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Conkling Dead.

At about two o'clock this morning ex-senator Roscoe Conkling, one of the greatest American Statesmen died, in New York city. Mr. Conkling was a victim of the terrible blizzard of March 12, to which he was exposed in an attempt to get from his office to his house. The particulars were related at the time. He became lost in Union square, and with the utmost difficulty worked his way out of the snow, but was nearly exhausted and the effort and exposure brought on the disease that ended his life.

Mr. Conkling occupied a very prominent place in the history of the country during its most trying times and was always equal to the greatest occasion. He was a bold aggressive statesman—a man whose integrity was never called in question. He was over 58 years old.

More Strikes. More Failures.

The engineers' strike on the Burlington road has utterly failed. Their places have been filled and business has resumed its normal condition. The result ought to settle the question of strikes. It proves that they are wrong, in theory and inefficient in practice. No strike has ever yet been of public benefit. If a strike under the support of the brotherhood of engineers has failed it must be considered decisive. Chief Arthur declared in the beginning that this conclusion would be forced by a failure. The brotherhood of engineers was the most conservative of its class of organizations. That it could not carry through successfully any such attempted violation of natural law in the business world, is quite conclusive that some other means of redress must be sought.

In the face of this, however, comes the news that the yard and switchmen of Kansas City, in the Burlington employ, have gone out. This can mean nothing serious. It is too late to have any effect on the engineers' strike. It can involve only the foolish men who engage in it.

The country at large has finally come to have a very well defined idea of the value of impracticable methods. If every railroad in the United States had been forced to suspend operations at the time of the recent strike, it would have accepted the situation, and would have approved the employment of military force if it had been necessary to protect the "scabs" who were ready and willing to work.

The labor of this nation, and all nations must be protected or its civilization will be a failure. Protection of labor as well as of liberty must begin with protection to the individual. The individual is the unit of society. His rights and his liberty cannot be impaired except as it may be necessary for the general good, and then only by due form of law.

The mob cannot do it. If it dares attempt it the mob becomes criminal and must be held responsible. Too much latitude has already been allowed the mob, and it is a healthy symptom that now reacts against it.

Public sentiment is turning in favor of the "scab"—the man who is able and willing to work—the laborer who is so termed in derision, but who is entitled to honor a thousand times more than the man or the mob who would violently deprive him of his privilege to labor.

Minister Phelps is now in Washington. It is thought by some, that he will be appointed Chief Justice.

Scabby Labor.

The labor question is one of the growing issues of the day. Labor is the base upon which society, civilization and good government rest. If it is low, degraded, ignorant, civilization will be stunted, blinded, inert. Under servile labor civilization is a hollow sham. Barbarism and degraded labor go hand in hand. Ignorant labor follows tyranny or goes with it. Intelligent labor asserts itself in a manly, intelligent, liberal way. It builds up society. It strengthens and defends good government. It is a part of christianity. It is a feature of the divine economy.

It is the perversion of labor that has made it weak, and dishonorable so far as it is dishonorable. It is the sin that has attached to it that has brought it low in our midst, and that to-day hangs as a millstone about its neck.

Labor unions and attempted labor reforms as we have them in this and some other countries, instead of being remedies, are simply symptoms of disease. They are the humors, the pimples and blotches that nature forces upon the surface to indicate a deep seated ailment.

The skilled laborer in the Santa Fe shops who works steadily, honestly, draws his pay, then saves and invests it in lots, on which he finally builds a small house to rent, and subsequently repeats the operation, is not the man who grumbles at the oppression of railroad monopoly; he is not the man whose favorite remedy is to "strike;" he is not the one who belongs to any union, or if he does he belongs to a conservative minority and has little to say, except to give sound advice which is never heeded; he is not a Knight of Labor.

No, the labor reformer is his fellow workman over the way, who draws his money Saturday night, drinks, smokes, gambles, or fools away the most of it before Monday, and spends the following week in cursing scabs, talking labor reform, and telling in Knights of Labor assemblies how the Santa Fe officials are trembling in their boots, while he cannot stand steadily in his.

Your modern labor reformer is a printer who belongs to the Union and to the Knights of Labor. He spends all he can make, and all his wife's money he can get, smokes constantly, drinks whenever he can get it, gambles nightly; if he gets a newspaper he makes it a black mail sheet, means well, but never pays for his labor, which he so well defends. If he is a journeyman he must dictate to his employer how many apprentices are allowed, and whether girls shall be employed at all or not. He will take into his union a perfectly incompetent person and demand that he shall have the same pay as the most skillful. If a strike is ordered and the best workman, the most steady, sober and industrious of the craft, is willing to work, he becomes a "scab," and is lucky to escape with a whole head, although he may have the soundest and most level head in the crowd.

The same is true of the practical workings of nearly if not quite all labor unions. They might be and ought to be useful. But they can never be less than a dead weight upon the cause of labor until they become rational, moral, educational, liberal. They must discard not simply the term "scab," but the miserable idea that gave it birth.

When the labor reformer bases his work of reform on intelligence capacity, liberality, sobriety, and the principles of christianity, he will stand better in the world, and be started on the road to true reform. Never before.

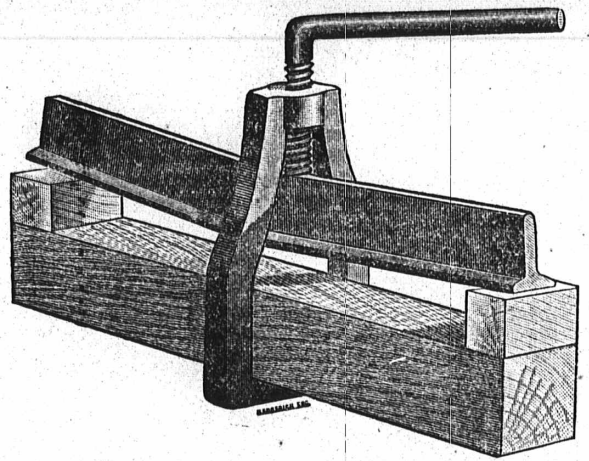
A bill has been reported to the senate to promote and retire the venerable John C. Fremont. If there is any old veteran who deserves well of his country, it is Fremont, whose name has been a talisman of liberty and progress for half a century past.

A farmer candidate for President is being agitated in some agricultural papers. We have no sympathy with this agitation, except to the extent that all discussion of this nature is of value in leading farmers to look into political matters independent of party bias. The agitation of farmer candidates for the Presidency or the Governorship is harmful, however, because it diverts farmers attention from the proper channel. Presidents and Governors do not make laws or correct them. They merely assist in executing the laws made by the representatives of the people. It appears to us that the farmers first duty is to see to it that legislators are elected who will make laws for the benefit of the whole people, that do not bear unjustly on the producing classes, or reform our present laws that are now open to this objection. Let the farmers consider, then, that the way for him to achieve political recognition and independence is by beginning at home. First attend the local caucuses, and see to it that men true to the interests of farmers and the public are sent as delegates to local, county, district and State Conventions. When these nominating conventions are made up of the right kind of delegates it will be easy enough to nominate the right kind of candidates, and when this is accomplished, the farmers have only to roll up their sleeves and pitch in, to elect the candidates so nominated. This applies with especial force to candidates for State Legislature and to Congress. It is to these that we would direct attention, and not go off on a tangent about a farmer President or a farmer Governor. Our readers have only to consider this matter carefully to see the strength of our position and act accordingly.—New England Homestead.

LAWRENCE JOURNAL. April 17: Today twenty-eight years ago, Col. Sam Walker raised the first Kansas company to put down the rebellion. The news of the firing on Sumpter was received here on the evening of the seventeenth, and Col. Walker began at once to organize a company. Before 11 o'clock the list was filled and the Colonel started on horse back to Topeka to offer the services of himself and company to Governor Robinson. He arrived there at midnight just three hours ahead of a man from Council Grove who came for the same purpose with the second Kansas company. Twenty-eight years work great changes, but they have passed very lightly over the head of Col. Walker, who is today the same fearless hardy man he was when he rode on that memorable night to Topeka. Some future poet will celebrate that ride, when Sam Walker will be the Kansas "Paul Revere."

The May Century.

Mr. George Kennan will tell in the May Century how he came to go to Siberia on the Century expedition. Mr. Kennan had spent some time in Siberia already in connection with the overland telegraph scheme, and in the summer of 1884 he made a preliminary excursion to St. Petersburg and Moscow for the purpose of collecting material, and ascertaining whether or not obstacles were likely to be thrown in his way by the Russian government. He returned in October, fully satisfied that his scheme was a practical one. He therefore sailed from New York for Liverpool in May, 1885. He says: "All my prepossessions were favorable to the Russian government and unfavorable to the Russian revolutionists." He adds that this "partly explains the friendly attitude toward me which was taken by the Russian government, the permission which was given me to inspect prisons and mines, and the comparative immunity from arrest, detention, and imprisonment which I enjoyed, even when my movements and associations were such as justly to render me an object of suspicion to the local Siberian authorities."



WOOD VS. STEEL.

Which is the Stronger in Proportion to Weight—A simple and interesting experiment.

The relative weights of wood and steel in proportion to their strength is a matter which probably not one out of a hundred readers has ever had occasion to investigate. If the conundrum were propounded: "Which is the stronger—Wood or Steel?" ninety-nine out of a hundred would be likely to answer that steel possesses greater strength in proportion to weight than does wood. Experiments have recently been made in Ohio which show that wood weighing only half as much as steel will, when put under pressure, stand a greater strain than steel. The illustration on this page shows a piece of wood and a piece of steel, (the latter weighing just twice as much as the former), under equal pressure, and in every instance the steel yields and is bent out of line. The device is extremely simple, and yet it illustrates an important point with which every intelligent farmer should familiarize himself, especially as there seems to be a disposition on the part of some manufacturers to change from wood to steel and iron. We are indebted to Messrs. Aultman, Miller & Co., of Akron, Ohio, for the accompanying illustration. It was the pleasure of a representative of this paper, while in Akron a few days since, to witness this experiment. A piece of ash, such as is used in the Buckeye machine, was placed in a clamp along with a piece of steel of equal length, the same as is used in all steel binders. The steel weighed just twice as much as the wood, and yet the

steel invariably yielded and bent as the pressure was brought down. The wood was scarcely out of line, and when the clamp was removed it sprung back to its original shape. Not so with the steel. It not only bent under the pressure of the clamp, but remained bent when the clamp was taken off. This, it is claimed, is a clear illustration of the difference between wood and steel frame binders. When an all-steel machine is brought into sharp contact with some unyielding obstacle, its frame is liable to spring, and when once sprung its usefulness is at an end. It cannot be straightened without resort to the shop for repairs. A wood frame is not thus affected. If bent under a violent strain, it at once springs back to its original shape. At the first glance it would seem that a steel binder is lighter than a wood frame, and that it possessed greater strength. But it is an instance in which appearances are deceptive. A piece of steel one foot long and a half inch square, weighs double as much as a piece of seasoned ash one foot long and 1 3/4 inches square. In other words the steel, in proportion to bulk, is fifteen and one-eighth times as heavy as the wood. A steel frame of a machine which is one-fifteenth as large as a wood frame, weighs exactly the same as the wood. But even with this difference in size, the wood has four times the strength. These are simple problems which every farmer can solve for himself. He need not accept the word of any man whose interests would be subserved by having him believe one way or the other. Make the test yourself, and when an agent comes to you with a denial of this proposition, you can talk intelligently from personal knowledge.—Ohio Farmer.

The Library Magazine for March comes out in a new dress which is highly creditable to the high-class literature which it embodies. It is certainly a very extraordinary dollar's worth of literature, the nearly 2,500 pages per annum which this Magazine gives to its subscribers. Those who see it are not surprised at such very emphatic endorsements as given, for example, by Prof. Perry, of Williams College, in a recent letter to the publisher: "I do not know when my subscription to the Library Magazine expires. Please renew it. I do not intend it shall expire at all so long as I am able to read."

In the District Court of Shawnee county, Kansas, Elizabeth Boggs, Plaintiff, vs. Henry Boggs, Defendant. April term, 1888.

To Henry Boggs: You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the clerk of the district court of Shawnee county, Kansas, the petition of the plaintiff, Elizabeth Boggs, praying for a divorce and dissolution of the bonds of marriage heretofore and now existing between yourself and the said plaintiff, and unless you appear thereto and defend on or before, the 4th day of June 1888 a default will be entered against you, and a decree rendered thereon. ELIZABETH BOGGS, Plaintiff.

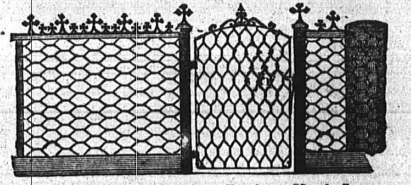
By COLLIER & SALYER, her attorneys.

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BILL NYE'S DISCARDED BILL

Will Congress Take Some Interest in Railway Conductors.

An Outline of a Scheme for Their Regulation and Improvement—A Model Civil-Service Examination Proposed—How Passenger Traffic Between the States May be Improved—The Bitter Result of a Western Lecture Tour.

Some anxiety is being shown on the part of the people relative to the condition of a certain bill, introduced in Congress Jan. 10 of the present year, and the masses are beginning to clamor for information as to the time of its final passage and enforcement as a law. The bill provides for the licensing of railway conductors, and, with the idea that all the evils of travel, from the choppy condition of the road-bed to the sallow color and hopeless demeanor of the hard-boiled eggs along our great thoroughfares of travel, are directly due to the incompetency of the conductor, aims to regulate this matter by striking at the root of the evil.

Conductors, under the provisions of the bill, are required to submit to a rigid examination under the eyes of a Chief Examiner, appointed by the President, and who shall receive \$3,500 per year and mileage at the rate of 10 cents per mile, together with reasonable travelling expenses. This Chief Examiner will delegate his power as an examiner to twenty Supervising Examiners, retaining only the bitter anguish and enervating toil incident to the life of one who looks out at ear window all day and patiently accumulates mileage.

The Supervising Examiners shall receive \$2,500 per year, reasonable travelling expenses, and 10 cents per mile by the most devious method of travel. Railroad Lines will be permitted to pass Chief Examiners, Supervising Examiners, &c., to and from their work. The Chief Examiner and Supervising Examiners shall constitute a National Board of Examiners, who shall meet at Washington, D. C., every little while to think it over and then go away. This National Board of Examiners shall divide our unhappy country into twenty districts, each of which shall be cheered by the presence of two District Examiners, and they shall be men of good moral character, who can ask difficult questions and be willing to work on a salary. They shall receive a salary of \$2,000 per year, mileage, stationery and press notices. The duties of District Examiners as prescribed are optional but the salary is compulsory. Assistant District Examiners may be appointed at a salary of \$1,000, and clerks, when necessary, may be employed to do the work at \$1,200 per year.

The Chief Examiner, Supervising Examiners, District Examiners and Assistant District Examiners shall be at all times guarded by a cloud of mileage by day and a pillar of salary by night.

Under the provisions of section 8 of the act, the District Board of Examination shall have power to pry into the pedigree, personal habits, qualifications, aims, aspirations, accomplishments and physical condition of any man who may make application for the portfolio of conductor or door-slammer extraordinary as provided in this act, and further, it is provided elsewhere in the bill that no conductor shall be permitted to go through a train with a pencil in his mouth, a pair of forceps in one hand and a pad of drawback checks in the other, acting as conductor, a treasurer, a nurse, a railway folder, map and household guide, at \$80 per month, with the privilege of being killed between meals, unless he shall have passed a thorough examination on the same track, and received a license from the Board of Examiners, and paid a fee of \$5 to said Board. The bill also provides that the sum of \$100,000 shall be appropriated for the contingent expenses of the Board in getting to and from widely separated points, and for wear and tear of Thinkers while engaged in getting up deep condumrums for applicants.

The board may revoke the license of any conductor at any time upon the commission of certain acts, and he will be arrested under the provisions of the United States statutes if he undertake to run a train, even though the railroad company may desire to retain him. This gives the conductor the chance to work for the railroad company and the United States of America, provided he behaves himself, and at one salary. In other words, he buys a license for the privilege of doubling his responsibilities without increase of pay. Upon passing a satisfactory examination, the conductor will be permitted and required to wear a large tin badge bearing the remark "CONDUCTOR" upon it, also the number of his license, the number of the district in which the license was issued, the number of his residence, his post-office address and any other information desired by a morbidly inquisitive public. He may also be required to wear a muzzle during dog days.

He will also be expected to wear the various badges of the road for which he may be employed, together with foreign decorations, statements, way bills and certificates of the presiding officer setting forth whether he is out of order or not. He will be required to wear on his breast all badges referred to in this act, together with such other badges as he may have in the house, till his bosom shall resemble a Christmas tree.

The schedule of examination has not yet been fixed, but it must be so prepared that it shall cover the physical and mental condition of the applicant, and will, no doubt, run something as follows:

1. State your age, weight, height, nationality, sex, complexion, where born, and who, if any one besides yourself, was present at the time?
2. Do you ever experience ringing in the ears, gastric goneness between meals, mental lassitude on rising and reading the Congressional Record, sudden and uncontrollable desire to bite people on trains or a vague yearning to soar away in a pay car and be forever at rest? Do you have dandruff?
3. If I give to A. half my salary and half a dollar over, then afterwards meet B., to whom I give half the remainder and half a dollar over, after that meeting C., to whom I give half the balance and half a dollar over when I find I have nothing left but my mile, age, how much mileage have I, and what are you going to do about it?
4. Which is proper, to get on and off a train on the high or off side, provided the train is going east and running on the time of a previous train?
5. Are people who are not formally engaged under any obligation to kiss each other?
6. What is the total railroad mileage of the United States and what would it amount to at 10 cents each?
7. How many bones in the human body and what are their names?
8. What is a promontory?
9. State in your own language what you know of the Wilnot Frovies.
10. Why is a chrysalis like a buckwheat pancake?
11. Of what is the surface of the earth composed?
12. Do you believe in a literal hell?
13. If you were writing to Prof. Young, the chemist, would it be proper to address him as Analyzer Young?
14. How many pores in the human body, and why do transitive verbs govern the objective case?
15. Analyze and parse the following:

THE SCALDED CHILD.

Tag 1.
Come, all kind friends, both old and young,
Oh, bark, and you shall hear
How death did quickly snatch a child
The parents loved most dear:
The last and least of this flock
Was caught on a stone by its little frocks,
In falling o'er one Sabbath day
While the parents dear were not away.

Tag 2.
And to see and hear, but not to save,
Their little boy from watery grave,
Which puts them in the mind of one of yore,
Who died by scald while on the floor,
Strange! they both were burned on a Sabbath day,
And placed in the ground on Tuesday;
A family living in the jolting room,
Hastened to the depot of grief and gloom.

Tag 3.
Eighteen months Lucius spent with them
And cheered them with his smile,
But soon they mourned in weeds of woe
For their dear scalded child.
But Oh! what sorrow fills their heart,
'Tis more than tears can ever fall,
To think how soon the time did come
To take their last farewell.

Tag 4.
And now the little boy has went
To that bright world above,
The other four please come this way
And sing redeeming love.
Then Tompkins now a warming take,
Prepare to meet your God,
That you may meet your happy flock
In yonder blest abode.
There you may meet around the throne,
Parents and children on that shore
Where farewell tears are never shed
And scaldings are no more.

Conductors who apply will probably be required to state whether they desire to take out a license for caboose and freight business or passenger trade. With the answers they will be expected to inclose fee, together with any amount they feel like adding; and, on receiving their licenses, will be required to subscribe to an oath in substance as follows:

State of New York, county of —, ss.:
I, A. B., having been first duly sworn, upon my oath, do remark, set forth and state that I am — years of age, that I reside in the county and state aforesaid, when not transferred to some other division or road; that, feeling the loneliness of a man who is employed by a railroad, and the isolation of one who is responsible only to the President, Board of Directors, Receiver, General Superintendent, General Traffic Manager, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Claim Agent, Roadmaster and Division Superintendent, I desire to be thrown in contact with the United States Government and to become responsible to the civil and military authorities, in order that I may be duly examined and overhauled by Congress. I also depose, set forth, remark, state, declare and swear as follows: That I am a citizen of the United States; that I have been a conductor for eleven years, having given the best years of my life and the best fingers on both hands to that industry. I now desire to get out a license for limited train No. 3 on the Air Line Road for two years, unless sooner annulled. I also do further swear, set forth and bear down upon the statement that I will be a good, faithful conductor to the best of my ability, and that I will wear such badges as my health will permit, provided my bosom is wide enough, and that I will never knowingly try to jump a 900-foot canyon with a heavy train after dark, and that I will report promptly to Washington every day what is said on my train that might be of political interest, and that I will assist in defraying campaign expenses, be kind and courteous at all times to Chief Examiners, District Examiners, Acting Examiners, Assistant Examiners or breath testers who may be en route; that I will love, honor and obey them as long as we both shall live, and further depose and swear not. A. B.

I only ask, on behalf of several anxious friends, what has become of this bill, and whether it is or is not now a law, and if not, why not?—*Bill Nye, in New York World.*

Her Majesty at Dinner.

Edmund's description of the queen sitting at dinner at Windsor with two Indian servants "always standing behind the royal chair," with whom ever and anon her majesty converses in Hindustani, reminds one of certain passages in Thackeray's inimitable burlesques; but the pictures as evolved out of Edmund's fertile and ingenious mind is as purely imaginative as anything in "Gulliver's Travels." The queen's "personal servant," a pure-bred Highlander who was raised on Deeside, always stands, arrayed in Celtic garb, behind her majesty's chair when she dines in company in the oak room at Windsor.—*Labouchere in London Truth.*

BEER DUELS IN GERMANY.

Privileges of Challenged and Challenger.—The Weapons Used in Combat.

The old English custom of "taking wine with a person," each merely sipping from his glass, seems almost a teetotal observance when compared with the corresponding usage of the Kneipe. In the first place, no one must drink solus. If anyone ventures to take a solitary swig he is forthwith compelled to drain a full measure to the health of the company generally. The proper course is to drink to some one else, at the same time specifying the quantity the drinker proposes to imbibe. The person honored is bound to accept the challenge, which he may do with a simple "drink away," or some equivalent phrase, when the challenger is bound to drink on within the next five minutes the quantity he has named, and within five minutes more the challenged must drink to him, "in response," the like quantity. If either fail in his obligation excommunication is the result. But the challenged party may not be content simply to accept the challenge. Stirred with noble ardor he may "go higher," doubling the quantity named. The challenger may do the same, and so on until the total quantity reaches a maximum of eight tankards, which are drunk off alternately, one by one, "with an interval of five beer minutes between each. The beer drunk by the challenged "in response" is not allowed a "double debt to pay."

Probably some craven soul in the past devised the plan of saving his brains and his pocket by making the same beer which he drank in response to one person also serve the purpose of a challenge to another. This is strictly forbidden by the code (under the usual penalty), unless, indeed, the original challenger has used the words "in die welt schicken" (to pass around), in which case A drinks to B; B, with the beer with which he responds to A, drinks also to C, C, responding to B, drinks simultaneously to D, and so on all around the table. Speaking of anything connected with study (Anglice, "talkin shop") is tabooed at the Kneipe. If any one offends in this manner he is promptly called to order by the sarcastic remark from one or other of the company, "Gelehr" (You learned man). This is regarded not merely as a rebuke, but a challenge to the duello, the weapons being, as usual, beer tankards. The person rebuked may either simply accept the challenge (this, indeed, he is bound to do in some shape) or he may retort with the still more cutting insinuation, "Doctor" (You're a doctor). This again may be met with "You're a professor," and finally, last and deadliest offense of all, "Papist!" (You're a pope).

Such insults as these can naturally only be wiped out with—beer; and according to the gravity of the offense the greater is the quantity required. The comparatively soft impeachment of being a learned man can be wiped out with a half tankard; but "doctor" demands a whole tankard, "professor" two tankards, while nothing short of four tankards will rehabilitate the man who has been dubbed a "pope." Each party chooses a second. The tankards are filled and the second of the challenger "makes the weapon equal," i. e., sees that the beer stands at the same level in both. The second of the challenged party gives the word: "Grasp your weapons!" (The combatants raise their tankards.) "Knock." (They knock on the table.) "Read." (They raise them to their lips.) "Off." They empty them and bring them down with a bang upon the table; the one who first brings down his tankard fairly emptied being the winner. If either of the combatants has not finished his full quantum within the usual five minutes—excommunication!—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Cleared the House.

On one occasion, when the Irish members were fighting in a forlorn hope against overwhelming odds, old Jo Biggar as he is familiarly called, arose and began an elaborate and profound speech, which consisted, mainly of statistics of the most amazing length, breadth and thickness, based on the exchequer report of the year 1841. He spoke in a hard, rasping and metallic voice for four solid hours, until the Speaker, in a fit of exhaustion, said testily: "I do not think I quite understand what the honorable gentleman was saying."

"Ah! that's too bad," said Mr. Biggar, sadly; "I'll have to begin all over again."

He turned back and began his four hours' speech at the beginning but before he had uttered three sentences the whole house arose in a body and rushed away.—*Blakely Hall.*

A New Test.

I know a married couple who have a bright child who I presume has heard her father pitch into her mother about those buttons or socks or something, and I suppose she stored up the knowledge to make a point on her mother. Anyway, they were at breakfast and the little girl was rather quiet. Suddenly she spoke up in a very severe tone:

"Mamma! Are you a moral woman?"

"What do you ask such an extraordinary question for? I hope I am."

"Well, you didn't darn my socks last week!"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Alexander the Great Versus the Modern Boy.

The recent discovery in Alexandria of the remains of Alexander the Great naturally calls attention anew to this great world conquerer of twenty-three hundred years ago. He did memorable deeds in his time, and filled all the earth with the sound of his name. Now that all that is left of him has been brought to light, perhaps it is not an entirely useless speculation to consider what Alexander would have done had he been borne on a farm in New England in the nineteenth century, instead of in a palace in Macedon twenty-three hundred years ago.

Doubtless the young Alexander would have been a bright boy under whatever circumstances he was reared. A young fellow who conquered the world at the age of thirty was made of strong and sturdy fibre, and of a limitless reservoir of energy, that could not be suppressed by the weight of any circumstances. But if Alexander had been born on a New England farm or a western cattle ranch, he would not have developed into a conqueror. He might have made a great statesman like Webster, the New Hampshire farm-boy or a great financier like Jay Gould, the young surveyor, or, quite possibly a great showman like Barnum, who is now negotiating for Alexander's dust.

The biography of Alexander the Great is a very fascinating one for boys, and doubtless many a youthful head has been turned by reading the life of the young conqueror. Alexander wept for more worlds to conquer, but many a youthful emulator who reads his history weeps because there is no opportunity for conquering one world.

Let the young lad, however, take comfort in the thought that Alexander, if placed under similar circumstances, would have been no conqueror, and it would have been supremely ridiculous for him to attempt to become one. Let the boys remember that the business of conquering has fallen into disrepute in these times, and not allow their heads to become turned by the old achievements of Alexander and Hannibal and Napoleon.

After all there are greater possibilities awaiting the boys of today than ever awaited the young son of Philip of Macedon. Every American boy has possibilities that Alexander never had. There is a chance for him (and Alexander only had a chance) to become the founder of new states, the developer of new regions, the leader of new movements, the preacher of new creeds. When Cyrus Field laid the first Atlantic cable, he did a bigger work for the world than did Alexander when he conquered Darius. When Morse invented the telegraph he laid the foundation for tremendous and unheard of progress. When Alexander conquered the Persian empire, he laid the foundation for wars and bloody repine for countless generations. Napoleon was the last of the moderns who attempted to gain any great extent of empire by conquest. When Thomas Jefferson bought Louisiana of Napoleon, he showed the Great Corsican a better way of conquest than his genius had ever suggested. Where is Napoleon's empire now? But Louisiana of Jefferson, embracing nearly all our territory between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains—and beyond—is already one of the greatest empires on earth and destined for untold stride of progress.

So the occupation of conqueror is gone, and the modern boy who reads the life of Alexander the Great need not envy the reckless and dissipated young king. He was a great king in his day, but there is a possibility for the modern American boy to do more good in the world than he did.—*Yankee Blade.*

The Heart's Mechanism.

In the human subject the average rapidity of the cardiac pulsation for an adult male is about 70 beats per minute. These beats are more frequent, as a rule, in young children and in women, and there are variations within certain limits in particular persons, owing to peculiarities of organization. It would not necessarily be an abnormal sign to find in some particular individuals the habitual frequency of the heart's action from 60 to 65, or from 75 to 80 a minute. As a rule, the heart's action is slower and more powerful in fully developed and muscular organizations, and more rapid and feebler in those of slighter form. In animals, the range is from 25 to 45 in the cold blooded, and 50 upward in the warm-blooded animals, except in the case of the horse, which has a very slow heart-beat, only 40 strokes a minute. The pulsations of men and all animals differ with the sea level also. The work of a healthy human heart has been shown to equal the feat of raising 5 tons 4 cwt. one foot per hour, or 125 in twenty-four hours. The excess of his work under alcohol in varying quantities is often very great. A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson giving the work of the heart in mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of sixty-nine strokes per minute, and at the assumed force of nine feet, the mileage of blood through the body might be taken as 207 yards per minute, seven miles per hour, 158 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of 84 years. The number of the beats of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,776,000.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Le Petit Journal of Paris on one day during the recent excitement printed 960,000 copies. Nineteen thousand more Irishmen left their native land last year than in the year before.

Electricity has been found to travel 288,000 miles per second, under favorable circumstances.

Col. Cash, of South Carolina, wanted to live to work off about five more duels, but death was relentless.

The prospect for an immense crop of peaches in the Michigan fruit belt this year is considered excellent.

Spring has so far advanced in Southern Indiana that a bare-footed woman is occasionally to be met with.

Bears are playing sad havoc with the Canadian Pacific telegraph lines at Griffin Lake and Revelstoke, Quebec.

A Chicago artist has painted a cat which appears so life-like that a saucer of milk left in the room soon disappears.

The decrease of salmon in the Columbia River is causing fishermen to change their base of operations to Alaska.

British Columbians are agitating for a mint. The Dominion has no gold coins, and its silver and copper currency is made in England.

Lake Huron is lower than the oldest residents ever saw it. The water is two feet below the lowest point of a year and a half ago.

Scientific tests in Hungary show that corn will produce the largest yield of milk, while sorghum produces milk of the richest quality.

The wool clip of southern Utah this year will exceed that of last season by 500,000 pounds, and will probably reach 4,000,000 pounds.

Recent very severe frost at Jefferson, Tex., the great fruit-growing section of the state, have greatly injured the fruit buds, and it is feared, nearly destroyed the crop.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington, in a recent report on the stock in the country, estimates the number of horses in Kentucky at 300,000, valued at \$28,000,000.

A Pittsburg man has invented a cigar holder which permits a man to smoke five cigars at one time. As an offset some one should invent a mouth to hold five quids of tobacco.

The gentleman in an Illinois town who is charged with stealing a well, the only one in the vicinity that never fails, seems to have caught the spirit of the age. He will be organizing a water trust presently.

It requires 7,000 barrels of potatoes every day to supply the New York city market at this season. Last year at this time potatoes sold, wholesale, at \$1.50 to \$1.60. This year they are quoted at \$2.12 to \$2.30.

There is a movement in Mexico to encourage the immigration of German farmers, and to increase the production of cotton in the northeastern part of that republic. It is stated that the soil is as well adapted to the growth of cotton as is that of Texas.

Edwin D. Hilton, a Paterson machinist, has completed a silk loom which occupies less space than a type writer, and weaves silk handkerchiefs of a pretty pattern, four inches square. A child can operate it. Silk manufacturers of Paterson say it is the smallest working loom ever made.

Illinois has never had a Speaker of the House or a President of the Senate, and no Speaker has ever lived west of the Mississippi. Rhode Island and Delaware, among the Eastern States, have never been honored with the speakership, and neither Louisiana nor Alabama has ever had a Speaker.

There is agitation in New England for separate sleeping cars for women; and upon several grounds such cars are very desirable. What is more needed, however, is a separate toilet room for the woman who locks the door and spends an hour in deliberately doing up her hair while a score of her sisters are waiting outside.

The cattle trust at Denver, Col., has just closed a contract with the French Government to supply the French army with 150,000 head of beef cattle annually. The cattle will all be range stock. The shipments will be made to Chicago, where the cattle will be slaughtered. The price to be paid has not been made public.

A 12-pound cannon shot was found imbedded seventeen inches deep in an oak tree in the suburbs of Franklin, Tenn. It was evidently fired from a Federal cannon during the bloody battle twenty-three years ago, as it entered the tree on the side next to town. The fibres of oak are still attached to the ball, and are nearly as hard as the iron itself.

An experiment is being made on the California coast to test the utility of ocean wave force. On an opening in some cliffs great fans are suspended, and their movement at the ebb and flow of the waves is so geared as to work immense pumps which are designed to fill large reservoirs on elevations, these being used to supply water power to manufacturing of various kinds.

The rite of burning the body after death is held in high veneration by the Buddhists, as they believe by this process its material parts are restored to the higher elements. Whereas burial, or the abandonment of the body to dogs and vultures, inspires a peculiar horror, since, according to their belief, the body must then return to the earth and pass through countless forms of the lower orders of creation, before it can again be fitted for the occupation of a human soul.

About a year ago an elderly and wealthy maiden, M'lie de Cuzien, died in Paris, and to the horror and dismay of her kith and kin a will was produced bequeathing her property, amounting to £100,000, to hospitals, asylums and other charitable institutions. Much to the relatives' apparent surprise, recently information came from the old dame's gardener, who had been retained in the household, that she, while working in a greenhouse, lit upon a later will drawn up in the most unimpeachable legal form. On lifting up a melon-plant he found a company prospectus, milled and discolored, and was about to throw it away when another piece of paper slipped from it, which turned out to be a will framed by M'lie de Cuzien only three days before she expired, and leaving the whole property, with the exception of a few legacies, to the lady's family. The charitable institutions will get test.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

UNGROUND FEED FOR SHEEP.

A few oats fed in troughs are excellent for ewes to stimulate milk production. The oat is bulky in proportion to weight, and therefore does not clog the stomach. It also contains the right elements for making plenty of milk, and is less fattening than corn. No kind of grain needs to be ground for sheep, as they digest it perfectly if fed whole.

SECURING GRAFTS.

It is important that grafts be cut before the buds begin to swell. In the cherry and plum this is very essential to success. It is better to cut all grafts early in Spring, and cover with dry sand in the cellar until ready to use. Some grafters cut in the Fall, but this involves unnecessary labor in keeping grafts in good condition through the Winter.

MILK PRODUCTION OF HEIFERS.

The first year that a heifer gives milk is very important in determining its after value for the dairy. It will pay to stimulate milk production in heifers, and try to keep it up as long as possible, for the effect of such treatment in future years. A heifer that does not after good feeding respond in a liberal product of milk and butter is presumably not worth keeping as a cow, and should be fattened as soon as possible.

SUCCULENT FOOD FOR COWS.

Recent experiments throw some doubt on the old belief that succulence in food best for cows. If given plenty of water of the right temperature, they will produce as much milk on dry meal and fodder as on that moistened. In summer, succulent food is best, because the cow needs more water during warm weather. But if fed entirely on green food in winter, the cow may be obliged to take too much water in her food.

PEARS ON HEAVY SOIL.

It is generally conceded by fruit growers that a stiff clay is the best soil for the pear. It is not because sandy soil is lacking in appropriate plant food that it fails to grow fruit. Adding stable manure only makes the matter worse. It is difficult to add mineral fertilizers in amounts sufficient to harden the soil. This seems to be what is needed to exclude air and thus preserve an equable temperature, with moisture enough to keep the roots reasonably cool. The sudden changes in temperature in light dry soil are always predisposing causes of blight.

LOW MUCK WAGONS.

For hauling out manure low wagons with wide tires are much better than high ones. They are easier to load, and the wide tire prevents deep cutting into the soil. Old wheels, not strong enough for service on large, high wagons, may be cut down, and with some new spokes will be ample for the heavy work on the farm, which is much less severe on wagons than driving on hard roads. In a low wheel the strength is concentrated so that it will bear a much greater weight than the same spokes before they are cut down. The expense of such truck wagons is slight, and their convenience great.

PRUNING EVERGREENS.

It is extremely difficult to prune evergreens without spoiling their beauty. The natural growth is graceful, and unless the tree has been planted where it ought not, is most appropriate. It should be considered that evergreens often planted in dooryards naturally grow to be monarchs of the forest and fit for lumber. After twenty years or more, these drop their lower branches, or rather they die and are cut off by the owner, forced at last to prune. But when this happens, the tree had better be cut down, and a new one planted in its place. An overgrown evergreen is not a thing of beauty, though it may be all the better as a windbreak.

THE FARMER'S RIDDLE.

What is it can be taken from land and leave it better? This is the conundrum that all farmers have to solve. Taking water from a great deal of farming land improves it, and this is one answer. But when it comes to cropping, then trying to get something from the land without making it poorer seems very like the dream of the philosophers about getting something out of nothing. The answer to the riddle is in one word—clover. This is the season for clover seeding, and is, therefore, the right time for putting and answering this riddle. Sow clover whenever there is a chance; sow it liberally and not grudgingly. It is the farmer's only opportunity of making under all circumstances a clear profit—getting a valuable crop without leaving his land poorer thereby.

APPLE ORCHARDS AS WINDBREAKS.

Since the clearing away of forests the sweep of cold winds is much more injurious than it used to be. Perhaps the weather is not absolutely colder, but it is more piercing both to men and stock. The snows also are swept out of fields where they are wanted, and into roads where they are only a nuisance. The apple is a hardy fruit, and many farmers now are learning to plant their orchards on the windward side of their farms, or at least so as to shelter houses and barns. The trouble is that with an unobstructed sweep of wind it passes under apple trees, driving snow and with little diminution of its cold. To remedy this a fence or hedge should encircle the windward side of the orchard, to break the wind's force near the surface of the earth.

WATERING HEATED HORSES.

Most farmers know the danger of foundering horses by allowing them to drink unrestrainedly after being warmed by working or fast driving. The danger is greatest when the water is coldest. It is the sudden chill of cold water on a heated stomach that

does the mischief. Water in spring is chilled from melting ice long after the air has been warmed above the freezing point. All through the summer and until quite late in fall water is colder than the air. If the water is warmed up to near the temperature of the animal, it may be drunk without injury. Horses at work have little time at noon to cool off, and will eat better after a drink of water warmed enough to take the chill off. This can be given without danger of injury, if made warm enough.

ROTATION FOR GARDENS.

It is good occasionally to give the garden a rest by seeding it with clover or grass for a year or two, and highly manuring some other plot to use in its stead. It requires, however, one or two years time to bring up even rich farming land to the condition needed for garden purposes. The beginning should be made now by manuring heavily a clover sod and planting with early potatoes. Then in the Fall manure again, and sow the patch with rye to be plowed under in Spring. By this means the manure will be thoroughly incorporated in the soil. The old garden after its use this Summer may be sown with rye or wheat, and seeded with grass in the Fall and with clover seed next spring. In two or three years this will restore a lightness and fertility to the soil that cannot be got in any other way.

COTTON SEED AS A FERTILIZER.

For many years Southern planters have used cotton seed as a manure, first piling it in heaps to rot it so that the seeds will not germinate. It is very rich in nitrogen and phosphate, thus returning to the soil the most important elements of plant food that the cotton crop takes from it. But since the value of cotton-seed meal as a feed has been proven, little is now used in its crude state. The manure from a ton of cotton-seed meal is said by chemists to be worth \$25 or more per ton, according to the kind of stock fed with it. The meal can be bought at wholesale at little more than its manurial value. It is therefore good policy for Northern farmers to feed as much as they can without injury to their stock. It is very rich, and needs to be given with other less concentrated forms of nutriment.

GREEN PEAS FOR THE TABLE.

Farmers of all others should have a succession of the choicest vegetables. If they fail in this, as so many do, they do not improve their privileges as they ought, and might just about as well live in the crowded city as on the farm. The green pea season on most farms is shortened too much, and on some it never comes at all. To have peas four or five weeks requires three varieties; two early and one late should be sown, and with two or more plantings of these. For the very earliest a smooth early variety may be planted, as these are more hardy than the sweeter wrinkled sorts. Then a week or ten days later plant the early wrinkled sorts, like Little Gem, and at the same time Champion of England. This last is a tall variety, and the three plantings will keep a succession fully three weeks. A second planting both of these early and late varieties may be made ten days later, and these will generally escape mildew. If planted after the soil becomes heated the mildew attacks the vine and ruins it before the peas are large enough to use.

RETAINING MOISTURE IN THE SOIL.

As the country grows older droughts become more injurious, because the effect of cultivation is generally to diminish the natural capacity of the soil to hold moisture. As the vegetable matter decreases the surface becomes hardened, the water from rains and snows runs off instead of sinking down into the soil. For this reason many small springs fail, as the water runs away early on the surface, instead of slowly filtering into the reservoirs that formerly supplied them. This is especially true on heavy land, whose capacity for retaining moisture depends largely on the vegetable matter that it contains. It is a common mistake to think that underdraining makes soils dryer in times of drought. On the contrary, it does exactly the reverse. The drain, by removing surplus stagnant water, allows the soil to freeze to a greater depth, and thus becomes more porous. The value of an underdrain thus increases with the deeper freezing of each successive Winter, because this increases the capacity of the soil to retain water. This is one reason why drains should be made at least three feet in our Northern climate, so as to get them down below reach of injurious freezing. Generally, however, when the soil freezes so deeply there is no water in the tiles, and if they or the soil around them be frozen it does the drain no damage.—*American Cultivator.*

A Study in Skeletons.

Miss Blank is a teacher in the Girls' Latin School. In teaching anatomy she uses the articulated skeleton of a girl and beginners in the study of anatomy in Miss Blank's class are usually very much impressed by her familiarity with the to them awesome object. Not long ago a new girl in the class, sat through the lesson in a sort of stupefied silence, gazing fearfully at the grinning skeleton and amazedly at the teacher who handled it with such serene composure. When the lesson was over, the new girl, making a frightened detour around the skeleton, approached Miss Blank, and in a horrified, thrilling whisper inquired: "Is that the skeleton of a Latin school girl or a high school girl?" Miss Blank was compelled to confess ignorance on that vital point.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

A Train Despatcher's Story.

Several years ago I was employed as train despatcher on a southwestern American railroad. As usual there were three of us in the office. I had what is called the "second trick," my hours of duty being from 4 P. M. to 12 P. M. The third man, Charley Burns, who came on at midnight and worked till 8 A. M., was a particular friend of mine. He was a young man of high character, a fine despatcher and popular; and when, during the burning days of July, it became known among the men that he was confined to his room by a severe attack of malignant fever, many were the expressions of regret and of hope for his speedy recovery.

During the trying days of Charley's illness, I spent all the time I could spare by his side, but on account of his absence from the office, it was necessary for the remaining two of us to "double up"—that is, work twelve hours each, my watch being from 8 P. M. to 8 A. M.

I came on duty one evening feeling very badly. The weather was warm I could not sleep well in the daytime; besides, I had spent a considerable part of the day with Charley, whose illness had now reached a critical stage, and seemed to show little prospect of improvement.

Hence, as you may imagine, I was not at all pleased to find that I was likely to have a busy night of it. A wreck on the road during the day had thrown all of the regular trains off time, and besides the usual number of special freights, there was a special passenger train to leave Linwood, the eastern terminus of our division, at 11 P. M., with a large party of excursionists returning from a picnic. For several hours I had my hands full. There was a special train of live stock bound east, which had to be kept moving, and was being delayed by hot journals; nevertheless, I hoped to get them into Linwood before the excursion train started west.

As usually happens in such cases, the excursion train did not leave on time and it was 11:40 P. M. when they reported orders at Linwood. I fixed up their orders, got the report of their departure from Linwood at 11:45, and entered it on the train sheet. Then having for the first time that night a few minutes' breathing time, I rose from the table and went over and seated myself by the window, where it was cooler than under the heated gas jets over the table. I was alone in the office; and as I sat there enjoying the cool breeze which came in through an open window, a neighboring church clock rang out the hour of 12. From force of habit I glanced at the door, almost expecting to hear Charley's light footfall on the stair, and see the door open to admit him as of old.

"Poor fellow," I thought, "it will be a long time before he enters that door again, if he ever does." Just at the last stroke of 12, and while my eyes were still fixed on the door, it opened and Charley Burns entered. My astonishment may be imagined better than I can describe it. My first thought was that in the delirium of fear he had escaped from his nurses, and made his way to the office, but when I left him a few hours before, I could not have believed that he had strength to get out of bed. I sat and watched him in speechless surprise, which was increased by his strange manner.

Instead of his usual hearty greeting he took no notice of me at all, but walked directly to the table and sat down. Placing his hand on the key he began calling "Q," which was the signal of Elm Grove, the first station, six miles west of Linwood. "I. I. Q." came the response. "Put out signal for special passenger west and copy." "Ro," "Ro," "Ds." rang out the sounder with Charley's nimble fingers upon the key. "Ro" was the call for Rose-dale, the second station from Linwood, eight miles west of Elm Grove. "I. I. Ro," came back the answer.

"Is special east coming? Ds." Then as I sat by my window as one paralyzed, the awful truth flashed across my mind. I had overlooked the stock train, thundering eastward twenty miles an hour, and made no provision for its meeting the excursion train. My blood seemed turned to ice as I heard the reply:

"They are at the switch. Ro." Another minute and it would have been too late.

Still apparently oblivious of my presence, Charley reached for the order book with his left hand, while his right hand continued to manipulate the key, and I heard the sounded click:

Out signal and copy Ds. Order No. 784. To C. and E. Eng. 34 Ro. C. and E. Eng. 19 O. Special east eng. 34 will take siding and make special west eng. 19 at Rose-dale. 12 J. W. M. Quick as a flash came back the response from each station, and in less time than it takes me to write it the order had been repeated and signed by the conductor and engineer of each train, while Charley copied it into the order book and returned his "O. K."

Then, as I realized that I was saved and a great disaster averted, and revulsion of feeling was to much for my overstrained nerves and I lost consciousness. An hour after I was awakened by a familiar voice and looked up to find Frank Dwyer, one of our conductors who had volunteered to watch with Charley, standing over me. "With up, old man," said he, "I have had bad news for you. Charley died just as the clock was striking 12." I roused myself and went to the ta-

ble. There on the order book, was the order just as I had heard it clicked out by the sounder, and "Ro" was calling me to report the two trains safely by. Had I been dreaming and sent the order in my sleep, or had my friend redeemed his promise?

The writing in the order book was in his hand, and I never have been able to account for it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How Men Act at Fires.

The burning of the Union Square Theatre, of which we were an eye-witness, recalled to mind the burning of the old Capitol of Austin, Texas, about six years ago.

Whatever improvements may have been made in extinguishing fires, of those who participate in a fire so to speak, will always be about the same in large cities as in the country towns.

The old Texas Capitol, with its dome, was an architectural monstrosity. The best description of it was that of a country legislator, who said it looked like a big watermelon on top of a corn crib.

Well, it caught fire one day and went up in the flames, and everybody was glad of it. It was a thrilling scene. The fire fiend's cruel tongue licked the fair proportions of the historic pile, while huge volumes of black smoke poured out of the doomed building, enveloping the fair city of Austin like a sable funeral pall, while the toot, toot of the fire engines and the hoarse profanity of the enthusiastic firemen seemed a solemn and appropriate dirge as the old sarcophagus tumbled in.

The same confusion that prevailed at the Union Square Theatre in the efforts to save property was observable at the destruction of the old Capitol. One colored man was particularly excited, he rushed into the burning building and rescued a large office desk. He had the whole western hemisphere to choose as a place of deposit for that desk, but the only place that seemed to suit him was a precipice or embankment twenty feet high. He approached the brink, raised the desk high above his head and hurling it down the abyss, where it lay on its back, holding up its legs in a supplicating attitude.

What singular things men will do at a fire! In a vestibule of the burning Capitol was a small monument erected in memory of the heroes who gave up their lives at the Alamo, the Thermopylae of Texas. Four old Texas veterans determined that the monument carved out of the blood stained stones of the sacred Alamo should not be allowed to perish. With tears in their eyes they went in pursuit of an axe. It was an impressive sight to see these four aged men come back with a long handled axe, and while the lurid flames lit up the scene, and the Genus of History despairingly fluttered over the cherished monument, give the old obelisk a whack, and the record of historic deeds crumbled into small chunks of plaster of Paris.

Why do men, during a fire, chop down fruit trees, pry away the stone doorsteps, pour a pitcher of molasses out of the second-story window over a brother fireman, and peel the lining off their throats yelling "fire!" smash the looking glasses with the tongs, and carry the latter carefully down stairs, after piling the feather beds in the middle of the floor? These are mysteries which will never be explained.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Diamond In Her Tooth.

About a year ago it became fashionable in New York for young ladies to have a diamond set in one of their teeth which sparkled resplendently when ever they smiled. The fashion grew in popularity and was adopted in other of the large cities, but until recently the extravagant habit did not reach Louisville. Now, however, there is a young lady who can be seen promenading Fourth avenue almost any afternoon, her red, ripe lips parted with a sweet smile. At the point of one of her upper front teeth sparkles a brilliant little stone, which is the occasion of the ever-pleased mood of its fair owner. The young lady, who is the daughter of a banker, recently returned from a visit to New York, and while there "caught on" to the craze. She has numerous rare and costly stones, but it is safe to say that none nor all of them give their fair owner half the pleasure extracted from the diminutive gem imbedded in her pearly front teeth. The case mentioned is probably the only one of the kind in Louisville.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

She Insulted the Doctor.

Mother. Why doesn't Dr. Brown come to see you now, Carrie?
Daughter. I can't tell, ma. He came three nights a week up to three weeks ago. Then he suddenly stopped coming.

Mother. Did you say anything to him that could offend him?

Daughter. No. On the contrary, I was more tender and affectionate on the night of his last call than I had ever been before. In fact, I called him a duck.

Mother (in a harsh, grating voice). A what?

Daughter. A duck.

Mother. I'm not surprised that he hasn't called. My child, when you are receiving the attention of a physician you cannot be too careful in the selection of terms of endearment. Remember that there is an intimate relation between a duck and a quack. The daughter reddened and bowed her head and wept.—*Boston Courier.*

HOW THEY GREW RICH.

Millionaires Who Believed in Economy.

Says a New York special to *The Cincinnati Times-Star*: Many persons who marvel at the wonderful accumulation of money possessed by some of their fellow citizens do not reflect upon the fact that these accumulations are often due to close economy in expenditures. Your reporter lately came across two extraordinary instances of economy on the part of the two millionaires, the late Alexander T. Stewart and the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt.

"I shaved Mr. Stewart," said a Fifth Avenue Hotel barber, for fifteen years steadily when he was a patron of the Metropolitan Hotel barber shop. In all that time he never once thought of presenting a gratuity. He paid the same price that any other man would for a shave or a hair cut, and that was the end of it. It was even more the custom then than now for regular patrons to tip their regular barbers once in a while and particularly at Christmas or New Year's. Therefore Mr. Stewart's omission was all the more singular.

"One afternoon some years ago, Mr. Stewart dropped into the hotel barber shop, and while he was in the chair a severe snow storm came on. I suggested, as he had been quite ill for some time, it would be advisable for him to take a coupe home. I went out to the bar and asked a cabman what was the lowest price for taking Mr. Stewart home. They all knew that there was no use asking a fancy price for him, and so I was told that I could get a coupe for him for \$1.25, I went back and reported. "Too much; too much," he said, sharply. "I can not afford any such price. I will ride home in a stage; first, and that will only be ten cents; and so he did."

The anecdote about Mr. Vanderbilt's care of money came from a porter of the Manhattan Beach Hotel. "The summer before last," he said, "I was called to the office one afternoon and told by the clerk that Wm. H. Vanderbilt was in the house and that he had mislaid his traveling bag. I was told to find it, if possible. I started out full of dreams of sudden wealth. I went by rail to Bay Ridge, paying my own fare, and found that the bag was not there. Then I paid another fare to New York and searched all over the landing at the Battery. The bag was not to be found. Then I paid another fare and went down to the Island and went over to the Oriental Hotel, and there I found the bag. It had been taken to that hotel by mistake. I brushed myself up, dusted off the bag and carried it to Mr. Vanderbilt's room, knocked gently and was told to come in, and I presented the bag with a great flourish and expected, of course, that I should get at least a ten dollar bill as I was out from \$1.25 to \$1.50 and several hours of searching. He said quickly, "Thanks, porter. I am glad I got it," and opening the bag to see if the contents were all right, revealed the fact that there was only a single shirt in it. Then he snapped the bag shut, dived into his trousers pocket and fished out a quarter by all that is holy. I left that room in a hurry, and you could have knocked me down with a feather when I got out into the hall."

Mysterious Music in Kentucky.

A young lady who is a very fine vocalist was telling me an incident of an annoying experience with a tuneless breastpin. Her attention was first directed to the music in her ornament on an occasion when she was particularly anxious to show the sweetness of her voice. As she sang she became conscious of a shrill, harsh and metallic sound like a loose wire of a piano. She stopped in the middle of the song and asked if there was not something wrong.

It was readily seen that the piano was all right, and the only inference left was that the discordant noise was her own. She was deeply mortified, and it was not till some time afterward, and after several repetitions of her former experience, that she discovered the source of the sound—a loose ornament of a breastpin which she wore close to her throat. The vibrations of her vocal chords were transmitted in some way to this pin, thus setting the ornament in motion, which grated against its setting and created a most disagreeable noise.—*Louisville Post.*

A Far-Sighted Boy.

A four-year-old boy was taken to the window a few mornings since and shown the bright planet of the morning sky, which was shining with remarkable brightness through an exceptionally clear atmosphere. He was told that it was Venus, and admired it greatly. At the breakfast table he related the experience with great animation. "I saw a big star," he said; "its name was Pennants, and it was pointed at both ends."

As the form of the planet is that of a sharp-pointed crescent it is evident that that boy's eyes are much better to be trusted than his ears.—*Boston Transcript.*

Wouldn't Be Woman If She Didn't.

"You and your husband should settle these little troubles between yourselves," said the minister, "and not come to me. From what you have said I should judge you were rather obstinate."
"Ob, no," she replied, "indeed, I'm not. But I admit I always like to have my own way."—*Judge.*

The Santa Fe has completed its Chicago extension and is now running through trains from Chicago to Kansas City.

Did Oskaloosa go republican or democratic at the late election? We know it was an unmanly affair, and that is all.

The final decree of Judge Brewster has been filed in the United States court that declares that beer can no longer be made in Kansas.

Yellow is the Kansas color. The sunflower is its noted flower. Its fields of golden grain are famous, and now it has a mountain of yellow ochre of first grade.

If this thing of electing women to the offices keeps on in Kansas we will change names with the territory to the southwest, and call it No Man's Land, so we will.

The Osage Free Press predicts that Blaine will be nominated. If he is the News predicts that he will be beaten worse than before, and this it wants put on record.

Congressional tickets will be put in the field early this year. So far as republicans are concerned, nominations will be and should be only matters of form.

Almost every man in Kansas whose name frequently appears in the papers, is nosing around for some kind of an office, it is only a delegate to some convention where he would be like a drop of water in the Kaw river.

Would it not be a good indication if the people would unite and make Judge John Martin the next governor of Kansas. He would, with perhaps a few exceptions, satisfy the democrats, and if he was worthy to be used by republicans to beat W. C. Webb for district judge, he certainly ought to suit the republicans.

Ingalls is opposed to Albert Griffin as a delegate from Kansas to the national convention. We note this as one thing in Ingalls' favor. This state ought to be able to take care of itself without the aid of a guardian from New York. As to the anti-saloon dodge it has died out, and will not figure. Griffin is to be pitied however, since he finds it so difficult to get some little office.

So far as heard from there are only six candidates for lieutenant governor. Altogether there are 1000 office beggars seeking place as state or federal officers in Kansas. This office hunting ought to be made respectable. The men best fitted for office don't go around begging for position. Men who do it have weak spots in their heads, and are the very ones that the people ought to ignore. They may be compared with snide jewelers.

The Wamego Wamegan says they have there a family of dog eaters. There is nothing surprising in this; Kansas people do any thing they want in this line with impunity. This is the greatest and grandest state in the union. Our politicians are noted for their digestive powers. They eat dog, and crow, and dirt, and grow fat, and big on such diet. There's Ingalls who flew the track and went for McClellan and the noted copperhead Pendleton. There's father Baker who turned mugwump and went off on the Greeley tack. There's Bro. Hudson who took hay seed with the Grangers. There are hundreds of unnamed, notorious political dirt eaters who are now healthy and ravenous.

The morning papers relate the story of one North, a janitor in the Santa Fe building who was caught yesterday in the act of stealing a \$20 bill from the safe of Claim Agent Foulks. It seems that money has been missed before, and so a trap as it is called was set to catch the thief. But the trap was no trap at all, but a miserable temptation that was just as likely to catch a heretofore innocent man as otherwise. A safe was purposely left open and money exposed, while a clerk was in hiding as the janitor came in to clean up. He foolishly stole a \$20 bill. He admits it, gives a plausible but not sufficient reason for yielding, but denies ever stealing before. No one will excuse his act or offer any apology. But it does not prove in the remotest manner that he stole the package before lost. The "trap" was one that gave no assurance that it would take the guilty person. It was simply a test that might have been applied to any man's honesty at any time. If it caught a victim it could not prove past guilt. No corresponding circumstances existed between this and former thefts, if thefts there have been. It is not supposed that it was the practice to leave money so exposed. But in this case it was done, and then all left the room except one spy. It was a "trap" well calculated to ruin any naturally honest, but weak man. Our judgment would be that the signed against may be as guilty as the signing one. At least it certainly was no smart nor shrewd, nor christian act to set such a trap. Common fairness required that even a suspected thief be subjected to only the ordinary temptation.

Colonel H. A. Parker, general manager of the C. K. & N. railroad, is lying very dangerously ill at Chicago. His sickness is said to be the effect of blood poisoning.

The latest reports from Mr. Conkling, are that he is not actually improving.

One urgent need of the country is more independence in voting. Yes, more mugwumps if you please. Loosen party ties.

The Los Angeles delinquent tax list only filled forty-four columns each twenty-six inches long. It was quite a boom in its way.

Some of the New York women dudes who have no diamonds in their minds are having one or more set in their front teeth. None of these women are interested in the suffrage movement.

Democrats are working for increased majorities in Mississippi, Georgia and Florida as republicans are working for greater majorities in Kansas. Just what is to be gained by either party is not clear.

The Commonwealth is very sorry over a report that there was crookedness in the Belyue postoffice. The gentleman "about who," the rumor was circulated, denies its truth.

An unauthentic report is going the rounds that Maine is getting tired of prohibition. We may as well wait until election. On the other hand it is said that Illinois will go democratic. Same advice as above.

This great state should return Congressman Ryan, and every other member of the Kansas delegation in congress. The first break that should be made should be in permitting Senator Ingalls to remain at home.

It is said that Albert Griffin will give up his wish to be sent to the national convention from the state at large, and will ask the fifth district where he formerly lived to send him from that. Perhaps every one in that district will readily smother his ambition to satisfy him. Perhaps so.

The Missouri Bald Knobbers have all been sentenced, several to hang for murder, May 18, and others to imprisonment for various terms. Ignorant defiance of law and decency brings the same results whether the parties are anarchists in large cities, or murderous boors in the Missouri mountains.

George M. Stone, the Topeka artist now in Paris, has had the honor of having one of his pictures admitted to the Salon to be opened in that city in May. But a very small proportion of pictures entered are admitted, hence it is always a triumph when a new artist secures such recognition.

The Atchison Patriot says the Topeka Democrat comes as near being an organ of democracy as the bible is a guide for horse thieves. Some of these democrats have strange notions. They go on the theory that a democrat needs to have no common sense. They are always ready to go it blind. Indeed they are blind and would be leaders of the blind. The federal office holders of this state just now belong to this class. The Democrat is not always wise. It made a terrible blunder in the late city campaign. Generally it is the most level headed democratic paper in the state, and the little fellows that are drawing nutriment from the government udder, are not in position to wisely criticize it.

W. N. ALLEN EXPLAINS.

Meriden Apr. 13, 1888.

ED. NEWS.—

I have received letters from gentlemen of the North Western states asking the question "In what respect does the Farmers Trust" differ from the Grange?"

I can answer without prejudice as I have been a member of the Grange for the past seventeen years.

The Grange tried to regulate prices on what the farmers had to buy. The Farmers Trust undertakes to control the prices on what the farmers have to sell. The one appoints agents to buy cheap; the others will appoint agents to sell to the best advantage. The Grange is a secret social society; its members are bound together by moral obligations; it sought to effect legislation and to accomplish political ends. It excludes from membership all persons who are not farmers.

The Farmers Trust has no secrets, signs, pass-words, nor black-balls, and its members are bound together by pecuniary obligations—has a pocket interest, and a business end. It seeks for the best business talent and invites the co operation of all men of brains experience and business integrity.

A distinguished gentleman from Illinois, writes me suggesting "Farmers protective union" as a substitute for the name Farmers Trust.

I am aware there is a prejudice against anything that has the name of "Trust." But this is owing to the fact that the object of a Trust is so little understood.

A Trust is a union of business institutions, and its object is to prevent ruinous competition in trade; experience having demonstrated that competition is not the safe and honest method of doing business. To competition may be traced eighty per cent. of all business failures, and the survival of the fittest or strongest becomes an oppressive monopoly.

A Trust is a compact between two or more independent business firms,

agreeing to do or not to do a certain thing in the line of their business, and implies a trustee to execute the trust, who is restricted or limited to the specific object of the trust. By these modern institutions, uniform grade of prices are established, thus protecting the weak against the strong; respectively reserving to each member of the union all the rights and powers not delegated to the Trust.

A Trust therefore is decentralizing in its influence, and a check upon monopoly; the latter being a consolidation of capital or a centralization of business power, acting under one supreme principal head; deriving its nourishment and growth from the failure and ruin of competitors in its trade. When a combination in business assumes this character it ceases to be a Trust, and becomes a monopoly.

The manufacturing and commercial classes are organized; but the agricultural, the fundamental industrial class, is unorganized, and at the mercy of the other two.

The Farmers Trust movement therefore has become a necessity in order to secure an equitable exchange of products, and to restore the normal condition of trade, or an equilibrium of production and consumption.

The Inter-state Convention of Farmers called to meet at Topeka, Kansas, May 1st, 1888, is to be a delegate and mass convention; Any Farmer or Stock Raiser will be admitted with out reference to credentials.

WALTER N. ALLEN, President,
Farmers Trust,
Meriden, Kansas.

The Topeka Democrat is getting on its high horse. It don't purpose standing any more fooling. Hear it.

We give it out point blank that we have taken about all the insults from the federal official press of this state that we intend to. We have tried to treat all members of the Kansas press fairly, and as gentlemen. Some of these parties, however, mistake our position, of dignified journalism for one of weakness and harpy-like gloat, and croak and swell with abusive and obscene epithets, that should disgrace any reputable newspaper in the land. We don't object to honest criticism, in fact we rather enjoy it. Personal abuse and diatribes, however, will avail nothing before an impartial public, but on the contrary, will prove veritable boomerangs to those who so freely indulge in them. Gentlemen, we will see you later, and it will not be so very long either.

Judge Brewer has rendered an opinion in case of Hulbert, vs. Topeka, sustaining the demurrer to the petition of the plaintiff, Francis G. Hulbert, the deceased, intestate, while on the streets of Topeka, was injured and it was claimed that the injury was caused by negligence in failing to keep that streets in good repair. The petition set up the fact of the injury, that by it deceased was seriously injured and put to considerable expense and remained disabled up to the time of her death, and that those injuries caused her death. To this petition a demurrer was filed, which is sustained by Judge Brewer on the ground that suit could not be brought by an administrator, but by the deceased's next of kin. Judge Brewer reviews the law at length, showing that this principle has been thoroughly established in the decisions of this state. The amount of damages demanded was \$2,000.

A country lad attempted to steal a pair of cuff buttons a day or two ago from M. S. Evans & Co. He was dealing with Lew Stair who had his eyes open. The boy was allowed to depart after receiving a moral lesson.

The dirt taken from Kansas avenue, North side, is being dumped in Soldier creek, at the foot of Central avenue, where, it is learned, a new bridge is to be built in the near future.

The members of the Young Men's Christian association gymnasium are preparing to give an exhibition on the evening of the 25th inst.

County Superintendent John Macdonald's decision, in refusing to divide district No. 19, has been sustained by the country board.

Some thirty indictments have been returned by the United States grand jury so far. Ten of the persons indicted are in custody and the others are out on bond.

Governor Martin filed a petition in error in the supreme court yesterday to reverse the order of Judge Guthrie made last Monday enjoining the governor from organizing Grant county.

Bishop Ninde and family left Oviedo, Florida, on the 10th inst. His family will return to Topeka direct, while he stops at Atlanta and other points in Georgia until the latter part of the month, when he will go to New York to attend the general conference of the M. E. church.

J. B. Evans and L. T. Yount have been appointed treasury examiners for the ensuing quarter, by the country commissioners.

Colonel S. B. Prouty, who is now at Las Vegas for his health, writes that he is improving rapidly.

A bright mulatto boy 4 years old, with short, straight hair, dressed in lead colored dress and coat of black goods, is missing from his home at Wamego, Kan. His father, James Beck, offers \$100 reward for the return of the boy alive or a liberal reward for information. It is supposed that he has been kidnapped or drowned.

WIDE AWAKE for April greets us with eighty pages overflowing with beautiful pictures, delightful stories and poems. Mrs. Sherwood's serial, "Those Cousins of Mabel's," enforces the usages of good society by the experience of the heroine.

The frontispiece, "Easter Lillies," is a charming illustration; a lovely girl, her arms filled with the lillies. Lieut. Fremont's breezy Indian story for boys, a paper on "Old Ballads of London" (the London Bridge famous in the nursery fable), an article on Landseer, the famous animal painter, beautifully illustrated, are all thoroughly entertaining though written with a serious purpose. A tale of two children and a lion, thrillingly illustrated by Sandham, gives the exciting element this month. Gregory meets with an unpleasant surprise in Sidney Luska's serial "My Uncle Florimond," Your newsdealer has this issue for 20 cents, or it will be mailed by the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston. A sample back number of any of the Lothrop magazines costs but 5 cents.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for May is at hand, and its contents are varied enough to suit the most fastidious taste. "Peterson" is always so fresh and bright, that one might think it still in its teens, instead of almost ready to celebrate its semi-centennial. Old subscribers always look on it as a friend that cannot be dispensed with, and new ones never fail to regret that they have not long before made its acquaintance. Capital stories and poetry are the rule, not the exception, and, together with its superb steelplate and other illustrations, make the contents of each month a rich treat. In all matters of dress, toilet, and needlework, "Peterson" designs and suggestions are fresh and novel, and its practical hints to housewives are always trustworthy. Our lady readers should all take this magazine. Terms only Two Dollars a year. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, Pa.

Captain J. Lee Knight, city assessor, yesterday appointed Albert Parker and Ed Buechner to assist in fixing the values of real estate in the city that shall form the basis for taxation for the next two years. This is a new departure but a good one, and his selection of assistants, like most of his work will meet general approval. Mr. Parker and Mr. Buechner stand high and their judgment will be generally respected.

It is said that in some of the schools of this city the children sing songs lauding John Brown and execrating Jeff Davis. If there is any thing in a remote degree of this kind the school board if their is no other power should see that it is stopped. It is entirely out of place.

What Topeka needs now is more work for its laborers, more money for the people and no matter about plating the town lots two or three miles away.

The St. Marys Gazette comes out enlarged this week, and blooming with prosperity.

Prof. Cook Heard From.

Prof. Cook lately wrote: "Having studied man and his relation fifty years, and having read Dr. E. B. Foot's 'plain Home Talk,' I say disinterestedly and emphatically, that it is worth its weight in gold; nay gold cannot measure its value to humanity. It is such a book as only such a healthy, well balanced, magnificent brain can produce. Dr. Foot is one of the few doctors who, in his writing and practice, seeks to cure, not kill; to save and prolong life, not obstruct, poison or destroy it; to teach people the structure, functions, facts, forces and relations of the human brain and body, teach them the significance of life and how to make it healthy and happy, also how to make the most of it. Its information, instruction and advice in regard to parentage, marriage, social and sexual functions and relations; its fact and laws of mental magnetic and temperamental adaptation in marriage and parentage that children may be healthy, happy and viable, etc., make it more valuable to suffering humanity than my poor words can express. What a vast amount of saving information for the people; a large book of 900 pages for only \$1.50. Murray Hill Publishing Company, 158 East 28th Street New York.

Popular Gardening expresses the opinions that among garden vegetable none are more widely acceptable than tender, sweet, well grown radishes, and it is the ambition of every good gardener to get not only a very early supply, but a supply more or less steady the year round. Through a constant crop of crisp, delicately flavored roots should be the aim.

Bill Miller of Doniphan county, was arrested at Topeka Wednesday, charged with murdering and robbing John Houce, a lad 19 years old, in the Indian territory last autumn. Houce's home is in Kinsley, and his body was found in the Verdigris river only a short time ago.

A bootlegger named F. M. Deel, arrested in Meade county, now languishes in jail at Topeka on a charge of violating the laws of the United States. It was his custom to travel with three trunks filled with bottled whiskey in assorted sizes, which he disposed of to the working on the construction of the Rock Island, making it a point to be around immediately after the pay car. He had no government permit, hence his arrest by the federal authorities. On a preliminary at Meade Center he was bound over to the United States district court. A couple of his pals have also been arrested.

Ranch And Farm.

Buckwheat, wheat and oats rank first among egg producing foods.

If you do not wish cloddy and lifeless ground in the spring, keep the cattle off the fields when the soil is soft.

There have been but few improvements in hot beds. They are nearly the same to-day as they were 100 years ago.

This country is not wanting so much in good cows as in men competent to take care of them and develop them properly.

The flavor of the fuel used in smoking meat is somewhat imparted to the meat, hence the fuel should be selected carefully.

Stagnant water on a farm is the hot bed of disease and annually causes ten times the loss equal to an amount appropriate for draining it off.

Patents on all the best hives have expired. Any one claiming a royalty on a hive which you have been using for years may be set down as a fraud.

In using seed corn that which shows the slightest degree of injury should be avoided.

Smut can easily be carried from one year to another by the seed.

Purchasing fertilizers on credit is a curse to the farmer. Experience has proved the plan very unwise for the farmer. If he can not pay cash he should not buy.

Where a piece of land is not fit for cultivation yet produces a growth of some kind, even of weeds, it may be devoted to sheep; as the sheep will eat young weeds readily.

The average yield of wheat in the United States in 1887 was about twelve bushels per acre and the average price about 68 cents per bushel. This is at the rate of only \$8.16 per acre.

A few stakes around a young tree, with barbed wire wrapped around the stakes, will protect trees from animals. With this method fruit trees may be planted in a field given up to stock.

For quick growing crops, like Irish potatoes, English peas, lettuce, radish, etc., one needs to apply fertilizers that are soluble and therefore quick in action, available for quick growing crops.

Always estimate the cost of hauling when manure is used and compare the value, including hauling, with commercial fertilizers in order to arrive at a knowledge of which is the cheaper.

It is always a good plan before going into fruit culture to find out what varieties are best adapted to your land, and give these varieties the preference. The situation should also be considered.

Perches should be at least two inches wide and rest firmly in a slot or mortise. Fowls will climb to one edge of a wide perch, and the width will give opportunity to rest the weight on the shanks.

Poor, sandy soil should not be left uncultivated. Carefully prepare the land, sow to buckwheat, and plow the buckwheat under when the corn is in blossom. In this way the land may be gradually made productive.

Pig pens should not be in the same location every season. By having them movable much valuable manure can be secured from the saturated earth around the old sites, while change to fresh places will greatly promote cleanliness and health.

Odors in the stable indicate that the air therein is impure. The use of absorbents, with due regard to keeping the stalls clean, is very important in summer. Once a week the stable should be sprinkled with a solution made of one pound of coppers in two gallons of soft water.

Feed stock at regular intervals. Feed them only what they will eat up clean. Waste no feed whatever—is no use in it and all food wasted is money wasted. Never overtax the digestive organs by overfeeding, and thus these organs become stronger.

The most porous land will stand the drouth best. The increased earliness of fruit and vegetables on well drained land is well understood. They will be at least four days earlier on soil of the same condition and exposure where it is well drained.

A diminutive dude who is diminutive in every way except the scandalous manner in which he slanders women with his tongue was given a deserved horsewhipping by one of his victims a Mrs. Baubury, wife of the Stanton county clerk at Syracuse last Thursday.

The Douglass Tribune is putting in some solid licks against the manner in which criminal cases are being prosecuted. Other papers have taken up the matter and lawyers, witnesses and jurymen have been pretty well discussed. The Tribune is engaged in good work and is in the right.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

April 21, 1888.

Yes there are some things that a well bred lady never does. She never chews gum in church.

Esquire Pancake has located in Leoti. Now there is the place for the next Kansas Creamery.

The union labor party have met in committee and will proceed to get the machine into running order.

Emmons Blaine is the General Freight and Passenger Agent of the new Chicago and Santa Fe line.

The Atchison brewery, like the mouths of many other anti-prohibitionists, has at last been shut up.

Gen. Rev. A. B. Campbell, Lawyer, announces that he will not be a candidate for congress, against Mr. Ryan. It is well.

There is no doubt about there being gold in Scott county. In fact there is gold all over Kansas and all under Kansas. All that is necessary is to work for it.

The capital of Illinois has been changed several times. It may be that this will be done in Kansas. There is no telling what the women of the state will think about it.

There is something humorous in the idea of less than a half score of men and women getting together and nominating prohibition candidates for congress, in this state of Kansas.

As soon as the additions are all built up, Kansas will be the biggest city in the world, covering an area four hundred miles long and two hundred wide. London may then go into obscurity.

The board of railway assessors from a trip over the southwest line of the Rock Island found the road in excellent condition. South-west Kansas is prosperous and the season is much further advanced than it is here. The assessors leave for a trip over the Missouri Pacific system.

What shall we do with Albert Griffin, is a question that irritates the Kansas politician. If Kansas needs to send a New Yorker to represent the party in this state to the National convention, why not compromise and send Judge Davis, or Howard Crosby.

We are on the eve of a great convention. It will come off in Abilene, on the 24th. The clans are gathering from far and near, they will meet and perhaps at once remove the Capital of the state from Topeka. Work on the capital building will be stopped next week.

It is certainly a matter of deep regret that northern representatives in congress cannot refrain from the boyish habit of twitting the south of what a former generation believed and did. Slavery is dead in the south, as well as in the north. It died in New York and New Jersey some years, not so very many, however, before it did in Georgia and Alabama. It both it has been dead so long that it stinketh, and still our northern members seem to delight to stir it up. Our Mr. Perkins could not resist the temptation a few days ago to get his hand in. Why can not our congressmen rise to the dignity of statesmen.

The Chicago, Santa Fe & California railway, being the Chicago extension of the Atchison road, is completed to Chicago, and commences on Sunday, April 30, to run through trains from Kansas City, Topeka, Atchison and St. Joseph to that city. The trains of the new line will be of the vestibule pattern, of which so much has been said in the east, and will give the people of the west an opportunity to dip in and enjoy this much vaunted luxury. The idea of popularizing the road with travelers has induced the Santa Fe to make a notable innovation connected with its vestibule trains; no extra charge will be made. All eastern lines charge extra for the additional accommodation.

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST will begin, on the third of May, to issue a WEEKLY EDITION of Reform, which has become the paramount issue in national politics. The existence of an actual surplus in the Treasury estimated to reach \$140,000,000 on the 30th of June, 1888, and the further increase thereof under present laws, are a menace to all business interests, and a direct incentive to wastefulness and corruption in the appropriations of public money. The attention of the people having been strongly drawn to this subject by the President in his last annual message, the need of information and popular enlightenment on questions of revenue and taxation has been increasingly felt in all parts of the country. It is the intention of the management to make a first-class weekly newspaper of 12 pages. Subscription price \$1 per year. A free copy of the first number will be mailed anywhere on request. Send address on a postal card to EVENING POST, New York.

There is to be soon a meeting of the members of the bar of Shawnee county to take into consideration the subject of district judges at the fall election. The bar is, to a considerable extent, divided, and an effort will be made to harmonize.

The Influence of Farmers.

The pages of the Congressional Record must be interesting reading these days to members of the Grange. The measures the Order is advocating, and the letters, memorials and petitions of members of the National State, County and Subordinate Granges in support of the same, occupy whole pages, and hardly a day passes now but something relating to farmers come up in Congress.

The fractional silver certificate bill which has passed the house by a vote of 177 to 67, was in answer to a call from the organized farmers.

The reduction of postage on seeds, plants, cuttings, etc., from 16 to 4 cents per pound is now almost sure of success, and united farmers have brought it to the front.

As many farmers and Patrons do not see the official reports of Congress a few extracts from the Congressional Record will give some idea of how the farmers are being heard from.

On the fractional currency bill.

Nelson Dingly, Jr., of Maine—The large number of letters and memorial from Granges, farmers and residents of rural communities asking for this bill attest not only to the existence of a wide demand, but also a conviction, wide and deep, that it is the duty of the Government to meet this want.

The money order and postal note, inconvenient and expensive for small sums, can be obtained at only one out of eight postoffices in the country. I hope the bill will receive the necessary two-thirds vote, so that Congress will give a favorite response to the requests from the farmers and rural communities of this country for a currency which can be conveniently and economically used for transmission through the mails in sums of less than \$1.

William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey—I want to vote for the farmers, the class that need this accommodation. There are plenty to speak a good word for the laborers of cities. Hundreds of organizations look to their rights, Knights of Labor, and brotherhoods of every name. But the scattered farmers, the dealers in little villages, have no organizations to help them. I am always glad to aid such. I wish I had often the opportunity, both by my voice and vote. I am not sure that my voice would help, but the vote does, and they shall have it every time. I am glad they get it this time.

Mr. Dragan, of South Carolina.—The object of the bill is not to supplant the fractional coin now in existence, but to supplement it. It is demanded by the people living in the country and in small towns, who wish to have the advantage of trading in the great money centers and getting their commodities on the best of terms. On account of the extraordinary development of our mail system, a very large retail trade has sprung up through the mails, and we have no currency suitable for the transaction of this class of business.

By William Whiting, of Massachusetts.—A short true, strong speech, attesting to the widespread demand for the measure from the farmers and all other classes.

On the bill reducing postage on seeds, plants, etc., Hon. B. A. Euclid, Chairman of the Committee that had reported the bill, in his remarks said: "I called attention to the accompanying correspondence as evidence of the demands upon Congress. It was voluntarily addressed to me and is important information. Out of the great mass of correspondence addressed to me on this subject, I will only present the communication of State and National organizations."

Then follow nearly two pages of official letters respectfully demanding reduced horticultural postage, written by officers of the State Granges of Maryland, Oregon, Indiana, Nebraska, Connecticut, Vermont, Missouri, South Carolina, Texas, Ohio, Rhode Island, Iowa, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Delaware, also from the National Agricultural Wheel, the National Farmers' Alliance, and the Secretary of the United States Postal Improvement Association.

Hon. Charles H. Allen, of Lowell, Mass., in his speech supporting the measure said:

There is a large proportion of our people who are interested in one way or another in this matter of cheap postage. As far back as 1873 Congress recognized the wisdom of giving to the farmers of this land reduced postage on agricultural seeds and plants, bulbs and cuttings, and authorized the passage of an act in that year, placing the rate of those articles at 1c for every two ounces. This was further recognized in the act of June, 1874, and the farmers enjoyed the reduced postage until the legislation of 1875, when the rate was put at 1c an ounce. From that time to this there has been continual discussion over this question of reduced postage; but owing to the comparatively unorganized condition of the farmers, this remedial legislation has never been effected.

But last year this matter was taken in charge by the National Grange, and in November, by vote, it demanded a reduction.

The State Boards of Agriculture of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and several other States, together with almost innumerable other State, county and local horticultural and agricultural societies, farmers' clubs, Granges, alliances, etc., have voted in favor of this object, and in so doing they have simply represented the wishes of the great body of the people who make up their vast membership.

I state this, Mr. Speaker, to the House to show that this attempt for reduced postage does not come from the seedsmen, who are not to profit by that reduction, but from the people themselves, who make up in vast numbers the organization of the character which I have mentioned, and who pay the postage, and these people will see to it that they get the benefit of the reduction.

I do not propose to stand here at this time, sir, to discuss the merits of a bill for the reduction of postage on seeds, bulbs and cuttings from the present rate to 4 cents per pound, but I trust that a measure of that importance and magnitude will receive at an early date a favorable action in this body, and that the House may soon have an opportunity of voting upon it.

A Stupendous Scheme.

The News has private, but perfectly reliable information of a proposed scheme of marvelous proportions. We may say that our information is perfectly trustworthy, and further that at least two other leading dailies of this city have also the same information and have with held it for more than ten days.

The scheme relates to the removal of the capital from Topeka. Prominent men in Topeka are favoring it. Soon after the bubble of removal was set afloat from the Abilene pipe, this scheme began to take form. It was born of the Abilene bubble. The child is immensely greater than the parent.

It is true that we laughed at the idea of removal. At first thought it appeared ridiculous. To remove to Abilene would now be ridiculous and it was this absurdity that really fathered the scheme now on foot. There was nothing improbable in the idea of removal, and it was this fact, that, upon second thought, showed up the serious side of the question. Capitals have been removed before. A vote of the people may remove that of Kansas. It is not improbable that this vote may be secured. A majority of the people now live west of a line far west of Topeka. Thus reason the capital removers. Topeka recognizes the force of the argument.

The scheme now on foot, originating in this city, conceals the ultimate removal of the capital. But the new capital is not to be Abilene, nor McPherson, nor Kanapolis nor any other city yet named, or now in existence.

Briefly then the scheme contemplates a new city. The work of forming a great state syndicate with a capital of not less than ten millions is now well on foot. It contemplates the quiet purchase of a vast tract of land in some central county where the capital city is to be located. Influential county politicians in every county in the state have been, or will be interested in the scheme, and will use their influence at the proper time, in favor of removal. The first step is to create a sentiment in favor of removal without reference to location.

We may add that this scheme has no connection with the capital removal convention to be held in Abilene next week. The managers will profit by it, however, just so far as it develops sentiment in favor of removal. In fact the Abilene removers are simply pulling the chestnuts from the fire for the benefit of the managers of this immense scheme. In due time, if we except a dozen or more, who are privately in the Topeka scheme, the promoters of the Abilene convention, will be most beautifully left.

It is estimated that not less than two or three hundred Kansas millionaires will be made by this operation in less than five years.

Mrs. R. W. Day, expects to leave for a lengthy visit to England next month. Many improvements have been made in the management of the city library since the advent of Olin S. Davies about a year ago.

It is estimated that the total receipts of the Carnival of Nations was \$1,000. The expense were about \$300, leaving a handsome balance of \$700.

Car load of bananas just received at Phelps Brothers, Odd Fellows building Quincy street.

Services will be held at the church of Good Shepherd on Wednesday evening, at 7.30. The Rev. W. W. Wix, of Minnesota, will preach.

It is now stated on very good authority that the general offices of the Southern Kansas railroad will be moved from Lawrence to Topeka May 1.

The display of tulips, daffodils and hyacinths in the grounds in front of Bethany college is the most beautiful ever seen in this city. We advise all lovers of flowers to avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing them while in their perfection.

The Topeka preserving works turn out about a carload of goods every week.

No city in the west has such fine streets as Topeka. Street improvements alone cost \$700,000 last year.

Walter N. Allen reports a very wide spread interest in the movement for a farmers' trust.

The Shawnee republican league will meet at the court house on Tuesday evening.

When the tulips are all in blossom the Union Pacific Park bids fair to be more gorgeous than Solomon.

Mrs. J. N. Henry, is improving steadily. It is now six weeks since she was so terribly burned, and she is able to ride out.

Miss Hattie Gardiner of Valley Falls is visiting relatives and friends at the residence of W. J. Weatherholt.

It is very dull in Lawrence and they get weary awaiting. Seventy-five of the more fortunate went to Kansas City, to recreate at the Kirmess Matinee, and others came to Topeka to hear Booth and Barrett.

Rhorer's Abilene Chronicle is a roarer—some would say auroa.

The biggest real estate deal this month was made Saturday, the sale of the Ritchie tract of thirty acres lying south east of the city, for \$45,000. No houses costing less than \$1000 will be permitted to be built.

An old maids Trust, is being organized in some of the Eastern Cities, which will exact at least 35 years of loneliness to make one eligible to the title of old maid.

It is reliably stated in railroad circles that J. P. Pomroy will at once commence the building of a railroad from Stockton to Hill City, a distance of forty-two miles. The road will probably be extended to connection with the Union Pacific.

Some of the witnesses before the grand jury are in a fair way to get themselves into very serious trouble, by asking for more mileage than they are entitled to. One fellow, who lives at Horton, made an affidavit that he came direct from Logansport, Indiana, and demanded mileage for the same. His case will come before the grand jury.

A number of petitions are being circulated by ladies, asking for a pardon for Mrs. Burner. The petitions are being numerously signed, and among the signatures of those of many of our most prominent citizens.

On announcing the name of W. W. Wiley as candidate for the office of county superintendent, a mistake has been made regarding his residence. He is from Topeka township and lives in the first ward.

A Curious Use For Cyclopedias.

It is generally admitted that a good Cyclopaedia is a desirable possession for every home. As to which Cyclopaedia is the best for popular use, the "Doctors disagree." Evidently the matter of choice should depend somewhat upon the use for which it is intended. A customer of ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPAEDIA writes to the publishers as follows:

"I have been exhibiting Manifold among my friends and acquaintances, and expatiating on its excellence and wonderful cheapness. There is no reason why every young man in the land who has occasion to refer to a cyclopaedia should not possess it. The laying by of but five pennies a day for six months will put him in possession of a work that will be of lasting benefit. Among those to whom I have shown the volumes I found but one young man who did not need the Manifold. He has a cyclopaedia; a number of large volumes, he did not know how many, nor did he know the name of the editor or publisher; but they are very large heavy volumes. Believing he did not frequently consult them, I asked if he ever used them.

"Certainly," said he, "I use them every day."

"What can you possibly do with them?"

"Why I press my trousers with them."

"My dear sir," said I, "you do not need the Manifold. Mr. Alden publishes books for the purpose of developing and improving the intellect, and not to give shape to the legs. Do you stick to your ponderous, unwieldy volumes; they they are well adapted to the purpose for which you use a cyclopaedia; but the dainty volumes of the Manifold—how delightful to handle, and how beautiful to behold—are made with a view to ease of reference and convenience of consultation, and cannot be successfully converted into a substitute for trousers stretchers." EDWARD EBEREACH, Washington D. C.

The fifth volume of the MANIFOLD CYCLOPAEDIA, which has just been published, more than sustains the good reputation of the previous issues, being, especially, more full in its vocabulary, and the entire workmanship both literary and mechanical, apparently being of a higher grade. It is certainly not only wonderfully cheap, but a thoroughly excellent, Cyclopaedia for almost any conceivable use but that of a "trousers' press." The publishers will send specimen pages free to any applicant or specimen volumes may be ordered and returned if not wanted. Reduced rates are offered to early purchasers. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York; 218 Clark St., Chicago.

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A CURE IN EVERY BOTTLE.

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Has all the good qualities of the best Green and Black Tea in a "Combination" whose drinking qualities are unsurpassed.

NORRIS & GREEN, Kansas Avenue, - - North Topeka.

The Library Magazine.

The current issue of THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE the extraordinary number of 224 pages, in large type, handsomely printed (and all for ten cents, or \$1.00 a year), the papers being as important in character as they are remarkable in quantity, including one on The Constitution of the United States by Hon. E. J. Phelps, United States Minister to Great Britain; a brilliant paper on The Mammoth and the Flood, from the London Quarterly Review; The Higher Education of Women, from the Westminster; Islam and Christianity in India, from the Contemporary; Mr. Ruskin and His Work, from the Edinburgh; The Struggle for Existence, by T. H. Huxley; Shakespeare or Bacon? by Sir Theodore Martin; Mystical Pessimism in Russia, by N. Tsakni; English and American Federalism, by C. R. Lowell; The Extraordinary Condition of Corsica, by Charles Sumner Maine; The Balance of Naval Power in Europe, from Blackwood's; one of a series of papers on Post-Talmudic Literature, by Dr. Bernhard Pick; The Christian Element in English Poetry, by M. V. B. Knox; besides several other important articles, and the editorial department of Current Thought, which embodies brief extracts from notable articles in American and foreign periodicals. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York; 218 Clark Street Chicago.

Mr. Brown, colored, who is in the mail service, met with a very amusing accident yesterday afternoon on the north side of the river. He drove his horse, attached to a sulky, into the river to water him, when the horse laid down, tipping the vehicle over, and throwing him into the water, which was about waist deep. No damage done.

Switch engine No. 312, while switching in the Union Pacific yards ran over a little colored boy named Harry Hull, 11 years old, cutting his leg off between the knee and ankle. The boy, who is on a visit to his aunt, Mrs. Brown, started to run across the track in front of the engine, and struck his toe, fell, and the locomotive passed over his leg before it could be stopped. No blame is attached to the engineer. The boy's parents live in Wichita.

General manager H. A. Parker, of the Rock Island, is improving slowly. It will be several days before he will have recovered sufficiently to return home from Englewood, Ill.

The Rapid Transit road did a big business Sunday. Extra trains were run, and each train had two cars. Superintendent Payne is conducting the road to the satisfaction of patrons.

A petition was being circulated among members of the district bar yesterday asking Judge John Guthrie to consent to become a candidate for re-election to the office of district judge.

The ministerial union held a meeting in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, yesterday forenoon. The Rev. Dr. Sheffield spoke on the subject of "Secret Societies." His address elicited an interesting and prolonged discussion. The union recommend that church service in the morning on Sundays, after May 1, be changed from 11 to 10:30 o'clock.

The city council met last evening and again this morning. The following standing committees were announced by the mayors.

Streets and walks—Ramsey, Gunn, Heely, Curtis and Ritchie. Finance—Curtis, Ritchie, Tillotson. Claims and accounts—Heery, Ramsey, Urmy. Sowers and water works—Eversole, Gunn, Ramsey. Public buildings—Ritchie, Coffin, Heery. Health—Coffin, Heery, Whaley, Ramsey and Urmy. Ways and means—Urmy, Eversole, Curtis, Tillotson and Ritchie. Gas and electric light—Gunn, Eversole, Whaley. Bridges—Whaley, Gunn and Eversole. Fire department—Tillotson, Coffin and Urmy. Rules and ordinances—Coffin, Tillotson and Whaley.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

THE new German Emperor is—or was before stricken with his present malady—a splendid athlete.

THE present William Lloyd Garrison is said to be the owner of a tongue as sharp in public debate as was his father's.

DR. SHRADY, who attended Gen. Grant, expressed the opinion that Frederick III. will steadily improve and recover.

THE highest pension is \$100 per month, but two drawing that amount, one of the two being Gen. Black, the Commissioner.

FRANK STOCTON met a lady in England who did "so much" want "to shoot Niagara." She understood they did it in a steamboat.

"BUFFALO BILL," having made nearly \$1,000,000 in England, is preparing to return to America and try his luck as an author.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, at the age of eighty-nine, is the only survivor of the eight statesmen who were on the National tickets of 1860.

JOE HOWARD writes in the *Dramatic News*: "I have enjoyed an annual income of \$80,000, and I have pawned my watch and chain for \$200."

DR. JOHNSON'S house, at Litchfield, has been purchased by a man who will restore it and preserve it as a memorial of the great lexicographer.

PROF. MOSES COIT TYLER, of Cornell University, will sail for Antwerp June 5 for about fifteen months of study in Germany, France and Italy.

CHAPLAIN McCABE says by the end of the next general conference Methodism in this country will have thirty-four bishops and 154 presiding elders.

SENATOR GEORGE, of Mississippi, remarked when re-elected that he would never wear a dress suit or ride in a carriage, and he has kept his word.

At the sale of the Aylesford Library in London last week Henry Irving secured for \$700 a folio Shakespeare, enriched by annotations of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

GEN. SICKLES has been in Washington and in Richmond, talking with the Confederate Brigadiers about a reunion of the blue and the gray at Gettysburg next summer.

FANNY DAVENPORT has formally adopted the two children of her deceased sister, Mrs. Thorn. She has been caring for them since their mother died, ten years ago.

THE son of W. W. Story, the American sculptor, has followed in his father's footsteps. He has recently received a very large order from Baron de Rothschild, which will probably take him five years to fill.

THE Czarina of Russia, although employing a household of seamstresses, makes nearly all the clothing for her youngest children, and also takes their new hats to pieces and trims them over according to her own taste.

HENRY BERGH, in his will, leaves a handsome piece of property to the society which he founded, and he calls upon his nephew and namesake to continue the humane work to which he devoted the best part of his life.

DURING the entire war Gen. Sheridan never wore but one sword, and he wears the same one yet on all occasions of display. It is a light dragoon sabre, and one of a cargo shipped from Spain to Charleston for the use of Confederate officers.

THE lady who has been for many years successful as an authoress under the name of Marion Harland is Mrs. E. P. Terhune, of Newark, N. J. She is sketched in the *Newark Unionist* as a sensible, middle-aged woman, with a motherly way about her.

NEWS of Louis Kossuth comes in a letter received in Boston from his sister, Mme. Ruttkay, who lives with him at Turin. He is past eighty-five but in good health, and takes his daily walk, whatever the weather. He is writing another volume of his memoirs.

WM. D. HOWELLS, the novelist, was a type setter, and so was Bret Harte, and so was Mark Twain. R. H. Stoddard, the poet, was a blacksmith; Frank Stocton was an engraver, and John G. Whittier was a farmer, with slight interruptions, until he was nearly thirty years old.

THE LAND OF ICE.

A Movement on Foot to Remove the Entire Population of Iceland to Manitoba.

In the western part of Pembina county Dakota, but a few miles from the Canadian boundary, lie three townships settled entirely by Icelanders, most of whom lived a short time in Manitoba before crossing into the United States. Near Sioux Falls, in the same territory, are a few Icelanders; there is another settlement in Iowa and still another in Wisconsin, while in Manitoba the flourishing settlements of Gimli, Thingvalla, and New Iceland contain several thousand of the same people. All these settlements, in both countries, have much the same history, says *The Philadelphia Call*, and illustrate the painful fact that for the third time in its history Iceland is threatened with depopulation. For the third time the climate of that strangely interesting island is changing for the worse, and this time the change is so prolonged that a scheme is projected in the Canadian northwest to bring all the remaining 75,000 in Iceland to the new world.

The extinction of such a people would be a calamity to the sentimental, and we may well refuse to believe it possible; for no doubt a remnant will remain which will find life more tolerable when the surplus population is removed, and when nature again becomes genial, will thoroughly re-people the old land.

Iceland is the most interesting island in the world. About as large as Ohio, it contains as many volcanoes as this continent; and a population never as large as a congressional district, it has produced more poets and romance writers than any state, and has a history as fascinating as that of any nation. When all Europe was sunk in the barbarism that followed the Northmen's destruction of Rome, Irish priests and scholars found a religious community in Iceland; and when civilization had revived in only a few Mediterranean provinces, and that but feebly, Iceland was in its golden age of poets, preachers, and scholars. There is good evidence that Columbus obtained his first ideas of the western world in Iceland, and there is undoubted history that people of that race discovered America long before the Spaniards. Once in its 1,014 years of authentic history a blight fell on Iceland, its population sunk to a minimum, and for two hundred years it had neither scholars nor historians. At another time the cold increased for a term of years and threatened general destruction, and now the same phenomenon is being repeated, with additional evil that the ice-flow from Greenland comes later in the season and has formed a permanent mass against the north side of the island.

No class of foreigners become Americanized so rapidly and easily as the Scandinavians. This is true of the Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, and pre-eminently true of the Icelanders. Those in Manitoba are enthusiastic for the confederation and liberal supporters of all English-Canadian schemes of progress. They have several newspapers in their own language, and maintain good schools and churches. In the three Icelandic townships in Dakota are some six hundred voters, and the high standard of intelligence is remarkable. In the church library in the little village of Mountain (containing less than fifty houses) are several hundred volumes of English, French, German, Norwegian, Icelandic, Greek, and Latin, and the resident preacher (Lathern) is a most accomplished scholar, both in the classic and modern languages. There is no country in the world, probably where education is so universal as in Iceland; the morals of the people are good, save one vice of the Scandinavians. We may judge that from the clause in the latest trade report to the effect that the import of brandy has "declined to twenty-four quarts per capita." If the seventy-five thousand people in Iceland must leave there (which all scholars will pray will not be) Manitoba could not get better settlers, and should they follow their kinsmen into the United States they will add a valuable element to the much composite Yankee.

Naddod, a Norwegian viking, discovered Iceland in 860, and four years later Garthar Svafarrson sailed around it. Ten years later Norwegians colonized it, but soon found that Irish Christians had located there at least 150 years before. Their record adds that the remaining Irish left "when the Norse pagans came." The Norwegian settlers were disaffected citizens, unwilling to submit to a new form of government just established in Norway, and in 928 they made Iceland a republic; but 254 years afterward they renewed allegiance to Haco king of Norway, Iceland retaining her separate legislature. In 1387 Norway and Denmark were united, and when again divided Iceland fell to Denmark, to which it is still attached. It 1874 the Icelanders celebrated the 1,000th anniversary of settlement, which attracted visitors from all parts of the world. The first era of cold and famine is but imperfectly reported, but about 1750 a series of calamities, began including volcanic eruptions. Nearly all the domestic animals died, and the population shrunk to 38,000. Prosperity returned, and the population soon succeeded 100,000. Now it has shrunk to 75,000 not by famine this time but by emigration.

The climate is remarkable. Though the arctic circle touches on the north, the average winters in the valleys is

milder than that of Ohio, while the summer temperature very rarely exceeds 60 degrees. The ice drifts from Greenland lodge on the northwest coast, usually in February and March but for many years past they have remained through the summer, so chilling the air that no considerable crops could be raised in the northern valleys. The only grain used is imported; but heavy crops of vegetables are grown. The wealth of the country is in cattle and sheep, fish and birds. The latter are wonderfully numerous, among them the eider duck, whose nests are strictly protected by the people. The white bear often comes on the ice from Greenland. Such are but few of the interesting points of Iceland. Its literature is so voluminous that we can not even give a list of the more important of its books.

Courting in Russia.

Love is the same the world over, but "courting" is managed very differently in different countries. What might be highly proper in a foreign country would put the good dames of our land to blush. Russian courting, among the middle classes, is peculiar. The first Whit Sunday after the young girl is acknowledged by her mother to be of marriageable years she is taken to the Petersburg summer garden to join the "bridal promenade." This consists of the daughters of the Russian tradesmen walking in procession, followed by their parents. Up and down they go, pretending to talk to each other and to take no notice of the young men, but all the time keeping up a sly flirtation with the tradesmen's sons, who walk in a procession on the opposite side. Every little while some young man steps out of his rank and walks beside of some pretty girl, much to the envy of the others.

The parents of the girl join in the conversation in a few moments and soon they leave the promenade and are joined by the parents of the swain. Of course the old folks have talked it well over before, but on this occasion everyone pretends to be surprised. The next day following, a female *confidante* calls on the girls' parents and requests her hand. After the parents' consent is gained, all the relatives on both sides meet and talk over the portion to be given with the girl. Every girl must have her dowry. Every mother on the birth of a girl lays aside a certain amount every year for a marriage portion, knowing the larger the sum she can bestow upon her daughter the wealthier the match she can make. If the dowry is not satisfactory all is at an end; if it is what is expected, the betrothal takes place.

The bride and bridegroom kneel down upon a great fur rug, and the bride takes a ring from her finger and gives it to the bridegroom, who returns the gift by another. The bride's mother meanwhile crumbles a piece of bread over her daughter's head, and her father holds the image of his daughter's patron saint over his future son-in-law's well-brushed locks. As they rise the bridesmaids sing a wedding-song. Then the guests bring forward a present of some sort. Wine is next handed around, someone—usually one of the bridesmaids—says it is bitter and needs sweetening. Upon this the bridegroom kisses the bride—the kiss being as sweetening for the wine. He then salutes the company, and takes his leave on which the bridesmaids sing a song with a chorus something like this:

Farewell happy bridegroom,
But return and be still more happy.

Courting has now begun in good earnest. Every evening the lover comes to his lady's home with a present, which is always something good to eat—cakes or sugar-plums. This might be objectionable to most young men in this country, as he is expected to bring enough for all the family. Then, too, he makes love under very embarrassing circumstances, for the bridesmaids sit about the betrothed pair in a circle, singing songs descriptive of their happiness. This, of course, would hardly do for the average lover in this country but the Russian lover bears the martyrdom meekly.

The last evening of the courtship is enlivened by the presentation of the gifts of the bridegroom, which must include brushes, combs, soap and perfume. On receiving these the bridesmaids instantly carry the bride away, and wash her, dress her hair, and perfume her pocket handkerchief. Thus fixed up, she returns to the company, and the bride's father gives his future son-in-law the marriage potion, which he takes home with him in a bag.

The next morning he returns for his bride. She receives him with her hair unbraided and flowing down her back. They are married by the ceremonies of the Greek church. The old folks never go to the wedding-dinner, but those eternal bridesmaids, whom they must hate by this time, are there, still on duty, and the evening closes by the bride kneeling down and pulling off her husband's boots to prove intention to be an obedient and submissive wife. Well-disposed husbands usually hide jewelry or money in their boots, which the bride may take possession of as palm for humiliation.

After the wedding-day the parents begin to give feasts and they keep it up a week, and it is not until all this is over, that those blessed bridesmaids take their departure. They are then compelled to kiss them, thank them and give each of them a present.—*Minnie L. Armstrong, in Evening Wisconsin.*

See any man would rather you'd say that he's top or smart he den or ignorant truth.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

A Fable for Strikers.

Realizing that they are beaten, the engineers of the Burlington road who recently went on a strike are now trying to get the switchmen, brakemen, and other employes to give up their places. Misery wants company.

Here is a fable that the switchmen and brakemen who are thus appealed to may find interesting and instructive as well;

A fox having been unwarily caught in a trap, with much struggling and difficulty at length disengaged himself; not however, without losing his tail. The joy he felt at his escape was somewhat abated when he began to consider the price he had paid for it; and he was a good deal mortified by reflecting on the ridiculous figure he should make among his brethren without a tail. In the agitation of his thoughts upon this occasion an expedient occurred to him which he resolved to try in order to remove this disgraceful singularity. With this view he assembled his tribe together and set forth in a most elaborate speech how much he had at heart whatever tended to their general welfare.

He had often thought, he said, on the length and bushiness of their tails. He was persuaded that they were much more burdensome than ornamental, and render them besides an easier prey to their enemies. He earnestly recommended them, therefore, to discharge themselves of so useless and dangerous an incumbrance. "My good friend," replied an old fox, who had listened very attentively to his harangue "we are much obliged to you, no doubt, for the concern you express upon our account. But pray turn about before the company, for I can not for my life help suspecting that you would not be quite so solicitous to ease us of our tails if you had not unluckily lost your own."

Moral—'Tis common for men to wish others reduced to their own level; and we ought to guard against such advice as may proceed from this principle.

The engineers of other roads seem to have come to the conclusion that on the whole their tails are worth saving. It hardly seems probable that the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy switchmen and brakemen can be so blind to their own interests as to let themselves be made tools of by defeated engineers. The Burlington company cannot discharge its new engineers neers and firemen to make places for the old ones, and the sooner the brotherhood officers accept the situation the better it will be for them. There is only one thing they can do now with credit to themselves, and that is to admit that the Burlington can run without them and go and seek employment elsewhere. The greatest misfortune an industrious man can encounter is to be out of work.—*Chicago Times*

The Romance of a Sioux Indian.

For a year or more a full-blood Yanktonian Sioux Indian has been engaged at the Bureau of Ethnology translating the myths and sign language of his race, and has produced some interesting and valuable papers, being able both to read and write the English language fluently. He was educated at Hampton, and has been connected with the geological survey in various minor capacities for some years. Last summer he became demoralized. He was sent to West Virginia for a few weeks with a party from the survey, and there made the acquaintance of a pale-faced damsel whose attractions seemed to destroy his mental equilibrium, for he has not been himself since. Instead of attending to his studies diligently, as was his practice before, Bush Otter, for that is his name, spent much time in looking out of the window in an abstracted manner and in writing letters, of which he destroyed as many as he mailed. About once in two weeks he would ask for a few days' leave of absence and would disappear from the office and his accustomed haunts, but he always refused to tell where he was going or where he had been.

These applications for leave became so frequent that Major Powell was compelled to refuse them, when Bush Otter seemed all of a sudden to be troubled with poor health. Two or three days each week he would remain away from the office and complain upon his return of having been ill. It was accidentally discovered that when suffering from these mysterious complaints he invariably went to West Virginia for treatment, and as he appeared to grow worse instead of better, and became absolutely unable to do any work, Major Powell called for his resignation. Bush Otter wrote out the document without hesitation and seemed glad to be relieved of official responsibilities so that he could spend his whole time in loving. As soon as he drew the pay due him he started for the State of West Virginia and has not been seen since. The officers of the Bureau of Ethnology are greatly interested in the case and await the result of Bush Otter's courtship with anxiety.—*Washington Letter.*

A Severe Test.

Stranger—What are your views on the prohibition question, Mr. Hayseed.

Farmer (emphatically)—I'm wit heart and soul!

Stranger—Glad of that. I suppose, then, you wouldn't mind signing the pledge not to sell any of your barley to a brewer?

Farmer (dubiously)—Ah, see here, stranger, don't you think that's putting it a little too strong?—*Fuck.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

CRYSTALLIZED FRUIT.

Take slices of orange or clusters of grapes, or any other fruit desired, and dip them first in white of egg beaten to a froth, and then in pulverized sugar. Lay a sheet of paper in a pan; spread the sugar and fruit on it, set it in a cool oven until dry, then keep in a cool place. It is quickly done, and is a pretty variety for the lunch table.

CREAM CAKE.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, whites of two eggs, 3/4 cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. For the cream: One pint of sweet milk, sweetened to taste, yolks of three eggs; thicken with flour to the consistency of custard, flavor with lemon. This amount makes two good-sized cakes.

BEEF JELLY.

Take about one pound of lean, juicy beef, cut it into small pieces, put in cold water and let soak for one hour. Then put on the fire with one pint of water, seasoning with salt, pepper and a little celery seed, and let it stew until reduced two-thirds; strain on a few blades of mace. Serve hot.

MASHED POTATOES.

Boil a sufficient number of potatoes, peel, then crush them with the potato masher; to a dozen large potatoes add one egg, well beaten, a tablespoonful of sugar and a cup of cream or milk; beat together and sift through a colander into the dish they are to be served in.

DOUGHNUTS.

To two teacupfuls each of sugar and sour milk, add one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of butter, two eggs, a pinch of salt, nutmeg to taste, and flour enough to roll without sticking. Fry in hot lard, drain well and dust with powdered sugar while they are hot.

RICE PUDDING.

One-half cup of rice, salt and one cup of raisins boiled until the raisins are tender and the rice dry. Add a custard and pour into a pudding dish set in a pan of water, and do not bake too long. The rule for the custard is four eggs to a quart of milk.

FRIED CAKES.

One pint of sour milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted lard, two quarts of sifted flour, two cups of sugar rolled fine, a little salt and a half a nutmeg; mix all well together, then add two tablespoonfuls of soda, dissolve in one-eighth of a cup of lukewarm water.

BREAD SAUCE.

Crumble some stale bread very fine; set on the fire in a saucepan, with as much sweet milk as will make it thick; put in a slice of onion and stir it till bread is soaked and the sauce is quite smooth. Season with pepper and salt.

GINGER SNAPS.

One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one cup sugar; place them on the stove and let boil, and add teaspoon soda and tablespoon ginger, and enough flour to make soft dough. Roll thin and bake quickly.

TO COOK BEEF TRIPE.

Wash the tripe carefully and soak in salt and water, changing once or twice; then boil until well done; remove from the water, dip in melted butter and fry a good brown; season with salt and pepper.

PICKLED FISH.

Spice the vinegar, cooking the spices in a bag; when hot put the fish in and let it boil slowly until tender. Take out carefully and lay away in a stone jar.

LEMON DROPS.

Dissolve half a pound pulverized sugar in lemon juice, and boil to a thin syrup. Drop on plates and harden in a warm place.

A Cake Old Enough to Vote.

Twenty-one years and three months ago Albert Watson's grandmother, down east, mixed into a yellow spotted mass flour and sugar and milk and citron and currants and raisins and eggs and spices, and baked the mass in a hot oven and placed it outside the window to cool. The cake was laid away quietly then. Three months later it was laid away again with great ostentation, as the birthday cake of Albert Watson, who was born that day. Last week a piece of that same cake, moist and appetizing, unblinded by the snaggle-tooth of time, was received by Albert Watson's aunt, in this town. The cake was cut up at the celebration of Albert's twenty-first birthday in Boston, and it stands as a monument to the ability of New England women to cook a good, solid, palatable, scrumptious, old fashioned cake that will be nice to eat and pleasant to look at when the new-fangled compositions of the French chef have crumbled and decayed and passed away from the memory of man. The cake is twenty-one years old, Albert has a beard, and the good old housewife who prepared the hardy sweet is long since dead.—*Chicago Times.*

Rigid Court Etiquette.

"Her majesty," writes a London correspondent, "eats at state dinners without gloves." The reason for that is at once apparent. It enables her majesty to get a better grip on the wing of a chicken. In wrestling with the common hen of commerce at the dinner table, she must be handled without gloves, or the battle is lost. Gloves would also be very much in the way when the majesty desired to clutch an ear of corn by each end, the tip and lobe, so to speak, while she gnawed at it amidships. You see there are a hundred emergencies that might arise during the progress of a state dinner wherein gloves would be in the way.—*Burdette.*

AN EASTER APRIL FOOL.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTAD.

They had moved from the city and built by the creek; There were Daddy and Mammy and Topsy and Nick. In their snug little home they were busy and bright. As honest as day and as black as the night. A queer little barn with the tiniest cow. Protected their treasure, a homely old cow. And its generous shelter was further bestowed. On some wonderful chickens that cackled and crowed. Now Nick had resolved, as a holiday treat, That on Easter he'd have all the eggs he could eat; But his mammy said firmly: "Now don't you forget, Ye'll eat mighty few, fer I wants 'em ter set." It was early in March and the egg crop was small, And mammy was bent on preserving them all; But fortune at last seemed to favor Nick's quest. When he found where "Ol' Speckle" had stolen her nest. So closely 'twas hid and so neatly 'twas made! Nine creamy white eggs in the hollow were laid. "Oh, ginger!" said Nick, but he spoke very low. "I'll April-fool mammy on Easter, I know." So he kept his own counsel and plotted his best. With one eye on mammy and one on the nest. He saw the eggs daily and counted them o'er, And each time he counted he counted one more. But presently came a mysterious change. He wondered and watched. It was certainly strange. That faithful old Speckle should sit there all day. And bristle and peck till she drove him away. He thought it all over, and made up his mind. That greater additions in future he'd find. "She's layin'," "about a dozen a day; 'She's a pow'ful industrious ole hen, I sh'd say." And so for three weeks he had chuckled and smiled. And reckoned and added—the innocent child— Until Easter morning he murmured "I spec' Dar couldn't be possibly less'n a peck. We'll hab 'em all colors; we'll dish 'em up hot; An' Daddy an' Topsy shall eat hull lot; An' I cer'n'y kin spar' some to mammy to set." Oh, my, what a rousin' ol' Easter we'll get." So he bounded away with unmeasured delight. He drew near to the nest, when he saw such a sight. That he stared in dismay, till at last a grimace Of dawning intelligence lighted his face. The base of his plans and his April-Fool tricks Was chucking and strutting with twelve little chicks. He could only ejaculate, "Shol' I declar'! Ol' Speckle dun fool me! Hi, mammy, look hyar!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

Under a Cloud.

The Story of a Strange Experience.

BY ERNEST A. YOUNG.

Did I imagine it, or was I awakened by a kiss, which fell upon my forehead with the gentleness of a snowflake? There was an interval of several moments before I could open my eyes, and when I did so there was not a soul beside myself in the room. For some time I lay in a languid state, my brain too indolent even to trouble itself about the person who had kissed me—if it were a kiss. But at length I was aroused by the opening of a door and a moment after a woman stood by my bedside, bending upon me a look of kind solicitude. She was young, and there was an indescribable charm about her presence. Yet, even in my indolent state I realized that she was not handsome. "You are better," she said in a sweet, firm voice. The hand which she placed upon my forehead as she spoke was firm in its touch also, and I instinctively realized that the owner possessed a resolute nature in spite of her gentleness. "I—I have been very ill?" I inquired, in a voice which somehow sounded to me as strange and new as her own. "You had a fall and were injured," she said, adding with an eager look which I did not understand; "but I suppose you do not yet recall your adventure?" "I do not remember," was my indifferent response. "I would not try. It doesn't matter at all. Here is something you were to drink when you awoke to consciousness—if you did awake. Then you were to go to sleep directly." With her strong, experienced arm, my unknown friend raised my head to drink the cordial, which I accepted submissively. Afterward I slept, I know not how long, and upon again awakening my plain-faced, sweet-voiced nurse was still at my bedside. Her firm, gentle hand again rested upon my head, while she spoke in a quiet, reassuring voice: "The doctor says you will soon be about again, you are so much better. He is here, and wishes to speak with you." She paused, and a short, gray-bearded man whose presence had not before been noticed, advanced, and I felt the power of his gaze upon me. I say, power, because he was unquestionably a man of great magnetic force, aside from his skill in medical practice. "Doctor Barlow," said my nurse, and then, in her quiet way, she withdrew. "You will be all right again in a few days, sir," were his first words, spoken with assurance that quieted the slight flutter in my mind which threatened to confuse me.

"I am glad to hear you say so," I replied.

You are aware that your illness was the result of injury?" he continued, speaking in a careless tone.

I contracted my brows in a sudden spasm of thought. A strange, wild flood of questions rushed in upon my mind, and I believe the doctor's cool hand laid upon my head at that moment saved me from going mad.

"You cannot recall the event, so do not try," he quietly said.

I started up in bed, but he forced me to lie down again.

"You may get up and dress to-morrow," he calmly added.

"Tell me how it happened?" I exclaimed, the impulse to know the cause of my illness growing strong upon me.

"You were found upon the road and were picked up for dead. They brought you here and I attended you."

Again I started up in bed, and this time the doctor restrained me only partially. He regarded me with deep interest, but betrayed not the slightest sign of anxiety, although he must have been intensely anxious all the while. The flood of queries which, half incoherently, had already shaped themselves in my mind, now rushed to my lips.

"How came I in the road?" I demanded, and before Doctor Barlow could have uttered a reply had he tried to do so, I rapidly continued:

"And when was I found there? and whose house is this? And my pleasant-voiced nurse—who is she? My, God, doctor! tell me—who am I?"

My brain was in a whirl as I uttered these queries, and I shivered as with the ague. But Doctor Barlow listened as impassively as though it were all the most commonplace matter in the world. His persistent calmness in a measure communicated itself to me, and his answers were given with such a reassuring voice and air that the shock to me was greatly lessened. There are few men who could have conveyed the truth to one in my excited state with such tact and gentleness.

"You met with your misfortune some three weeks ago," he said, in his even tones. "This is my house and the young nurse is my daughter. It is nothing so very unusual for a person, under some violent shock, either physical or mental, to lose for a time all recollections of past events, and even of one's own identity. You will recover in time. There was nothing upon your person to give us a clue to your name, but for the sake of convenience, since we must call you something, my daughter has called you Paul Conway. If you do not fancy the name you may adopt any other until your memory recalls the one to which you are entitled."

Somehow, his candid statement of the situation, instead of exciting, calmed me. I lay back upon my pillow, and overcome by the exertion, I soon fell asleep.

My physical recovery from that day was rapid. Within a week I was dressed and able to walk about my room; in another week I was strolling about the doctor's graceful grounds, listening to the songs of birds, enjoying the luxury of the fresh verdure and sunshine. Miss Barlow was with me frequently, and I was presently puzzled by a conviction that she watched my movements, studied my countenance, and even appeared to wish to keep me under constant surveillance. And yet she was otherwise so courteous, and in all ways so gentle and unselfish in her intentions, that as the weeks passed the sweet episode of love crept into the new life I was living. For as yet the past remained as a sealed book to me.

One day as we were strolling down the garden path I abruptly said to her:

"I think I am quite well and strong now, and it is time for me to go to work—at something." For it had more than once occurred to me that, with other things, I had forgotten the means of gaining a livelihood which I must have once possessed.

Perhaps you do not need to work, if you could only remember who you are. Perhaps you are a man of wealth," said Miss Barlow, with one of her smiles which always made her plain face so beautiful.

"It will do me a little good if I am, since I do not know it," I replied.

"You must remain here until you recover your memory," she said so decisively that I looked at her in surprise.

"You wish me to stay as a charity patient?"

"No, no. You will pay my father sometime. You are under his care, you know, and he is ambitious to effect a cure."

As she said this she laid one hand in an eager, earnest way upon my arm. I felt that, looking into my eyes as she did then, she could not fail to read my heart, and in impassioned words I besought to tell her of the deep pure love which I felt for her. But she checked me in a hurried anxious manner.

"No, no!" she cried. I could see that her face had grown deathly pale, and she glanced involuntarily as it seemed, at a ring which I had more than once seen upon her finger. And I was convinced then, of what I had painfully suspected before—it was an engagement ring.

"You have an attachment already?" I exclaimed, unable to keep the pain of disappointment from showing itself in my face and voice.

"Do not ask me now," was her reply, with a glance that I could not understand, while it thrilled me strangely. Wait until you are well," she falteringly continued, "and I will tell you all. How do I know that you are free to love me? You may have a wife already. Even you do not know."

She smiled again and hurried into

the house, leaving me alone to ponder upon the strangeness of my situation. As I stood under the shadow of a high-growing hedge, I heard the sound of voices upon the other side.

"All I want is a good, square look at him," said one, in a velvet voice.

"I can spot him easily enough. You say this invalid guest of the Barlows is of dark complexion? And not over tall?"

"That is his description," declared the other.

"And that he came here about ten weeks ago?"

"Yes."

"You have seen him strolling about the grounds, you say? And did you notice one hand—his left one, I believe?"

"It has a red scar across the back of it. Yes, I noticed that."

"Good! Then there remains scarce the shadow of a doubt but he is the man. But I must make haste slowly. We detectives have to keep our eyes open. It is possible the Barlow girl—"

He paused abruptly, and the two men walked away leaving me to conjecture, with my mind in a tumult, their meaning. For a long time I remained there, thinking, thinking and gazing at my left hand with the scar across the back of it. Oh! the missing link in my memory. I began to suspect that it contained a horrible episode that would unseat my reason if it were ever recalled.

I could not quite make up my mind to tell Alice Barlow that night of the conversation which I had overheard.

Retiring early to my room, I was overcome by a sense of drowsiness and fell asleep in an easy chair. I was awakened by a hurried knocking at my door. Flushing it open I was confronted by Alice, who seemed clad for a journey, while her countenance was the picture of womanly strength and resolution.

"Come, Mr. Conway," she said in low, imperative voice. "My father is at the door with his carriage and wishes us to go with him. Hasten, if you would spare me calamity!"

"Whither are we to go?" I asked, while I obediently donned a light overcoat and hat and followed her down the stairs.

"To the railway station," was her answer.

"And thence?"

"I do not know."

I was silent until we were all three in the carriage and speeding along the quiet road, the wheels rumbling faintly, the chirp of crickets and distant croak of frogs being the only audible sounds.

"I suppose this is an attempt to preserve me from falling into the hands of the detectives?" I then asked.

"Then you know?" the doctor quickly asked, looking intently into my face.

"I know, from something overheard, that I am under surveillance, but why I have not the remotest idea."

"Your memory is still silent, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, well, I cannot enlighten you, except that the officers are after a man of your description. They will arrest you if you stay here, and they may refuse to accept even any assurance that you have no recollection of the past. Your only course is in flight."

"But it does not devolve upon you to become a partner in my misfortunes," I remonstrated.

"You are my patient and I shall not allow anything to happen to deprive me of the glory of curing you, if I can help it, he decisively said.

We reached the station barely in time for a passing train which, it being an unimportant place, had to be signalled. Alice was the first to ascend the car steps. I waited an instant for the doctor, who had stopped to procure tickets. I saw him coming at a run, and in pursuit followed a lank, shrewd-faced man, who shouted in a voice which was the same as that I had overheard inquiring about me that afternoon.

"Hold on, doctor—I've got a case for you. And a big fee!" said the detective.

The train had already started, and I sprang aboard. Doctor Barlow, at the risk of his life, followed. The detective caught at the handrail as the car sped past him, but a hand thrust him back so that he missed it, and he was thrown, with some violence upon the station platform. It was my hand that balked his attempt.

This was not a telegraph station, so we were not interrupted at the larger town where we changed. Doctor Barlow had shrewdly bought through tickets to a point which he had not thought of making our destination, and here he obtained others, this time for—but it does not matter where, across the Canada line.

For a day and two nights we rode on and on. Of that journey I have now only a vague recollection, for before it had ended I was again ill, and very ill. The past weeks had been fraught with a constant struggle on my part to recall past events—a struggle the intensity of which even I did not realize. And now the discovery that I was wanted for a crime, and the excitement of our escape, not unmingled with an undercurrent of love for the purest, strongest, most devoted of women, with conflicting hopes and fears and threatened disappointment, altogether made a crises which I was not able to withstand. And for weeks I was ill with brain fever.

Again in languor and weakness I awoke to a sense of my surroundings. Again Alice Barlow, calm, gentle, faithful, attended my slightest wants. What passed in my thoughts during succeeding days and weeks would fill a

volume if I were to write it out. We talked of many things, in a light, placid vein. Doctor Barlow told me quaint stories and we all laughed at them, but my strength came back very slowly.

One evening I fell into a half-doze, from which I was awakened by someone coming softly into my room. I knew it was Alice, and did not open my eyes, until—softly as a snowflake again—a kiss fell upon my forehead. Then I looked up into the dearest of faces bending over me, and in a moment held one of her hands in mine—the one that wore the ring. Did I say she was plain looking? Ah! she was positively beautiful then.

"May I remove that, Alice?" I asked, touching the ring.

"No, no!" she quickly cried.

"Then you still love the one who placed it there?"

She was silent, but her face answered so plainly that it was strange that I could remain so calm.

"You promised to tell me about it, sometime," I persisted.

"When you were well," she answered. As she spoke her eyes met mine, and for one lingering moment she gazed, and then this strong, placid young woman was sobbing joyfully in my arms.

For days the memory of my past life had been coming back to me, and I remembered the occurrence which had caused the paralyzing shock to my brain, and ended in my becoming a fugitive from the authorities. I had an enemy, who, in a moment of frenzy, attacked me, and partly in self defence and partly by inadvertence, I had taken his life. There were no witnesses, but circumstances would have convicted me of a wilful crime. In my heart, and before God, I was blameless. Should I give myself up and suffer a penalty I did not deserve? Conscience, prayer, Alice Barlow, her father, all counseled me against doing so.

"And you believed me innocent from the first?" I asked, when I had told Alice all the details.

"Yes. But I should have clung to you the same had you been guilty."

For Alice and I were betrothed before the cloud came upon my memory. It was I who gave her the ring.—*Yankee Blade.*

Getting, and Chasing, the Devil.

On the birth of a Parsee child, a magian and a fire priest, who is always an astrologer, are called in to predict the future life of the babe. The magian, dressed in a robe of many colors, a pointed cap with jingling bells, and armed with a long broom made of beresma twigs (which is thought to have the power of putting evil spirits to flight), enters the chamber of the Parsee mother and babe and, setting the end of his broom on fire, dances around, exorcising the evil spirits; finally he flourishes his firebrand over the mother and child in all corners of the room. This done, the fire priest draws a number of squares on a blackboard; in one corner of each square he draws a figure of bird, beast, fish or insect, each of which stands for some mental, physical or spiritual characteristic, together with its appropriate star or planet. The magian then proceeds by means of spells and incantations to exorcise any evil spirit that may be lurking unseen in the blackboard. Next the fire priest begins to count and recount the stars under whose influence the child is supposed to be born, and then with closed eyes and solemn voice he predicts the future life of the babe. Next he prepares a horoscope or birth paper and hands it to the father. Then placing the babe on his knees, waves it over the sacred flame, sprinkles it with holy water, fills its ears and nostrils with sea salt to keep out the evil spirits, and finally returns the screaming infant to its mother's arms.—*Mrs. Leonovns in Wide Awake.*

All's at an End.

The breach is made—false friend, adieu; All's at an end between us two. Let others come, with power and praise, To blot your name from my days; That sunshine past, its colors fade— I'll have no more—the breach is made.

All's at an end! Proud instinct lies! There is no end to human ties; My voice has learned an alien tone; My very look repeats your own; Our nature act in foe and friend— In vain we cry, All's at an end.—*Dora Read Goodale, in Harper's Magazine.*

Graphic Description of a Boom.

Last summer I overheard two men talking as they were digging away in the mines, and one said:

"Jim, they say thar is a big bum up at Rome."

"What that? said Jim.

"Why, hit's a kind of thing whar one feller gets nothing for something."

"Whv, that's a faro bank or lottery, ain't it?" said Jim.

"No, it ain't. I tell you it's a bum—a kind of new tradin' business whar swells and shrinks, and the sweller and shrinker stays down in the cellar and works the machine. They trade in stock."

"Horses and mules?" said Jim.

"No, hit's all on paper, and nobody can see whar he is buyin'. You put your money in and wait for a swell. If it comes you are all right, but if a shrink you are busted, and you feel so ashamed that you don't say anything about it, and it never gets into the papers—nothing but the swells gets into the papers."—*Bill Arrp.*

There are so many boards in a city—including education, liquidation, directors, health, control, and the like—that there is danger of being bored to death.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

PUNGENT POINTS.

At church on Sunday men are seen at their best and women in their best. —*New York Tribune.*

A South Carolina widow has been lending money at 47 per cent interest. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A girl down south wanted a husband so bad she paid \$150,000 for one and picked out an editor. We come high, but they must have us.—*Our Society Journal.*

Jay Gould's return in robust health bodes no good to the United States. He was lively enough for all practical purposes before he took his vacation.—*Chicago Herald.*

That big storm in the East cost the railroads and telegraph lines fully \$8,000,000. The great need of the country now is a Blizzard Trust.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Russell Sage is said to be wearing a \$15 suit of clothes. Well, he can afford to. He is worth \$10,000,000. It is the poor chap who can not afford to look seedy.—*Chicago Times.*

Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the professional whistler, has concluded to sail for Europe. She would like to stay in New York, but the wind there makes too much competition in her business.—*Chicago Times.*

The English call an elevator a "lift," and the French call it a "help," while the Scotch put in their oar by referring to it as a "drop." It's all the same thing, however—always out of order.—*Detroit Free Press.*

If Col. Ingersoll had been snow-bound in New Jersey and charged by a native \$1 for a pie his belief that there is no future punishment would have suddenly undergone a radical change.—*Norristown Herald.*

The magnitude of operations and the profits accruing from the business of furnishing "hello" facilities are something enormous. There were 380,277 instruments of the American Bell Telephone company in use during 1887, producing a gross revenue of \$3,453,027, while the expenses of maintenance and operation were \$1,242,430, leaving a profit of \$2,210,597.—*Chicago Times.*

A Funeral at Sea.

Every head was uncovered as we stood silently awaiting the funeral procession, for every heart felt the solemnity of the occasion. We were about to consign one of our comrades to the great unknown depths of old ocean, and the most hardened of us stopped for a moment to turn his eyes inward. He who was so recently with us was now to be forever hidden from our eyes, left to his watery resting place, far from every human heart, while we were born onward over his grave, onward to a distant land where for a time we would defy the hand that had smitten him to whom we were about to pay the last tribute. No grave wanted to receive him; not even the vessel halted in its course, for the greedy waters would willingly part to receive his body. Unlike the stable earth that with every human death is pierced through her motherly breast to enfold her child, the inconstant ocean seemed rising to meet his ghastly tenement, ready to bear him down, down into his depths, where the deposits of the ages lay hidden.

But see! The solemn procession has reached the deck. First walks the minister, clad in his robes, Bible in hand, and after follow the pall-bearers, with their sad burden. The side of the ship is reached, where we stand, and from which a portion of the railing has been removed, and the body is softly rested upon the deck. Nothing breaks the solemn stillness but the deep breath of the vessel that goes plunging forward, until the tones of the minister are heard as he begins the impressive funeral service. Every thing proceeded as upon terra firma until the moment comes to consign the body to the deep. Here the ritual differs. "We, therefore, commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (whom the sea gives up its dead)." With the words, the plank on which the body rested, was raised and it silently slipped off into the ocean. It parted the waters with a swish, and only a few bubbles marked the place where it had sunk. One, indeed, felt as the eye lingered on the closed waters, that the wind passed over it, and it was gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.—*Baltimore American.*

Lovey Dovey.

A woman weighing something like two hundred pounds came into the Grand Central Station the other day clinging to the bony arm of a little man who probably tipped the beam at ninety in his winter clothing.

He led the way to the ladies' waiting-room, deposited the lady in two chairs, and started out.

"You won't be gone long, will you, dearie?" she gasped out. "I feel so timid."

"No, darling, I'll be right back. Don't worry about me."

"Oh, I shall, dearie, I can't help it, and I dread being left alone."

"Well, I'll be back in ten minutes."

"Oh, do, I feel so nervous."

He was fifteen minutes, and when he reached her side again she tried to tumble into his arms, and said sweetly and childishly:

"Oh, Harry! You were gone an age. I was so frightened! Ah, Harry, I fear that you will find that you have married a very, very silly little girl." —*24 Dits.*

"Scabs."
The "scab" in the parlance of strikers is a man to be respected. We honor the "scab." The man who interferes with him is a coward, a bully, an enemy to society and decency and common liberty.

The scab is a man who is willing to work when other men idle their time away. If other men go out on a strike for any reason, good or bad, he prefers to work for himself or his family, rather than spend his time in idleness or rioting. To an ordinary observer this would seem to be creditable rather than otherwise. We do, or at least we should, endeavor to teach habits of industry. Generally a willingness to work, when work is necessary, is considered a virtue.

But the modern ethics of labor as taught by labor reformers, as they call themselves, denigrates a man, a "scab" if he is willing to work at the very time that labor is most in demand. It is intended as a term of opprobrium, quite as offensive as Methodist, or Quaker, when first applied to men holding peculiar religious views.

It is quite time to recognize the scab as one of the most reputable of men. If attacked by rioters and villains when at his post of duty, public sentiment and the law should justify him in defending his own right to work for whom he pleases and for whatever wages he pleases.

A late report says that an engineer scab, at Aurora, Ill., was recently set upon by a crowd of roughs, when he drew a revolver and shot one of them. Probably he did just right. But the scab was arrested. Why not the roughs? We honor the scab.

When brewers and distillers go on a strike there is nothing lost.

The Topeka Democrat gave the administration papers that we are pecking at it just one box on the ears, and then they hushed.

Conkling is dead, and the emperor is dying. Blaine may last a year yet, but he suffers from an incurable disease.

Topeka will not ask that any other republican from this city be put in Mr. Ryan's place in Congress, nor will it ask that any man be put in his place.

Our old friend John Waller says Currin was not defeated for police judge by the party, as a party, because the leaders came out boldly for him. John the wool is pulled down woefully thick over your eyes.

Lawrence is very modest even if it is historic. It only asks for three places on the state republican ticket: S. O. Thacher for governor, Geo. J. Barker for attorney general, and E. Stanley for superintendent of public instruction, and they are all worthy of the positions.

John L. Waller, one of the leading colored men of the state, and editor of the Citizen of this place, made an address at the republican League last night, in which it is said he made the very reckless statement: "I am for John Sherman for president because he belongs to the Abraham Lincoln school of republicanism." Now we are equally opposed to the nomination of Sherman, for the reason that there is in him hardly one feature of the Lincoln school of republicanism. We could not name a prominent republican who has less of it in his make-up than John Sherman.

Mr. Attorney General Bradford may be right in his interpretation of the law in regard to the eligibility of women to the office of superintendent of public instruction, but he certainly bases his opinion on very flimsy grounds. He says the office is a constitutional office, and then admits that the constitution creating the office contains nothing designating the sex eligible to election. But further on he finds in section 14 a provision for filling vacancies, in case any of named officers become incapable of performing the duties of "his" office. He then quotes a case that came before Judge Brewer, in which the same question was raised in regard to county superintendents. They were created without qualification as to sex, the same as the state superintendent, but there was no subsequent section providing for "his" failure. It is clear that a woman may be county superintendent. Now why is the word "his" used in such cases as quoted from section 14? Simply because of a weakness in our language. It is probable that the framers of the constitution had no question of sex in mind. They used the word "his" as we often do in its generic sense. We have no pronoun in the language to express both sexes, and in such cases we use the male form. We use the word "man" in the same sense. God breathed into man the breath of life. Would attorney general Bradford have us infer that He infused life into woman in some different way? Again, if Kansas should grant full privilege of voting to the women of Kansas equally with men it is presumed that a revision of the constitution would be necessary to enable a woman to become governor of the state?

Superintendent Bloss is entitled to much credit for his efforts to decrease the use of tobacco in the public schools. Reports show that a marked decrease has taken place. In this movement the school board should lend its cordial support. The whole tobacco habit is a gross, beastly nuisance. It has usurped the first principles of individual liberty and reversed its order. It is considered that a man has a right to smoke on the street in public, or even to invade a private office with the filthiness of tobacco about him. A lady walking behind a foul clay pipe burning the most villainous tobacco, has the privilege of making the best of it, or of trying some means of escape. Instead of being first entitled to God's pure air any coarse fellow may assume that his right to pollute must take precedence and if a lady or gentlemen don't like it, there is no help for it. A man thinks it nothing out of the way to enter any store or office, where ladies are or are not present, puffing his cigar or sucking an old pipe. It is no wonder that children learn to use tobacco. If the habit is wrong in children, it is wrong in parent. If it should be stopped in school, it should be stopped at home, and every where in public where it becomes a nuisance. It would be considered improper for a refined lady to smoke in her drawing room or on the street, but no reason can be given why it would be worse than for a man. Public sentiment prohibits the one. It might and it ought to prohibit the other. If men must commit nuisance, there ought to be a place for it where it can be done in private.

The right of suffrage carries with it the right to hold office. If this is not true, no colored man can lawfully be elected to office.

Representative Mills made an eloquent free trade speech yesterday, but worked in the old chestnut, that the tariff was a war measure. Protective tariffs ante-date the war, and the same questions were presented then as now. The tariff needs readjusting, but let it be a question of the present only.

L. M. Crawford is building a tenement block on Monroe street between Twelfth and Thirteenth. It will have a frontage seventy-five feet, and will contain four convenient suites of rooms.

On Monday night a woman was met by officer Jewell who asked for a place to stay. She was given a cot in the Marshal's office. Her story is that her name is West that she is a widow of a soldier, that she drew a pension of \$15.00 some time ago which was received by her sister and her husband named White and now living in this city. They spent her money but allowed her to live with them until a few days ago when they turned her adrift. They had been prosecuted and the Whites found guilty but at Mrs. West's request sentence was suspended and they were let out on parole. The woman is now homeless and without money and the heartless relatives who have caused it will probably be arrested and punished for their crime although it may not afford her any relief.

The First Presbyterian church has a membership of 596.

The republican meeting at the court house last night, was well attended.

There will be an important meeting of the south side board of trade to-night. Tuesday's rain was general throughout the state. There's millions in it.

Ex-councilman Marshall has taken out a permit to build a handsome residence in the First ward, at No. 427 Quincy street.

J. S. Morse left this week on a business tour to the south west part of the state, near No-Man's land. He expects to be absent several days.

Instead of hanging their murderers by the neck until they are dead, New York will hereafter finish them by a stroke of lightning.

Charles Dickens, jr., will read selections from the familiar writings of his great father, at Crawford's opera house, next Monday evening.

The eminent divine, Rev. Joseph Cook, will deliver his popular lecture on the subject, "Does Death End All," at the Grand on the evening of April 24.

The new city council is getting down to work in good shape. If they keep on they will well earn the magnificent salaries they receive.

J. W. Graham late of Jackson County has settled in North Topeka, and will soon open a dental office on the west side of the Avenue.

Bert McClap has severed his connection with J. N. Henry and will leave in a few days for La Junta, Colorado, to fill a vacancy in the A., T. & S. F. office at that place.

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Student directly interested in the study, should make their application at once to Miss Mills, associate principal, who will be found at the above address. Call or send for circulars.

The issue LITERATURE, Alden's illustrated weekly magazine, bearing date April 21, contains a full reprint of the rather remarkable paper on International Copyright, recently published by Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, together with an extended and somewhat spicy review of the same by Mr. Alden. Senator Chace, being chairman of the committee which has charge of the bill now before the Senate, is naturally the one of all others to be looked to as an authority, and his paper on the question is an able, and even brilliant one. Mr. Alden is not antagonistic to the measure, but is in hearty sympathy with the copyright movement; he undertakes, however, in the name of the American people, to resent the charge so commonly made, and by Senator Chace stated in the strongest terms, that the publisher, buyers and readers of cheap editions of Dickens and Tennyson, for instance, are "pirates," or "thieves," or the receivers of stolen goods." The case, according to Mr. Alden, is able to stand on honest and common-sense grounds, even better than on a false libelous basis. People who are interested to see the merits of a live topic presented in a novel and vigorous way from different standpoints, will be glad to send a postal card for a free specimen copy; and a good many of them when they receive it and see what a bright, entertaining and wonderfully cheap magazine it is, will be glad to send \$1.00 and get it regularly during the year. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York; 218 Clark Street, Chicago.

A Dr. Butler of Columbus Ohio, is suing in the United States District-Court for the possession of his grandson, who is now with relatives on the mothers side. The boy's father, son of Dr. Butler was a wild youth who finally married, then killed his wife and was himself executed in Indiana for murder. The boy's mother, when dying, requested Dr. Butler to care for him, and prior to his execution, the father also requested it and made him guardian of the boy, who was taken to him with her grandfather. The boy was subsequently smuggled away and was taken to this state. He is now about nine years old. Dr. Butler the grandfather is wealthy and has deeded large property to the boy, and wishes to educate him. Hence he brings suit for his possessions.

It matters little what the obscurest paper in the world may say against the North Topeka Rapid Transit Company. The rain to-day put a stop to street work which has been progressing rapidly.

The committee reported favorably last night on the Central avenue bridge over Soldier Creek.

A. C. Deming, who was so seriously hurt in Sunday evening's careless and drunken runaway, is reported better today and it is thought he will get along now.

A new arrival of Summer Millinery on Wednesday, at Mrs. Metcal's, the leading Milliner of Topeka, at 808 Kansas Avenue. One of the most artistic Trimmers from the East, engaged for this season.

The colored people of this city got such Currin down at the late election that they have not yet recovered from the initiation and they are said to now be fooling with the democratic party. They don't know it is loaded.

Bricklaying was begun Saturday on Governor Crawford's building. The finest pressed brick is being used, and the building, which is to be four stories and a basement, will be one of the finest blocks in the city.

There are now six four-story buildings being erected, several three-story structures and numerous other business blocks of less importance. Some of these new buildings will be magnificent structures, which would do credit to the great centers of the east.

There are 1,430 old soldiers at the home, and during the winter as many as 1,700 found a refuge there. Since spring comes on, many have left to visit relatives or seek employment. The home was designed for only 1,200.

The Mills of the tariff gods, grind slowly but they grind exceedingly fine. Before they stop the new tariff will be ground into shreds, if not into powder.

The drum corps will parade the streets and drum up attendants upon the republican meeting to-night, if it don't rain too hard.

The members of the city council visited the city electric light works, on the corner of Adams and First streets yesterday. The electric light building is the structure formerly used in the manufacturing of vinegar, root beer, pop, etc., and is quite well adapted, with the modifications made for the purpose. Mr. Reilly, the superintendent of construction for the Jenny Electric company, told the councilmen that everything was progressing nicely; that he would have the engines, two eighty-horse motors, in place this week, the foundations for the same being nearly completed. One of the large boilers was in place and the other one was moved into position while the committee was present. The dynamo are ready to ship. Mr. Reilly believes he will have everything in working order and the light turned on before the day sat, June 11.

The funeral of Mrs. Howard B. Jackson of Chicago, daughter of Mrs. M. E. DeGeer, took place at 11 o'clock yesterday, from the latter's residence, No. 1115 Kansas avenue, conducted by the Rev. Percival McIntyre of Grace Cathedral.

Several important complaints are to be investigated, among them being the charge against the editors and publishers of Lucifer. The opinion is that they will be re-indicted, although an effort is being made to prevent it. Mr. Overmeyer their lawyer, having presented District Attorney Perry with a petition signed by 150 citizens of Valley Falls, requesting him not to prosecute them further.

The latest Kansas Newspaper is called the Mocking Bird. The editors best efforts will be put in to induce subscribers to listen to it. It will never condone wrong in its party because it will never see it.



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Never select your reading from the cheap but glittering embellishments on the cover. Do not take periodicals because of lottery chances or premiums promised to accompany them. These, you and others must pay for in the long run. Choose a standard publication for its solid merits, its truthfulness, and beware of all fictitious propositions or allurements calculated to induce your support of worthless value. A paper should be offered upon its merits and on this plan the Kansas City Journal has become the best and most influential newspaper of the Missouri Valley.

Warrants in payment of claims against the county have been signed and are in the hands of the county treasurer to be delivered to parties entitled to them.

LITERATURE, an Illustrated Weekly Magazine (\$1.00 a year), has certainly successfully taken the field as the popular literary journal of America. Its great variety of contents, handy form, and choice illustrations, make it exceedingly attractive. Foremost American authors are among its contributors. Mrs. Susan E. Wallace, wife of the author of "Ben Hur," and quite as charming a writer as her husband, has papers in two current issues on "The Poetry and Music of the Arabs." For a specimen copy (free), address John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York; P. O. Box 1227.

In selecting ewe lambs to keep do not be governed too much by size. The breed will determine the size of the offspring. A flock of short-legged, broad-chested, round-bodied sheep of 100 pounds each is worth more than a flock of slab-sided, knock-kneed, light-shouldered, loose-ribbed sheep of the same breed that are twenty-five pounds heavier.

Cuttings should have a good meliow soil. Many seem to have the idea that a cutting may be pushed down most anywhere and will grow. The little roots need the very best of soil, so that they may get hold at once. Cuttings should be pushed down to a depth of five or six inches, so they may not suffer from lack of moisture in case of a dry time.

The real value of root crops in the economy of farm feeding is the change they furnish from dry feed to which stock is subjected through the long winter months. A light feed every few days helps the animal to digest and assimilate the coarse dry food that is his usual ration.

In securing seed be careful that you are not buying old varieties with new names. Old, tried varieties of vegetables should never be discharged as long as they give good results. A change of seed, without first experimenting with the new variety the year previous, may cause a loss of the entire crop.

Select several kinds of peach trees, using the early and late varieties. In those selections where the peach tree does not live but a few years, a row of young trees should be planted every year in order to have new ones trees begin to bear as soon as the old ones shall die out, thus providing a constant succession of bearing trees.

A FARM AND GARDEN correspondent writes: "I wish all horsemen knew the value of sunflower seed. It is not only one of the best remedies for the heaves, but a horse that has recently foundered can be entirely cured by giving half a pint twice a day for a while in his feed. I took an otherwise valuable young horse last fall which was so stiff that you could hardly get it out of its stall, and in two weeks you would not know that any thing was the matter with it, and it has been all right ever since."

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