and energies seemed wrapped in the work before him.

Evening had begun to cast its shadows over the valley ere his task was completed. While the whole was adjusted to his liking, his lively imagination, to his indefinite delight, pictured the glorious harmony which must arise from his subject when performed by his competent choir. His love of life returned, and his idea of suicide vanished. Throwing his rope into the adjacent bushes he hastened homeward and became a very popular and useful man.—*Leviston Journal.*

A DEAD-MAN'S BEARD.

Growing for Thirteen Years in a Grave at Carson.

Old-timers will doubtless remember the death of Hal Clayton some thirteen years ago, says a Carson (Nev.) special to *The San Francisco Examiner*. He was a gambler by profession, of the better class of sports, and when he died of a fever was buried in a vault in a cemetery and his body placed in a costly metallic casket under a glass case.

His wife, who was frantic with grief, placed her diamonds on his shirt front. These stones were valued at \$800. Fearful lest the gems would be taken from the vault, she placed a watch at the tomb, and it was maintained for many weeks. Clayton was a Southerner, and the body was disposed of, after the Southern fashion, above ground.

A few days ago George Dobbs, who has care of the cemetery, was possessed with a curiosity to visit Hal Clayton's tomb, and, securing the keys of the vault, took a look at the remains. He was astonished to find Clayton's beard and mustache had grown under the glass case to such an extent that they reached below his knees. The massive beard was a rich brown color, extending in wavy masses over the body, and having a perfectly fresh, healthy appearance, as if it might have had on a living man. The beard had been growing in this way thirteen years, and, for aught any body knows, will hold its strange post-mortem vitality.

Clayton had a romantic life. He was engaged to a handsome young girl in the South, and left her to seek his fortune in the West. She became tired of his absence, and setting out to find him, drifted homeless and friendless from one mining camp to another, like a leaf in a storm. After years of this life she met her former lover, but was so changed by her wandering life that he refused to marry her.

After his repudiation of his old sweetheart he became sick, and when lying at death's door she came to his bedside and nursed him back to health. Filled with gratitude at her devotion, he renewed the affection of his youth and married her. She proved a devoted wife, and when he died she built at large expense the vault where his remains now lie, and in which his rich brown beard has been growing all these years. Whether the diamonds are on his shirt front is not known, as the beard hides the body from the knees up.

Ordering by Sketch.

Pictures are a common medium of communication. They do not require translation to make them plain to another people. A child's picture book needs no text or interpretation to interest children, no matter how unlike their mother-tongue may be. The simplest art has served some of the most common uses.

It is told of James Nasmyth, the famous English engineer, that when he was traveling in Sweden where he knew not one word of the language, and where his English was as little understood, he used to order his dinner at the inn by drawing in his sketch book whatever he wanted.

For example, he would draw a table covered with a cloth, and a cooked fowl (smoking hot) upon it, with vegetables, bread, cheese, salt, and anything else a pressing appetite might suggest as desirable.

When the order was completed the traveler indicated the hour when he wished his dinner served, by drawing a clock with the hands pointing to the hour, and the whole thing was plain at a glance. In like manner he used to order a horse and carriage as he had occasion, and he was always understood.

The Fire Waste in 1887.

The waste by fire in the United States and Canada goes on increasing from year to year. It has now reached the colossal annual figure of a fraction with in \$180,000,000, or nearly \$11,000,000 per month. This involves not merely loss of property, but represents blighted homes, darkened firesides, and the blasted prospects of many a strong man for the residue of his life. Thousands have become drunkards under the calamity of a ruinous conflagration. Many a sufferer, seeing no hope in the future, has lacked the courage to start again on the rugged path of life.

Is there no method to stop this terrible waste? The insurance companies are adopting severer and more stringent regulations, but they seem to have no effect as new causes of fire are constantly cropping out.

The fundamental error is that we build too flimsily. In a recent conflagration at Columbus, where some of the best dogs in the United States and some of the rarest varieties of poultry were burned, the building, though an armory was a wretched frame structure,—a fit tinder-box and the men who manage such affairs are generally more careless in a wooden building than they would be in a stone structure.

France has a population of 28,000,000. There is a vast deal of wealth in the country. The buildings are not inflammable, being mostly of stone, but they can be destroyed by fire. Yet the fire waste in 1887 was greater in the United States than in France for the previous sixteen years. This moderate fire waste is one reason why the French accumulate so much from their small earnings.

The insurance law in France is peculiar. If it could be adopted in the United States it would save tens of millions of property annually. No householder or owner of property in France can be insured against his own carelessness or negligence, but he may be insured against the carelessness and negligence of his neighbor. Every occupant thus becomes an inspector against fire. The insurance companies there do not need to appoint inspectors of the property which they insure.

Perhaps it seems a little hard that the owner of the premises upon which the fire originates can get no insurance; but the law is for the good of the whole community; and that should be the object of every law.

In the United States one careless or negligent man may ruin all his neighbors within the area of many blocks. In France such a thing is virtually impossible as a careless and negligent man is regarded as a criminal, and therefore every one is quite sure to watch and guard his own premises.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

The Origin of Petroleum.

Prof. Medeleef in *Engineering* has advanced the theory that petroleum is of a mineral origin, and that its production is going on, and may continue almost indefinitely. He has succeeded in making it artificially by a similar process to that which he believes is going on in the earth, and experts find it impossible to distinguish between the natural and the manufactured article.

His hypothesis is that water finds its way below the crust of the earth, and then meets with carbides of metals, particularly iron, in a growing state. The water is decomposed into its constituent gases; the oxygen unites with the iron, while the hydrogen takes up the carbon, and ascends to a higher region, where part of it is condensed into mineral oil, and part remains as natural gas, to escape where it can find an outlet, or to remain stored at great pressure until a borehole is put down to provide it a passage to the surface.

Oil-bearing strata occurs in the vicinity of mountain ranges, and it is supposed that the upheaval of the hills has dislocated the strata below sufficiently to give the water access to depths from which it is ordinary shut out. If the centre of the earth contains large amounts of metallic carbides, we have in prospect a store of fuel against the days when our coal will be exhausted.

The Bangle Girl Has Done It.

"It will cost you just \$1.35 to buy a dollar in gold coined in 1887, said a down-town broker to a *Mail and Express* reporter.

"I can do better than that at the banks," said the reporter.

"No; the banks, if they have gold dollar coins, will charge you the same. The banks rarely keep them, because they are hardly available for every day use. The small dollar coins made previous to 1887 can be had for \$1.25. Why is there a premium if people do not wish to use them as money? For that we are indebted to the bangle girl. The coins that go to make up that article of wear called a bangle bracelet never find their way back into circulation. There are thousands of young women wearing half a dozen or so of gold dollars as bracelet bangles, and the rage has scarcely abated yet. A dozen young women come in every week and ask for gold dollars to make bangles. Silver dimes are often used for bangles, but the gold dollars are more popular. There is, of course, no premium on dimes. I knew one young woman who had ten bangles made out of five-dollar gold-pieces, but she was wealthy, and had the bangle fever badly."

Scientific Miscellany.

It has been discovered that wool previously saturated with a ten per cent solution of glycerine can bear a prolonged heat of some 275 degrees without injury.

Astronomy is likely to have a "boom" in the United States. Among the institutions that have projected or just completed new observatories of importance are Iowa college, Carleton college, Smith college, Lake Forest University, and Bates college.

Partially successful experiments in signalling by means of electric lights flashed on clouds have been made by British officers in Singapore. A message of four words was read from an out-going vessel at a distance of sixty knots, but the reply escaped notice.

A new tanning agent, called pyro-fusine, has been extracted from coal-dust by means of caustic soda. The tanning process is somewhat complicated, but it is claimed to be fifty per cent cheaper than the bark process, and twenty to thirty per cent cheaper than the alum process.

Dr. F. Lansen, of the Bergen Museum, proposes crossing Greenland's interior next summer on the snow-runners which gave such remarkable progress during Nordenskjold's last trip. Baron Nordenskjold is himself confident of the success of this attempt to traverse Greenland's ice.

A commission of the Paris Academy of Medicine finds that hydrofluoric acid, which is highly antiseptic, has a therapeutic action when inhaled. It dissents, however, from the opinion of glass-workers that the inhalations cure consumption, but considers that they may be useful in diphtheria.

Three new vessels of the Italian navy—Re Umberto, Sicilia and Sardegna—are each provided with engines to develop the enormous force of 22,800 indicated horse-power. Previous to 1881 the greatest power put into one ocean vessel was about 8000 indicated horse-power, but the Italians now have two vessels of 18,000 indicated horse-power each.

PHOTOGRAPHIC METEOROLOGY.—M. Jansen, the French physicist, considers the camera a valuable addition to the instruments of the astronomer. He has exhibited to the Academy of Sciences some fine pictures illustrating the characteristics of mountain clouds at different hours of the day. The "sea of down" of early morning undergoes interesting changes through the action of air-currents set in motion by the sun.

THE OYSTER IN FRANCE.—While oyster-culture is declining in Great Britain, it is being rapidly developed in France. In 1857 the bay of Arcaehon had twenty oyster-beds; in 1865 the number was 297, with an annual production of 10,000,000 oysters; and there are now 15,000 acres of beds, with a yearly yield of 300,000,000 oysters. In a decade the product of Arcaehon has increased from 7,000,000 to 70,000,000 oysters per annum.

MOUNTAIN MAKING.—A new theory of the formation of mountains has been offered by Mr. T. Mellard Reade, the well-known English geologist. He supposes that the periods of great sedimentary deposits that have preceded the birth of every large mountain range have been followed by great elevation of temperature, producing expansions of the strata, with consequent forcing up of the ridges. Laboratory experiments with the various rocks show that heating would give such results.

English Sense of Humor.

Mr. Chauncey Depew was talking awhile ago to some New York friends, and the conversation turned upon the density of Englishmen in the matter of humor. Said Mr. Depew, laughing over some anecdotes that had been related: "Some years ago I had to make an after-dinner speech at the country home of a genial and wealthy Englishman, who lived a hundred miles or so from London. I began by apologizing for my lack of preparation, on the ground that the man who usually wrote my extemporaneous speeches had failed to put in appearance. Nobody smiled. I tried again, and that attempt was no more successful than the first. In fact every effort made to interest and convulse the gentlemen gathered about that banquet-table seemed to plunge them into deeper and more profound gloom, and I finally sat down, convinced that I was a ghastly and greswome failure. I went over to Paris and traveled about the continent for several weeks. Then I returned to London and was walking up Regent street, when I met the Englishman who had been my entertainer in the country. He came up to me with a burst of laughter. As he grasped my hands in his the tears almost ran down his cheeks, he was laughing so hard. He exclaimed: 'My boy, that was a capital joke of yours about your extemporaneous speech at my banquet. Ha, ha, ha! I came all the way up town to have a laugh with you about it.' And he did laugh. Finally I said to him: 'That was very kind of you. You must have come up by the slow express?' He looked at me with an expression of deep amazement, and I didn't see him for a week. At the end of that time he came up to me again, laughing all over, and roared: 'By jove, Depew, that was a witty thing you said to me the other day. The slow express! Ha, ha, ha!'"

"And that," continued Mr. De. ew, goes to show that Englishmen really appreciate humor, though they are apt to be in the rear of the procession."

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscriptions, 75 Cents a Year.

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G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

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Job Printing of all kinds done in the most artistic manner, and at lowest prices.

The Eldorado Times is for sale.

We now look for Ingalls' tariff speech.

Lawrence has a young men's republican club.

St. Joseph ladies are petitioning the people to lynch a wife murderer.

Russian authorities admit they are preparing for defense.

Senator Plumb is pushing the investigation in the mail service.

A savage war in freight rates from the east will inure to the benefit of the people. It began yesterday.

Congress thinks burglary and larceny in the Indian territory ought to be punished, and a bill to that effect is under consideration.

Prohibition is King of Kansas.

There are few things on this earth that contain more elements of fraud than American politics.

Crippen is the name of an Indiana editor, and his enemies take revenge by calling him Clippen.

The spirits of the dead anarchists are now putting in their best work at nearly every seance held in Chicago.

As usual, John A. Anderson is doing the best work of the Kansas delegation in Congress.

Sorghum and broom corn are getting to be two important Kansas crops.

In southwestern Kansas where a week or two ago was the great blizzard, they are now putting out fields of onion sets.

Manhattan believes itself founded upon a rock, and pins its faith in its future greatness to its vast stone quarries.

Kansas papers tell of those who return disgusted from California, and Missouri papers do the same of those who return from Kansas.

The weather is warm, gloomy and foggy, but the rain will be welcome to farmers.

The senate has passed a bill to increase pensions of totally disabled to \$72 a month.

Osborne county puts its negroes in jail to fatten. One of them gained forty pounds.

Bro. Jennings of the Wichita Republic! Why will you tolerate that wooden head to your otherwise charming paper?

The law actually presumes that one editor may libel another. Sometimes there is nothing more ridiculous than law.

The Irish are not satisfied with the pope's mediation. They think he favors the English government.

Look out for sham work in Congress. This is presidential year. It will do to keep one eye on each party. Both will cheat.

The third party Union labor state committee of the anti-monopolists, anti-capitalists, has been called by chairman banker Breidenthal, to meet in this city on the ninth instant.

It occasionally happens that chickens do not get home to roost until they get to be old hens. Sam Randall and a few other democratic high tariff men might be used as illustrations.

There are already several sugar factories planted in Kansas. Let them come, there will be fields enough of cane planted to supply them, and we will be willing to pay a tariff on sugar.

There is about as much sense in advocating absolute free trade in this country, as there is in the idea of doing away with convict labor, and in supporting the criminals in idleness by taxing the people.

The is an old saying, too often forgotten, to the effect that there is little profit for a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. It is not less true that not much is gained if under free trade we may buy woollens a little cheaper, while our factories close up, and the farmers' flocks die on the plains without value.

In less than a week the vote in several townships of northern Shawnee on the Rapid Transit question, will be decided. Until that is done no other matter will seriously interest the first ward. It is of immense interest to North Topeka that these bonds carry. The value of this Rapid Transit to this side cannot well be over estimated, but it will be no more beneficial to the town than to the country. It is this fact that is the strongest point in its favor. It is not always that great advantages, in similar cases, are so mutual. A thorough canvass has been made and an unusually intelligent vote may be expected.

Coming War.

The war cloud in the east rises ominously. Russia has been preparing for years. It has an army of over two millions. France will unite with Russia, and so may some smaller powers, against Germany and Austria. France has a force of two and a half millions, of better soldiers than those in her last war, because there is more harmony between men and officers, according to the authority of Gen. Sherman who places great weight on work done by Boulanger.

Austria and Germany will be inferior in numbers. But the power of German organization, and possibly the superiority of arms, is in their favor. The conflict may not be immediate. It may be precipitated at any time. It must come, without much further delay, unless prevented by some unseen hand.

When it comes there will be such a clash of arms as the world has never yet seen. We would not predict a great victory for Germany. There is no telling what other powers may be involved. Whether Turkey will escape, and whether England may not be drawn into the vortex, can only be told as circumstances develop.

The power and resources of Russia are immense, but not well known. Not in the history of mankind has there existed a nation, more ambitious, more warlike with greater natural resources, and more competent, when in the full strength of its greatness, to control the destinies of the two continents, than Russia.

The question of importance is whether she is ready, whether she is organized and fortified to withstand the shock, almost of the European world.

Is it not rather strange that coffee and tea are allowed to come into the country free of duty, while the substance used for sweetening furnishes a large share of the surplus?—DEMOCRAT.

No, it is not strange. Nothing can better illustrate the true policy of this nation, than is indicated by our tariff in this. Coffee and tea are necessities that are not produced here. So is quinine. So of a hundred other articles, that we do not and cannot produce. In all these we want free trade.

With sugar it is entirely different. We produce it, not all that we need, but we can do it, but not until the industry is better established, nor in competition with the slave labor of Cuba.

In the interest of the farmers and of the people, the sugar industry needs to be protected. We can better afford to pay a little more for it than to have the sugar factory of Topeka fail and hundreds of others with it. Already the farmers of Kansas are preparing to plant large areas of cane. Sugar mills are springing up in every portion of the state, and will follow in other states. Labor will be in demand. Put sugar on the free list now, and every one of these enterprises will fail. Rather not one of them will have a beginning.

Here may be seen all there is to this question of tariff and free trade. In some things we should have free trade. On other goods a tariff should be laid. We do not want absolute free trade. We do not want an indiscriminate high tariff. Simply a judicious regulation, having an eye to the greatest number of American interests, is what is wanted.

Although we often condemn the English policy, it is nevertheless the correct policy. The error comes in when an attempt is made to apply the same rule in detail to both countries. England does not produce the variety that we do. Consequently it is British interest to have a larger free list. It is for British interest for other nations to adopt free trade, because that nation is largely manufacturing, and free trade opens a wide door for the sale of her goods. She is therefore twice benefited. But in every case where English interests are best served by high protective, even prohibitory duties, then they may be found in perfection.

It is simple American business policy to follow the same course, and that, as a natural and inevitable result, makes for us a larger list of dutiable goods.

Labor is the source of wealth, and to get the full benefit it must be sober, and its results retained in the hands of the working man. Little can be done by legislation to effect this. The reform must begin and end with the laborer himself. So long as men will waste their earnings, much or little so, long will they be hewers of wood and drawers of water. No doubt we will have them always.

Dr. McGlynn and Henry George are out. The labor reformers are at odds. It is so with the organizations. It is so with individual workers. The first wage worker who saves his money, and begins to gather property for himself, will incur the envy and jealousy of those who weekly spend all they earn. Every body knows this to be a fact, that has come under his own observation, and it tells why labor movements fail.

Boston girls play on the violin; New York girls latest craze is whistling; but a Jackson st., married lady whistled herself hoarse one night, because her husband was away from home and she was scared and wanted the folks to think he was there. She says it was the longest evening she ever spent.

Rev. A. J. Coe, pastor of the Burlington M. E. Church, was in the city yesterday. He has been holding one of the most successful revival meetings ever held in the church. There were over 250 conversions, and the revival is still in progress.

J. F. Elliott has moved into his new house on Quincy street.

Jack Neal, who has been in Nebraska the past few months returns and states he has been sick ever since he left.

Mr. John A. Yost and Miss Adelia E. Bickell were united in matrimony last night by Rev. J. Barrett.

The Topeka Rifle club won the championship of the United States last September, over more than a hundred competitors, and carried off the badge offered by the American Field. The club scored 489 out of a possible 600, which was regarded everywhere as a remarkable score. The badge has been received by the club and is a beauty, appropriately engraved.

The ground hog took in lots of old chestnuts as usual.

It will be remembered that a short time ago a poor woman, Nancy Yates by name, was reported to be in destitute circumstances. In a hut near the river, Deputy Marshal Allen induced a young woman, Rhoda Jeffries to wait on Mrs. Yates during her illness for which service Poor Commissioner Rigdon thinks he has no right to pay since he did not employ the girl. Allen is now circulating a petition to the county commissioners, asking them to authorize the payment of the account.

A. C. Hedricks, of Brownsville, Mo., and who has been in California for some time, is visiting her sister. H. W. Packer on her way home.

S. H. Briggs, of Indianapolis, Ind., was in the city yesterday on a prospecting tour. Briggs purchased two residence lots in the north part of the city and will hold them until the boom opens up this spring.

Frank Babcock has been in the southern and western portion of the state last week. He came home Wednesday night and reports everything very favorable in that part of Kansas. The outlook for crops is good.

The clothes line thief made a raid at Wm. Dolman's Wednesday evening. Table cloths, sheets and other articles were carried away, and but for the faithful dog of Mr. Ramsauer, everything on the line would have been taken.

The democrats of the First Ward met at Dr. Burgen's office Wednesday night for the purpose of organizing a democratic club. D. C. Hewett was elected chairman and W. T. Brown, secretary. Committees were appointed on hall and constitution and by-laws. The meeting adjourned subject to call of the chair.

Several of the families connected with the Rock Island, now living on the North side, will soon remove to the South side.

The city campaign will be the next thing and it will open shortly. Not a little quiet work has already been done. There has developed very considerable opposition to the present administration, and the indications favor a remarkably vigorous city campaign.

Although the Garden Implement company have begun work, and are full of orders, they do not feel satisfied with their location.

They will not be at once the largest of our manufacturing, but there is no telling what it may become. It would be a good thing for the North side, and is not beyond our reach. We ought to have it.

The Kansas Preserving works, W. F. Ripley, manager, affords an excellent example of the advantages of the North side for manufacturing. More than double the business is done than before the removal.

The News acknowledges the receipt of an early copy of Mrs. Hudson's new book "Esther the Gentle." Speaking from a simple glance, its typographical excellence is first noticed. This is the work of Geo. W. Crane & Co. It is a credit to the author, to the printer and to Kansas. Without having yet read the book, we doubt if it contains a better or neater paragraph than this:

DEDICATION
TO MY HUSBAND.

J. K. Hudson, whose encouragement and appreciation have been the main-spring of this effort, and in whose companionship I have learned the blessings of a happy home—a woman's best inspiration.

At the M. E. church, the meeting still continues and with interest unabated.

W. R. Oyer, of North Topeka, has obtained a patent for his post extractor. It is a good thing and we hope it will make him a fortune.

The Daily Capital has supplanted the Commonwealth in several North Topeka homes this week. Since the advent of the Daily News the Capital has greatly improved its North side reports.

There are at present thirty-seven indigents at the county poor farm.

Wm. C. Knox is causing his tenants to vacate as rapidly as possible that he may commence the construction of his four story office block where the present building now stands.

Mrs. E. J. Wright, who was recently sworn into service as deputy city clerk, is attending to the duties of the office so well that even the efficient George Tauber is scarcely missed.

North Topeka has several prolific inventors and any of them wanting an attorney at Washington will find in F. A. Lehman, of Washington, D. C., a man who is reliable and careful.

Mr. Alex Gibb furnished a very elegant casket for the late A. J. McHenry. It was covered with black cloth with silver hands and a silver plate on the lid with the words "At rest" inscribed upon it.

With the two hundred new houses in North Topeka, rents in the first ward will not be burdensome and hence it will remain as heretofore a popular place of residence.

The W. C. T. U., will meet in the lecture room at the Congregational church Monday, February 6, at 3 p. m.

A gambling den frequented by negroes located on Monroe street, between Third and Fourth streets, was raided by the police about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. A poker game was in progress at the time the officers made the descent and they were successful in capturing the inmates and gambling implements and carting them off to the lock up.

Daniel A. Mills and Bertha Cook were married yesterday afternoon at the Methodist Parsonage. Dr. Buck performing the ceremony. The marriage certificate was handsomely framed by Clarence McClutock and the happy couple departed on the midnight train with it in their possession.

The war upon the bustle will prove a disastrous failure, for the women back the bustle every time.

The Reading club met this week at Mrs. Hodson's and discussed "Helen Hunt Jackson" and her writings. A very pleasant and profitable time was spent. The next meeting will be one week from next Thursday afternoon, at Mrs. Harris's 1126 Harrison st., when "Frances Hodgson Burnet" is the subject.

A gentleman who went to California from Topeka writes as follows: "The emigration from the east has been immense for the past year, and I am very much afraid that these will be considerable destitution among many of the poorer class during the coming year. They will find California and California ways, especially in farming communities, vastly different from what they have been led to believe. They will find to their sorrow that climate is a poor diet to live upon unless there is a due quota of staff of life added—to promote digestion. The great influx of laborers and mechanics has tended to greatly reduce wages, as well as to enhance the necessities of life. My advice would be to those contemplating emigration to this country: Stay where you are and be content. The railroads do not offer the same inducements to people to return to Kansas they do to get them out here."

Superintendent Allen has received a telegram from General Manager Fisher, at Hot Springs, stating that Mrs. Fisher is sinking slowly and that her life is despaired of.

George Weymouth, the mail carrier met with an accident yesterday by which he almost lost his life. He was riding on the rear end of a street car, on Kansas avenue, carrying in his arms a big bundle of mail, when he lost his balance and fell backwards. His clothing caught on the brake of the car, leaving George to drag on the ground. He was dragged several rods before the car could be stopped, receiving several painful injuries.

The ladies' relief society will suspend operations for the season after next Saturday. About \$3,000 has been received and disbursed, excepting about \$70. Every worthy poor person who has applied has been assisted. The sick have been supplied with delicacies, medicine and bedding; the hungry fed and the naked clothed. The work has been done in a business like way. Many investigations have been made in order to avoid imposition and the charity has been wisely dispensed.

Mrs. Rastall and Mrs. Thurston president and treasurer of the state W. C. T. U., are this week in Beloit in the interests of the girls' Industrial school, which was opened February 1. Contributions for its support have already been received from several towns. No general soliciting for his object will be undertaken for the present in Topeka, but from the generous response made by a few individuals to the appeal of the treasurer, and gifts from some of our business men toward furnishing the house, it is believed that when the request for help is presented, our citizens will be more than ready to do their part.

The ladies in charge of this work feel that they have been very fortunate in securing as matron a lady of experience in a similar school, who receives the highest recommendation from Dr. Bnck of the reform school at Topeka. Could those of our legislators who felt that there was no need of such a school read some of the touching letters that have already been received from different parts of the state, they would too plainly see their mistake.

Kansas Names.

The origin of the geographical names of Kansas is a subject which has been discussed considerably recently. Prof. W. H. Carruth, of the state university, offered the following suggestions at the annual meeting of the State Historical society, held recently in representative hall:

"It would be a matter of interest, if not of importance, to know the meaning and origin of all the geographical names in our state. Moreover, it is quite probable that the research would bring to light not a few historical matters of interest; while the curiosity of children about these names might not infrequently become a means of teaching a lesson in local history. To take a few instances:

Who would know in later time whether Humboldt was named by settlers from some other town of the same name, or by American admirers of the great naturalist, or by a colony of his countrymen? The last is the fact. Or that the neighboring town, Iola, was named after the wife of one of its founders? The name of the county, Allen, came I know not whence. There are doubtless children, not a few, who suppose that Wyandotte originated in the convenient trigraph, "Y & ." or others, even in the proud capitalist himself, who do not know that Topeka is Indian for "small potatoes." The newspapers of the state could easily collect this information, and I trust they may be moved to do so."

Governor Martin issued a proclamation yesterday declaring Holton a city of the second class, satisfying evidence that she possesses a bona fide population of over 2,000 inhabitants having been presented.

State Superintendent Lawhead who has been over the state says: Everywhere I have been the people are confident. Everybody is looking for a boom this spring, and if we have good rains I think we will have one. I believe there will be a great many people from the east come to Kansas this year. It is remarkable how western Kansas is developing. Out in Stafford county land is worth from \$30 to \$35 per acre, which I think is in some instances higher than land in eastern Kansas. That town of Hutchinson is a wonder. There are a great many fine business houses going up, and some of their buildings are as fine as you will see in any country. It is a remarkably lively city, and I believe has a great future before it.

Governor Martin issued a proclamation to-day, declaring Holton a city of the second class, satisfactory evidence that she possesses a bona fide population of over 2,000 inhabitants having been presented.

The information is gained from parties who are just from Washington that ex-Governor Glick's chances for the position of commissioner of the general land office are believed by politicians to be so good that they are already casting about for his successor as pension agent. Among those talked of to succeed him is R. B. Morris, of this city, who was Mr. Glick's appointee to be insurance commissioner of this state during his administration.—Atchison Globe.

Hon. J. H. Lawhead, state superintendent, returned yesterday from a trip through western Kansas, visiting Marion county, Stafford county and other counties in the western part of the state.

Governor Martin is addressing letters to the chairmen of the boards of county commissioners in the western counties of the state, asking them for statements regarding the suffering or absence of suffering during the recent cold weather.

Mrs. Clark at 1429 Van Buren Street, desires to get plain sewing, children's aprons and underclothing to make. Parties in need of such work, by giving it to her will be sure of having it well done.

Lew Kistler has renounced the pomps and vanities of this world, and now allows his little brother to attend the parties in his place.

P. S.—The above is a mistake. The supposed reformer is now quietly taking in the high-toned affairs on the South side and consequently is wickeder than ever. So say the young ladies one and all.

Stanley, Wetherholt & Co., have made quite an attractive addition to their stock in the shape of a tall pyramid of fancy pickles of all sorts both foreign and domestic. Onions and olives, gherkins and mixed pickles, put up in the most appetizing manner, with ketchups and mustard and other relishes, and sauces for the table, makes an imposing array as they stand neighborly side by side on the pyramid so cleverly constructed by W. J. Wetherholt, and arranged by E. Seger and the other members of the firm.

If you go to the druggist A. W. Lacy and call for a corn knife, you will get it. If you go across the street, to G. W. M. Whyte, the hardware man, and order the same thing you will also get it. But the two articles will not be quite alike. It depends upon the corn you want to cut. If you want a North Topeka daily, for the news, you must take the News.

A. J. McHenry who has been sick with lung fever died yesterday at his residence near Medina sixteen miles east of Topeka. The deceased was 70 years of age. The funeral will take place to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

An active effort has begun, to secure a branch of the Y. M. C. A., on the North side. A few good workers have been enlisted and it is understood that considerable encouragement has been given it by our business men. The movement is to be commended. At present there is nothing in the shape of a reading room, library, or resort of any kind where a young man may go to spend an evening profitably. There are in fact no social attractions for any one of moral or mental culture. Several clubs for dancers and card players, are all in the line of intelligent recreation that the North side can claim. It certainly ought to have something a few degrees higher. A Y. M. C. A., organization would be a good thing. We ought to be able to support it.

A few ladies of the North side have organized a reading club, where authors and their writings are read and discussed. The News suggests the forming of a society more general in its nature, auxiliary to some of the state or national societies, where matters of social and political economy, biology, history, the sciences and similar subjects may be the subject of consideration. Certainly it would seem that North Topeka has enough talent to make such a move practical.

About three years ago Wm. Youngblood, of St. Mary's, was adjudged insane and placed in the asylum in this city. After taking a course of treatment he was so much improved that he was permitted to return to his home, where he has remained until Wednesday he became suddenly wild and violent, and had to be returned to the asylum.

Court Matters.

In the case of Hattie Burner, who was recently brought here from Minnesota, a motion was yesterday filed by her attorneys to withdraw the plea of guilty as formerly entered in the case of the state vs. Burner, and to have to case tried on its merits.

William Rogers and one Perkins were fined \$25, for being found in a disreputable place, south of the railroad, allusion to which was made in the News a few days ago. The further attention to that neighborhood is in order.

Kentucky is nursing a bill to prohibit diseased persons from marrying. Here we have another phase of summary legislation.

The Capital is still boosting farmer Smith for governor. The republican party cannot afford to nominate any man of negative strength.

The American people do not want to buy goods at prices less than honest labor can make them. It is wiser to pay a little more for goods of our own make, that the laborer may have decent wages.

And now the papers are poking fun at Topeka, because of the Journal ground hog cut. They say that a town that can only show a ground hog business on its main street must be dead indeed.

Getting things somewhat mixed, the Ottawa Republican says, that Topeka beats its prisoners. For the benefit of the Republican we remark that Topeka beats any thing with which it comes in contact. It does, it beats the dickens.

There is a noticeable decline in the China tea trade and dealers are calling for a remedy. It is said to result from bad cultivation over-cropping, and neglect in harvesting.

The Sunday Times illustrates the way people flock to Leavenworth. A three column cut shows an ordinary lot of fellows with grip-sacks, walking in along a side street. In Topeka now, they come in over half a dozen lines of railway.

The Abilene Gazette has been interviewing Ellsworth on the Capital question. When the Capital is removed to McPherson, Ellsworth will be one of the additions.—McPherson Republican.

Yes, and when that is done Topeka will become a suburb of the moon. We already think we see a good deal of moonshine about this talk.

Maj. Ben Simpson does not think that any reason exists why Albert Griffin should go to the republican convention as delegate from Kansas. It is true he does not live here, but then there is no show for him to go as a delegate except through the generosity of this state, and without him where would the anti-saloon faction be found.

Senator Ingalls is to be commended for his independent action in appointing the special committee on the Pacific roads. Mr. Stanford of California, was anxious to name that committee and did all in his power to influence Mr. Ingalls, president of the Senate, to name one that would be favorable to the road. Not one of the committee is a tool of Stanford, and government interests will be fairly considered.

Leavenworth has had a strike. It began in the cracker factory. It ended in three wood sheds. Four boys working in the factory organized a labor union. In the night they met and took blood curdling oaths. It was decided to strike Friday forenoon. In due time three of them put on their jackets and prepared to quit. The other one kept to work. He was warned that he would die that night. He peached. He told his employers all the terrible secret. They were told to the parents of the striking boys. At night each parent took a boy to the wood shed. A hickory stick had been prepared. Then there was more striking and more swearing. Anarchy reigned for a time, but the strike came to an end. The boys are still very sore over the affair, and prefer to work standing.

Again folly teaches its lesson. A miners' riot is precipitated in Shenandoah, Pa. A thousand miners block the street, break in windows and resist officers. Terror reigns. Night comes on. A bloody day is expected to follow. One line in the dispatches tells the whole story, "The men have been drinking heavily. Many are drunk." With the return of day, reason returns. Bloodshed is avoided, but public sympathy has changed. Labor has defeated itself, or has allowed whiskey, its greatest enemy, to rivet its chains anew. Rum caused the riot. Labor reform demagogues were doubtless found to apologize and excuse the drunkenness, but the great public sentiment will not excuse it. Business men who drink themselves will not excuse it. Again it is thundered across the continent that rum makes labor its slave, and holds it in degradation. Not so long as wage-workers permit this, can there be hope for them. Not all the laws of earth can save them, so long as they will not save themselves. Yet one may go into the lodges of labor unions of Topeka and see drunkenness, and hear prohibition ridiculed and opposed.

Bills were introduced to divide the surplus revenue among the states, to investigate the sugar trust, and for a full reciprocity between this country and Canada.

Senator Ingalls does not seem to strongly favor an international copyright law.

At the late tariff reform meeting ex-secretary of the Treasury, McCulloch well said that the tariff, as an economic question should be taken from American politics.

A third party prohibition paper has been started in Wichita called the Leader. Probably the Leader will get left like several others that have recently sunk beneath the waves.

If we mean business we are for free trade whenever it is reciprocity, and high tariff protection where there is money in it. This is tariff policy from a business view of it.

Prof. Swenson, in charge of the experiments in the manufacture of sugar from sorghum cane at Fort Scott, Kan., expresses the opinion, in his annual report, that sugar can be produced fully as cheaply in Kansas as in Louisiana.

The Chicago Conservator, published by colored people does not take kindly to the negro emigration scheme and advises that Topeka go to work to make better preachers, porters etc., and this advice was given before preacher Griffin opened his boot-leg trade.

A pound of 5 cent nickels is said to be worth \$4.55. Perhaps a pound of nickel is worth 15 cents and call the cost of coining 40 cents, and we have \$4.00 of pure fiat money in one pound of nickels, and the "intrinsic" idea of money is therefore dead as a salted mackerel, by action of the government itself.

Any of our readers who want to know how any county or state voted at any election, may consult a Tribune almanac. Statistics compiled and condensed, that are valuable in works for reference, are most generally worthless in newspaper articles. The News, therefore will not inflict them upon its readers. If there are those who want such information however, it will be pleased to furnish it.

An ephemeral sheet makes an indirect attack upon the evening Journal because of its opposition to teachers of anarchy and other foolishness. The Journal has been the unfortunate victim of persecution but has shown its ability to withstand the attacks of those who have or have not the brains to think, and it will probably survive.

There is no prohibition party in Arkansas and there are but few towns left where absolute prohibition is not enforced.

We do not want universal free trade unless we expect to give a good deal more than we get. It is all right if we are willing to set this nation up as the world's poor farm, and offer a chromo for paupers.

Congress is literally overflowed with prohibition petitions. Senator Vest was selected to present them in the Senate and for a strong anti-prohibitionist is said to do it very graciously.

Senator Platt speaking on the president's message said that all necessary clothing is as cheap in the United States as in England. Free trade in clothing would only benefit the duke and the millionaire. He was severe on the message.

Maxwell, the St. Louis murderer must hang. The courts have been exhausted, and he now appeals to the people, but the Englishman will find this to be useless.

"I think," said Senator Ingalls, "that the best way to govern this country is to govern it as little as possible." Just what the Anarchists think. "As little as possible" means no government at all. Senator Ingalls is evidently an Anarchist, and if he values his life we advise him to steer clear of the Chicago and Illinois authorities.—Winsted, Conn. Press.

It was Thomas Jefferson, who said, "That is the best government which governs least." It is the old republican idea of the early democratic fathers. It is the very essence of truth. The "least government," or "as little government as possible," does not mean, "no government." It does not mean anarchy, nor contempt for law, nor any such nonsense. There is less government in this country than in any other civilized nation on earth; it is therefore the best. But "no government" is simply chaos. We must have more government than in the primitive days of the republic, for the reason that civilization has grown more complex. We now have railroads, telegraphs, steamship lines, oil companies and other great adjuncts of civilization that were unknown at the beginning of this century, and all requiring more or less regulation by law.

In a simple agricultural or pastoral community, the most primitive form of civilization, but few laws are necessary, but as civilization becomes more complex the necessity for law grows and multiplies in proportion. All this is plain enough to men who grow with the times, but to those who have only the capacity to stand still, it is all a mystery. Anarchists are those who stand still, and yell at the car of progress as it passes by beyond them.

The funeral of F. M. Meridith, a young man aged 28 who died yesterday took place this forenoon, from the family residence on Van Buren st. The remains were prepared by Undertaker, Cronin and sent via the Santa Fe to Harveyville.

R. B. McMasters is doing real estate business in the front part of Akeroyd implement store.

Helen Gougar says that Senator Ingalls is not bright, and is an old granny. The Abilene Gazette says that Helen never could be either grandmother or grandfather.

Emporia bearing in mind Wichita's corn train to the Ohio river suffers and knowing what it was in the advertising way, now propose to send a train to the Dakota blizzard sufferers.

A long time ago, an old fellow named Diogenes took up a tallow candle and went on the hunt for an honest man, but failed to find his game. A few days ago the principal of the Quincy schools took a switch and went on a hunt for a wicked boy, who put out a light, and met with the same luck as the old philosopher. It is as hard to catch a wicked boy as to find an honest man.

The News is asked to call attention to the practice of burying dead animals on the ground east of the Santa Fe junction. It is said that parties have the contract for removing such nuisances, have taken it upon themselves to make this tract a burial ground. These lots are close to the city and will soon be used for homes, when it would be impossible to obtain wholesome water. Aside from this, it is said the burying is imperfectly done, the remains in many cases being hardly covered. As an inevitable result the atmosphere will become poisoned as soon as warm weather comes.

The Lincoln Flambeau club are making arrangements to go to the soldiers' Home at Leavenworth July 4, and give a display for the old veterans.

"Doubting" Thomas says in Sunday's Capital: "I have noticed that a man can have considerable fun on a street car by singling out some well-dressed lady and staring intently at her feet. She will take no particular notice of it at first, but as you continue your pertinent glances she will begin to twitch and squirm in an amusing manner, and finally conceal her feet under her dress. The average lady will think something is the matter with her shoes, and for a block after she leaves the car you might see her endeavoring to discover what it is." Certainly a man may embarrass a lady by staring at her, and some, who do not claim to be gentlemen, aim their impertinent glances at ladies both on the street and in the cars. But a lady generally knows a puppy when she sees one, and usually treats them with the contempt they deserve. There is no city ordinance against gawking.

In another place we print a communication from O. S. Davis, of the city library. We hope it will be widely and carefully read. We have no other institution so generally beneficial to the community as this. Its usefulness is capable of indefinite expansion. The work is worthy of the co-operation of this entire community. The report shows a gain in interest, not only in the number of cards issued, but in the quality of books. The change in rules had the effect to check the interest that was needed if the institution was to remain healthy. Mr. Davis saw it at once and instituted the change. It met with some opposition and flippant criticism which has been outgrown. Topeka may feel pride in its public library.

J. D. and D. J. Small left on Friday for Bloomington, Ill., in response to a telegram announcing the very serious illness of their father. Mr. W. B. Small Saturday received a telegram to the effect that his father was much improved.

Labor Commissioner Betton reports number of wage-workers engaged in manufacturing industries in this state as 13,988, the aggregate wages paid them for the year, \$6,679,211; capital invested, \$26,500,000; cost of material, \$35,000,000, and value of product \$50,000,000. He has no reliable data from which to estimate the growth of the mining industry during the year, as some of the most extensive plants were put in too late to be considered in this report. He feels confident that the next report will show a gratifying increase. Employees in coal, lead and zinc mines, 6,000; wages paid during the year, \$1,920,000. Employees of railroads and street railroad companies, 21,653; aggregate wages for the year, \$12,524,899.

Colonel J. M. Brown was on trial before Justice Chesney, on the charge of disturbing the peace of W. E. Jackson, by calling him a liar. The defendant was discharged, and the costs, amounting to fifteen or twenty dollars, were taxed to Mr. Jackson, the prosecuting witness.

The Shawnee County Teachers association met at the high school room Saturday afternoon. R. Fagin, president, Nina Wood, secretary, Prof. Williamson conducted a model lesson in compound proportion. Miss Alice Owen conducted an exercise on current topics, which proved the teachers present to be a well informed set of people. Harry G. Larimer gave a lesson in English Literature, with Robert Burns as topic which was thoroughly appreciated by those present. The question box, in the hands of Miss Clara Owen and Samuel Pitcher, was an interesting feature of the meeting. Supt. McDonald reminded the teachers that on March 3, at the next meeting, a list of 100 books, suitable for a school library, was to be voted upon. Mr. H. G. Wilson's paper on English Literature was able, comprehensive and suggestive. He particularly mentioned the value of having good newspapers in the school room, Youth Companion and the Wide Awake for leisure hours although many parents permit their children to read such trash as the Saturday night and New York Weekly. After the critic's report the association adjourned.

A bill passed the house on Monday, the 3rd ult., appropriating the sum of \$8,700 for the relief of Hon. Thomas A. Osborne, that being the amount of public funds in his hands as United States marshal, and deposited in the banking house of E. H. Grauber & Co. at the time of its failure.

A dead monkey and a snake 13 feet long, were found near Soldier creek bridge a few days ago. It is supposed that they were a part of the late dime museum.

The black gamblers arrested a few days ago, had in bank one dollar and ninety-one cents. This was all they had toward paying the fines of eight of them amounting to \$295.00. As a consequence they were set to work knocking it out of the rock pile.

Governor Martin will remain in Atchison a few days.

On Saturday the announcement was made of the death of Mrs. C. W., wife of General Manager Fisher, of the C. K. & N., at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

About a year ago she came here, with her husband, and took rooms at the Union Pacific hotel. Shortly after their location here, she was seized by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. She suffered greatly and about two months ago she was taken to Hot Springs for treatment, but to no avail. Mrs. Fisher was about 48 years of age and leaves three children. One son, about 20 years old is with a surveying party in the western part of the state, another son, about 17, is attending the Notre Dame school at South Bend, Ind., and a little daughter, aged 8, is in Denver. Mr. Fisher took the remains to Denver on Sunday.

Miss Ella Parkhurst is enjoying a visit from Chicago friends.

The number of employees of our railroads, mines and manufacturing in Kansas, is put at 41,641. The aggregate wages paid in 1885 was \$10,706,836.09 and in 1887, \$21,124,116. The average yearly earnings of each of the 41,641 employees would be \$507.24 for the past year.

At present we have twenty-seven regular policemen including the marshal and deputy marshal, and five special quarantine officers. The monthly pay roll amounts to \$1,532.60.

City Marshal Carter's report for the month of January shows the number of arrests to have been 57; amount of fines assessed, \$1,265; fines collected, \$191; fines secured, \$110; appeal bond, H. Palmer, \$500; fines worked out, \$476; number of meals furnished prisoners, 1,136 at 12½ cents each, \$170, 12½; number of prisoners now in jail, 7.

City Council.

The first meeting of city council since return of light committee was held last evening.

A petition signed by J. C. Watt, A. J. Arnold, J. M. Bryan, asking the council to grant to the North Topeka, Silver Lake & Roswell Rapid Transit railroad a right to construct and lay its tracks on the following streets in the First ward to-wit: commencing on Laurent between Madison and Jefferson near the Santa Fe junction, then west on Laurent to Monroe, north on Monroe to Garfield, east on Garfield to Jefferson, north on Jefferson to north line of city; also, beginning at the intersection of Gordon and Monroe, west on Gordon to Central avenue, north on Central avenue to north line of city; also, commencing on Monroe street at intersection Saywell, west on Saywell and St. John streets to Taylor street, north on Taylor to north line of city.

D. T. Haines, who was authorized to make an investigation of the condition of affairs at the coal hole, made a report setting forth that Mr. Reishardt, the superintendent in charge, had the hole cased to a depth of 1,184 feet, with the drill down 1,100 feet, which is within thirty-five feet of the depth originally reached when the drill broke. The work, he says has been greatly retarded by the instruments in use coming in contact with iron bolts, bolt heads, screws, etc., which are not a part of the geological formation of that locality. Work will be resumed in about ten days.

Councilman Umy called attention to the river bridge, which he said was dangerous. The north abutment, he said, was settling and cracking, and in his opinion it was unsafe for travel. The engineer was requested to make a thorough examination and report at next meeting.

Councilman Strickler offered a resolution increasing the salary of the city treasurer from \$45 to \$50 per month, and authorizing him to employ an assistant at \$40 per month. Carried.

Mayor Metzker proposed the employment of an assistant at the present time. A representative of the Western Electric Light company, of Chicago, submitted a proposition to put a twenty-five light plant at the expense of the company, and if not that would end it. Or the councilmen might visit Salina, Junction City and other points where the light is now in use. The expert explained the superiority of the system was its simplicity, low tension, safety and general excellence of lights, free from red and yellow shades, being pure white. No action was taken.

The bids opened were as follows: Thompson-Houston system—Cost of plant with high speed engine, \$26,950; low speed, \$24,775. Guaranteed cost of 120 lights per annum on all night plan, \$7,000; on the 2 a. m. plan, \$4,800. Brush system—High speed, \$24,925; low, \$25,135. Guaranteed cost, all night, \$10,800; 1 1/2 a. m. \$9,640.

Jenny system—High speed, \$26,196; colorless, \$27,150. Cost per month, \$6: all night, \$8 per month. Western Electric company—High, \$23,210. Cost per annum, \$4,300 for all night 2 a. m., \$3,800. Schryver—High, \$24,663; colorless, \$25,900. Cost per annum, \$7,500; all night, \$9,500.

The bids were referred to a committee of the whole council and an adjournment taken to next Thursday night.

Claims to the amount of \$7,927.41 were allowed.

Park C. Watts, an experienced newspaper man, now with the Santa Fe company, called on the News last evening.

F. M. Bringham superintendent of the Congregational Sunday school, and Mr. Bartley, superintendent of the Episcopal Sunday school, have resigned.

The City Library.

During January there were issued on borrowers' cards 3553 volumes, a gain of 64 per cent over last year. Considering the fact that almost no popular books have been added during the past six months, and that the registry of few borrowers has been very small, owing to a wide-spread misunderstanding of the requirements, the gain is indicative of an increased appreciation of the benefits of the library.

Three classes of borrowers cards are now issued. 1. On the guaranty of a business man residing in the city. 2. On the deposit of \$3 for security. 3. For those temporarily residing in the city or living outside the city limits. To the third class limited cards are issued which are good for six months from the date of issue. The holder deposits \$5 as security, of which amount ten cents a week or \$2 for the six months is retained for the use of the library on the expiration or surrender of the card.

Of the first class, twenty-two cards were issued in November, forty-six in December and forty in January. Of the second class two were issued in November, eleven in December and twelve in January. The greater number of those obtaining cards by deposit have since given satisfactory references and the amount of their deposit has been refunded to them. Only ten cards of this class are now in use. Of the limited cards, only three have been issued and one of these have been surrendered.

The most marked gain has been in the use of the books and periodicals in the building. Record is now kept of the number of applications for books and periodicals for use in the room. In November there were 103 applications and 149 books drawn; in December 231 applications and 307 books drawn; in January 232 applications and 307 books drawn.

During the corresponding months. One year previous only 21 books were drawn in three months. This indicates a large increase in the use of the library for reference and study. Until November no record had been kept of the use of periodicals and since then the record only applies to magazines, illustrated papers, reviews, etc. Newspapers are in the newspaper room, which is opened to everyone, so that no record of their use can be kept. That this use is increasing is evident to any one frequenting the room. For periodicals during November the applications was 504, the number drawn 270; during December, applications drawn 308; January, applications drawn 430. During the three months 813 books and 1,008 periodicals were given out for use in the room. OLIN S. DAVIS, Librarian.

Mr. Arthur Jordan, teacher of the Half Day school, was in the city Saturday. He states that George Bell, one of Shawnee county's most successful teachers, is very ill with erysipelas, at the home of his father, Mr. John Bell, near Elmont. The young man has a host of friends in northern Shawnee county, who wish him a speedy recovery.

The marriage of Mr. Chas. Warden, the popular jeweler of the firm of Baker and Warden 727 Kansas Avenue and Miss Sadie Hutton, will be solemnized on St. Valentine's day.

Dr. A. O. Kendall, a physician of twenty years experience, graduate of Bellevue hospital medical college, New York city, has located in North Topeka, and occupies the old home of W. C. Norris, corner of Harrison and Gordon streets, and will in a few days open an office on the avenue. Mrs. A. Kendall will assist the doctor in all obstetric cases and diseases of women, in which cases she has had large experience.

ONIONS FROM SEED.—The secret of raising good onions is to sow the best of seed early in the spring. The land must be rich and the kept free from weeds. If the weeds once get the start of the onions, you will have "scallions" or thick-necked onions. The Joseph Harris Seed Co., Moreton Farm, Rochester, N. Y., are large onion growers, and they recommend the use of superphosphate and nitrate of soda from onions and other garden crops. In their new catalogue for 1888 they give directions for using them. The catalogue is free. Send for it.

J. C. Saylor, the soldier justice, called yesterday and expressed his interest in the News success.

Justice M. M. Hale placed the News under obligations yesterday.

The young folks of the Congregational church will attempt to build a parsonage, a pretty bold undertaking for them, but indicative of pluck.

Ten thousand dollars worth of Kansas City, Kan., improvement bonds were registered by the state auditor yesterday.

Walter Stabin, one of the Capital's carriers in the First ward, met with a painful accident Sunday while delivering his papers. His horse stumbled and Walter was thrown to the ground, receiving several bruises. He is recovering rapidly and will soon be able to be on duty again.

Persons wanting cuts for their advertising or bills, can select from over 3,000 specimens that we can show at the popular North Side Printing house 835 Kansas avenue. They can also select from over 1,000 styles of type and an infinite variety of ornaments, borders, etc.

Secretary T. P. Rodgers, of the board of trade, is now engaged in the task of collecting back dues from the members of the board, some of whom are nearly two years in arrears. He is issuing bills which aggregate \$919, and thinks that most of the delinquents will step up like men and "put up."

A plaster cast of Judge F. G. Adams, secretary of the State Historical society, executed by Wm. Vanness, of this city, was placed in the Historical society rooms yesterday.

Rev. A. Brown, formerly of this city and founder of the Church of the Good Shepherd, but now of the Church of Billings, Montana, will visit friends in the First ward this week and preach at the Good Shepherd next Sunday.

THE FARMER'S SEVENTY YEARS.

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

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

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

"And then my boys have all done well,
As far as they have gone,
And that thing warms an old man's blood,
And helps him up and on;
My girls have never caused a pang,
Or raised up anxious fears;
Then wonder not that I feel young
And hale at seventy years."

"Why don't my good boys do my work
And let me sit and rest?
Ah, friends, that wouldn't do for me;
I like my own way best.
They have their duty; I have mine,
And till the end appears,
I mean to smell the soil, my friends,"
Said the man of seventy years.
—Hartford Times.

Red Roses.

BY SALLIE A. SMITH.

"Look up, sweet Josephine! here is a bouquet of your favorite flowers, they are much more worthy of your attention than the spray you have wrought so finely on that dainty satin."

The speaker was a tall, rather noble looking man, with regular features and large gray eyes. He was smiling now, showing glittering white teeth beneath the dark moustache. In his hand he held a bunch of beautiful crimson roses, fragrant and dewy, as if just plucked from some country garden, where the glory of the golden sunshine had a chance to kiss the flowers into full perfection.

The young girl bending over her embroidery, was very sweet and lovely, as she raised her blue eyes—that reminded you of the azure of the sky or the hue of forget-me-nots—one could see that love, for the giver of the flowers beamed from the tell-tale orbs, and that, although her life thus far had been one long, childish dream, her engagement to her cousin Albert had sobered her a little and caused her to think more gravely of the future.

Sitting in the low chair at the window, with the curtains of crimson silk and filmy lace falling around her, she made a perfect picture, dressed in white, with no ornaments save one blood-red rose in the lace at her throat, the rose taken from the bouquet in her hand. Her face was full of bloom, and in the soft eyes and on the full tremulous lips rested a smile of perfect happiness.

"You are very kind, Albert, with all the many duties you have to perform as head clerk with Palmer and Potter, to think of poor little me, and to spend your hard earned money on these luxuries," pointing to the flowers in her hand and in her bosom. "I shall not allow such extravagance," said the young girl, as she gazed with loving eyes on the giver and gift. "You know I shall soon be of age, then my guardian will give into my keeping the fortune left me by my parents, and I, being mistress of my wealth, can then assist you and return the many favors you have conferred on me, while I have been in bondage," and laughing merrily, the maiden pretended not to notice the grave countenance of her lover, as he listened in silence to her merry chatter.

The summer sunshine fell in a golden shower over the betrothed ones, the summer breezes stirred the silken tresses of the girl as she stood at the open window, while her companion, putting his arm around her waist and drawing her towards him, kissed her white forehead. The blue veined lids drooped over the violet eyes, and the long lashes swept her crimson cheek, and some of the rosebuds fell from her hand. Albert picked up a rose he had seen the girl press to her lips, and saying with a light laugh "to be kept in remembrance of this day"—he enclosed the velvet leaves in a small blank book, putting it in his pocket. He little dreamed of the events that would happen ere he looked again upon the pretty flower.

"And now dear, I want you to give me a few moments of your attention. I have something to tell you. In one way it is good news, in another very bad. I came on purpose to talk over the matter with your guardian and yourself, but remember, darling, my mind is made up, I shall not change, so spare me tears and sighs."

Josephine's sweet face became clouded, and the red lips trembled as she replied:

"Of course, Albert, if you are determined beforehand to have your own way I cannot prevent you—but surely you will do nothing to make me unhappy?"

"No, dear, I do not wish to cause you any trouble. I look to the future; the present may seem dark, but a few

years will, I trust, cast all shadows from our pathway, but I will be mysterious no longer. Your guardian is coming up the avenue. Run dear, and tell him I wish to see him."

Mr. Graham was a fine looking man of forty or thereabouts, but a frown disfigured his face, and his dark eyes flashed in anger as he bowed with great dignity to the lover of his ward.

"No doubt you think strangely of my appearance here, Mr. Graham, said Albert, noting the haughty air and clouded countenance of the man before him. "I should not have intruded where I feel I am not welcome on account of my poverty," and the ghost of a smile flitted around his lips, "but I came to tell you and Josephine that I have been offered a place as clerk in the counting house of Mr. Sinclair, the American consul at Calcutta."

"Oh, Albert, I cannot let you go," interrupted Josephine, her face becoming pale as marble, but the young man pressed her little hand in silence, then, in a voice that trembled slightly, resumed his story.

"I think I have spoken before of Mr. Sinclair; he is an old friend of my father's, and has long wished to repay a debt of gratitude to him, who, when the now wealthy man was a poor boy, was helped to a position by my parent, that led to the wealth and honor he now enjoys; so, knowing of our poverty, he has kindly offered me double the salary I obtain, and at the end of two years, after I learn his way of doing business, I am to be taken in as partner. So you see, Jossie," turning towards the weeping girl, "I shall soon be in a position where I can be independent, can assist my family, and be able to marry you."

"I shall have money for both, Bertie, you know, in three years, I shall be twenty-one; surely you can wait until then," looking with pleading eyes at her lover.

"Josephine, you mean well, but no man with any spirit or honor would care to be dependent on the bounty of his wife," this from Mr. Graham in whose dark orbs there shone a gleam of triumph, and whose stern countenance relaxed from its grave expression, as he listened to Albert's plans for the future. "I commend your brave and manly spirit, Albert, in taking steps to carve out your fortune. You have an opening before you that will surely lead to wealth and happiness."

"Have I your consent to the long engagement with your ward, that must follow? and at the end of two years can I claim my bride?" asked the young man, as he stood with his hand clasping that of his betrothed.

"You have my full consent to the betrothal and the future marriage," was the quick reply. "How soon do you leave us?"

"In two weeks," said Albert, then drawing from his pocket a tiny box, he took out a ring, and placing it on the finger of his cousin, said, "your engagement ring, dear," and soon after he left the house.

The child had suddenly become a woman, the quiet life would never come again, the bright dreams were dispelled, and poor little Josephine's tender heart was nearly broken at the thought of the long parting so soon to come. The days passed, as all days will, but to the sad girl it seemed as though time never fled so swiftly. At length came the day before the final one of the separation. The lovers had been invited to a small party at the house of a dear friend where only those who cared for the betrothed ones were to meet and say farewell to Albert.

"I shall always remember you, my darling, as you now look, for you are perfection itself," was the whispered comment of the young man to his beloved as she stood for a moment under the chandelier in her own home just before leaving for the fête at the Lewis Mansion. The blue eyes shone like stars, the exquisite face with its delicate bloom, the golden hair with its fringe of curls on the low forehead, and the graceful form clad in a robe of pale blue silk cut square at the neck with a bunch of her favorite red roses nestling amid the misty lace, while in her curls were woven a string of sapphires, and the same gems shone on the perfect neck and snowy arms, all made a bright vision of youth and beauty.

"I think, Albert, if anything happened to me in your absence, I mean if I should die, I would never rest in my grave until I had seen your dear face once more before my spirit took its flight to the silent land. Will you make me a promise now before we are interrupted?"

"Anything, Josephine, that I can say or do to please I will."

"It is this," and into the girl's violet orbs there came a sad, solemn look. "If you should die while in India, will you, if permitted, come to me, let me see you as in life once more? and I will do the same. I will bid you a last good bye before losing you forever."

"Jossie, you must not have such foolish thoughts in that pretty head; but, my darling, I promise anything you may require and, with a light laugh, "if your ghost should honor me with a call on far off India's shores, be sure to appear just as you look now, for you are superb. But there, vanish the shadows from your mind, think of the short years that will soon pass, then a lifetime of bliss." And with her lover's hopeful countenance beaming upon her, and his words of encouragement sounding in her ear, the maiden soon became her own bright self. The past two weeks had been, in spite of the parting soon to come, very pleasant to the lovers. Mr. Graham had allowed his ward all the liberty she required. No bondage, as she quaintly expressed the watchful care. No third party in-

truded in their walks at Central park, or drives in the suburbs, and the usually stern, dark face of the girl's guardian wore a smile of welcome for the poor clerk who had been frowned upon by the haughty man.

The last good-bye is spoken, the last kiss given and with streaming eyes and breathing heart Josephine watched the white winged ship as it bore her beloved swiftly from sight.

"Come, my child," spoke the calm voice of Mr. Graham in her ear. "Do not grieve for the inevitable; think how soon two years will pass, then will come happiness, and when you get long loving letters they will be a consolation. So cheer up, look unhappily bravely in the face and she will quickly flee."

Winter with her snowy robe and glittering frost jewels covered the bare earth with a spotless mantle and crowned the trees with many colored gems. New York city was alive with gaiety, and in the elegant mansion of the wealthy heiress, pretty Josephine Leslie, night after night was heard the sound of mirth, music and the melody of girlish voices.

Mr. Graham seemed ten years younger than in the past summer, and all his sternness had vanished. He courted society, gave and accepted invitations to balls, parties, theatre and opera. The old housekeeper said she had known her master from a child but he had never seemed so light hearted, so happy as now. His ward, blue-eyed Josephine, was at times very sad, but with each foreign mail came such loving hopeful messages telling of the health and prosperity of the writer, the young girl could not help feeling cheerful, and for a time, sorrow would be banished. So passed one long year, and summer, blushing at her own beauty, and again dawned upon the earth.

"What can be the reason of Albert's silence?" said Josephine, as she sat beside Mr. Graham on the veranda of their cottage at Newport. "This is the second month and no letter. Oh, I fear he is ill, or worse; he may be dead," and at the bare thought the girl's cheek paled.

"Oh, nonsense, Jossie, you are so nervous, so anxious where Albert is concerned. I dare say he has been so busy he has not had time to write. You forget men working for a living do not have so much spare time as you little butterflies of fashion," and the dark eyes of the speaker were bent lovingly on the countenance of the fair maiden. "Now if I were absent from you, I do not believe you would give one thought to me or shed a tear over our parting," this was said in a careless tone but with a keen gaze at the sad face before him.

"Now, Mr. Graham, do not speak so lightly. You know I should miss you—you, who have ever been kind and thoughtful for my welfare. But you are not my lover; you stand in the place of father to me. Albert is my promised husband, and my heart is given into his keeping; so blame me not if I grieve over his mysterious silence."

With a frown and a muttered oath Mr. Graham walked rapidly away from his ward, after she had finished speaking, but in a moment he returned smiling and saying, "The next mail may bring good news, dear, so keep up your heart, and now come with me to the beach, we will have a sail this bright afternoon in your little yacht Fairy." And the girl, glad to have her mind occupied, went with her guardian.

"A letter, Jossie, from the absent one," cried Mr. Graham as he entered the parlor in the gathering twilight after the afternoon sail on the calm waters.

With a cry of delight the girl grasped the envelope and, excusing herself, went to the privacy of her own room. Her cheeks paled, then flushed with anger as she read. It was a cool, unlover-like missive, making no apology for the two months of silence and with but one or two words of endearment throughout the letter.

"You must not expect me to write very often," so ran the missive. "I have no spare time for nonsense. After we are married we can be as silly as we wish," etc.

"He is growing tired of me, perhaps has seen some one else he can love better than his giddy cousin," moaned the poor girl, as she wept over the cold, formal letter. "But I will not trouble him very often with my silly writing. Who would have thought my darling would have changed? I cannot believe it," and torrents of tears came to relieve her aching heart. "I'll death us do part," she read as she took the pearl engagement ring from her finger and looked at the motto, "Death will part us soon, very soon, if you prove unfaithful, Albert," and throwing herself on a couch, she gave way to feelings and wished in her misery that she was dead.

Mr. Graham, when he heard of her trouble, tried to console her, and as the months passed and each letter became colder and more formal, then ceased altogether, her guardian took her in his arms one day, told her that in spite of the difference in their ages, that he loved her and had since she was given into his charge, a child of fourteen.

"I will make you a true and devoted husband, will chase every shadow from your path; forget this fickle lover who never cared for you as I have. He has probably given his affections to another, you know 'absence is the grave of love.'"

So the man from day to day urged his suit, and when one evening taking up a paper Josephine read in the foreign items the following: "It is rumored that the adopted son of the

American consul at Calcutta is about to wed the daughter of one of our wealthiest native merchants," she gave one cry and fainted.

Six weeks after, rising from her sick bed, looking like a shadow of her former blooming self, Josephine consented to marry her guardian.

Great preparations were made for the grand event. All New York was talking the affair over. Mr. Graham was happy as a king, Josephine, pale and drooping as a flower that has been touched by an untimely frost, went about the house languid and silent, she took no interest in her gorgeous Worth dresses; did not blush when her future husband caressed her or whispered words of fondness. She never mentioned the name of Albert, but in the solitude of her room wept and moaned at her hard fate. The family doctor shook his head as he looked upon the fragile form, sunken eyes and pale cheek of the girl.

"Her mother died of heart disease; she bids fair to become a victim also," muttered the good man as he tried in vain with medicine and cheering words to revive the drooping spirits of the heart-broken heiress.

The wedding day dawned, a dark stormy sky and cold wintry blasts. The marble mansion on Fifth avenue was ablaze with lights, the rooms were bright with flowers, and guests in rich velvets and silks with costly jewels gleaming, and faces wreathed in smiles, cared not for the gloom without.

The bridegroom looked very handsome and very proud of his pale but fair bride who, in her trailing robes of dead white silk, with pearls clasping her throat and orange blossoms in her blonde tresses, seemed more like a ghost than a living being she was so cold, so pallid, and so calm. The marriage ceremony proceeded, but when the trembling lips of the pale bride murmured, "I take thee, Edgar, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish and obey till death us do part." As she uttered the words that were graven on her pearl ring she gave a low cry and fell to the floor. In an instant all was confusion. Dr. Cameron bore the unconscious form to an inner room, but with shaking hands and tear dimmed eyes he said the bride was a corpse—poor Josephine was the bride of death.

In his room at the hotel in far-off Calcutta on the night of the wedding, Albert, looking ten years older than when he sailed from New York, was musing over an open letter before him. It told him of the coming marriage of Mr. Graham and his ward. "Oh, my darling, how could you be so false to me? I loved you so, and I thought your heart was mine," was the bitter cry of the unhappy man, who by the treachery and fraud of Josephine's false and black hearted guardian, had been forever separated from his true and loyal love, but the man knew it not, and mourned over his broken hopes and shattered idol. Suddenly he started.

"This is her wedding night!" No sooner were the words uttered than he felt a cold wind fan his brow. The night was very sultry. Waking up he saw a slender figure standing in the moonlight near the window. The silvery rays fell on the sweet, sad countenance of Josephine. The golden hair and slender form, clad in shimmering azure silk, with blood-red roses drooping at the bosom, and the same flowers in the slender hand where shone the pearl ring on the delicate finger—all perfectly revealed in the clear, soft light.

"Good heavens! My darling, my lost love. She is dead!" cried the almost frantic man, as he gazed with horror at what he knew to be a vision of the spirit land. "There has been treachery here; I will find out the truth; my sweet cousin, farewell—you shall be avenged, if we have been deceived, for it is a mystery to me, this sudden wedding, the long silence and other matters."

The vision slowly melted in the rays of moonlight.

The next steamer that left for New York numbered Albert among the passengers.

From his lawyer he heard the story of deceit and treachery practiced by Edgar Graham. Letters forged and intercepted—a false notice of Albert's intended marriage, etc., all this not for love, but for greed of gold.

When the unhappy lover of the dead girl inquired for Graham he learned he had fled, no one knew whither, taking the whole of the vast fortune of his ward with him.

But even then Nemesis was on the path of the covetous and black-hearted villain. A railroad accident occurred while he was traveling in London, and among the list of killed was the name of Edgar Graham.

In a lovely spot in the shades of Greenwood rests the form of the ill-fated heiress. Twining around the pure marble of the carved head-stone, roses bloom, sweet, red roses that the quiet sleeper loved so well, placed there by the hands of Albert, who can never forget his first and only love. One day, about a year after the death of Josephine, her faithful lover came across a little book that had lain almost forgotten amid other keepsakes, opening it, a withered rose fell out. With shaking fingers the young man replaced it, thinking of that perfect summer day, now so long ago, when a fair vision in white, with blushing, happy face and soul-lit eyes filled with love, held the flower in her hand. "My darling I can never forget you," he murmured. "I am yours now and forever."

BERNAL, THE BANDIT.

Romantic Career of the Most Interesting Outlaw that Mexico Has Produced.

Official confirmation has been received of the killing of Eraclo Bernal, the famous bandit, writes a correspondent of *The Chicago Tribune*. There was \$10,000 reward offered for the capture, dead or alive, of Eraclo Bernal, the scourge of Sinaloa, the terror of Durango, the most famous bandit of the many that this republic has produced. His name was a greater terror to the defenseless inhabitants of the Sierras than was the name of Attila to the ancient Romans. Bernal was born at Moeria, Sinaloa, in the year 1850. He was consequently thirty-eight years old at the time of his death. He in his early manhood bore the reputation of a law-abiding and hard-working citizen. About twelve years ago he was tried and convicted of a crime of which he was said to be innocent. He escaped from prison, swearing that the authorities, if they ever caught him again would be really justified in condemning him to prison.

He became a highwayman, and by the boldness of his deeds and the skill displayed in carrying them out soon became notorious. He gathered around him a band of men of like desperate character, who under his leadership terrorized most of the districts of Sinaloa and Durango. At first he limited himself to attacks on the diligences or stage-coaches, but he soon increased in boldness, and would present himself before a hacienda or village and levy tribute on the citizens. If his terms were refused he would attack and pillage the place, carry off all the booty, and if armed resistance were offered he would not hesitate to murder the people. It is claimed that the bold outlaw never killed men willfully, or for the mere pleasure of killing, but only when resistance was made to his demands or when it was necessary for his own safety.

His capture had been often announced, but a few days later a denial of the news has invariably followed. The State and Federal authorities finally decided to make a determined and continuous effort to pursue Mexico's "Fra Diavolo" until he should be captured or killed and his band of robbers exterminated. For over two years the troops have scoured the mountains of Sinaloa, have penetrated into almost inaccessible fastnesses among the rocks, and trailed the outlaws through the dense forests. Many were the conflicts between the troops and the banditti, but the former were generally victorious. Many of Bernal's companions were captured and shot, but the ubiquitous Eraclo invariably managed to give the authorities the slip.

Bernal was tall and well built, handsome and of strong constitution, and an ideal bandit. He always journeyed by night on swift and well-trained horses. When he intended to attack a ranch or village he always selected one twenty-five or thirty miles distant from his camp, and, after a night's ride, would make his appearance before it about daybreak. He was true and kind to his loyal though lawless followers, and, though reckless and bold by nature, he never exposed the lives of his comrades unnecessarily. He was of a jovial disposition, but at times he was filled with melancholy as he thought of his miserable past and hopeless future. During these repentant moments he would swoop down on the nearest village to attend the parish church, and while the trembling priest chanted the mass Bernal and his picturesque band in the background would devoutly cross themselves and recite their prayers. Then mounting their horses they would disappear as on the wings of the wind, leaving the villagers in peaceful possession. These penitent moods rarely were of long duration, and perchance the same village that had been the scene of his devotional exercises would, a few days later, be selected for ravage and rapine.

Telegraphing Made Easy.

The new electric type writer relieves the operator of every duty except pressing down the keys. The carriage moves automatically to the starting point whenever the end of a line has been reached, and also moves up one notch or line at the same time. But the most important offices of the new instrument seems to be its use in receiving and transmitting telegraphic dispatches. It is said at the patent office that the instrument can be used both as a transmitter and receiver of intelligence over a single wire, no matter how great the distance may be. The receiving instrument does not require the attention of an operator, but prints the dispatch automatically. The instruments at both ends of the line print the dispatch sent, and so a safeguard against mistakes are provided. It is claimed that the electric type-writer will be valuable as a local aid to business, and offers many advantages over the telephone. One advantage claimed for it is that no matter whether a person called up is at his place of business or not, the message can be printed through the medium of the type-writer, and will be there for perusal on his return. The dispatches printed are in letter form and not an endless tape. The instrument has been christened the dynamograph.—*Philadelphia Record*.

And They Always Get Found Out.

There is nothing more contemptible than a hypocrite—man or newspaper.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Timely Suggestions to the Husbandman.

Planning Ahead.

As winter is fast slipping by, says a correspondent of *The Prairie Farmer*, every good farmer will study out his "campaign" for the coming season in accordance with his means, his soil and his supply of manure. Having adopted a plan, matters should be shaped at once so as to carry it out to the very letter with a vim that is sure to bring success. Just now every farmer should be exerting his utmost efforts to manufacture sufficient manure to fertilize every acre that he may cultivate in a spring crop. If he sees that the barn and stable supplies are not equal to this, a compost heap should be started where muck, wood mold, leaves and straw may be piled up together and let remain a few weeks, when decomposition will have sufficiently taken place to render the mass available to the crops. If the manure supply is still short, use commercial fertilizers. If you have not experimented heretofore, and do not know what kinds are most suitable for your land, better try special crop fertilizers. It won't pay to farm unless you put your soil in such condition that the probabilities are in favor of more than an average yield. Average farming does not pay. Corn requires either a very fertile soil or, if the soil be not naturally fertile, that it be heavily. It is a crop that demands a great deal of food, and it is not worth while to waste time, labor and seed unless there be in the soil the necessary plant food for a good crop. And as such is the case it will not pay to permit the ambition of having large fields of corn to induce a farmer to put in a larger acreage than he can manure well, unless his land be naturally rich. In laying out the work of the year the farmer should be particular and not over-crop himself. He should know just how much force of man and beast he can put into the field, and calculate to cultivate thoroughly and well, allowing the season to be unfavorable as it may.

Endeavor to get in both oat and corn crops in time, as nine times out of ten it is the early crops that give the best yields. Of course we would not have the grain go into the soil before it is sufficiently warm to encourage the prompt germination of seed; but as soon as the earth is warm enough to cause the seed to sprout and vegetate it should be planted, and no fears need be entertained about late frosts damaging the crop. It is the frosts in the fall that must be avoided, if possible. The seed is an important item to look after, be it corn, grain or vegetables. But few realize the great necessity of attending to this matter, in order to secure a satisfactory yield or to secure either improvement or perfection in seed or vegetables. Every farmer should save his own field seeds and the greater part of his garden seeds, buying what garden seeds he may need from seedmen of reputation, and not peddlers or grocery stores. It has well been said that some farmers profess to have no time to devote to a study of the characteristics, habits and nature of what they cultivate, and yet they have time to lounge at the country store and talk politics, as though the safety of the country depended upon their opinions. While planning ahead, this class of farmers, at least, should task themselves a little heavier and see if it would not help them through the "tight times" they are complaining so much about.

Sheep for the Butcher.

There is no stock which in fitting for the butcher gives better returns in increased weight for the food consumed than sheep of well-selected mutton breeds or grades of the same. A moderate consumption of grain during the winter months, in addition to ordinary rations, puts them in prime condition for the butcher in the spring. But the early spring lamb probably pays the largest profit on the cost of production, and nothing which is offered in the markets meets a more ready sale. As a matter of fact, very few are offered in the market, for the reason that they are contracted for beforehand by the hotels, restaurants and retail butchers, who make a specialty of supplying choice meats. Lambs of the mutton breeds dropping in December and well cared for during the winter, given ground feed in addition to the milk of the mother, readily command from \$3.50 to \$5.50 per head in the spring, and at slight cost to the owner. In the New York and Philadelphia markets they sometimes bring \$10 per head. There is not the liability of loss in raising winter lambs that many might suppose. Sheep will stand severe cold with apparent impunity if kept dry and not exposed to storms, and the same is largely true of lambs. If the lamb is dropped in a comparatively warm and well-sheltered place, is once dry and on its feet, and has hold of the teat, there is little to fear for it, well-sheltered from storms and cold winds. The mothers in such cases require rations specially fitted to produce the largest flow of milk, so as to induce rapid growth in the lamb, like a daily ration of roots, with corn meal and bran; a ration of ensilage would also be excellent for promoting a flow of milk. The writer, when a boy on a New England farm, has more than once on going out to do the chores on a cold winter morning, found a lively young lamb dropped during the previous night, the product of a copulation be-

fore the rams were separated from the ewes in the fall, and there was seldom any trouble in raising such lambs. The manure of sheep is of more value in proportion to the food consumed than that of any other stock, which fact led to the Spanish proverb that "the foot of the sheep is golden." Up to this time mutton sheep have not commanded the attention in this country which they have in Great Britain or in Canada. Our people have not learned as yet to appreciate the value of mutton in comparison with other meats as an article of food. But they are learning now, and prime mutton is going to be more in demand than ever before. Through the enterprise of importers and breeders, all the valuable breeds of mutton sheep are becoming well represented in this country, and breeding animals, either for raising pure bred or crossings with the native, are becoming available for any who desire them. Sheep breed so rapidly that, starting with a pure-bred buck and native ewes, it takes but a few years to produce three fourth or seven-eighth grades, which for mutton production are scarcely inferior to the pure blood.—*Practical Farmer.*

Farm Notes.

Butter should be kept at a temperature of about 50 degrees. Be regular in feeding, watering and milking if you would have good cows. Remove the seed from pumpkins when you feed that vegetable to cattle. Butter can hardly be regarded as fit for cooking that is unfit for table use. If your vegetables freeze, let them thaw naturally, and avoid handling them. Put salt in the food you feed the swine and thus help to prevent hog cholera.

It is not well to commence fattening hogs from birth, as they are more liable to disease. Blowing smoke by the use of bellows, into gopher holes is recommended as a sure method of destroying the pest. On every farm there should be a shop in which all the small jobs of repairing can be easily done. It will prove a great saving. Repair the machinery and tools during the otherwise idle hours of winter, and not pay money for having the work done in the spring. Dairymen must at some time realize the fact that the curry-comb and brush are as necessary in the cow stables as they are in the horse stables. The fit of the collar and harness has much to do with the amount of work a horse can perform in a day. Ill-fitting collars cause sores and galls. In feeding turnips do not give too many, and feed them in the morning right after milking. It is well to commence lightly and increase gradually.

Household Hints.

Delay putting salt in soup until the scum is removed. A spoonful of fine salt or horse radish will keep a pan of milk sweet for several days. There is nothing superior to cotton-flannel for dusting pianos, say the dealers in these instruments. It is worth the while to recall the fact when making buttonholes, that eighteen inches of twist are enough for one.

Boil a small quantity of borax in a granite ware kettle that has long been in use and it will brighten it wonderfully. The spots that oftentimes appear upon gilded articles will disappear by immersing in a solution of alum. The water must be pure and soft. Dry with sawdust. The German method of preserving eggs is to smear the surface of the shell with a solution of silicate of soda. The thin, glassy film is an admirable protection. Those who have experienced the misery of chilblains will be glad to try bathing the affected parts in a pint of vinegar containing 5 cents' worth of turpentine.

The low, old-fashioned sofa, which of late years has rather dropped out of style, begins to be seen in all comfortable rooms; its broad arms and high back make it a restful piece of furniture.

A Freak of Lighting.

A funny thing occurred last Thursday evening, when we had quite severe lightning. One of our surveyors was out in the woods surveying, and on the approach of the storm took shelter under a large tree, leaving his compass on the jackstaff, some two or three hundred yards away. During the storm a tree very near the compass was struck by lightning, and strange to relate, the effect upon the compass was to reverse it so as to make the north point of the needle change position and point south. The gentleman not knowing that fact, when he went back to the compass took a course and started, as he supposed, for home. After walking eight or ten miles, going north, as the compass indicated, he, away in the night, came to the house of an old settler, who, upon inquiry, told him where he was and how far he was from Orlando and the proper direction, which of course was directly opposite to that indicated by his compass. After becoming satisfied something was wrong with the compass and that the settler was right, he retraced his steps and arrived at home, tired, wet and mad. This is the second instance we have known of the needle of a compass being affected by lightning so as to become reversed.—*Orlando (Fla.) Record.*

A Serious Love Quarrel.

"Ben Harker, I don't care, you're just as mean as you can be."
"Oh, now, Nan, you're joking."
"No, I ain't, no such thing!"
"Yes, you are."
"I ain't. And if you think you can lead me around by the nose you're very much mistaken."

"Pshaw, Nan, what have I—"
"I don't play second fiddle to no one, Mr. Ben Harker!"
"Oh, you don't?"
"No, I don't, and I'll let you know it! You think I care anything for you? Pooh!"

"Of course you do."
"Humph! over my left shoulder!"
"Oh, come, Nan, you know you think I'm sweet as sorghum."
"Now, you think that's smart!
"Well, isn't it?"

"I'd ask if I was you. You think you're dreadful sharp anyhow."
"Oh, of course I do."
"Better look out, or you might fall down and cut yourself—smarty!"
"Oh, say, let's kiss and make up."
"Yes, I think I see myself! Go and kiss your dear, sweet, beau-tee-ful, lovely, Viny Jackson if you want to kiss anybody."

"O-o-o-h, so its Viny that's put your nose out of joint."
"My nose out of joint! As if I cared the wrappings of my finger for Viny Jackson or you either, Ben Harker! You're no more to me, I can assure you, than the dirt under my feet!"
"Ain't, hey?"

"No, you're not? Thought you could twist me around your little finger as you do her, eh?"
"Now, Nan, you know that I no more care for Viny than nothing, and—"

"Aw, no—of course not; tagging at her heels all the time like you was her very shadow itself!"

"Why, Nan, I—"
"You are too! you are, you are, you are! I've been watching you!"
"I thought you didn't care."
"Care? I care? Pooh! it's nothing to me! Be her shadow if you're a mind to!"

"Well, what you kicking up such a row for then? Come, Nan, you know I love you like all fury."
"Yes, you do!"
"I do, too."
"In a horn."
"No, sir, honest Injun!"

"Well, what you tag Viny so for then?"
"Oh, just for—for—for—greens."
"You're dead in love with her."
"With Viny? Oh, you're granny's night-cap! You must think I'm bad off for something to love."
"Well, you shan't come to see me every Sunday night and shine up to Viny Jackson all the rest of the week. Not much!"

"All right, Nan; now we've made up, hey?"
"I—I—I—guess so—what you doing?"
"Folks kiss when they make up, I guess. I s'pose that's the reason you got up this fuss."
"O-o-o-h—you—mean—thing! Tee, hee, hee!"—*Tid Bits.*

A NERVY WOMAN.

Some Interesting Information from India, About a Church Builder.

Miss Mary Graybiel, one of the missionaries sustained in India by the sect known as Disciples, writes very interesting letters to her family in this city. It is now four years since she went to Hindostan, in company with the Rev. Mr. Wharton, formerly pastor of the Church of Christ, and his wife. The place at which Miss Graybiel is now located is in the heart of India, on the line of the railroad which is to be built from Bombay directly across to Calcutta. The children of the Sunday Schools of the denomination in the United States contributed a fund of some \$4,000 dollars with which to erect a house for this mission, and in her last letter she modestly tells how the work was done. It appears that she had to serve as architect, master-builder and general boss mechanic. First she bought four yoke of buffaloes to do the teaming; then a few big trees—they are very scarce in that part of the country. She employed a hundred natives or nearly that number, whom she taught to quarry the stone, which had to be hauled several miles; and to make brick first tramping the clay, fashioning it into bricks, and then burning them, using the spare portions of the trees for fuel. The trunks of the trees were laboriously by hand sawed into boards for the floors, roofs, etc. A stone foundation three feet thick was laid three feet below ground and as much above, this solid base wall being deemed necessary to keep out the white ants which are a great pest of the country. Evidently a good job was made of the wall for Miss Graybiel ingeniously relates that an English visitor inquired who had been the engineer, and expressed much surprise when she told him that she had directed the work herself. It takes a Buffalo girl to hold her own among the heathen, or anywhere else. Incidentally Miss Graybiel states that the son of a German missionary living some forty miles distant was killed by a tiger. She attended the funeral, making the journey through the solid jungle in a cart drawn by a pair of the buffaloes, with a chance of being sprung upon by that or some other tiger at any moment. Such is the life in the wilds of Hindostan.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Comforts of the Farm.

A farmer's home ought to have about all the comforts that are to be had, and many luxuries that nobody else but the rich man can afford. Nor is this a glittering generality in the way of a statement. Let us specify. What are luxuries? The first idea suggested by the word is a good table. Money can always supply table luxuries, but even the millionaire cannot supply better things than the average farmer can procure. The freshest and richest cream, milk and butter in abundance may be his, with all that can be made from them. Eggs, chickens, ducks, turkeys, geese he can always command, if he chooses. Vegetables of all kinds that this climate can produce he can raise, and with a cheap and simple hot-bed he can have them early and all the season through. He can command all the small fruits that can be grown in this latitude and of the very best and freshest—strawberries; raspberries, blackberries, cherries, apples, pears, plums, in every variety. An early lamb or two exchanged with the local butcher will give him a fair supply of lamb meat for the season. A calf or two in the same way will give him veal. He may raise and cure his own pork, bacon, hams, sausages, pigs' feet and lard of a quality that the market does not afford. He may kill "a beef" in the fall and exchange such part of it as he does not care to keep. His own cornmeal, buckwheat, and even wheat may be turned into bread-stuffs such as he cannot buy. What more could the veriest gourmand ask for this part of his table supply? Only he who has once been deprived of the resources of farm, garden, orchard, dairy and poultry house, and been forced to buy with hard-earned money, stale fruit and vegetables and dear meat, milk, eggs and butter, appreciates what a treasury of luxuries he has lost. It will be no answer to say that all these things represent money, and, if used, must be reckoned as so much cost. We have named nothing which is not within easy reach of the small farmer, if he will be a little enterprising; and nothing which, when the year is closed, will not be found to have been produced without any strain on the purse. It requires a little cash to start, a considerable amount of labor from time to time, and some planning. But it can all be accomplished, and the chances are that it will breed profit rather than loss in actual surplus cash; for there will always be more than is wanted of some things, and real luxuries always find some sort of market. Minutes and hours that would otherwise go to waste will be utilized in the extra labor required, and the pleasure in accomplishment will be a clear bonus besides.—*Lowell Journal.*

Names of the Days and Months.

For the names of our months we must go back to the Romans. January is from Janus, the god of doors and gates, because this month began the year. February is *februus*, to purify, because in this month the lustrations were offered. March, originally the first month, was from Mars, the god of war. April from *aperire* to open, because in this month the buds began to open. May, from *Maias*, a goddess. June, from Juno, the patron of marriage, this month being the favorite for weddings. July came from Julius Caesar, and August from Augustus, the first emperor. September, October, November and December were so called from being the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months, and the names furnish a curious illustration of the persistence with which men will cling to a name even when it has lost its significance. Now these are the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth months, but still keep their old and at present inappropriate names. But if we must take our year and the names of its months from one set of pagans, we are equally unhappy with regard to the days of the week for our names of these are traceable back to the Saxons, whose heathenism was even less inviting than that of the Romans. Sunday was with them the Day of the Sun; Monday was that Sacred to the moon, and Tuesday took its name from *Tives*, a Norse god; Wednesday is Woden's Day another Saxon god—the present spelling of the word showing its derivation with remarkable accuracy; Thursday is Thor's Day, Thor, the Thunder, being a notable Norse deity; while Friday is *Frea's* Day, *Frea* being the Saxon Venus, Saturday is Saturn's Day, the later Saxons having borrowed this deity from the Romans.—*London Truth.*

The Southern Cross.

No explanation ever has been or ever will be forthcoming of the extraordinary freak of nature in the formation of the famous pearl known as the southern cross. Originally discovered at Roeburn, in western Australia, it consists of nine pearls adhering together in the form of a Latin cross, seven in the shaft and two in the arms, one on each side of the shaft, nearly opposite the second pearl from the top. The pearls are slightly compressed, like peas in a pod, and no trace of any artificial junction can be observed. It had been suggested that a fragment of seaweed may have got into the shell and formed the frame of the construction. The pearls are of fine quality, though slightly misshapen at parts, and the value of the gem is very high. Its character is unique, and so filled the owner—an Irishman named Kelley—with superstitious awe that for a long time he was induced to hide it away and keep his possession a secret.—*Essex Transcript.*

A BEAR DEFIES A TRAIN.

And it was a Good Thing for the Negro that Bruin Did So.

There are a good many bear stories going the rounds nowadays, but we have one which actually occurred in this parish during the present week. On a small plantation a mile or two above Bayou Goula a black bear was seen to have entered a turnip patch and at once proceed to help himself to as many turnips as his appetite demanded. It is said that a colored man witnessed the unauthorized levity of Mr. Bruin and determined that he would enter the patch and drive the invader out. Acting on the impulse he immediately entered the inclosure and started in Bruin's direction. As soon as the man's presence became known to the bear he discontinued his vegetable repast with the evident intention of embellishing it with meat and with ears thrown back and head erect he started toward the son of Ham with the apparent intention of testing the qualities of his make-up. The darky saw him coming and at once decided that he did not wish to drive his bearship from the field, and rather than attempt it he would leave the field himself. So he graciously turned his face in the opposite direction and made for the railroad. The bear appeared to be socially inclined and willingly followed his visitor, accelerating his speed as he travelled. Sambo imitated him and quickened his pace. And thus they had it for some time straight up the railroad; run bear, run man, and the devil take the hindmost. Suddenly the colored man heard a rumbling noise down the track and knew at once that the night express train was coming. In a short time it hove in sight, running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. When the train came in sight, the colored man jumped from the track and continued his wild flight on the side of it. The bear also heard a noise, and looking around saw the iron horse with its red lights and its terrible wheezing and puffing, rushing madly upon him. He seemed to lose all thought of the man and turned his attention to the new foe which threatened him. Rearing his haunches, with his fore feet extended, he snarlingly awaited the oncoming train. He hadn't long to wait and the ponderous engine, with its long and heavy laden train, struck bold Bruin amidstships and in a jiffy sent him to the happy-hunting grounds to join the members of his family who had preceded him there. He was skinned on the spot—by piecemeal, we suppose—and the colored man who had been racing with him enjoyed a slice of hapless Bruin for supper.—*Iberville (La.) South.*

Corsets and Such.

At a boarding school which I attended six years ago it was a custom of many of the girls to loosen their clothing before sitting down to an evening of study in our rooms. One might have thought that we expected all the knowledge freshly assimilated to go direct to the region of the waist, but the physiological principle was sound. When respiration, digestion and circulation are impeded the brain cannot do its best work. But there came a time when this deplorable custom, long continued in secret, threatened to be proclaimed from the house tops. Most of us were established at the tables in the girl's parlor during that fatal hour when a party of ladies and gentlemen, escorted by the governess, were shown through the building. At each girl's room they rapped, and hearing no reply took a glance within—a glance sufficiently comprehensive to reveal a pair of corsets folded upon the bed, laid on a chair, or even flung disdainfully upon the floor. "At the first three or four I saw," said the governess, who came to us afterward with flaming cheeks, "I felt ashamed; at the next six or eight I was horrified; but at the last half dozen I could scarcely keep from laughing." Here the guilty crowd laughed, too, and one of us informed our preceptor that, according to a German scientist, no less than 92 diseases were directly traceable to the wearing of corsets.—*Bell Thistlewaite, in Toronto Globe.*

Why Americans Die Young.

"You have a great country," said an Englishman to an American; "I admit it. A grand country, vast in its territory and of boundless resources, but your climate cannot compare with that of England for salubrity."

"It can't?"
"Certainly not."
"Why, now, our climate is one of the principal things we pride ourselves upon. We have all kinds to suit—frigid, temperate—torrid—and each possessed of a salubrity equaled nowhere else in creation."
"But it is avowed that Americans die early?"
"Die early?"
"Yes, sir, and especially your business men."
"And don't you know the reason?"
"It is found to be in the nature of your climate, I presume."
"In the nature of our climate! No, sir; the reason Americans die early is because they ain't hogs, because they know when they've got enough. Public spirited, patriotic and unselfish, they die early, sir, to make room for the rising generation."—*Boston Courier.*

