

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Household.

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G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.  
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Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.  
Job Printing of all kinds done in the most artistic manner, and at lowest prices.

Wichita is not yet out of joints.

It is announced that Gen. Sherman does less kissing than formerly.

Our agricultural and kindred interests need protection more than any other.

The venomous speech of Senator Ingalls is regretted by all candid, well meaning men judgment.

There is every probability that the Burlington strike will extend to other roads, and to what extent cannot be foretold.

There is no need of any more scoring of confederates. As Grant said, let us have peace. Universal friendship is what the country wants. Only petty ambitions, contracted demagogues like Ingalls feel otherwise.

One H. S. Roberts of Manhattan, thinks for sure that Albert Griffin of New York, ought to be made a delegate at large from Kansas to the National Convention. Why not take Dr. Howard Crosby?

Mortimer Whitehead, the National Lecturer of the Patrons of Husbandry says:

"How different in the lines of action has been the work of the Grange in the 21 years of its existence. It started out by saying, 'In our Order and its purposes there is no communism, no agrarianism.' It does not seek to build up the farmer by tearing other occupations down. It believes in 'equally distributed burdens and equally distributed power.' It does not propose to throw off its share of taxes, and demand that they shall be alone collected from some other one species of property, while the land of the farmer shall go free. It teaches true protection. Its members, and the class it represents, always have been law-abiding citizens, and are today the great balance-wheel in morality, religion and temperance. Hence the great Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, or the Grange, grows in strength and in the respect of the world, because it deserves it, while other orders that follow after false prophets, and advocate theories and principles that are not American, and are unworthy of a free people, go down, because they deserve it.

A dispatch from New York city in the news column of another paper, speaking of the Knights of Labor, and the tax theories of Henry George, that land alone should be taxed, says of Mr. Powderly: "He is very friendly personally with Mr. George, and is a believer in his doctrines." It is a well known and apparent fact that the great Order of the Knights of Labor has within a year passed melted away almost as rapidly as the Winter snows are now going under the warm Spring sunshine. The Order has lost its hold upon the confidence of its own members, and upon the respect of the best people of our country. And it is just such actions, as quoted above, on the part of its leaders that has caused it to lose the respect that most of its principles commanded. That the laboring classes of this country have grievances, that they are suffering from the oppressions of monopolies, "trusts," unequal laws, taxes, and the like, none can deny; and that they need organization and education to help them to a better and brighter day is also freely admitted. But when they accept the avowed principles of confessed Communists, and follow the false lights of agrarians and opponents of the laws of God and man, they must and will go to pieces, and fall low in public estimation.

### Current News.

TUESDAY: J. B. Snyder of Denison Texas, arrested for opening U. S. Mails.—Nineteen business houses burned in Goldthwaite, Texas.—A dynamite explosion at Ishpeming, Mich., kills four men.—Elvira White, wife of a prominent farmer at Fulton, Mo., commits suicide.—Three men drowned in the Missouri river near Liberty, Mo.—The clothing of Mrs. R. Wilson, age 80, of Sedalia Mo. takes fire and she is burned to death.—Senator Plumb introduces a bill for public building in Clay Center.—A daughter of John Geary, Mortimer Kan., eloped and married one Parker. On their return Geary called at the house, a quarrel ensued, and a brother of the groom shoots and kills Geary.—Workmen at Leavenworth glueose mill strike for six days instead of five.—Santa Fe coach cleaners at Argentine strike for a half day off each week, and got it.—Kansas City furniture Co. assign to Citizens National bank.—State Senator Vickers, Pittsburgh, Kan., arrested for violation of internal revenue law.

WEDNESDAY: Seven deserters from different parts, were taken to the Leavenworth Military prison yesterday.—Steward of Millbrook, Kan. shot and killed one Kelly, both drunk and colored.—Sabatha, organizes board of trade, and takes \$8000 stock in canning factory.—In collecting fare, a St. Louis street car driver named Edwards offends a passenger and is shot.—A fearful epidemic of glanders breaks out among the horses of Carthage Mo.—The condition of German Emperor is very critical. He is said to be dying.—A man and his son, at Poplar Grove, Dak., go out 20 rods from home to shovel snow from a hay stack, and are attacked by wolves, and are devoured in sight of the wife and mother, who are helpless to save them.—Three hundred workmen are discharged from the Fort Wayne shops in Pittsburgh.—A Kansas City bar keeper was fined \$50 for keeping open last Sunday.—The office of the Springfield Mass. Union burns and six persons lose their lives, including, editor, proof reader and printers.—Trial of Dave Walker, Bald Knobbers chief, begins at Ozark, Mo. He admits killing some and trying to kill others.—Citizens' bank at Goshen, Ind. burns with a loss of \$75,000.—Mrs. Heberlin of Independence, Mo., brutally assaulted by a negro, who is arrested and barely escaped lynching.

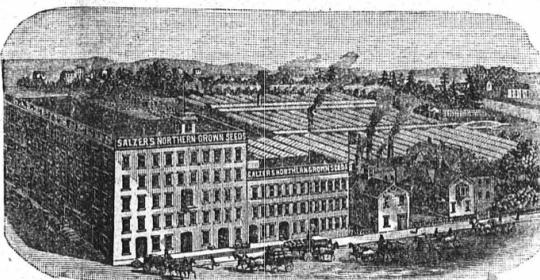
Four hundred tickets were sold to the Leavenworth charity ball and about \$800 realized.

A town called Huggins Center has been started in southwestern Kansas. Its name is giving it a great boom.

A three column diatribe on Ingalls is less damaging to that gentleman than a five line squib. One would be read, the other, never.

Allison, a little town up in Sherman county, is all excitement over a gold find. The spot, two miles south of town, has been staked off into mining claims for about four miles. The find is said to be in a species of concrete rock and is sure enough gold.

While there is so much complaint about the overcrowded condition of the various professions, it is interesting to learn that there is one profession that is not suffering from this cause, Henry T. Fink says in his article on "Opera in New York," in The Cosmopolitan for March, that one reason why German Opera is so expensive is the great lack of first-class singers. Those able to meet the requirements of Wagner's music are few and command large salaries, but in spite of the pecuniary temptations, managers complain that they are put to no end of trouble to get the singers they require. Here therefore is something that ought to tempt the ambitious with voices with a desire for money and fame.



Buy Northern Grown Seeds.

This pertinent line no doubt has met the eye of hundreds of readers. It is the advertising trade mark of John A. Salzer, the seed grower of La Crosse, Wis., whose success in the plant and seed business is phenomenal. Up to 1881 Mr. Salzer conducted a retail greenhouse and market gardening business at La Crosse. During these years he carefully tested all seed sorts, originating many early novelties. His specialty in vegetable and farm seeds has always been early, large cropping varieties. To-day he owns and operates over 2,000 acres devoted to seed growing, the largest greenhouse in the West, a potato cellar of 36,000 bushels and seed shipping warehouses, of which a fine illustration is found elsewhere, having a floor area of one and a half acres. He attributes his success

wholly to good, live seeds and judicious advertising.

In another column is found a fine illustration of John A. Salzer's Greenhouses, as also his mammoth new seed shipping warehouses at La Crosse, Wis., just finished and equipped with modern improvements. The success of Mr. Salzer has been very marked, especially when we consider that up to 1881 he conducted a market gardener's and retail greenhouse business, growing, however, all the flower and vegetable seed used by himself in market gardening and for his trade. To-day he owns and controls over 2,000 acres of land for seed growing purposes, and has the largest greenhouses in the West. Being situated in the far North he makes a specialty of early vegetables and farm seeds. The warehouses have a cellar capacity for potatoes of 36,000 bushels and a floor area of one and a half acres.

Thayer is to have electric lights. Eldorado has a new national bank. Leoti has organized a board of trade. Belle Plaine has a canning factory fully equipped for work.

The Rock Island contemplates a road from Wichita to Pratt.

All but twenty counties in the state have paying vineyards.

In the last seven years 702,000 people have found homes in Kansas.

A charter has been granted the Oswego Canning company with a capital stock of \$50,000.

The Santa Fe road has just purchased 7,000 acres more coal lands in Osage county.

A vein of coal two feet thick, at a depth of 60 feet, is reported near Banner City.

There were two hundred thousand gallons of grape wine made in the state last year.

The Rock Island has submitted a proposition to build across Stanton county to the Colorado state line.

Wellington has organized a commercial club, and raised a good sum of money to advertise the town.

The Atchison canning firm has contracted for the product of 370 acres of tomatoes, peas, beans and sweet corn, for which they furnish the seed, and charge it up, at cost and carriage against the crop, when delivered.

The death of the venerable Dr. Alcott will be heard with sorrow by the older people of this country, and that of his talented daughter, Louisa M. Alcott, within forty-eight hours afterwards, will be regretted by both the young and the old. The author of "Little Women," died Tuesday.

A. G. Stacey, Topeka correspondent of the Kansas City Journal, said in his paper yesterday: "Topeka has at last taken a step in the right direction, and is entering upon an era of manufacturing. This week the ground will be broken for the cotton mill, which will be ready to commence the manufacture of white cloth about September 1. Work will also be commenced on the sugar manufactory, which will be ready to care for the sorghum crop this year. The starch factory is running at full capacity, while the agricultural implement works have commenced on orders that will keep them running the entire year. Added to these are the wheel works, the new brick works, and the smaller industries that are so essential to the prosperity of a city. The city itself is not behind, as street improvements costing \$750,000 will be commenced as soon as the ground is in fit condition.

A number of leading men of the southwestern part of the state have formed a sort of an association for the purpose of securing a number of the eastern excursions this year, and to advertise their section of the state. Several of the gentlemen held a meeting in the parlors of the Hotel Throop, and adopted certain form of advertising. They also agreed to try to make satisfactory rates with the different railroads touching that portion of the state.

It is proposed by Secretary Moon, of the Kansas State Fair association, to have on the fair grounds a new track on the inside of the present one, to be used in showing stock during the fair. This move is spoken of by all concerned as a most worthy one—in fact, a necessity. With this improvement the visitors can see all the display in the live stock class without walking here and there over the grounds. Mr. Moon also proposes to move the speed stable across the creek, another improvement indorsed by the horsemen who use them. It is to be hoped Mr. Moon's suggestion is favorably acted upon by the board.

### CONSULT DR. F. C. DILLINGS

At His Parlors at the Copeland. He is a Recognized "Prince of Healers," Whose Success Astonishes All.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM DYSPEPSIA? Consult Dr. Dillings at the Copeland and receive the treatment he is prepared to give you, and be cured. The Doctor has treated over a thousand cases of Dyspepsia in Kansas and can truly say he has not failed in a single one. He has many times offered to forfeit one hundred dollars in case he failed to greatly benefit or cure any condition of indigestion or chronic dyspepsia.

HEMORRHOIDS (Piles) and all serious and painful rectal diseases can be easily and quickly cured by new and positively sure remedies and treatment employed by Dr. Dillings, now at the Copeland Hotel. The doctor's treatment for such diseases can be relied upon to do precisely what is here claimed for it. No knife, no cautery, no pain, but it cures. Why not have faith enough in one who cannot afford to mislead you to attend to this matter at once. Have confidence in the doctor's assertion that his treatment is a success and will cure you and you will not regret it. Dr. Dillings is not here to promise more than he can do.

PERSONAL.—Addressed to every individual in Topeka who is a victim to any serious kidney trouble. I can offer a treatment for such troubles that has succeeded where everything else has failed. I can make a chemical and scientific examination that will demonstrate to a certainty the exact condition of the kidneys, and can apply the remedy or treatment that will cure. I would not make this statement if it were not true and there are hundreds of sufferers in this city who have failed to find relief in ordinary methods, but who can be cured in a short time. If you have any kidney trouble, do not delay, but call on Dr. Dillings, he will give this notice the attention it deserves. Dr. F. C. DILLINGS, Copeland Hotel.

FOR EXHAUSTED NERVOUS FORCE. Dr. Dillings who has performed the Copeland, treats all conditions of nervous exhaustion, debility and weakness, whatever the cause, with the most pronounced and gratifying success. Young or middle-aged men suffering from past indiscretions can especially find the help they need, and in perfect confidence, if they will apply to Dr. Dillings. Hundreds of radical cases, the most stubbornly serious cases, warrants the doctor in inviting all who are deficient in vital force or energy to call upon him. Their exact condition will be determined by an infallible chemical test and if they are promised a cure they can be perfectly sure a cure can be effected, no matter who failed before. This announcement is worth a second thought.

PERSONAL.—Addressed to the ladies of Topeka and vicinity. My method of treating such troubles as women suffer from is not "regular." I am, in fact, quite proud to say that my methods are "irregular"—that is if old, non-progressive schools are "regular"—but they are successful, and every woman who has the tenacity and milditude of her sufferings felt obliged to submit to the cruelly indecent treatment employed by self-styled "regulars," and others too, for that matter, knows that success, a cure, seldom if ever results. Hence, to be irregular and successful means a great deal. It means a pleasant treatment that will not wound the modesty of any lady; it means, as practiced by Dr. Dillings, a home treatment in some cases, applied by the patient herself and which alone has cured many of the worst cases ever presented to any physician; it means an office treatment—not local treatment—that builds up, invigorates and affords a vital stimulation that permeates the whole structure of woman. The methods of Dr. Dillings for the cure of diseases peculiar to women, are exclusively formulated from his extensive experience in treating such cases as an independent eclectic physician. He pledges himself to cure nine-tenths of these cases and in the shortest possible time, and by such treatment and remedial agents that every woman will gratefully and urgently recommend to her suffering friends. Reception Parlors at the Copeland House.

## STALK CUTTERS AND IMPLEMENTS AT COST.

Timms, Builders, Hardware and Garden Tools at BABCOCK & PRATT'S.

TIBBEE, Miss., Oct. 16, 1886. Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co. Rochester, Pa. Gents.—The bottle of Shallenberger's Pills sent me in February last I gave to W. G. Anderson, of this place; a long standing case of chills and fever. He had tried everything known without any permanent good. In less than ten days after taking your Antidote he was sound and well, and has gone through the entire season without any return. It seems to have effectually driven the Malarious poison from his system. Yours truly, V. A. Anderson. Get Anderson's prices on builders' hardware. The contract has recently been let for the erection of salt work at Hutchinson. One block is to be of stone and brick, 200x450 feet. Three other companies are there at work, two of which propose to spend half a million on their works.

### PALM AND PINE.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Couldst thou, Great Fairy, give to me  
The instant's wish, that I might see  
Of all the earth's that one dear sight  
Known only in a dream's delight,  
I would, beneath some island steep,  
In some remote and sun-bright deep,  
See high in heaven above me now  
A palm-tree wave its rhythmic bough!

And yet this old pine's haughty crown,  
Shaking its cloud of silver down,  
Whispers me snatches of strange tunes  
And murmur of those awful runes  
Which tell by subtle spell, and power  
Of secret sympathies, the hour  
When far in the dark North the snow  
Among great bergs begins to blow.

Nay, thou sweet South of heats and balms,  
Keep all thy proud and plummy palms,  
Keep all thy fragrant flowery ease,  
Thy purple skies, thy purple seas!  
These boughs of blessing shall not fall,  
These voices singing in the gale,  
The vigor of these mighty lines—  
I will content me with my pine!

Harper's Bazar.

### Johnny's Summer Boarder.

BY EMILY HEWITT LELAND.

His real name was John Hamilton Lambertson, but no one in his family or in the neighborhood ever called him anything but Johnny, even though he was grown to be a tall young man six feet high, with shoulders accordingly, and trim brown side-whiskers that gave his healthfully tinted face an English touch, only he was not aware of it. Yes, everyone, from the long settled half-farmer minister who preached in the old church, down to the dozen boys and girls who trudged over the hills to the district school, called him "Johnny" in the merriest and most affectionate manner, and was always sure of a pleasant response and generally a happy smile that showed a row of teeth as white and clean as a hound's.

But there came a time, alas, when Johnny's smile vanished from his face and his kindly brown eyes returned but a sad greeting. It was the time when, within a week, his father and mother were borne to the burying-ground on the hillside that lay remindingly in view of the church windows. They were so happily united in this life, it was but natural that they should go away together into the great new country that awaits us all. But their going was almost more than Johnny, their only child, could bear. At first he thought he must sell the farm and go far away into new scenes and try to forget his grief somewhat. Yet, after a few slow passing weeks, this desperate condition gave place to a gentler sadness and the feeling that the old home was now doubly dear, because wherever he looked and whichever way he turned everything reminded him—more strongly than when the father and mother were living—of the faithful hearts who had toiled and planned and saved solely for him.

A widowed aunt remained with him after the burial—announcing her determination to stay until the poor boy could collect his wits and know what he was going to do. She was a melancholy woman who had been "in mourning" for somebody or other nearly all the days of her life, and this loss of a dear sister only freshened the crease on her black bonnet, and gave a narrower and soberer stripe to her favorite black and white gingham gowns. "I did think," she confided to a neighbor, "that I'd have a black sateen with a sprig in it for this summer—just to live up a little, you know—but now sister Mary's gone I can't flare out in any sprigs. Ah, me! Life's but a dream, a fleeting breath, how soon the vapor flies!"

And yet in spite of Aunt Jane's aptitude for mourning, she was in a sad and composed way, very fond of the bright and stirring things of life. Having lived for a long time in a large manufacturing town, she found quiet farm-life very depressing. She sighed audibly for electric lights and street cars, missed the clamor of mill-whistles and church bells and even bemoaned the absence of the strong-voiced buyers of old iron and paper rags.

Johnny tried his best to cheer her sad spirits. Every time he went to "the Junction," as their little railroad town was locally designated, he brought home a Danbury News or a Detroit Free Press for her special reading, and in the evening he played his least mournful airs on his violin; but Aunt Jane remained uncheered. "Such a lonesome little family to do for—that's the trouble with me," she grumbled. "What is the good of going through all the rigmarole of house-keeping just to feed a hired man and a hired girl—for Johnny's appetite is no where in keeping with his size and I was always a small eater."

Probably it was from casting about for offsets to lonesomeness that Aunt Jane was led to hit upon the summer boarder idea. "There are two front chambers and the parlor that could be spared just as well as not. And then I'd have something to take up my mind," she argued.

So Johnny wrote some advertisements and sent them to Boston and New York newspapers.

They were modest and truthful advertisements. There were only two or three wavy and never to be caught old trout in all the length of Cherry Creek, so he made no allusions to "capital fishing," and as no boat could turn about the creek, even at its widest part,

he refrained from mentioning "fine boating." Mosquitoes sometimes insinuated themselves in an about the place, so he did not affirm that they were entirely unknown. And as there was little to hunt but a family of crows who had their nest in Hemlock Swamp, he put forth no tempting statements to yearning nimrods. He only mentioned "rooms and board in a private family in a pleasant country region," and so lived on at ease with his conscience. The family was certainly a quiet one, and "pleasant" was almost too mild a term for the truly noble scenery in which the farm was located.

Greatly to Johnny's surprise and to Aunt Jane's perturbation—for the parlor was to be repared before the reception of guests—there came a speedy response to the advertisements.

A young lady, a little ill from over-study, wanted board in a quiet and pleasant region, and wished to bring with her a maid, a pony and a dog. She would frankly state that the dog was a very large one, and if objected to she must try some other place. The note was signed "Mary Fleming."

Johnny after losing himself for a few moments in admiration of the neat and flowerlike grace of the writer's penmanship, and breathing in a faint delightful fragrance from the creamy paper, wrote a reply—stating that the dog could come and welcome, and that if Miss Fleming would kindly name the time of her arrival at the Junction a wagon would be in waiting for her. Others might have used the word "conveyance," but it was Johnny's way to use always the simplest language.

Miss Fleming's immediate answer stated that she would arrive on the 6 p. m. train, on the 10th of the month. It was the 6th of the month, which, by the way, was the perfect one of June.

Loneliness fled away from Aunt Jane. A young lady, a maid, a pony and a dog! How enlivening! In the tumult of putting the two bed rooms in order, repairing the parlor and stocking the provision pantry, with all sorts of good-lies likely to be relished by a slightly ill young lady, the four days swiftly passed. Johnny meanwhile built a kennel of goodly size adjoining the woodshed, swept and garnished a stall for the pony, mowed the grass in the front yard, surveyed with satisfaction his flourishing fields of wheat and corn and was glad that the lilies and roses and spice-pinks that bordered the front walk were beginning to open.

The day arrived and was one of those utterly perfect days that give one an idea of what the weather in Paradise must be. Johnny, in a fresh blue blouse and his secondbest trousers, drove tranquilly to the station. He was very far from having any personal feeling over the approaching meeting. For was there not a great gulf between young ladies who traveled about with maids and ponies and dogs, and plain farmer people who worked from sunrise to sunset for their living? Still he would not have been twenty-two years old and human if he had not wondered what she would like. He fancied she would be tall with eye-glasses on her nose and a great deal of rustling silk. To feed the hungry, that she would. The leaves drink daily life. From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall. The flowers may fade. The leaves may fall. The flowers may fade. The leaves may fall. The flowers may fade.

The train was just pulling out of the station as he arrived. Hitching his horse he walked into the waiting-room. It was vacant except for a pale, middle-aged woman in a gray moirai duster with a basket on her arm, who leaned back in her chair with closed eyes and the generally anguished expression that accompanies a severe headache.

Johnny then walked around the platform, looking east, west, north and south, and seeing no one but the usual village sightseers who always congregated at "train time" very likely she was a train late; or maybe she had changed her mind; or had grown too ill to take the journey. Suddenly a brisk little person in a navy blue flannel gown with a sailor collar and a sailor hat that sat nautically upon her short reddish gold curls, tripped out of the baggage-room followed by an immense St. Bernard dog who, in huge platform-shaking capers was trying to express his joy that his railway woes were at an end.

"The maid and the dog, anyhow," thought Johnny, and stepping forward announced himself the individual who had come to meet Miss Fleming.

"Yes?" with that rising inflection that in some girls can be very charming. "I am Miss Fleming. And are you Mr. Lambertson?" No common farm-hand, Miss Fleming reflected, could have such a handsome, refined and intelligent face.

"Yes, my name is Lambertson," said Johnny; and since it was the first time in all his life that he had been called "Mr. Lambertson" he felt a strange thrill of pleasure and pride.

"The pony will come on the 4:30 freight to-morrow morning, and I will walk in and get her if you are not too far out. Three miles? Oh, that me be just a fine stroll for James and me. There's some baggage in there—a trunk and a satchel—and in the Express office a box. I will go and sit with poor Brownie until you are ready. Here, James! Come, sir, quiet down and be sensible!"

"Never have I seen just such a girl," was Johnny's thought, as she vanished into the waiting-room. "So business-like, and so pretty, and not at all like anything I expected." Even Miss Fleming's luggage was

something unusual—a little leather trunk hardly large enough to hold three gowns, while the express box proved to be a violin case. As for the large and somewhat shabby satchel, that was plainly marked Emmeline Brown—and hence must belong to "poor Brownie."

A violin—a girl's violin! Johnny could hardly believe his senses. He carried it to the wagon and placed it on the seat in which he was to ride as tenderly as if it were a sleeping baby, and all through the ride home, through the leaf-sweet air of fresh summertime, he guarded it from every jolt and turned to it often with an air of loving regard. "Very likely it is one of the best," he thought "and I hope she will play this very evening."

The maid being speechless with headache, Miss Fleming addressed her few remarks to Johnny and the dog. She expressed admiration for the landscape here and there, spoke fondly of some Jersey cows feeding in a pasture by the roadside and noticed the gait of Johnny's sleek colts. "It is a—comfort to see horses keep exact step like that, and it makes their work so much easier," she said.

The colts were Johnny's special pride and a flush of grateful pleasure brightened his face at such unexpected appreciation.

"They know their names and they can shake hands and pick up my hat," he said with calm elation. "Oh, is it possible? What a delight they must be to you! I hope they will like my Zephyr. She is a good-hearted merry little soul, but has no accomplishments, whatever."

Thus in pleasant though fragmentary conversation the farm-house was reached. Miss Fleming rested a bird's weight on Johnny's proffered hand and stepped lightly to the ground, while the maid, with a smothered groan, descended as if made of glass.

"Poor Brownie!—you shall have some tea and a long, long sleep," said Miss Fleming in a tender voice.

Johnny was glad to see Aunt Jane waiting on the porch with one of her best white aprons brightening her black dress and her face as smiling as a permanent mourner could well be; and as he removed the luggage from the wagon he cast an eye after Miss Fleming, hoping she would notice the candid lilies near the gate and the red roses further on. Sure enough, she did notice them, and actually put down her little nose to them. What an uncommon girl!

The next morning Miss Fleming's waking ears were greeted by the sound of steadily descending rain. "Oh, my poor Zephyr!" she murmured, going to the window and looking out upon the weltering world. "She'll be heart-broken to find no one to meet her after her dreadful ride."

With cautious movements, that she might not disturb the slumberers of Brownie in the room adjoining, Miss Fleming dressed and went down stairs.

"Breakfast will be ready in about seven minutes," said Aunt Jane, after they had exchanged greetings, "and while you're waiting maybe you'd like to step down to the barn and see how your pony stood the journey. Johnny saw the storm coming up, so he took an early start, and he got back with her all safe and sound just as the first drops were coming down. Cute little beast, isn't she? Just step into my rubbers and take this umbrella, and the walk from the kitchen door takes you right to the barn. The dog's there, too; he takes to Johnny, already, as if he belonged to him."

"It was ever so kind of Johnny—of Mr. Lambertson," said Miss Fleming obediently stepping into the rubbers.

"Oh, Johnny is always kind," said Aunt Jane with a proud smile.

Miss Fleming found Johnny brushing some last specks of dust from Zephyr's sleek coat.

"How good of you to think to do this, Mr. Lambertson! I feel very much indebted to you," said Miss Fleming, laying her cheek against the pony's nose and receiving a little whiny of welcome.

"If I can hear your violin, by and by, I shall be well repaid," answered Johnny boldly from the other side of the pony.

"Oh, indeed you shall hear it—until you are tired of it, I'm afraid, for I've taken but a few lessons and am only a torturing amateur. It is sort of a rest for me, however," said Miss Fleming, sighing a little.

"If I were your father I wouldn't let you study so hard," said Johnny, stooping to look at nothing whatever on the pony's hoof.

"It is not my father's fault—I have no father—nor mother," answered Miss Fleming gently. "If I've studied a little too constantly, I've only myself to thank. But I do so want to be a great physician."

"What a little girl like you? You can't be more than fifteen or sixteen," said Johnny forgetting his bashfulness in his astonishment. "Dear me! so many people make that mistake. Why, I shall be twenty next August, and if I live I shall grow older," she added with a merry laugh.

"And I'm going on twenty-three," said Johnny—as if this information was something to the point—and he laughed, too, and somehow did not feel afraid of Miss Fleming any more.

After breakfast, as the rain still continued and outdoor work was impossible Miss Fleming said she would bring down her violin and discharge her debt if Mr. Lambertson was ready to listen. Miss Fleming could play, aside from her exercises, a few simple airs. She played accurately, and her violin was evidently capable of the sweetest and richest tunes. Johnny hungrily watch-

ed the instrument. How far beyond his own it was in beauty and power!

Suddenly Miss Fleming turned to him "Perhaps you play," she half questioned.

"A little," answered Johnny modestly.

"Try this," she said, eagerly extending to him the violin. "My Uncle bought it in London, and it is said to be an uncommonly good instrument."

Johnny had fingered a violin ever since he was six years old. He had gained some knowledge of "notes" at the village school. Occasionally he had treated himself to a batch of sheet music. So he was not quite at loss for something good enough for even Miss Fleming to hear. In his delight over the sweet rich qualities of the violin he forgot, after a few moments that anyone was listening to him, and so played all the better.

At the conclusion of his selection Miss Fleming clapped her hands, and there were tears in her eyes. "You play better than my teacher does. Let me take lessons of you!" she exclaimed impulsively.

"Oh me!" said Johnny, and the very tips of his ears grew red.

Aunt Jane, who dearly loved to talk to everybody and to draw out from them their inner lives, was not long in making the acquaintance of Miss Fleming's maid, who, it quickly turned out, was not Miss Fleming's maid in the least, but an overworked dress-maker brought out to the country by the kind-hearted young woman for a few weeks of rest.

"Last summer," Miss Brown went on to explain in a confidential undertone, as she and Aunt Jane were sociably spelling peas on the back porch, "last summer it was a poor little lame girl she took with her—up near the White Mountains, it was—and the summer before that a young lady who was studying with her at school and hadn't much money. This summer it's me—bless her heart!—and I feel five years younger already. But don't let her know that you know! She thinks I'll feel better, coming with her as a maid, as if I were paying my way, don't you see? Rich?—Oh, yes, rich compared with poor folks—about eighty thousand, or so—if she don't give it all away. Does just what she pleases, always. But such sense!—Her uncle says she has a better head than he has, any day, and thinks she ought to be his guardian—stead of it being the other way about."

Of course Aunt Jane promised never to disclose the little ruse regarding the "maid," but that very night she button-holed Johnny as he was going off to bed and told him the facts of the case. And Johnny in his own mind was not the least surprised. All sorts of angelic deeds might originate in such a girl.

Ah, your lovers and misunderstandings and disappointment and heart-break, you shall find nothing to your liking in this simple tale! That two young people like these I have so brokenly described, should come to love each other, is as natural a thing as the descent of water when its way leads down an inclined plane.

And yet neither was fully aware of the sweet and all possessing passion, until arrived the morning of separation. It was when the little leather trunk and the violin were borne out of the house that Johnny's heart grew sick with both joy and agony—the joy of conscious love and the agony of renunciation.

It was when Miss Fleming went down the front walk for perhaps the last time—for life is uncertain—that wild pangs seized upon her soul, and her eyes grew so misty under the sail or hat tipped unnaturally forward, that the bright dahlias and gladioli beside the path turned into a mere blur of color.

Aunt Jane had kissed her on both cheeks and told her with tearful fervor that it was just about like giving up the sunshine, and possibly her tears were contagious.

The St. Bernard lingered on his front porch rug and displayed no enthusiasm for this particular trip to the Junction.

"Well, James, is it possible you really don't want to go with me?" called back Miss Fleming—having got rid of her wet eyes, and smiling quite merrily.

James rose with a melancholy mein and came slowly down the path saying as plainly as possible—"I don't see the necessity of a change. I'm far more comfortable here than in town. However, I know my duty."

"Mr. Lambertson," said Miss Fleming as Johnny handed her into the wagon—and this time she chose the front seat and the violin went over to Miss Brown's care—"I'm going to think about James all the way to the station, and if I can make up my mind to part with him, I will give him to you. He likes the country so—how he has enjoyed wading in the brook and strolling about in the fields this summer!"

"Oh, you must never think of giving him away. He's a dog among a thousand. He knows this is no mere mere trip to the postoffice—he knows he is not coming back again. See his expression! Ah, James, I shall miss you—old fellow!"

"If we should come again next summer," said Miss Fleming shyly, "he will remember you as if he had been away but a day."

"I wish human beings remembered as well," said Johnny with a cynicism wholly new in him.

"Some do, I am sure," said Miss Fleming hopefully.

Johnny flicked at the grasses at the roadside with his whip. He had no need to drive rapidly—there was plenty of time for reaching the station.

"I hope you will come again next summer," he said in a low voice.

"I hope so, too," said Miss Fleming simply. Then she went on in what seemed to her the boldest and most reckless manner—"I—love this place! It has been the happiest summer of my life. I should like to live here—always. I like Aunt Jane." By this time her cheeks were burning red and she turned her face away.

"Would it be a good place for a—talented physician? Could you live here?" and Johnny dared to fasten his eyes intently on the roses that could not be wholly hidden, unless Miss Fleming dislocated her neck.

"I could practice in a small way. I could do good here, as well as anywhere. I should like to be a farmer—as well as a doctor—I think," and she laughed lightly.

"Oh gracious me!" exclaimed Miss Brown. "I've dropped my handkerchief—one of my best ones, too—and I had it just a minute ago. I'll run back and get it."

"No—no," remonstrated Johnny, "I'll find it," preparing to jump. But the lively Miss Brown was already on the ground and walking back toward a white object that lay several rods distant.

Was it Providence? Or was it simply Miss Brown? Johnny did not pause to consider. This dear sweet girl loved his native town and liked his Aunt Jane and she wanted to be a farmer and he loved her with all his soul and she was going away!

"Then take my farm—and take me! I've loved you every minute since I first saw you. Don't be angry! You are going away, and I can't help telling you. Please give me one word—tell me you don't really hate me!"

"I don't really hate you!" murmured Miss Fleming, and turning toward him she looked shyly in his face with her softly smiling eyes.

One look into those eyes and a great wave of bliss engulfed Johnny. He stooped—for he was very tall, you remember—and quickly kissed the rosy cheeks and the sweet tender truthful mouth that actually kissed back, and then both turned to look for Miss Brown. She was just pouncing upon the white object.

"Come back with me now!—don't go away, at all," urged Johnny.

"I will come back on the first of May—yes, perhaps on the 20th of April, for I want to be in time for gardening, you know!" and Miss Fleming sat up very erect and assumed a serious business air, very comical to an observer not over head and ears in love. It seemed very comical to Miss Brown, who smiled very knowingly as Johnny politely assisted her in the wagon. And then they drove on.

Very tender and frequent were the letters that flew back and forth through the golden autumn and the snowy winter. And it was in reality on the 20th of March, instead of the 20th of April, that Johnny brought home his bride. The spring was uncommonly early that year.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

### Our Country as a Producer.

An admirable compilation of industrial and agricultural statistics lately issued by the government statistician shows that the United States stands at the head of all nations of the earth in the production of cereals, cotton and cotton-seed oil, live stock, and of course hides, tallow and wool, and also silver.

This country holds second rank in the production of hay, bowing only to Great Britain, whose annual product has a value of \$1,200,000,000, and also in the amount of gold produced, Russia coming first, as she does likewise in the production of potatoes and iron and steel, in all of which the United States stands fourth. The United States rates third in the list of countries producing tobacco, cigars and oils.

Of cotton and cotton-seed oil the value of the annual product of this country is placed at \$233,000,000, while British India and Egypt together only produce \$126,000,000 worth, in round numbers. The value of our live stock, \$1,279,000,000 is more than that of all the other countries combined.

The figures of the potato product are: Russia \$450,000,000, Germany \$263,000,000, Austria-Hungary \$158,000,000, United States \$73,000,000. In sugar and molasses Germany ranks first, with \$190,000,000 in 1885, which was largely increased in the following year. Cuba is second, with \$113,000,000; while Russia is fifth, with an annual production valued at \$85,000,000.

Of cereals this country raised in 1886 \$1,161,000,000, Russia \$1,109,000,000, Germany \$750,000,000, Great Britain, including India, Australia, Canada and all its other colonies and dependencies, produced during last year cereals to the value of \$457,000,000 only, which is \$8,000,000 less than the production of France.

It is a curious fact and one which invites investigation, that while this country leads the combined nations of the world in the value of its live stock, its production of hides and tallow, valued at \$82,000,000 is nearly equaled by Russia, the difference in our favor being less than \$2,000,000.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

### No Vagrancy About Him.

Police Judge—William Snyder, who you are accused of being a vagrant. What do you say about it?

Prisoner—It's a libel.

"How do you make that out?"

"My wife does the largest business washing in town."

"Sixty days."—*Lincoln Journal.*

If you want to hear some racy English go to a horse trot on ice.—*Burlington Free Press.*

### CONCERNING RUNNING IN DEBT.

What to do With a Small Salary and Lots of Expenses.

A correspondent writes us for aid in his perplexity. He is married and living on a salary of \$600, which certainly does not leave a very large margin for saving. He has a debt incurred in getting his education—that is, his equipment for life. This debt falls due next March, and he has nothing wherewith to pay it. He is at his wits' end, and he wonders if there is any loan company of which he could borrow, on personal credit and a life insurance policy, enough money to pay this debt, making the loan payable in three annual installments. We answer his question here because it represents a common case and affords an opportunity for counsel which will have a wider application.

There are some things for which it is legitimate that a man should run in debt. One is a home. If the interest on the investment, plus taxes, repairs, and insurance, is not more than he can afford to pay as rent, such a debt is ordinarily prudent—for then he puts himself under bonds gradually to pay off the debt and become the owner of his home; and meanwhile his expenditures are no greater than they would be without the debt. So it is legitimate to incur a reasonable debt in acquiring an education. Education is capital, and a man may properly borrow a certain amount of capital, only being careful to borrow no more than he has reasonable assurance he will be able to repay within a reasonable time or within the time definitely agreed upon.

But when a man runs into debt, if he agrees to pay it at a time specified, he must keep that obligation constantly before him, and his first duty must be to meet that obligation before he incurs any other and new ones. Unless, for example, he can see his way clear to live married on as little as it will cost him to live single, he ought not, except in very ordinary circumstances, to take on him the obligations of marriage until he has provided or reasonably assured himself that he can provide, for his other and precedent obligation. One of the great dangers of running in debt is that the debtor will forget his obligation until the time of payment comes, and then be appalled to find himself wholly unprepared to meet it. We cannot help wondering, for example, what assurance our correspondent has that he could pay his present indebtedness in three annual installments. If we understand his figures aright, the three annual installments would leave him only \$400 a year to live on. Has he carefully counted the cost? Is he sure that he can live on that? If not, he is only proposing to annul one unfulfilled obligation which will probably be unfulfilled when the time of fulfillment comes. These are not very encouraging and may not seem to be very sympathetic, words to the correspondent who looks to us for help, or at least for sympathy. But we have some hope that reporting his case may be a help to some other reader of the *Christian Union* before he has placed himself in the same predicament. The general principle is this: Never incur a debt unless you can see tolerably definitely where the money is coming from with which to pay the debt when it becomes due; and when you have incurred the debt, keep it constantly before you and lay by something every year to meet the debt until it is met and paid off. To these principles there are few, if any exceptions.

But what shall our friend do? and he represents thousands of others in like circumstances who have run in debt, and who have not the wherewithal to meet the obligation. Do not try to transfer the debt from one creditor to another; this does not pay the debt. Go to your creditor, tell him frankly your condition, and set yourself diligently to work pay him by installments. In this particular instant we advise our friend though it is advice more easily given than followed, to save at all hazard something between now and the first of March, then go to his creditor with that something in hand, pay him on account, and ask for the opportunity to pay the balance in similar installments quarterly or monthly instead of annually; the oftener you face the debt the earlier you will be likely to get it paid off.—*Christian Union*.

### Hong Kong and Its Coolies.

On the mainland shore at Hong Kong are large docks, barracks, an observatory and other solid evidences of England's firm grasp and power, and comparative quiet reigns, but at the water's edge of the city the whole din and uproar of a Chinese city assaults the ears, as the same old Chinese smell deals the nose a blow. The Praya, that runs along the water's edge, with high stone houses on one side, swarms with bare-footed coolies with poles and burdens over their shoulders, and sedan chairs carried by more coolies spirit an occasional foreigner along above the common heads. The fronts of the high houses have open arcades at each story, and are covered with signs, among which the vermilion paper of the Chinese shows everywhere.

There is something suggestive of Italian seaports in this quay, and when the coolies lift the chair poles and begin ascending the staircase of a side street, one instinctively thinks of Geneva's stone stairways. On the upper levels, on the roads above all the Chinese shops and houses, the resemblance is even greater, and the stone balustrades of the long terraces, the heavy gateways and the massive houses with their storied loggias make one

sure that the blue water below is the Mediterranean or one of the lakes. Through one arched way in a high stone wall one looks up a long staircase lined on either side with masses of red, white and yellow flowers to the door of a Portuguese chapel, and an Italian convent is approached between white stone walls, and more rows of gorgeous blossoms. The shrubbery is all tropical, the banyan tree spreading a network of roots over sloping banks and snapping, snaky roots with fine bunches of tendrils of root over one's head. Banana trees, rows of tree ferns, huge-leaved things that are strange to one's eyes, fill the gardens, and rows of potted chrysanthemums of the most brilliant colors line stairways and surmount balustrades. The scarlet poinsettia is here spreading a bush or tree far above one's head, the whole top a blaze of big red stars that fairly burn the eyes with their intense coloring. The shade trees arch over the terrace roads, and when one passes from sunshine to shade there is that difference and sudden chill that warns one that the climate has its Italian turn, too.

The conveyance one rides in is not Italian nor are the common people by the roadside like the fascinating inhabitants of the peninsula. The cheapness of human labor is shown when one can be borne aloft on the shoulders of two men, like an idol in a procession, at the rate of fifteen cents an hour, and the contrast between the leisure and the working classes is most apparent when one leans back in his ease and the other pants under the poles of the chair. Nearly all the coolies are barefooted, loose, flapping, straw sandals being sometimes worn to save the feet from the fine, sharp stones with which the cement roads are set. The slip-slap muffled sound of bare feet being set down flatly and in a steady mechanical beat, as regular as machinery, has a curious effect on one. At first it seems as though the regularity of the tread was enough to soothe one to sleep, but afterwards, especially if coming home through these still avenues of trees and high stone walls, there is something in this methodical foot-fall that gives one an uncomfortable sensation, as of being carried off by some unknown power suggestive of evil and the supernatural. The chair coolies wear only the two cotton garments, unless the weather is chill enough to call for a second coat or hot enough to remove the first one. The trousers are of the universal Chinese cut for the coolie class, each leg a flopping petticoat of cotton, a yard wide, reaching below the knee. No race of people have designed an uglier dress and stuck to it without change for so many centuries.—*Hong Kong Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

### There Is No Death.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.  
There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forever more.  
There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
The golden grain or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers,  
The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry moss they bear,  
The leaves drink daily life  
From out the vernal air.  
There is no death! The leaves may fall  
The flowers may fade and pass away;  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.  
There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."  
He leaves our hearts all desolate;  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;  
Transported into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.  
The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones  
Make glad these scenes of sin and strife,  
Sings now an everlasting song  
Amid the tree of life.  
And where he sees a smile too bright  
Or heart too pure for faint and vice,  
He bears it to that world of light,  
To dwell in Paradise;  
Born unto that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them—the same,  
Except in sin and pain.  
And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead.

### Electricity to Replace Servants.

We British are fond of having a number of servants in attendance when we dine. Flunkies with us are supposed to have ears that hear not, what their employers say and do. It would be impossible to suppose anything of the sort in Paris. Masters and mistresses dread the criticism of the servant's hall, and their highest idea of dining room comfort is to be served by machinery. The dinner-lift came into fashion in the reign of Louis XV. Electricity is now being used to enable persons of wealth at dinners intimates to do without the waiter or the maid in a sort of small truck moved by electricity. The truck at any moment may be made to stop. It does its work admirably as a dumb waiter, and any amount of art can be lavished on it to give it a decorative beauty.

### The March of Reform.

The beautiful benefits of free leather are never more happily shown than when a righteously wrathful Congressman boots a lobbyist till he slinks like a lean dog around the corner of the Capitol.—*Philadelphia Record*.

### IN AN AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT.

Scenes at an All-Night Sitting of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales.

The legislative assembly of New South Wales sat from 8:30 P. M. on Tuesday, the 13th of December, until a few minutes past 10 on the morning of Wednesday, the 14th. The sitting had well advanced when the speaker, addressing Mr. Slattery, declared "it is impossible to keep order in this house," whereupon Mr. Slattery announced that "he would fight this battle out to the bitter end." The sergeant-at-arms then removed Mr. Slattery from the chamber amid great confusion. His place was taken by Mr. Graven, who was removed in turn.

Mr. Melville—Mr. Speaker, you are disgracing your position. [Up roar.] You are a dirty tool in the hands of those men. [Great uproar.]  
The Speaker—I must name the honorable member.  
Mr. Melville—You may do as you like if you are to be a dirty mean tool in the hands of these robbers—[uproar]—these plunderers, gaggers, and public robbers. [Ministerial shouts of "Order," and great uproar.]  
The Speaker—As having been guilty of obstructing the orderly business of the house, and I call on the sergeant-at-arms to remove him.  
Mr. Melville—There is a power outside that will remove you all—both you and the government of which you are the dirty tool. [Tremendous uproar.] You have become the dirty tool of a tyrannical government majority. [Continued uproar.]

Melville was removed and then followed Mr. Walker, Mr. Hassall, Mr. O'Mara, Mr. Chanter, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Creer, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. O'Sullivan, and Mr. Lyne. By this time only two members were left on the front opposition benches. One of them, Mr. Devien, rose excitedly and, gesturing wildly, shouted across the table:  
You will remember this all your days. This is a parliament of gaggers. [Uproar.] I know this: that no man has ever filled the position of speaker who was more incapable than you are. [Great Uproar.] There is the author of it all at the head of those benches. There he disgraces the country as well as to himself. [Continued uproar, amid which the speaker used language which cannot be printed.]

The honorable member was then removed, and was speedily followed by his only remaining colleague, Mr. Wall. The motion before the house was then put and carried.

On the following day (Thursday) a letter from Mr. Slattery's solicitor was read, intimating that a writ would be issued against the speaker, for removing Mr. Slattery from the chamber. Later on, in committee of ways and means, Mr. Dibbs caused a great sensation by saying that Sir Henry Parkes had stated at Newcastle "a malicious falsehood." This being objected to he said: "I say a damnable falsehood."  
After a few seconds of uproar he obeyed the chairman, withdrew his words and apologized.

A most exciting and disgraceful scene occurred at about 10 o'clock the same evening. The debate on financial statement was being continued by Mr. McElhone, who was denouncing in strong terms, the governments past and present, individually and collectively. Having been interrupted by the attorney general, Mr. McElhone revenged himself by abuse of Sir William Manning, who is known to be a family connection of ministers. He called the late judge "a useless, crawling old wretch, drawing a public salary." Mr. Inglis cried "Shame! shame! a cowardly shame!" and Mr. McElhone, suddenly roused to a pitch of extraordinary fury yelled out, "You lying scoundrel!" The house was instantly in the greatest confusion. Cries of "Chair!" and "Order!" drowned every other sound, but Mr. McElhone was engaged at the time in a wild struggle with his friends, who were trying to repress him and induce him to control his temper. Despite the remonstrances of the chairman and the exertions of those pulling at his coat-tails and using other persuasive means, Mr. McElhone still went on repeating: "He is a lying scoundrel!" until the first wave of excitement had passed. Then he momentarily cooled down and withdrew the offensive expression, but almost immediately resumed his attack on Mr. Inglis, saying: "You dare not say it outside. If you do I'll disfigure you for life. You dare not do it." On Mr. Inglis attempting to explain his interjection, Mr. McElhone, now fairly mad with excitement, again took the floor, and, adopting a threatening attitude, yelled at Mr. Inglis, "I'll strike him where he stands if he says it again. I'll strike him, regardless of consequences." It was very clear that the honorable member was so carried away by excitement that unless he was restrained by his friends he would suit the action to the word. The chairman, however, interposed, and a timely withdrawal by Mr. Inglis put a stop to further disorder.—*Chicago Times*.

### The Alaska Purchase.

President Johnson was abused for the purchase of Alaska as much as Jefferson was when he bought Louisiana. The price paid was \$7,000,000. The Alaska Commercial company has already paid about \$6,000,000 in seal rents for the islands of St. Paul and St. George, and the production of the territory last year is officially stated to have been, in furs, \$2,500,000; gold, \$1,950,000; fish, \$3,000,000; lumber, etc., \$100,000; total, \$6,950,000.—*San Francisco Alta*.

The straight and narrow path is a difficult thing to keep in the rural districts after a heavy snow-fall.—*Puck*.

### An American Nuisance.

To treat or not to treat; that is the question, and, from the present standpoint, not a temperance issue at all. Of course, if a man wants to invite up his neighbor to the bar and treat him, there is no law, written or unwritten, to interfere with the courtesy. But there is good ground for entering a protest against the despotism swayed by the custom in this country.

As it is now, if a gentleman wishes to take a drink in a public place he feels that he must call up every acquaintance within sight if not the stranger who happens to be near, to take the social glass, or he will be regarded, and perhaps secretly denounced, as a curmudgeon who squeezes the dollar and "freezes" to his nickels.

In this way the invitation fails to have any worth as a mark of preference or esteem, and the multitude of a herd of cattle going to drink at a creek is unavoidable.

But more than that the custom imposes upon the majority of men an expense which they cannot well afford. If the poor laboring man, for instance, who has drinking habits, could get his portion, pay for it and then go about his business, he would spend far less which ought to go for the benefit of his family and become less a slave to the intoxicating cup.

But, in deference to the American system of "treating," he must ask everybody within reach to participate with him which impoverishes his pocket-book; and, in turn, his companions doubtless no better able financially to meet the cost, treat him and the rest of the crowd, and so the affair degenerates into a general and prolonged "swill." As a result far more money passes into the till of the saloon, and his patrons plunge so much the farther down the slope of bestiality.

Of course, the liquor dealer believes in the system and encourages it; it is "bread and butter" to him, but it is ruinous to the unfortunate victim of drink who stands outside of the bar and bows in deference to the custom of treating.

In Europe there is no such despotism in this matter. A man can call for his solitary drink, if he prefers to do so, and not lose social caste. His neighbors do the same; no one is thought any the less of on that account; and as one result there is less drowning of the senses in a sea of rum.

The American system of treating ought to go—never to return. If perfect temperance would come in its place, well might the people rejoice. But if this is too much for expectation, there is no reason why one man's desire for a drink of liquor should be made to tally with the crooked-elbow inclination of everybody in the neighborhood.—*Troy Times*.

### Cheap Food for the Poor.

Brooklyn has what is called a coffee stand association, and its headquarters are at 7 Hicks Street. By it four stands have been established, one at the corner of Furman and Fulton Streets, a second at Sands and Fulton Streets, a third at the City Hall and a fourth at Hamilton ferry. For 1 cent a person can get half a pint of coffee with milk and sugar and a slice of bread. The enterprise was started during the last three months of 1887, and in those three months no less than 104,033 persons were fed. Thus far during 1888 over 1,000 persons a day have been supplied. Not exactly a charity is it to be called. It is the work of supplying wholesome food at cost price to workmen and workingwomen, children of the street, those out of employment and all who are in distress. To some people it may doubtless seem strange, but the fact remains that there are hundreds and thousands who cannot get even a penny with which to patronize the stands. One woman brought a big copper penny which had been pierced by a bullet and which had been carried by her husband at the battle of Gettysburg. That she turned in. Another offered a French coin which had no value whatever, except as a curiosity. Nearly all kinds of foreign coppers are offered in payment for the food received. They are not refused, because the main aim of the movement is to feed the hungry, even though they are not able to pay. For 2 cents a person gets two half pints of coffee and two slices of bread. The coffee is of the best quality, both in strength and purity, and the milk and sugar are equally good. The bread is made especially for the stands and is bought by the pound, a loaf being four inches wide and three inches thick. It is cut into ten separate slices. Twenty loaves go with a can of coffee.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

### A Minister's Tact.

Perhaps as ready as tact a was ever displayed in the pulpit was on the part of a minister who became the lifelong chaplain of Frederick the Great. The king chose to decide between a number of applicants by the way in which they should deliver an extempore sermon, the text to be handed them in a sealed envelope as they entered the pulpit. Sunday came, and after prayer one of the king's aides presented the minister with a sealed envelope. He opened it and found it blank. He held up one side and said: "My brethren," Then, holding up the other side, he said: "And here is nothing, and out of nothing God created all things," and proceeded to deliver a magnificent discourse on the power and wonders of creation. He obtained the appointment and held it through his lifetime.

### A CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

A Miniature Egg Discovered Within the Yolk of Another Normal Egg.

A few days ago one of the girls at the Lunatic Asylum removed two eggs from a dish which she proposed to use in making cake. As they were "shop eggs" she thought it well to drop the contents singly into a cup that their purity might be assured. Taking up one, the first one, she broke the shell with a knife and allowed the contents to fall into a cup. On reaching the bottom of the cup there was a distinct, audible click, whereupon she examined the egg and found imbedded in the yolk a solid substance resembling a white stone the size of a robin's egg.

It was taken out of the mass and found to be a perfectly formed miniature hen's egg. The only other peculiar feature besides the size was a roughness of the shell. There are upon the surface several modular protuberances, differing considerably in size and form. This appears an incredible story, and at least suggests some fallacy. About the existence of the little egg all doubt can be easily removed, because it is preserved and will show for itself; and in regard to the possibility of its getting into the cup and the yolk of egg from without, this could hardly have happened under the circumstances.

Eggs are always handled with a good deal of care, much more than less fragile articles, and it is incredible that this little egg could be attached to the lower one or be lifted unobserved and dropped into the cup. This is a veritable anomaly, or freak of nature, and perfectly unique. Perhaps some member of the Natural History Society will be able to give a rationale of this abnormal development. Unfortunately the hen cannot be produced to enlighten or even cackle.—*Hatifax Chronicle*.

### A Canine Conscience.

"Tell you another dog story? Let me see," and the invalid doctor lifted his lame leg into a chair and scratched his head. "I never told you about old Pedro. He was the special friend of all the children in the neighborhood, and had a most remarkable memory. He was a water-spaniel, with a big head, long ears, and a kind face; was fat, lazy and perfectly harmless. The children used him for a foot-stool, sat upon him, dressed him in gay calico, pinned his shaggy ears back with burdock burs, and he seemed to like their frolics immensely. One summer an ordinance was passed by the village trustees, requiring all dogs to be muzzled. Pedro was, instead fastened with a peculiarly made chain which once had done service in a suction pump. It was not heavy, but one would never forget the odd shape of the links. A hole was cut through the side of a workshop, and the chain was fastened with a strong staple to a joist which was exposed when the hole was cut. Pedro was a very unwilling prisoner for a week, when one morning he was found lying on the doorstep—his collar and staple gone. He had gnawed the staple out and had pulled the collar off over his head. None of his fastenings could be found, high or low. Two years afterward the chain and collar were dug out of a pile of ashes in the far back end of the lot. The diggers knew that Pedro had buried them. They whistled, and he soon came bounding to the spot, expecting fun of some kind. The diggers pointed to the chain. Pedro looked down at it, smelled of it, dropped his tail between his legs, covered, and whined piteously for mercy, knowing his guilt was found out at last, and expecting no mercy. Did he get whipped? Not much. He got a big shank-bone to gnaw, and the children wanted to give him a medal."—*Buffalo Express*.

### The Distribution of Coal.

Pennsylvania, though it enjoys all this coal, and New York has hardly a pound in the entire State, is unable, through our governmental system, to play any pranks with the distribution of this prime article of necessity. Indeed New York owns the majority of the Pennsylvania coal field. It is a singular thing to see from this solitary locality the ample trains and colliery steamer and canal boats moving to all parts of the tide-water from Washington to Boston. The people at large know no more on the subject than what they pick up when there is a strike like the present one on the Reading lines. Then the locality of coal in the Mississippi Valley is a subject of wonder. Where the Ohio rises and is strong enough to take barges and steamboats upon its breast, the coal deposits lie. They lie also proximate to Lake Erie, in the Mahoning Valley, and again in the vicinity of Chicago, where Lake Michigan drops downward coal is found under the prairie abundantly. So at the head waters of the Tennessee River, itself a system like the Ohio, coal lies profusely. I observed when in Great Britain last summer that British deposits of coal were generally near the sea, while American deposits of coal lie at the sources of the great internal rivers. The conclusion forced upon my mind that Great Britain was made for exporting fuel, and America was made for the internal navigation of it. When you get down toward the mouth of the Mississippi you find no fuel except the forests. But the cold plains and Rocky Mountain summits often are charged with precious fuel.—*Guth, in Cincinnati Enquirer*.

# TOPEKA, KANSAS.

March 10, 1888.

Rev. Bernard Kelley refuses a nomination for governor which has not been offered him.

A thousand or more coal miners around Macon, Mo. are thrown out of employment by the Burlington strike, there being no means of getting the coal to market.

The fish question is exciting a good deal of interest in the east. It looks as if Col. W. P. Tomlinson will have a hard time. Really he will perhaps spoil Cleveland's whole kettle of fish.

The Missouri river is playing havoc with Atchison. They have been trying to stay its progress by means of riprap, depending upon the Burlington road for its stone. If the strike does not end soon it is feared that the river will get away with the town.

It is hinted that secretary Bayard is to become the father-in-law of the President's wife—that is, that he and Mrs. Johnson are to be married, and then it is said—well it is said that it might not have come about if it had not been less year.

It is possible that the republican party may come to its senses before the day of the national convention, and so nominate a ticket that will have some moral force in it. The Wichita Eagles names Robert Lincoln and Chauncy M. Dewey. That would do even if reversed, which cannot often be said of a ticket.

The democrats will probably select a presidential candidate from New York, and vice-president from Indiana or Michigan, which are considered at least doubtful. The prohibition vote is liable to give to them democrats and with a place on the ticket it is said by some democratic politicians to be probable that either state may be saved.

Charles Charles of Topeka and Washington, Gladden of Dodge City, on their way to Liberia, have switched off, and are now in Washington. They have been working up the count, it is said, in behalf of the colored people. They are the colored people, and there are no more like them. It is said they are now working the South American racket. John Brown must look out for his thunder or they will steal it. It will do for everybody to look out for them.

Mr. J. W. Forrest, a banker of Thayer, whom the Third party prohibitionist nominated for governor in 1887, and then withdrew at the demand of socialists and anti-monopolists in the party, is taking it upon himself to raise \$10,000 for campaign purposes by means of notes of \$10 each. Mr. Forrest is an earnest worker and if he had been placed at the head of the committee two years ago, the party would now have had some organized force. Now all the money they can raise will simply go to feed a third party ring. There is very little room for the prohibition party in Kansas.

There is work enough for the republican party to do if it will but do it. The grasp of the great moneyed trusts—the corporate pythons that are getting their hold upon the industry and the wealth of this country, must be loosened and the monsters crushed. Can it be that the people will much longer be blinded by party dust, whether it be hurled in their faces by republican or democratic managers? It is quite time for the people to notify the politicians that they are free men. If the democratic party which is now in control, does not take bold and unequivocal position for the overthrow of the aristocratic, trust monopolies that are every day appearing more ravenous, then it is time for that party to be put out of existence.

If the republican party fails, then indeed has the time come for a new one. The paramount question is not the crime of the ballot, but it is shall trust monopolies in their hydra-headed forms overrun this country and crush out of existence every popular right—every principle of republicanism.

Miss Ethel Ingalls is writing for the papers. She describes Senator Cockrell's baby. It is two weeks old. She declares it to be a very bright little fellow. Its eyes are open. It can cry, it cries because it is hungry, or because it has the colic. She thinks it wants to succeed its father, but probably not until it is through with the bottle. Then she tells all about Congressman Glover's three month's old baby. It is a little marvel, born with two silver spoons in its mouth and a silver poringer in each hand. It dresses in pale blue and white. For seven years this is to be done. Then follows a description of the little fellow's wardrobe in elaborate detail. It is very charming literary work, but it is left incomplete. Not a word is said about one article of its wardrobe, and that the one that is changed the oftentimes. How provoking in the girl, too, not to say whether it is a gold or silver pin. Ethel has yet something to learn if she would entirely satisfy public curiosity.

Col. D. R. Anthony is the latest candidate for governor. A democratic paper says it can give its best advice in one word—stick.

McPherson has a small-pox epidemic. It is not so bad nor so catching as farmer Smith's office fever.

The stone cutters at the state house go to work at 45 cents an hour. It would seem that such wages ought to satisfy any man.

Mail clerks protest that they do not want to work behind incompetent engineers, and ask the government to compel railroad companies to employ competent men.

It may be that the News is a little Pharisical, but it does hope it does not make its egotism so offensive and itself so ridiculous as some other would-be papers.

There is immense activity among the republican wire pullers of the state, the exact object of which is not really apparent, since the state is overwhelmingly republican.

Col. Tomlinson called on the president this week, and was greeted cordially. President Cleveland fully understood that the Kansas editor is pulling the underpinning from his boom.

The Mill's tariff bill just presented to Congress is a very open one. It leaves a duty on almost every thing that we do not need in this country. It is not likely to pass until it is a good deal patched up.

The farmers of Kansas are mortgaged for \$200,000,000. Yet some of these same farmers keep contending that their only salvation is in a protective tariff—a tax upon all they buy levied for the benefit of the wealthy manufacturers of the east.—Holton Signal.

What an arrant nonsense. What have farm mortgages to do with the tariff? The country is grateful that it has wealthy manufacturers; we want more of them.

What a run in business the beer gardens will enjoy during the national democratic convention at St. Louis. The saloons will also reap a rich harvest and don't you forget it.—Topeka Capital.

No doubt about it. And Chicago saloons will also have a benefit. On this score the less said the better.

Mr. W. P. Tomlinson of the Democrat, closes his last Washington letter as follows:

Prophecy concerning political events may be uncertain, but I think one risks little in predicting that President Cleveland, who has been made the cat's paw of Henry Waterson and the free traders, and Chairman Mills' nondescript tariff bill will disappear about the same time from prominence.

A cyclone at Newton on Thursday evening unroofed several buildings and killed two persons. It lacked in the destructive force that was marked in the late Illinois tornado. While Kansas has suffered from these storms, and their effects magnified, it is now established that the whole country between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, is subject to them, and the most destructive have been east of the Mississippi river.

In the March Magazine of American History there is a most agreeable variety of entertaining and scholarly papers. The freshness and timeliness of the themes considered in each issue of this priceless periodical are phenomenal. The leading article this month, entitled "Historic Cannon Balls and Horses," is an animated description of the invasion of Connecticut by the British in 1777, and the bold resistance of the inhabitants of the town of Ridgedale, by Col. Clifford A. H. Bartlett, LL.B., and the paper is superbly illustrated, thus adding greatly to the charm of the narrative. The portrait of Gen. David Wooster, who fell in this encounter, forms the frontispiece in the number; it is from a rare and handsome picture made in London in 1776. The second article, "The New York and Ohio Centennial," by Douglas Campbell, is a stirring account of New York's relation to the territory now occupied by the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, and it is a contribution to history that will attract attention and comment in every quarter, as Mr. Campbell writes ably and authoritatively. Then comes a paper by Mrs. Ole Bull on "Lief Erikson," an interesting and informing discussion of the statue recently erected in Boston. General Alfred E. Lee writes a delightfully readable paper on "Central Ohio Seventy Years Ago," making extracts from the diary of John A. Quitman. John J. Morris goes back two centuries in sketching incidents in the life and times of "Captain Silvester Salisbury," who figured in the conquest of New York in 1644. Rev. William Barrows, D. D., contributes a valuable paper on the "Methods of Teaching History," R. S. Roberts, lieutenant-governor of Indiana, tells of the "Escape of Grant and Meade," from riding into the enemy's lines in 1864. Rev. W. W. Campbell, adds "With Cortez in Mexico, 1619;" Hon. Alexander Hamilton writes about his portrait of Washington; and the diversified departments overflow with bright and readable data. As usual, the number is a specimen of typographic beauty, unexcelled in the magazine field. Price, \$5 a year. 748 Broadway, New York.

The Accident Insurance company of North America, at Montreal, Canada, did not make an annual statement to the insurance department and its authority is not renewed by Superintendent W. L. Der. It was a very slow company on payments and Kansas loses nothing by its permanent departure.

Traveling men say that North Topeka is one of the best cities in the state.

A great many farmers were in the city yesterday exchanging produce for groceries with our merchants.

The Oddities are making preparations for a grand masquerade ball on the evening of the 8th.

Mr. Frank C. Bowen, the veteran city assessor, is busily engaged on the assessment for 1888. Bowen's territory this year extends from Jackson street to Quincy and the full length of the avenue.

Mr. Marcus Kavanaugh, the genial and whole-souled railroad contractor, returned last night from a business trip to Kansas City.

A southern Kansas man advertises for his garden tools which were borrowed by his neighbors last spring explaining that his wife would soon need them.

A local paper says that Boston has a grocer so mean that he has been seen to catch flies and hold them up by their hind legs and look in the cracks of their feet to see if they have been stealing any of his sugar.

I. W. Pack, editor of the City and Farm Record, is just in receipt of a letter from New York stating that the snow was three feet deep. How is that compared with the Italian climate of Kansas?

Maj. S. S. Hughes, the popular host of the Adams House, has purchased the St. James on the south side and will, in the future, manage both houses. The south side is in luck.

The proposition to build a new bridge across the Kansas river is meeting with much favor, and the petition for that purpose is receiving the signatures of a large majority of the best citizens in the community.

WANTED.—A. M. Gibbons, of Winona, Logan county, Kansas, wants to correspond with such a person as may want to loan money. More money is needed in his section of country.

Secretary Adams, of the State Historical society, has prepared a list of the daily papers now published in Kansas, showing that there are now seventy-two dailies published regularly in this state. Of this number, eighteen are morning dailies and fifty-two are evening dailies. All these dailies are on file in the State Historical rooms. This is a greater number of dailies than is published by any other state in the union.

A couple of young gentlemen in a tussle in Lacey's drug store, 809 Kansas avenue, last night broke out some of the large plate glass windows.

Mr. Maggie Curtis arrived in the city to-day from Arkansas City after an absence of some months. Ed. has embarked in the show business for the season, and will doubtless be heard from.

B. N. Lamaster, who left this city in '84 for California, returned yesterday on a visit. Mr. L., says North Topeka has grown about out of his knowledge.

Wm. Spangler has moved to his handsome residence on Central avenue, it being one of the best finished houses in North Topeka. Mr. Spangler is one of North Topeka's successful business men.

Mrs. Fred Snow and mother arrived in the city yesterday from Wilson, Kan., and will make this side her future home. Mr. Snow has been here some months employed at A. W. Lacey's drug store as prescription clerk.

To those who contemplate using any thing in the shape of a side-walks copings chimney tops etc. etc. will find it to their interest to consult the Neosho stone Co. for prices they have an abundance of material and guarantee satisfaction in price, quality of material and work done. Their North Topeka office is 935 Kansas ave. where any information will be given. Yard 138 Madison St. South Topeka.

James Otto, who was nearly 70 years of age, dropped last evening while going home from his work. He was a carpenter and had been working during the day on a house on the corner of Fourth and Western avenues. He was apparently in good health, and when he quit work about 5 o'clock he was in his usual jovial mood. When near the corner of Fourth and Tyler streets he dropped dead, his death being the result of heart troubles. He was taken to Stoker's undertaking establishment, where his remains now lie. His home is at 417 Madison street. He has lived in the city but a short time. The deceased leaves a wife and two children.

Superintendent Bloss, of the city schools, having satisfied himself that scarlet fever has been effectually conquered by the city board of health, has ordered the Polk school to be re-opened on Monday morning next.

S. S. Hughes closed his contract to-day, and becomes "mine host" of the St. James hotel.

The river is on the rise and ice is running heavy.

Major William Sims, president of the State Board of agriculture, was appointed at the last meeting of the board, chairman of a committee to investigate the subject of silos and ensilage, a subject which the farmers have recently become very much interested in. Mr. Sims has visited the farm of A. C. Pierce, in Davis county, who has the only silo in the state and thoroughly investigated the method of manufacturing ensilage. He has also availed himself of every opportunity to enlighten himself upon the question, having read authorities upon the subject, and he has come to the conclusion that ensilage is a big thing. He thinks that if the silo is properly built and the ensilage is properly made, that as a fattener, ensilage worth twice as much ordinary feed for cattle.

A force of nearly 400 are now at work on sewers, and will be continued at work nearly a year. There are about sixteen miles of sewerage yet to be built. The sewer in district No. 1, including all the territory west of Topeka avenue, now under contract and partially completed, will cost \$141,045.32. The sewer in district No. 12, east of Quincy and extending to the Santa Fe railroad, now under contract and partially completed, will cost \$90,059.60.

E. N. Gunn is mentioned for alderman. R. B. McMasters for the school board.

Harry Safford will not run for alderman.

Mrs. Barber is opening her fine millinery store.

One or two new business blocks will be built this season on and near the corner of Gordon and Topeka ave.

John D. Knox et al has commenced an action in the district court to recover \$12,500 from W. B. Wetherbee of this county and A. T. Morgan of Ness county. Knox alleges that he sent the money to Ness county for the purpose of loaning it, and that the defendants appropriated it for their own use.

A. M. Gibbons, who moved out to western Kansas from this city last year, has been here for the past few days on business. He resides in Logan county, and is engaged in the practice of law there. He reports that a large immigration to that section of country is looked for as soon as spring opens.

Superintendent Eastman of the Insane Asylum gives notice that he can accommodate no more patients. The two states asylums will have capacity for only about 1200, and there are probably 1600 of these unfortunates in the state a less proportion than is found in the older states. Dr. Eastman advised an enlargement of the asylums, or the building of a new one, during the last session of the legislature, but nothing was done about it.

Information was received here yesterday by the law department of the Santa Fe that a decision had been rendered in favor of that company in the United States district court at Fort Smith, Ark., in the suit brought by the Cherokee nation to prevent the building of the Santa Fe road through their country. The Cherokee nation claimed that congress had not the constitutional power to give the right of way through these Indian lands. Judge Parker delivered the opinion, which is in favor of the railroad company.

### Grace Cathedral.

The site of Grace Cathedral, Episcopal has at last been chosen, and soon work will be commenced on as fine a church structure as there is in Kansas. The site selected is the northeast corner of Bethany College grounds. There is a frontage of 200 feet on Tyler street, with a depth of 320 feet on Eighth street, ample room for the Cathedral, guild house, and See house. Each will be a handsome building after the most approved methods of church architecture. The guild house will be erected first, and be used until the cathedral is ready for use. The cathedral will cost at least \$100,000.

The parish is fortunate in securing so desirable and beautiful a site, and it is due to the generosity of the Bethany college authorities seconded by Col. Holliday. The Bethany college grounds were donated by Col. Holliday, to be devoted solely to educational purposes; the deed of gift so stipulated. It has been this fact which has postponed the selection of a site for the cathedral, but that has been overcome. Col. Holliday has made a supplementary deed which removes the obstacle and the Bethany authorities have donated the site on the conditions that the cathedral transepts shall forever be reserved for the use of the officers and students of Bethany college.

At a meeting of the vestry Tuesday evening it was decided to communicate with Mr. Henry M. Congdon, the celebrated New York church architect, and get from him a plan of the guild house to proceed at once with its erection. A committee was also appointed to solicit subscriptions for the cathedral and see house.

The buildings will be well arranged on the plat of ground, and being connected by cloisters will present the appearance of one massive and grand structure.—Democrat.

There are ten druggists in this city holding permits to sell intoxicating liquor, and last month 933 applications were granted. This makes the average about ninety-eight each. The sales this month are lower than usual.

The probability is that there will be more paving done in Topeka this year than last. There are already contracts let for paving amounting to more than \$150,000, and it is very likely that before the close of the year contracts will be let for three times that amount.

The stock books of the Rapid Transit were opened yesterday morning and the full amount, \$100,000 of stock which was offered, was taken before night.

S. W. Groshong has just returned from Lake Charles, Louisiana. He is impressed that the man of small means can do more in that country than anywhere else. A large number of contractors, prominent in railroad circles throughout the west, are in the city. If this means anything it means that something in railway circles is about to be done. It is hardly probable that they have congregated here by accident. It is known that the Rock Island will let a large amount of work next week.

Last Tuesday evening Charles Carter, who has been boarding at the Curtis house for the past six months left this city for Kansas City to draw some money out of the bank and has not yet returned. Mr. Carter was married about three months ago to a lady that was boarding at the same place. She is almost broken down over his strange actions, and fears are entertained that he has been foully dealt with.

### What is Going on!

Should this meet the eye of some one not taking a metropolitan weekly paper you are asked to think for a moment what an amount of the choicest reading is furnished in the "Kansas City Weekly Journal"—for one dollar per year—328 columns—of real live matter that no one understanding what is read can peruse without profit. All important events, letters, poetry, able editorials, market reports, etc., etc., for one dollar. Send for sample copy. Address "Journal," 4 Co., Kansas City, Mo.

The registration books are now open at the engine house in the first ward and voters are requested to register.

The new map of Topeka, to be published by the Topeka Lithograph company, it is said, will be a handsome one. It will cover a territory eight miles square, that is sixty-four square miles.

J. S. Soul, general agent for the Home Library Association has taken up his residence on the north side.

It will impress the general reader that the Kansas avenue bridge ought to be maintained by the county. If the city wants new bridges it should make them.

Topeka spent over \$600,000 in paying last year, but it will spend more this year. This will give work throughout the year to nearly 1,000 men.

The contract has been let for paying Fifth street from Jackson to the Santa Fe railroad with asphalt, and the work will begin in a very short time. The contract has also been let for the paving of Gordon and Laurent streets from Quincy to Jackson, with asphalt, and the paving of Seventh street from Kansas avenue to Jackson, with stone, has also been let.

Says a wicked exchange: "The Topeka girls give up their seats in the street cars to the young men, and always take the gum out of their mouth when they meet a gentleman on the street. It is thought that the end of leap year will see very few marriageable women in the Kansas capital."

Mrs. J. N. Henry of Quincy St. met with an accident last night about 7:30 by which she was very seriously burned. She was preparing to treat her sister, Mrs. Chase, (who is visiting her) for a severe cold when some alcohol she was using became ignited, and the fire communicating to her clothing she was covered with flames in a moment where-ever the fluid had dropped. Her right arm is so badly burned that it may be useless. Her limbs, side, chest and back are also badly burned. She was resting quietly at last accounts being under the influence of chloroform; Dr. Bergen is in attendance. Miss Ida Henry had one of her hands severely burned, extinguishing the flames on her mother's clothing.

The following is in this morning's Capital. It is to the point and means business. We commend it to the readers of the News.

There are two names in the CAPITAL this morning who want to be elected to the council again. Be careful, women; now you have a chance to select your city fathers; you don't want men who get drunk and try to kill their own friends, neither do we want the other name; he has served long enough for us.

### The Doctor's View of it.

The following is what a north side physician, who came from high license Nebraska, to Kansas, because of prohibition, has to say in the Capital, of Ingalls:

It seems to a large number of citizens of Kansas that the Hon. J. J. Ingalls is getting a large amount of free advertising. His position on prohibition is so obnoxious to the better class of citizens and to those that come here on account of prohibition that we feel like saying "rats!" to any more notice of him.

Some people will commit a crime for the sake of notoriety, and if this egotistical bombast seeks notoriety, as his course would indicate, he is getting it.

And now comes Mr. C., asking sympathy for the old soldiers who went into the army in 1864 as judge advocate general on the staff of Major Dietzler, commander of the military department of Kansas. Any old soldier knows how much fighting a judge advocate general did after 1864 in the military department of Kansas. Again we say "rats!" to any more notice in favor of the vile slanderer of the best state with the best laws of any state of the union. Yours truly, A. O. KENDALL

### Knowledge for the Millions.

The fourth volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopeda contains 122 illustrations, and extends from Baptism to Bilberry—637 pages, large type handsome cloth binding, for 50 cents, or in elegant half morocco binding for 65 cents! Is not that truly bringing knowledge within reach of the millions?

The great merit of the Cyclopeda is its adaptation to practical use; giving under each proper head the information most likely to be needed, and in concise, easily available form. Careful examination impresses one with its accuracy, as well as the remarkable fullness of its information. For actual use it abundantly answers the needs of all save those whose pursuits require exhaustive study of certain subjects. The combination of Unabridged Dictionary and Cyclopeda is a wonderful convenience. Each volume, as it comes to the reader's hands invariably renews the surprise felt that a book so well got up can be afforded for a price so low.

Who ever wants a Cyclopeda—and who does not?—would do well to order at least a specimen volume, which may be returned if not wanted. Reduced prices offered to early subscribers for complete sets, which consist of 30 or more volumes, the volumes being issued at intervals of a month. The work is not sold either by agents or by booksellers, but only by the publisher direct, which in some measure accounts for the wonderfully low prices. John B. Alden, publishers, 338 Pearl st., New York, or 218 Clark st., Chicago.

The News is for John A. Martin for President in preference to John J. Ingalls.

Mrs. Cleveland was so delighted with Florida that she will go back again.

There seems to be no let up in the Burlington strike, and it is possible that all roads may yet be tied up.

S. J. Randall will oppose the Mill's tariff bill with all his power, and will take with him a large element of the democratic party.

It is to be regretted that Henry George and Dr. McGlynn will indulge in hair pulling. The latter is granted an injunction to restrain George from organizing an anti-poverty society.

Cleveland must get out of the way. Hill also must be removed from the track. If permissible, the News would name R. W. Flower of New York, and J. H. Oberly of Illinois, as an available democratic ticket.

It is considered the duty of every party paper, published in a town where there is a candidate for governor, to give such candidate a splendid support. And about every town big enough for a paper has a candidate.

It is said that John MacDonald will not again be a candidate for county school superintendent, but that he will be a candidate for state superintendent. However this may be, he certainly is a very competent school man.

A boom is an arrangement used on rivers to hold logs in place. The Blaine log rollers have moved their boom up Salt river. Blaine concluded he would rather have the boom go, than to go himself. It was a magnetic thought.

We are pained to note the death of W. E. Foote of Kansas City, an old Illinois friend. He established the Pantagraph at Bloomington, one of the most influential journals of Illinois, and was at one time connected with the Kansas City Times. Besides being an able newspaper man, he had remarkable taste and skill as an artistic job printer and was proprietor of the Pantagraph job office named after his successful journal.

Senator Sherman is an able man and would make an excellent President; but if he isn't careful he will deliver too many speeches and write too many letters for the obvious purpose of setting his sails to catch local breezes in various directions.—GLOBE DEMOCRAT.

The trouble is he has already written too many letters and made too many speeches. His record is now too marked to render him available.

The Lawrence Journal is authority for stating that the Missouri Pacific has secured control of the Carbonate branch and will complete the road to Osage City, where it will connect with their line running from that place to Council Grove and from there to Pueblo. The same road, it is also stated, has made arrangements with the Missouri Pacific to run its trains from Lawrence to Kansas City over its lines. This shortens the line of the Missouri Pacific from Pueblo materially and will make it a stronger competitor for Colorado business than heretofore. As this line will cross the Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota at Richland, Topeka will also receive a part of the Colorado business of the Missouri Pacific which it has not heretofore enjoyed.

#### Prohibition Moving On.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the late Kansas cases may possibly bear a grand harvest of rich fruit. The principle was there laid down, and it has been enunciated before, that the people have no right to, and cannot barter away the morals and the health of the public. The public traffic in intoxicating liquors is explicitly recognized by law, and held by the highest court in the land to be against public health life and the morality of the whole people. It is on this ground that the prohibitory laws of Kansas are sustained by the supreme court. It is an important point.

In view of this position, so clearly and positively enunciated, it is now claimed that all license laws are unconstitutional. A state has not the right to enact license laws, and thus legalize saloons whose only work and influence is to debauch the people, to imperil the public health and jeopardize life. The saloon evil is now every where recognized. The only refuge of the anti-prohibitionist is that the evil should be regulated. The decision of the highest court in the land, virtually places it on a level with burglary, and murder and other crimes, so far as regulation is concerned. It practically outlaws the saloon and liquor traffic. It is made an enemy of the public welfare, and reverses the prohibition fight, placing the liquor traffic entirely on the defensive. It must prove its right to exist. Every law in the land to punish drunkenness, every crime committed when one is under the influence of liquor, every life lost through the sale or use of it, is positive testimony against the constitutionality of the traffic.

The Abilene Chronicle is absurd enough to declare for J. J. Ingalls for president. Of course no mortal man would do this seriously believing it practical or possible to make him a nominee.

Our neighbor of the Democrat gets jubilant and sends to the Kansas press, greeting. Our new presses, folders, dress, etc., are on the way. Our new quarters in the Western Union building are now being furnished, and, in a short time, the KANSAS DEMOCRAT will appear, both as a morning and evening publication.

The western rate war continues spreading in new directions. Up to today all the roads between Chicago and Missouri river had charged the full tariff rates on trans-continental freight and confined the cuts to local business, but to-day two of the lines extended the cuts to Pacific coast business. As a result, the rates on first class freight were reduced twenty-eight cents a hundred, and other classes in proportion. A local cut was also made on salt pork from Chicago to Kansas City, which was reduced from fifteen to eleven cents a hundred pounds.

The president has transmitted to congress the remaining documents and protocols relating to the fisheries treaty together with a letter from Secretary Bayard. Secretary Bayard in his letter reiterates his previous expressions in advocacy of the treaty as a just and honorable settlement of the vexed questions which have caused so much trouble in the past. The remaining documents consist of extracts from the diplomatic correspondence of 1887, Secretary Bayard's letter to Minister Phelps of July 12, 1887 and protocols of the conferences of the negotiations.

The biggest fool move ever started by the press of Kansas, was that of opposition to the opening of Oklahoma, on the ground that it would injure this state. Kansas will hold its own. People don't come to Kansas to be switched off into a territory without law, order or civilization. Kansas draws settlers of the best class on the merits of its morality, sound laws, and the advantages it offers to families. Then Kansas is rapidly growing into a manufacturing state. It wants Colorado and New Mexico and the territory, settled up to make a market for its goods. Let this picaresque spirit of opposition be crushed out.

The following memorials were presented in congress yesterday: For the abolition of all licenses and taxes on commercial travellers; from the Womens Christian Temperance Union for the repeal of internal revenue taxes on alcoholic liquors and for a prohibitory amendment to the constitution; from the citizens of Kansas against the Springer Oklahoma bill and from the citizens of Nebraska in favor of it; from the Society of Friends in Kansas for a permanent arbitration treaty with Great Britain; two petitions "presented by Mr. Sherman" for the passing of a per diem service pension bill and numerous other petitions from other states to the same effect.

Many prohibition meetings were held in Washington on Sunday and several members of congress participated. Local option will be tried, but its success is despairing on account of the large resident colored vote, the majority of the white males being non-residents. Many are urging woman suffrage as a means to beat the liquor traffic, but it is not thought that woman suffrage will be authorized by congress so long as the two immense saloons are kept running in full blast immediately under the house and senate.

#### The Administration and Native Races.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York has received a communication signed by the Bishop of London and other members of the United Committee for the Prevention of the Demoralization of Native Races by the Liquor Traffic, calling his attention to the fact that the Government of the United States is the only one which refuses to unite in international action to prohibit the sale of spirits or firearms to the aborigines in the Pacific islands. The text of Secretary Bayard's reply to Lord Granville's circular is given, and is anything but creditable to the writer or to the Administration in which he occupies so prominent a place. "While recognizing and highly approving the moral force and general propriety of the proposed regulations and the responsibility of conducting such traffic under proper and careful restrictions," Mr. Bayard declines "for the present" to join in the proposed understanding, without giving any reason for his refusal. This refusal becomes the more unaccountable in view of the evidence produced that the native races are not dying through the operation of natural law, but as a result of the introduction of arms and alcohol. Its action in this matter and that in regard to the mission schools among American Indians, taken together, seem to indicate on the part of Mr. Cleveland's Administration utter lack of sympathy with races which have no votes.

#### Kansas State Fair Association.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Kansas State Fair association, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

In order to promote the educational interests of the state and give such encouragement as would tend to create an educational department offering premiums in its different branches to be contested for each year at the Kansas state fair; that one hundred dollars be appropriated for the educational department; and resolved, further, that the secretary be instructed to confer with the board of education of the city of Topeka and tender them the above appropriation on the following conditions, to wit: That the board of education would use their influence in soliciting private donations to increase the appropriation, and formulate a list for such contest as they might deem a proper and take full charge of the same during the contest and, resolved further, that all schools in the state are invited to participate in this contest.

It was further resolved that the secretary be instructed to confer with the mayor of the city, the officers of the Capital and Oak Grange, and such other persons as may be advisable and arrange for planting trees on the state fair grounds on Arbor Day as established by the governor of the state in his proclamation.

E. G. MOON,  
Sec. Kansas State Fair Association.

#### County Assessors.

The board of assessors of Shawnee county met Monday morning at the county clerk's office. The following rate of assessment was fixed: Horses—1-year old, \$15; 2-year old, \$20; work, \$40. Cattle—1-year old, \$5; 2-year old, \$7; 3-year old, rough fed, \$10; 3-year old, half fed, \$15; 4-year old, half fed, \$50; 2-year old heifers, \$5; cows, \$10; bulls \$10. Mules—Yearlings, \$20; 2-year old, \$25; work, \$50.

Horses—6 months old and over, \$10; sheep, 6 months old and over, 75 cents; hogs, 6 months and over, 2 cents per pound; oats, 15 per bushel; hay, \$2.50 per ton; corn, 20 per bushel; wheat, 35 per bushel; ice, 50 per cent. of cost of putting up.

Dputy County Attorney Ward was asked if the board could fix a basis of valuation on real estate, and he replied in the negative.

It was decided that the following articles should be assessed at fifty per cent on the face value. All interest on bonds of the United States, all bonds and interest on bonds of any state, county, district or municipality, actual value, stocks in national banks, money's credits, average amount of merchant's stock for preceding year, average amount of manufacturer's stock for preceding year, shares in any boat or vessel, tax-sale certificate, judgments, notes, mortgages, aggregate value of all other personal property.

The monthly meeting of the board of education was held last evening. Several accounts were allowed. Miss Sherrill, of Sumner school, presented her resignation, and Miss Holbridge was elected to fill vacancy. Privilege was given Jerry, a colored man, to take his child from Buchanan school to Douglas school. The clerk was directed to give city teachers notice that they would be examined some time during April or May. It was decided that the election of teachers for the city schools should be held on the first Monday in June.

A meeting of the Kansas diarymen has been called to be held at the Copeland on the 20th. Judge W. A. Peffer has charge of the arrangements for the meeting, which promises to be well attended by the diarymen of the state.

The First M. E. church has a membership of 1,011 and is probably the strongest society in the state. At the last quarterly meeting H. S. Sheldon was elected recording secretary; Judge Elliott, district steward. Mr. Weightman was elected delegate to the lay electoral conference which meets on March 14, in this city. The old board of stewards was re-elected.

The remains of the old man named Otto, who fell dead on Friday on Taylor street on his way home from work, were buried at Topeka cemetery on Saturday. The deceased's son, T. E. Otto, who is a minister of the gospel, residing at Gardner, arrived in time to attend the funeral and take charge of the family, who were almost in want.

Work on the boarding house on the sugar mill site is progressing and the structure will be completed in a short time. Work on the main building will open up in earnest as soon as the weather will permit. The caps and sills have been dressed and are lying at Alma ready for shipment as soon as needed. They are of the Alma gray limestone, which is unexcelled as a building stone.

Everybody should remember the meeting to-night at the Grand opera house. There is not a town of any size in the state that has not already made extraordinary efforts to secure benefits to itself by reason of the big crowds that are to be brought into Kansas. Topeka should not lag behind at such a time but come promptly to the front and take whatever is necessary for her own support. We hope to see a big turnout from this ward. Let everybody go and make the meeting a success.

J. I. Warner, of Ottawa, Ill., a real estate and excursion agent and immigration agent of the Rock Island railway, arrived in the city yesterday to spend a few days. He will return to the east the latter part of the week for the purpose of making the final arrangements for a series of large excursions to Kansas. Mr. Warner is well known in Topeka, having occupied the same position on the Santa Fe as he now holds on the Rock Island. He is well acquainted with Kansas and has great faith that this year will be a prosperous one. Topeka, he says, is the best town in the state, and he has backed his assertion with heavy investments. Arrangements are making for excursions to Kansas at scores of places in the eastern states, and it is certain that more people will come to Kansas this year, to see and to stay, than ever before in one year.

W. S. Charles and wife have returned from Florida.

Judge Carey has bought the Bannister property 1323 Quincy street north and will occupy it.

Clarence McClintock will give up his studies at Washburn for the present.

In the Hattie Burner trial, the details of which were unfit for publication, she was found guilty on Saturday.

There are not so many blasters in Kansas as there was before prohibition prohibited. About all there are left are Yarmouth blasters, and John P. Cole has them.

Leavenworth wants one of the four sugar factories the Boston syndicates is to establish in Kansas, Fort Scott and Topeka having been selected for two of them.

Deputy Sheriff Disbrow who has been ill for some weeks is thought to be improving.

Capt. Johnson and Gen. Caldwell say they both made eloquent speeches at Holton, Friday night, and organized a republican club.

City council chamber has been newly prepared.

No snow can stay on the ground at this time of year. It is a good thing for the country, however.

A inexhaustible bed of very superior clay has been found at the sugar mill site, four miles west of the city.

Sweet & Brown have moved their tea store to 822 Kansas avenue. No matter where they are it is a wise thing to buy of them. See their ad. in the News.

Joseph Cook, the eloquent preacher, will lecture in this city April 4.

Baker Hoffman, on Saturday, gave a barrel of bread to the county poor. Col. S. S. Prouty left for Las Vegas' hot springs yesterday. For some time he has been ill and his weight has fallen from 274 pounds to 150.

Judge Peffer delivered his lecture on the "Farmer and the Tariff" at Manhattan. His audience was large and appreciative, and the lecture highly praised by the papers.

W. P. Campbell, late of the Mail, was a pleasant caller upon the NEWS Saturday evening. He is a newspaper man of experience and judgment.

The county commissioners will not attempt to build any kind of a bridge over the river, at least not until the case now in court is decided.

He who goes into Kansas City on the cable line goes with his life in his hands. A grip slipped again Friday.

Ma. J. Coons, now Mrs. Gains, the complaining witness in the Bruner case, did not marry a negro as reported, but a half breed Indian, and now lives in Kansas City.

A little 5-year-old son of L. H. Edson, of Meriden, fatally shot himself on Friday with his father's revolver which had carelessly been left within reach.

The reason why some of our infantile contemporaries will steal local and other items from the News, is probably because shears are cheaper than brains. They are also more easily sharpened than wits. "Puffer all you need boys, and never mind credit; we don't need it!"

The ladies of this city held an adjourned meeting at Music hall Saturday afternoon to further the organization of the woman's exchange. It was voted to organize as a joint stock corporation, to be known as the Topeka Woman's Exchange association. Capital stock \$5,000. The board of directors to consist of nine stockholders, were chosen as follows: Mrs. E. Bennett Mrs. Adela McFadden, Mrs. Finley, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Birchmore, Mrs. A. C. McCauley, Mrs. S. A. Rench, Mrs. S. C. Brown and Mrs. Alice Vaaderpool. A meeting of the directors will be held in the near future for the purpose of organizing, and the exchange will undoubtedly be a grand institution.

The fourth session of the Kansas Chautauque assembly will be held in Garfield park, Topeka, Kan., July 10-19, 1888.

The programme will be fuller, richer, more inspiring than ever.

On Saturday night chicken thieves broke into the barn of Joseph Davis, on Monroe street, by prying open the door and drawing the staples, and stole 15 chickens. No clue has been found to the rascals.

There is no probability that the revamped Morrison-Mills tariff bill will become a law.

Plans for the Sixth street viaduct will be presented to the city council to-night. Is cruelty to children and animals to be prevented, or not? Don't hear much about it of late!

We may have a pretty warm city campaign yet. There has been quite a Lull, but the pot begins to sizzle.

The evening Democrat is going to tear the mask from Mayor Meeker, and expose him to the public gaze. All right hold up the mirror and brush away the cobwebs!

A young girl named Wolff, living on Norris street, between Jackson and Van Buren, was severely burned yesterday with gasoline. She was washing and some one having told her that gasoline would bleach the clothes, she undertook to try it, getting her face and 1 ft arm badly burned. MORAL—It is better to endure the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.

#### Farcy C. Webber in Quincy.

A special dispatch from Quincy, Ill., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: "There has been a great revival of the religious interests of the people going on in this place for the last ten days. Rev. Percy C. Webber, an eminent evangelist from Boston, has been holding mission services in the cathedral (Episcopal) of St. John. There has been four services daily, which have drawn great crowds of people. There was an Episcopal service for ladies only yesterday afternoon, which filled the cathedral to overflowing. The Rev. Mr. Webber is a comparatively young man, but is possessed of very superior abilities. He is an earnest and eloquent speaker and arouses unbounded enthusiasm. The services will close on Sunday night, and it is generally conceded that they are the most successful services of the kind ever held in Quincy.

#### County Teachers.

The Saturday meeting of teachers was largest this winter. Present 110. President Fagan was in the chair.

Arthur Jordan introduced the subject of adorning school house grounds. He did not wonder that boys and girls sometimes preferred to stay at home rather than go to a dingy school-room with unattractive surroundings.

Miss Wier thought pleasant grounds had a refining influence on children.

Mr. MacDonald said teachers had a great deal of missionary work to do in this matter. It was the duty of people to ornament the ground but if they failed, the teachers should lead. The ornamenting should be in accordance with a carefully prepared plan.

Mr. Turner showed by diagrams and records what had been done in one of the Jewell county districts. Each tree was planted in honor of some noted person.

A class exercise in the conjugation of irregular verbs was given by J. N. Moody. He took a volunteer class, and showed this branch of grammar could be taught.

Mr. Shull took charge of current topics. The C. B. & Q. strike, the tariff bill, the cyclone and the Blair bill were discussed. A vote was taken on the last name, but many were not ready to vote. All favored national education, but some were not satisfied with the Blair bill. The vote was 29 to 9 for the measure.

Mr. Larimer's lesson in English literature was on John Lathrop Motley. He compared him with Prescott and Bancroft and thought he was superior to both; indeed, he was the representative historian of America. In his works are not only found history, but literature and patriotism as well. Mr. Larimer read several extracts from "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," among others the siege of Leyden and a description of William the Silent. The reading of these was listened to with much interest.

It was found that the association was not ready to vote on the list of 100 books for a district library; hence a committee was appointed to select a list of 150 or 200 books. These will be placed on the blackboard at the next meeting, and 100 will be selected. The committee consists of the following named persons: John MacDonald, H. G. Larimer, Josiah Jordan, Misses Viola Troutman and Mand Chamberlain. The committee will meet in the county superintendent's office next Saturday morning.

The following named persons were elected officers for next quarter: President, Miss Nona Wood; vice president, E. A. Shimmerwell; secretary, A. J. Ashpole; treasurer, Miss Hattie Council.

The critic's report was the next exercise. Several errors were pointed out. Miss Luce, a teacher of elocution, was introduced to the association, and after making a brief address on the teaching of reading, greatly entertained the audience by reciting Mark Twain's "Woman Talking Through the Telephone." Another selection having been called for, she showed "Two Girls Studying."

The association then adjourned to meet on the first Saturday in April.

#### County Commissioners.

County commissioners held regular monthly meeting yesterday.

Action of city council relative to bridge on Kansas avenue spanning the Shunganunga creek, was ordered filed and referred to the full meeting of the board. It was ordered that the mayor be notified that the county would not be responsible for repairs made upon bridges own jointly by the city and county, unless the board was first consulted with regard to such repairs, and concur in and order the same.

On motion the report of the county auditor on claims of grand jurors, and jurors in the district court for the January term of 1888, was approved and the county clerk directed to issue warrants on the county treasurer in payment of the same.

A petition was presented asking that the right of way be granted to the East Side Circles railroad. The condition was that the railway would not occupy the middle of the road, but would run at the side. Granted.

Representatives of the Topeka street railway company and the water works company appeared before the board and remonstrated against the placing on the treasurer's books of the subsequent assessment of the capital stock of those companies. No action taken.

In the case of Earl Boutwell and Geo. Cooper, it was Boutwell who was badly cut by Cooper, who is a negro. One account says that young Boutwell was out practicing with his gun Sunday afternoon, instead of being at Sunday school, when the negro boy came up and wanted to shoot, and when he was refused he attacked Boutwell with a dirk and cut him badly.

Under the advice of his physician, Bishop Ninde has determined not to preside at the opening conference of the M. E. church of this state, to be held in the First M. E. church of this city, beginning on the 14th ultmo.

The North Side Rapid Transit will be built. Dirt will fly within a week, weather permitting. Then look out for your eye. We will then have a market house. More streets will be paved. New residences will be built by the scores; the News will put in more presses. A new stone bridge will be built over the river; moving faster than a walk will then be allowed. It is too fast an age to move along on a walk over a 90 foot bridge. Many of us will then move to suburban palaces. All this and much more will follow as a sequence of the Rapid Transit. And the Daily News played a big hand in all this with its little press. But the modest News hardly feels the weight of all North Topeka's prosperity that rests on its small but mighty powerful shoulders. Yes sir, it is with satisfaction that the News, yes, the News, announces the fact that the Rapid Transit will move. The News is determined to persevere in its great and good work, until North Topeka gets there, and the whole Yankee nation acknowledges its power.

The Kansas State Veterinary Medical association will meet at the Windsor in this city, March 15.

## The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

PEDESTRIANISM has become fashionable among Washington society women. Mrs. Whitney and the Misses West started the fad, and now every woman who wishes to be looked upon as a social entity takes her daily walk.

WHILE Paul Rose was cutting down a tree near Merrill, Wis., recently he saw a large lynx jump from the branches just as the tree began to fall. The falling tree followed the lynx in its descent so closely that it pinned the animal to the ground and held it there until Rose could dispatch it with his ax.

MISS EBBA MUNCK, the fiancée of Prince Oscar of Sweden, is not a beautiful woman. One who has seen her says: "She is by no means handsome, having large ears, which indicate generosity, a perfectly formed nose, rich putting lips, a tiny dimple in her chin, mirthful eyes, and a heavy jaw, denoting determination."

Mrs. TRACY, the handsome widow, whose stage name was Agnes Ethel, is making what is known as a "splurge" in Buffalo (N. Y.) society. She entertains magnificently, and is very popular with the younger members of the fashionable community. At a luncheon which she recently gave to debutantes the floral decorations were the finest ever seen in Buffalo.

DR. SEWARD WEBB, who married one of W. H. Vanderbilt's daughters, has just bought eighteen hundred acres of land in Vermont, where he intends to have one of the finest stock farms in the country. He will make blooded stock his specialty. Two hundred and fifty men are now employed upon the place in making improvements. One hundred and fifty horses and one hundred head of Jersey cattle, besides some Southdown sheep, are already on the place.

PROF. BLAISDELL, of Beloit college, has given to the regents of Mount Vernon a small volume entitled "A View of the War," which once belonged to George Washington. One of the fly-leaves bears the following inscription in Lord Erskine's handwriting, addressed to George Washington: "It has been my good fortune through life to be associated with the most talented and distinguished men of Europe; but you, sir, are the only human being for whom I ever felt a reverential awe, totally unlike anything I ever felt for any other of the human race."

ROBERT CUNINGHAME-GRAHAM, who is now in prison in London under sentence for disturbing the peace as one of the leaders of a recent popular "demonstration," belongs to one of the most illustrious families in Scotland. They proudly boast that their blood is "bluer than the kings." Mr. Cuninghame-Graham's ancestor, Sir Robert Graham, declared war against James I. of Scotland, surprised that monarch in his castle at Reith, and deliberately stabbed him to death with the words: "Thou never hadst mercy upon those of thine own blood, therefore thou shalt have no mercy here."

MINISTER HOON, the Chinese representative at Washington, enjoys himself immensely at the capitol. At a recent reception he was observed dressed in snow-white brocade satin, sitting under a palm tree, a la Turk, and drinking punch, which a bevy of fair American maidens were dispensing from a huge bowl near at hand. Hoon speaks only a few words of English, but he smiles and smiles and is flirtatious still. His vast admiration for highly flavored punch and pretty women is well known in Washington, and no one thinks the less of him for it. "He's so oriental you know!" exclaimed a gushing girl recently.

THE duke of New Castle, now visiting this country, is the youngest man in England who wears the ducal coronet. He is only 23 years old, and is small and delicate-looking. He cares more for books and antiquities than he does for the turf. The latter was the favorite pastime of the late duke. It was he who gave Clara Louise Kellogg the handsome brooch she wears, with the portrait of a horse in it set in diamonds and amethysts. Miss Kellogg and her mother were with the ducal party at Ascot once, and the former named a certain horse that she thought would win. Being a thorough racing man, the duke, took any hint for luck. He bet on the horse, and won \$30,000. Afterward he had the portrait of the winner set as a brooch, and presented it to the prima donna.

## SHIMADZU SABURO.

Death of One of the Prominent Noblemen in Japan—His Stirring Career.

The mail from Japan brings news of the death, on the 6th ult., at Kagoshima, the capital of his former principality, of Shimadzu Hisamitsu, ex-prince or regent of Satsuma, and one of the most striking of the many striking figures of Japanese history of the past thirty years. The *Times* gives a sketch of his career. To foreigners, to whom for years his name was one of hatred and dread, he was better known as Shimadzu Saburo. The house of Shimadzu has ruled over the great province of Satsuma, in the extreme south of the southern island of Japan for several centuries. The clan was the most powerful and warlike of all Japanese clans. It could place fifty thousand of the bravest warriors of the country in the field and the administration of the province by the Shimadzu family was always characterized by extreme independence of the government of Yedo.

In 1858 the prince who has just died came into power on the death of his brother. He had previously passed a life of scholarly seclusion in his native province; but he plunged into the troubled politics of his country, and took a leading part in public affairs for about sixteen of the most important years in the long history of Japan. Urged by Shimadzu, the mikado, then living in semi-secluded seclusion in Kito, he dispatched an envoy to Yedo to require the shotgun to go down to the former capital to discuss political situation, and to concert with court nobles measures for the expulsion of foreigners. Shimadzu himself and six hundred of his clansmen undertook the task of escorting the imperial envoy to and from Yedo. He was treated in Yedo with coldness and hauteur, and on the 14th of September 1862, he left Yedo with his followers, and began his long journey down the Tokaido or great road which connects the two capitals, and passes within two miles of the foreign settlement of Yokohama. It happened that early the same afternoon a party of three gentlemen merchants in China and Japan (Messrs. Marshall, Clark, and Richardson) and one lady, a visitor (Mrs. Borrodale). As they went on they came to the vanguard of Shimadzu's escort. Suddenly as they passed the noble's palanquin, Mr. Richardson was cut down by the sword of a Japanese, and was hacked to pieces. The other English were attacked, but made their escape. Col. Neale, British charge d'affaires, in the absence of Sir Rutherford Alcock called on the shogun's government for the punishment of the murderers and compensation for the victims. The Japanese alleged that they were powerless to coerce the prince of Satsuma in his distant dominions; so Admiral Kuper and British fleet took the matter inland, and in August, 1863, a considerable squadron anchored in the harbor of Kagoshima, the capital of the Satsuma territory. An ultimatum was sent on shore requiring the execution of the murderers of Mr. Richardson in the presence of British officers, and the payment of £25,000 compensation to the relatives of the murdered man and to those who were wounded. This was refused, and Admiral Kuper at once seized and destroyed three steamers belonging to the prince, and bombarded the town—the Japanese having opened fire. A fire broke out in town, which, owing to a typhoon then raging, destroyed nearly half of it. The fleet drew off, and the Yedo government paid a fine of £25,000.

During the next six years Shimadzu played a very important part in Japanese affairs. Although he and the leading members of the clan were rewarded with high office and dignities he was perpetually quarrelling with the government, in which he was vice prime minister. His power and influence was so great that the mikado himself once condescended to go all the way to Kagoshima to visit and mollify him. But in vain. His dream was the restoration of the old order of things in Japan, and hence he looked on measure after measure of the government destined to abolish the feudal system with undisguised hostility. Over and over again he went back in disgust to his native province; again and again he was induced to return; everything that the ingenuity of the government could devise to pacify the haughty noble was done; but the edict limiting the right to bear arms to the regular forces was the last straw. It was issued March, 1876; in April he left Yedo forever, and retired, accompanied by a few followers ostentatiously carrying their swords in cotton wrappers, to Kagoshima, where he lived until his death.—*Chicago Times*.

## Understood the Case.

Mother—Why, my dear, you don't seem a bit happy.

Recently Married Daughter—I am about as happy as most wives, I suppose.

Doesn't your husband treat you well?

"Oh, yes; in a humdrum sort of a way. He's a very ordinary, every day sort of a man."

"Oh, well, my dear, girls can't expect to be pirate's brides in this practical age, you know."

"I suppose not."

"No. I know what the matter is. You need excitement. Get a servant girl."—*Omaha World*.

## A Large Farm.

Elijah Smith is one of the largest farmers in Maine, if not the largest. This Maine ranch is located in the valley of the Kenduskeag stream, some two miles from Bangor. The buildings are pleasantly located on a high elevation of land overlooking a large section of country, and, viewed at a distance, have the appearance of a nice, tidy New England village. The buildings consist of a two-story house and ell, well painted, with slated roof; seven barns (the largest of which is 110x40 feet), smallest 52x40) stables and numerous out-buildings, all of which are conveniently arranged; water is brought from a spring and thrown into a large iron tank by a force-pump propelled by a wind-mill, and an abundant supply of pure spring water is to be had by turning a faucet in any part of this immense set of farm buildings. The farm consists of 300 acres of rich clay loam land, 175 acres of mowing, from which 300 tons of hay have been cut, 12 acres of corn, 12 of potatoes, 4 of turnips, 1/2 acre of squash, besides 14 acres in grain. The whole corn crop was cut up with a horse-power and packed in a silo built this season with a capacity of 600,000 pounds. The crop of potatoes, 2,000 bushels, are nearly half rotten; the grain crop, which consists of a mixture of oats, wheat and barley, 600 bushels, will all be ground and fed out to his stock, besides several car-loads of corn.

Mr. Smith's idea is that the main profit in keeping animals is to see how much grain and hay they can consume, instead of seeing how little will sustain animal life. He has put 1,600 bushels of Rutabaga turnips in his cellar. Farm operations are consummated with the help of twelve good men and ten Percheron horses. The principal stock kept is milk cows, eighty head being an average number both summer and winter. He is ready at all times to purchase young cows at \$20 each, and makes a rule to build them up, milking them at the same time, till they drop their calves. When they are fat and saleable they are sent to Brighton, where he averages to more than double his money, the milk nearly paying for their feed. His eighty cows receive every day of the year more than ten bushels of meal, besides other provender in the form of roots.

Mr. Smith started from home a poor boy, going away from home to work by the month thirty years ago, and by persistent effort and pluck he has worked his way up by farming alone to be the possessor of one of the finest farms in Maine, valued at \$30,000, paying a tax of \$350. He believes in investing money in the soil, instead of hurrying to the savings bank on the receipt of cash for his products. He says he would rather have his earnings trust them to others to invest in wild-cat schemes in the West, thus depriving his native state of its just dues, robbing the soil handed down to us by our forefathers for protection, cultivation and betterment.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

## The Queen's Speech.

Victoria's speech to the British Parliament was a very carefully and adroitly worded document.

In speaking of her foreign relations some expected she would allude to the recently-published treaty between Austria and Germany, but it was wise not to do this, as that would have offended Russia. Gladstone spoke favorably of that portion of the speech which announced the settlement of the Afghan boundary difficulty between Russia and England. He regarded that fortunate result as taking away every possibility of a war between the two great empires.

Salisbury, the premier, in the Lords, seemed to think it necessary to praise the recent speech of Bismarck as masterly, and intimated that war now could only arise from some adventurous or illegal action on the part of Russia. This was evidently a stab at the Czar and at the same time incense to Bismarck.

The Queen speaks of less crime in Ireland since the passage of the crimes act. Mr. Gladstone doubts the truth of this statement and says the shall call upon the government for an exact statement as to the committals and the offenses. He further declares that during the past ten years the Irish people have been acquiring patience and self-control. The Irish are wisely learning that it is best to obey a law until it is repealed by Parliament. He insists that it is to these sober convictions if there be any diminution of crime it is justly due, rather than to the severe restraints of coercion.

Altogether Parliament opened much quieter than was anticipated, and the Conservative leader in the House of Commons thanked Mr. Gladstone for the moderation which he displayed in discussing the Queen's speech.

The government has proposed many valuable local bills and it looks as if considerable useful legislation would be accomplished. Among these is a local government bill for England, but which Salisbury declared was not to be extended to Ireland.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

## The Prince and His Pipe.

There are many anecdotes concerning the love for the German Crown prince for his pipe. The Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* adds a new one, which is now obtained "from a source worthy of credit. It is both new and true,"

adds that journal, "and throws a clear light on the oft-mentioned amiability and bonhomie of 'our Fritz.'" The present manager of the Hamburg Stadt Theatre was formerly manager of the Berlin National Theatre, and he is known to have sacrificed a considerable fortune to his ideal-national aims as a guide and leader of the drama in Germany. At that period the Crown Prince was a constant attendant, it used to be said "a demonstrative attendant," at Herr Buchholz's theatre. The manager, for the special convenience of the Prince, caused a little antechamber to be constructed next to his box, to which he could retire between the acts. One evening Herr Buchholz entered this little cabinet, according to his custom to give the Prince a loyal greeting. He observed that his patron, with a sudden action thrust something behind his back, but an instant afterwards drew it forth again, exhibiting with a smile a burning cigarette. "You will betray me, Buchholz," says he. "Smoking, as the sign board says, is prohibited in the theatre." "But, Your Imperial Highness," expostulated the manager, "this is your private sitting-room." "That is all one," retorted the Prince; "I claim no privilege. You have the right to denounce me to the police. I only see one way of escape—you must be *particeps criminis*." So saying the Prince handed his cigarette case to the manager. Herr Buchholz bowed, took a cigarette and stuck it in his vest pocket. "If Your Imperial Highness will allow me," he said I will keep it as a memento." "Ah!" replied the Prince. "You will escape yourself and betray me. You must take a second and light it." The manager obeyed and the Prince said, "Now you are a fellow-criminal!" This happened long before the fire at the King Theatre, at a time when the prohibition of smoking was not strictly carried out, when there was not a little smoking among the actors themselves, according to the narrator.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## One Cause of Divorce.

There is a society somewhere in the east which has been collecting for years statistics as to divorce. The great want in all social reforms is accurate and reliable statistics, extending over a number of years. Fortified with these, progress is possible, for then an intelligent idea may be obtained of causes little understood. The defects of our social system can only be detected, clearly understood, and remedied when statistics are gathered over a long period and are known to be accurate. The very commencement of any reform should be based upon known and tabulated facts.

Judge Tuley occupies a position which enables him, almost compels him, to collect statistics as to the causes of divorce. In a recent interview he said:

"I would not add to nor take away any of the causes of divorce now given by the statute. If it were practicable, I would prohibit by law any newly married couple living with the parents of either within the first five years. When left by themselves, their characters sooner assimilate and they much sooner learn that in order to be happy there must be continuous and mutual self-sacrifices and dependence of each upon the other."

There is condensed in the last sentence the result of much experience by a close thinker. A vast amount of unhappiness might have been avoided if every newly married couple, and the parents of each, could have been made to know this before it was too late. The statistics of divorce courts would show, if it were possible to collect them, that a very large and surprising number of divorces originate from ignorance of the fact that young birds will not mate readily in the old bird's nest. Whoever makes the experiment runs a dangerous risk. This is frequently done from the best intentions, and the mistake only appears when it is irremediable. Many a happy family has been made unhappy because of a generous desire to share its blessings with some not strictly of it. Hence comes the homely saying that "no house is large enough for two families." Hence comes the often unjust complaint coarsely expressed in the phrase "too much mother-in-law." An unfair and undue strain is put upon the marriage bond at the very time it most needs cautious handling, whenever what seems to be a law of nature is violated, and newly married people attempt to shirk the to them often unwelcome fact that the old homes are theirs no longer, and that among new duties the first is the building of a new home. There are some parents wise enough to see this in time. Others weakly refuse to see it until the ruins of two homes admonish them of the fact that love has its laws and its limitations, which may not safely be violated.—*Chicago Times*.

## Another Cryptagmist.

A bright St. Paul boy of 5 summers took a notion the other day to read Shakespeare for amusement. When his sister asked him what play he had been reading he had to stop to think. Finally a light broke in upon his memory, and he answered: "A great deal about not much."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

## Can Rest Easy.

Fashionable Lady (to elevator boy)—Is the elevator quite safe, little boy? Boy (with an eye on bustle)—Yes'm, but if it should drop you wouldn't get hurt.—*New York Sun*.

## IMPORTED GUINEA WORMS.

A Boy Living on the West Side Afflicted by a Sort of Disease that is Attracting the Attention of Physicians.

In a little frame cottage at No. 409 West Twentieth street is a 10-year-old who is attracting considerable attention from several physicians, says *The Chicago Times*. There is nothing specially remarkable in the child's appearance, he seeming healthy and strong enough, though somewhat more pallid than usual. This boy, little Joseph Blakslee, is now under treatment for a disease, if disease it may be called, of which his is the only authenticated case in the United States. There is now being slowly removed from his body a specimen of the "Guinea worm," a very curious and well known entozoan native to the west coast of Africa, the marshy districts of Bengal, and certain portions of central Asia.

The house is that of William Blakslee, an Englishman by birth, who for several years has been in the employ of the Burlington railroad as an engineer.

"I don't know much about it myself," said Mr. Blakslee. "I am not at home much, and only know that the boy had a bad time of it with the first worm, for this is the second. The doctor says he must have brought them from India in him, for he is my nephew, my brother John's boy, not mine, you know. Just show the man Joey's foot," concluded Blakslee, turning to his wife.

Taking the child upon her lap, Mrs. Blakslee removed a bandage and poultice from its left ankle, showing an inflamed spot about an inch in diameter. From the center of this protruded a yellow, thread-like body wound on a small quill.

"That's the worm," said Mrs. Blakslee, pointing to a yellow thread, which was about the size of the E string of a violin. "It's been coming but about a fortnight now, and I think there must be six or seven inches wound on that quill."

"You see," continued the boy's uncle, "my brother John and me were both engine-drivers in the old country, or engineers, as you say here. He got a good offer on an Indian railway, went out, and married there. Two or three years afterward I came to America. About two years ago my brother's wife died, leaving him this child. He had done well in that country, but seemed, to feel that he should not last long, and wrote to me asking that if anything happened to him I would take charge of his boy. About five months ago my brother died, leaving the boy quite a bit of money, and directing that he be sent to me. So little Joe came all that long way alone, and got to Chicago about three months ago."

"When did the worm first appear? The third week after Joey came," continued Mrs. Blakslee; "that is, the first one. As I was putting the children to bed one night Joey said his right foot itched and kept pulling at it. I could find nothing except a small pimple right on the ankle bone. He went to digging at it with his finger nails and soon broke it open. A sort of little black head could be seen and I got a needle and pulled it out. The next morning his ankle was swollen and hurt him so that he could not walk. It kept on getting worse and worse until we had to call a doctor. The child had a very bad time of it, but at last the worm began to run, and a sort of thread, nearly two feet long, came out. The doctor hadn't known just what to make of the case before, but when he saw that he said it was a 'Guinea worm' and a very rare case. He told me that if another pimple like that come to let him know, and make the child let it alone. About two weeks ago this one appeared on the left foot and before the doctor could get here it broke, and he just took hold of the tiny black head, pulled it out about half an inch and wound it round the quill as you see. Since then it has come out about half an inch every day. The doctor says that if the worm is not broken there will be no swelling or pain, and it will come out little by little."

"Yes," said Dr. F. G. Barnard, "it is a genuine case of Guinea worm. The thing is well known and yet almost unknown. As far as I can ascertain this is the first authentic case known in this country, though others are said to have been observed in Louisiana in the early part of this century. The subjects were recently imported slaves from the west coast of Africa. But the report is not well verified. Of course I don't exactly know, but I suppose the child must have gotten the worms lodged in him by wading in some marshy pool. The authorities say that the germs may be in the system as much as two years before reaching a full development. Though the attacks of the worm have sometimes caused death, I have no great fears in this case."

## Expenses of the French Capital.

The budget of the expenses of the City of Paris amounts to 303,500,000 francs. The city debt absorbs for the payment of interest and liquidation, 105,000,000; the street paving and cleaning cost 20,000,000; the water and sewer service, 8,000,000,000; trees, lighting and watering, 9,500,000; police, 25,000,000; public charities, 21,000,000; primary and superior instruction, 25,000,000; architecture and fine arts, 4,000,000.—*Chicago Times*.

## INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

### Suggestions of Vital Import to the Husbandman.

Reliable Seed Is the First Essential to Raising a Good Crop of Corn—It Is Easier to Retain Fertility in Soil Than to Restore It When Lost.

#### The First Essential.

The value of the corn crop has been better appreciated during the present winter than it has been for several years. Many farmers have found out for the first time how valuable corn is and how difficult it is to get along with a limited supply of it. Persons who have moved out of the region where paying crops of corn can be raised have also ascertained its worth. They have discovered that corn can be put to more uses than any product of the farm. They find it expensive to make good beef, pork, and mutton from other grains. The scarcity of corn throughout the region where it has long been a leading crop will have the effect of causing more acres to be planted to this crop. Observers have at length noticed that a much larger area of country is adapted to the profitable production of wheat and other small grains than to the production of corn. In the region known as the "great corn belt" the Indian grain that gave it its name will receive more than ordinary attention this season.

Many things are essential to securing a good crop of corn, and some of them are beyond the control of man. Droughts, floods, frosts and destructive insects not infrequently cut short the crop or ruin it altogether. Many things are essential to securing a large yield of sound corn, but first among them in importance is good seed. Without good seed even a moderate crop can not be expected. No season, however favorable, no amount of labor spent in preparing the land or in cultivating the plants, can compensate for poor seed. Farmers in the west have during the past twenty years, sustained heavier losses on account of poor seed than on account of frosts and insects. Often thousands of acres of the best corn land is planted with seed, very little of which germinates. Still more frequently seed is planted that is not suited to the soil and climate. Each section of country develops in time a variety of corn suited to its soil and its climate conditions. A variety developed in one part of the country is not suited to one single degree north of it. Experience has shown that seed produced in Kansas will not ordinarily produce good crops in Illinois.

During certain very favorable seasons, when nearly every ear in a field matures, and falls and winters were dry and not severely cold, many farmers became exceedingly careless about saving and curing seed corn. As they found that almost any of the corn taken from a crib would grow, they got out of the habit of selecting the best ears in the field, tracing them up, drying them in the sun, keeping them in the house and shelling them by hand. After the seasons became bad they did not return to the old practice of the people of New England, which they learned of the Indians, in the matter of selecting corn for seed, drying it in the sun, and curing it still further by artificial heat and smoke. Not many years ago a man would have been considered a very poor farmer who did not save the seed for corn-planting every season. Now the trade in seed corn has assumed very large proportions, and the great rather than the small farmers furnish the majority of the purchasers. It is fortunate for them that some persons make a business of raising seed corn, which they cure in drying-houses and supply to seedmen.

Every farmer in a favorable year should save his seed corn, but it is certainly better to buy seed even at five times the price of common corn than to plant that which is unreliable. Superior seed often increases the yield of a field to the extent of ten bushels per acre. No seed, whether home-grown or obtained of a dealer, should be planted in a field till samples of it are tested. Testing it by putting a few grains between layers of moistened cotton on a plate and setting it in a warm room is not sufficient. Seed may germinate under such favorable conditions that would not sprout when placed out of doors and covered with an inch of cold earth. So, too, seeds may germinate, but not be possessed of sufficient vitality to produce sprouts that will develop into strong plants. The corn may "come up" if the temperature is favorable and the ground sufficiently moist, but the plants will be of a pale color, like sickly children, make a slow growth, and die if the weather is unfavorable. Many grains of corn that will sprout between layers of moist cotton will rot if placed in the cold ground.

The proper way to test seed corn is to count out a certain number of grains, say fifty, and plant them in a little trench of uniform depth. One lot should be covered a half-inch deep, another an inch, and a third lot an inch and a half. At the end of a week, if the weather is not unusually cold and wet, the covering should be removed from a part of each row. If nine grains out of ten have sprouted the seed may be pronounced good. If at the end of two weeks there are nine sprouts above ground for every ten planted, the seed may be regarded as

excellent. Enough seed should be secured to replant hills from which the corn has been taken by gophers, squirrels, or birds. If the corn is designed for the market, all the seeds should be of the same variety. A lot of corn that varies in color or in the size and shape of the grains, will not sell as well as that which is uniform. If the corn is to be fed out on the place, there is less occasion for having it all of the same variety, and there is some advantage in using a kind that matures quickly for replanting, so that the two will ripen at about the same time.

#### Restoring Fertility.

It is not strange that the subject of recuperative agriculture receives much attention at the farmers' institutes held in the west this season. It is considered because it demands attention. Rich as was the prairie soil of the west, and short as has been the time since it was first brought under cultivation, it has lost much of its original fertility. Much of it no longer produces wheat or barley. The crops of potatoes produced on it are not as large or as good as they once were. The corn raised on it is light unless fertilizers are liberally used. It does not produce as much grass as it once did. Fields from which two tons of hay were formerly secured now produce but one. An old farmer living near Chicago states that it takes twice as much land to pasture a cow as it did when he came to the country. The history of the exhaustion of the soil by overcropping, which was written in the eastern states many years ago, is repeating itself in the west. It is easy to collect the materials for this history almost anywhere. The laws of nature about supplying the soil with plant food are being openly violated, and the punishment is sure to come.

For years western farmers have been selling the fertility of their land by the ton or bushel. They have sent it off by the car-load, and brought back nothing in return. In the vicinity of a large city farmers have been hauling the elements of fertility to town and going home with empty wagons. They have been constantly drawing out of a bank and putting nothing into it. At first only exhaustive crops were raised, and most of these were sold. When the land would no longer produce paying crops of wheat, potatoes, corn, and vegetables, it was seeded down to grass, and the hay sold. Loaded wagons went to town; empty wagons returned. But little manure was made, and much of that was wasted. Milch cows were almost the only animals kept on farms near large towns, and their milk was sold. The manure made in a young city is generally wasted. Market gardeners are the first to use it, as they find it is a necessity in producing fine vegetables and small fruits. When farmers find manure necessary to the production of common field crops, there is none to be had, unless a large price is paid for it.

The restoration of the elements of fertility to an exhausted soil is no easy thing to do. It is the work of time, and a work that is as expensive as it is long. Sir John Bennett Lowe, the great authority on the use of fertilizers, says: "Let a farm once become impoverished, and I know of no way by which it can ever be restored to its first condition from its own resources." The employment of lime, plaster, ground bones, blood manure, and other commercial fertilizers will of course supply the necessary food for plants, but they are all expensive, and often quite difficult to obtain. There will be no economy in using them, except on high-priced ground located near large towns. At present prices to employ these fertilizers for raising common field crops would be a losing operation. A small amount of them might be used advantageously in preparing land for producing crops to be turned under, but the restoration of fertility by means of commercial manures and green crops is a very long and expensive operation. It generally takes as long to bring a worn-out soil up as was spent in running it down, and there is no immediate return for the money and time spent.

Most of the manure the best farmers use is applied to the land entirely for the purpose of getting immediate returns from it in the form of large crops. It is taken up by plants the same season it is applied, and is therefore of no lasting benefit to the soil. Some of the stimulating manures, as Peruvian guano and the flesh and blood fertilizers, may injure the soil by causing growing plants to appropriate large quantities of mineral water. Then commercial fertilizers should be used in connection with stable manure, in order to derive the greatest advantage from them and to prevent them from wearing out the soil instead of benefiting it. That the soil in many parts of the south, where cotton and tobacco are the leading crops has been injured by the use of guano and blood fertilizers is now generally admitted. Had they been employed in connection with barn-yard manure, the effect would have been different. Lime, gypsum, marl, ashes, and bones are of permanent advantage to soil, as well as aids to the production of large crops. Their effects are lasting, and more apparent in subsequent seasons than in the year in which they are applied.

We are reminded by an old adage that the best time to feed land is before it is very hungry. It is difficult to cover a skeleton with flesh and fat. It is nearly as difficult to restore fertil-

ity to a field that has been reduced to a state of barrenness. Land should be manured before the application of fertilizers becomes absolutely necessary to the production of paying crops. As much plant food should be added to the soil as will annually be taken away by growing crops. Science and observation show that the dung of animals and decayed vegetation are not only the cheapest but the best fertilizers. To keep the soil of a farm in good condition it is necessary to make all the manure possible to keep it from going to waste, and to apply it when it will do the most good.—Chicago Times.

#### BROTHER BURDETTE.

His Latest Efforts to Amuse the Wild and Woolly West.

#### THE PASTOR'S BLUNDER.

Everybody in the church, except the new pastor himself seemed to enjoy it when he lost the place in his manuscript, and while hunting for it spoke of "Esau, who sold his message for a birth of pot-right."

#### THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

Robert Browning says when he writes a poem, the first thing he does is to get his idea, then he keeps it. That's what his readers complain of; he should not keep it, he should put it into his poem.

#### WORSE THAN GERMAN EVEN.

Not less than 2,000 soldiers are in the hospitals of the Odessa district, under treatment for various forms of ophthalmia. The beggars! if they don't quit reading Russian books, they'll go stone blind altogether. The human eyes can't stand everything.

#### A GREAT CHANCE.

A faith cure fake is in session down at Newburport, (pronounced Noobrypt) Mass. The performers announce themselves as ready to perform miracles to order. People having in their possession miracles which they would like performed, will do well to call on the Noobrypt convention before going elsewhere. Prices as low as the lowest, and all miracles guaranteed. Long-standing and obstinate cases of faith cured by expert faith healers in one application. Beware of counterfeits; no cases genuine without the name of the healer blown in the miracle. Rudimentary minds also cured and warranted never to return.

#### THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

At the inquest it was shown that the entire side of the boiler had been ripped out by the mighty force of the explosion, although, as the engine was standing still, the fire very low, and less than 70 pounds of steam on, it seemed impossible that there could be sufficient power to produce such results. The testimony of the baggage-master, however, threw some light on the subject. "When I got into the station," he said, "I found I was one piece short, and went back to the car to look for it. It was very dark and I carried no lantern. I reached out and caught hold of what I thought was an iron handle and pulled. The trunk, if it was the trunk, did not move. I pulled again, and heard the engineer say, 'What in thunder is rocking this engine so?' I then took hold with both hands, braced my feet, gave one jerk, when the explosion followed and the trunk came away." This coupled with the testimony of the station agent, that the baggage-master came into the baggage room carrying a section of iron boiler weighing about 2,700 pounds, remarking as he threw it down that it was the roughest band-box he had handled this year, and must be half a ton over weight—convinced the jury that the cause of the explosion is less a mystery than an appalling matter of wonder.—Burlington Hawkeye.

#### WAS NAPOLEON I. A GERMAN.

A Frenchman Endeavors to Prove that the Great Bonaparte was of Teutonic Origin.

When George the Third was at war with Napoleon it was the fashion among English Tories to call the great Frenchman "the Corsican usurper." M. Payre, in his new book on the founder of the house of Bonaparte, "Napoleon I. et son Temps," has carried the "de-gallicizing" of the hero of Gaul to a more distressing extreme. The Bonapartes were not of French, nor even of Corsican, but of *horrible dictu*, were of German origin. M. Payre has some reputation as a historical scholar, and he has proved on documentary evidence to his own satisfaction, that the founder of the Bonapartist empire, like the founder of the Frankish empire, the new Charlemagne as well as the old, was a child of Germany. The Cadolinger family flourished in Genoa from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. They were German immigrants who followed the holy Roman emperors over the Alps, and traded with success among the Italians. They were steadfast Ghibellines, always took the side of the emperors against the popes, and their sympathies were popular and republican. They stood forward bravely for all municipal liberties, and rights, and belonged to what was known as "The Good Party"—Buona parte. The Cadolingers were, in fact, "Buona parte" in reality long before a branch of their family resolved to become Bonaparte in surname. By degrees they lost their power and wealth. Some members of the Cadolinger family entered into the service of the well-known St. George's bank, which owned landed property in Genoa, and among other places in Corsica. The Cadolingers who settled in Corsica adopted the old political nick-name as their surname. To these Italianized Cadolingers Napoleon Bonaparte's ancestry is traced by M. Payre.—Chicago Times

#### BASE BALL MADE THEM RICH.

Men Who Have Made Money by Sticking to the National Game.

Take the players of any team, say the New York club. The men get large salaries, ranging from \$2,500 to \$4,000 a year, and this year is crammed into a season of seven months. The actual work, if it can be called, consists in playing a game which is started and called generally inside of two hours. A player will arise about 9 o'clock in the morning during the playing season and after partaking of his morning meal will report at the grounds an hour later for practice. He will generally don a uniform and with his companions catch and bat the ball. He will occasionally take a spin around the bases to limber up his muscles. By noon he has his street clothes on again and is on his way home for lunch. He must report again at the grounds at 3 o'clock, or shortly after. His team will take sixteen minutes' preliminary practice, and the battle with bats is started. By 6:30 he is again in street costume, and can go where he pleases until 9 A. M. comes around again.

"He even has less work to do when the club is away from home," continued the veteran, "which is nearly half of the playing season. He travels like a prince and lives on the fat of the land. Look at some of our well-known players and base ball men and see what virtue has won them. Al Spalding, an old Boston, and afterward Chicago pitcher, now gathers in Uncle Sam's dollars in bundles instead of hot liners. He is a successful business man, and is said to have a million in his stocking. He owns a Chicago club and lots of other things. His income from his club is said to average him \$50,000 a year. His first lieutenant, Baby Anson, is a model player of the first water. He played with Spalding in the old Boston club and followed his chief to Chicago. He is captain and manager of off league champion and is said to have saved over \$50,000 of this world's goods. His friends say the big first baseman's income is \$10,000 a year.

"Then there is old 'Deacon' White, the third baseman of the Detroit club. The deacon has a skating rink on top of his head, and is old enough to have grandchildren he is still playing ball, however, and great ball, too. He has always been a sober and earnest player, and has saved lots of money and owns a big farm beside. He is worth a half dozen ordinary colts yet. The deacon is so pious at times for his companions, but they respect him highly at the same time. It is said that the godly player frequently sends up a mental prayer that he may stop that liner despite its whiskers, or that he will make the bat and ball collide when at plate. Fred Dunlap is quite a seasoned player, but still young in years. He will draw \$5,000 next season and drew \$4,500 last season. He has saved enough to purchase half a dozen houses in Philadelphia, and has a fat bank account besides."—New York Journal.

#### Business Habits for Girls.

When a boy enters a business, writes Mrs. L. W. Betts in *The Epoch*, he enters it with the expectation of detaching himself to the employment that he has selected for life, or he means to make it a stepping stone to that which will be his life work. When a girl enters business she does not do that; she does not concentrate her mind to her work, but expects naturally in due time, to be a wife and to be taken care of, and for one to feel very sorry to have girls educated in any other view of life. A girl is more valuable in business after the age of 25. She is by that time trained to business habits, is self-reliant and recognizes the value of devotion to business. Usually, if she remains until that age she begins to consider self-support as the necessity of her life. It has sometimes been asked why could not the American husband and wife do what so many couples do in France—that is, work together in the same business side by side? There is danger in that system. Where a man has the spirit of true manhood and self-respect, it is perfectly safe for a woman to continue in her wage-earning power after marriage, at least until she is called to higher duties of motherhood. When once that comes into her life all her powers—mental, spiritual—should be consecrated to this holy office. As I said, if a man is a real man it is safe for a woman to continue earning wages after she is married; but I think there are hundreds of men to-day, yes, thousands, who have been ruined because they were not compelled to support their wives.

#### Let's Keep a Good Heart.

What an important trifle may change the course of a man's life! Once I was going thoughtfully along the highway. My soul was weighted down by heavy forebodings. I raised my head; straight before me ran a road between two stiff rows of poplars. And across the road, about ten paces in front of me, were hopping in single file, a family of sparrows, full of life, merriment and courage. One, in particular, distinguished himself by his bold sideways hopping; he stuck out his little breast, and twitted as bravely as if he did not fear the devil himself. A true conqueror! Meanwhile a hawk circled overhead whose destiny it was, perhaps to devour this very hero. I looked, was forced to laugh, and regained my self-possession. My gloomy thoughts had vanished; I felt again courage, energy and life. A hawk may be circling over me, but the devil take it!—let's keep a good heart!—Turgenteff.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

#### GOOSE DRESSING.

Four apples peeled and sliced, four or five onions, as many leaves of sage and of lemon thyme; boil in a stew pan with water to cover; when done pulp them through a sieve, remove the sage and thyme, add enough pulp of mealy potatoes to cause it to be sufficiently dry without sticking; add pepper and salt.

#### BROWN BETTY.

Cut several large apples into thin slices; have ready a buttered pudding dish; into this put a layer of grated bread crumbs, then a layer of sliced apples, and over this sprinkle sugar, and so on alternately, bread, apples and sugar, until the dish is full, letting the top layer be of bread crumbs; place three lumps of butter on top, put in oven and bake brown. Serve hot with butter and sugar sauce.

#### APPLES WITH RICE.

Peel and core as many apples as is required. Put them in a baking dish with a little lemon peel and a syrup of sugar and water; cover the dish, and let the apples bake very slowly until done, but they must not be the least broken. Place the apples on a dish, fill the middle of each with boiled rice, and on the top put a dried cherry or a little preserves. Put boiled rice around the apples, and pour over them the syrup in which they were cooked.

#### LEMON PUDDING.

Three cups of bread crumbs, one cupful (scant) of sugar, two liberal tablespoons of corn starch, one lemon juice and rind, two cups of milk, one heaping teaspoon of butter, scald the milk, and stir in the corn starch wet up in four teaspoons of cold water. Cook, stirring all the time, until it thickens well; add the butter and set aside until cold; beat the eggs light, add the sugar, the lemon juice and grated peel, and whip in a large spoonful at a time, the stiffened corn starch milk. Bake in a buttered dish.

#### GINGER POUND-CAKE.

Six cups of flour, two cups each of butter, brown sugar and molasses, eight eggs, a tablespoon each of cinnamon, ginger and soda, and two nutmegs; dissolve the soda in a cup of sour milk. In baking take particular pains not to let the cakes scorch, for gingerbread is of cakes the easiest to burn. Line the pans with greased paper and put brown paper over the top to prevent the crust forming too quickly.

#### RYE DROPCAKES.

Two cups of sour milk, one well-beaten egg, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in boiling water and enough rye meal to make a batter. Mix together the milk, meal and egg, add the soda and beat thoroughly; bake immediately on a hot griddle, or in gem pans.

#### ORANGE ROLY-POLY.

Make a paste as for apple dumpling and roll out, not over an inch in thickness; over this lay slices of orange, from which the peel and seeds have been removed; roll carefully and steam in a cloth for two hours. Serve hot with a sauce made of two tablespoons of flour; three of sugar and a heaping one of butter; rub these together till smooth, then pour boiling water over the mixture, stirring all the time; flavor with half a teaspoon of vinegar and some grated orange peel.

#### Immigration Southward.

Southern papers are hoping for a great immigration from the northern states, forgetful of the fact that while to many the northwest has been too cold, the southern states have often been too hot. A Charleston paper says:

"The importance of the movement which is now organizing to bring to the attention of the shivering farmers and other settlers in the northwest the superior claims of the south as the place to live in and work in is being shown by the private as well as the public reports and communications received from the blizzard-blasted regions. "Their interest for us consists in the evidence they afford that there are large numbers of industrious people who are leaving or ready to leave, the northern and northwestern states in search of more desirable homes that can be found there. The southern states need these workers, and can offer them all and more than all they are in quest of. The offer should be made promptly and in the most attractive way. An earnest effort will divert the tide of emigration from California to the south, and to the lasting benefit of all concerned.

#### The Word "Blizzard."

The word "blizzard," it appears, is not of Western origin, nor a coinage of so recent date as has been generally supposed. A correspondent of the *New York Sun* writes that he has heard the word constantly from boyhood in Pennsylvania, and that it was familiar to his elders more than fifty years ago in the central counties of the State concerning its original use he adds: "The word was always used to include the idea of force, violence, spitefulness or vindictiveness. If one dealt another a hostile blow he 'gave him a blizzard on the nose,' 'on the jaw,' 'between the eyes,' etc. If a magistrate lectured a litigant severely he 'gave him a blizzard.' If one man swore or cursed another he 'gave him a blizzard.' If a man's wife scolded him she gave him a blizzard." I never heard the word elsewhere till within the last four years, when I encountered it in the papers "out West," where it was applied to sudden and severe storms.

