

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

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

The Wichita boom has gone west to grow up with the country.

The Delphos city council has passed an ordinance prohibiting billiard halls and pool rooms after May 1.

A. B. Campbell is not a candidate for Congress in the same sense that Blaine is not a candidate for president.

Kansas has the biggest Plumb in the Congressional pie, and no democratic Jack can sit in the corner and pull it out.

Atchison wants a chewing gum factory. The girls are industrious when it comes to jaw, and the town believes in home manufactures.

Heavy and glorious rains are reported from the southwestern, western and northwestern parts of the state last night and to-day.

Massachusetts declares unmistakably for Blaine, and Pennsylvania does the same. There is quite a desire on both sides to once more fight over the presidential campaign of 1884.

Even with Cleveland and Blaine leading the hosts to war, the fight will not be on the tariff. Certain it will be made a source of capital, so far as possible by both parties, but whichever party wins, it is sure that the question will not be settled.

"God be thanked there is an American city which has quit fooling the fool," exclaimed Rev. Joseph Cook last night during the course of his lecture, referring to prohibition in Topeka. "Praise God there is one city renowned for not having that thing which is to-day the curse of the civilized world."

The charred and blackened telegraph pole upon which the effigy of John P. St. John was burned by republicans in this city the night of election in 1884, has been taken up and sent east, where it will be exhibited by St. John during his coming prohibition campaign in New York state. The chickens will come home to roost on that pole.

Governor Oglesby, speaking to the farmers at Joliet, Ill., said that the land question is one of the most momentous problems before the people. The population of this country is rapidly increasing, while the farming class remains about the same. Land is more valuable than money. We need to study the soil, and even go deeper to find the water-courses under the surface, and make them serviceable in turning unproductive lands in the West into fruitful fields. Land in England is worth \$500 to \$700 an acre, and it will soon be as high here. What will we be a hundred years hence with a 150,000,000 people in the country? He advised farmers to stick to their land, improve it, and see that no one but themselves owned it.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar writes to Kansas readers a little which we publish elsewhere. Some times an outsider can judge better than any one else, as the historian can write more justly of events more distant.

It is announced that Lawrence now has a water supply clearer than St. Louis, or Topeka. We wonder if the writer of that dispatch ever saw St. Louis water—it is certain he never saw through it.

A little country paper printed at the cross roads in Tazewell county, Ill., near where Senator Shelby M. Cullom was raised, periodically mentions him for president, and the senator comes out just as regularly, in some metropolitan paper, or through some innocuous associated press reporter, denying that he is a candidate. Senator Cullom is not a great man. Illinois has hundreds of greater men, and no one ever seriously thought of him for president.

The colored people of Topeka do not accept the situation. They are not content to be put off with one delegate and one alternate to the county convention. Since the defeat of Curria they are more suspicious than ever. A conviction is growing that they are trifled with. At first they did believe that men would talk in public in favor of Curria for police judge, and the use their private influence against him. They did not comprehend that the talk from the stage of the Grand Opera House, did not at all correspond with the talk behind the scenes. Gradually the truth has forced itself into their minds. For a week past, quiet meetings have been held almost nightly in the colored districts, and some have not been so quiet. On the north side they are perhaps more determined than elsewhere. The recent folly of the Democrat now becomes more apparent than ever.

The friends of James Wiley were pained and shocked to-day, by hearing of his death, which occurred at 8 minutes past seven this morning. Mr. Wiley, or "Jim" as he was familiarly called among his young friends, had not been feeling well for some time, his lungs paining him, and in February took a trip east to Indiana, where he spent several weeks, and came home feeling better, but not well enough to be on duty regularly at Arnold & Stansfield's drug store, where his situation had been kept open for him. Sunday evening he was at the store a short time, but left to keep an engagement with some friends. On Monday he was attacked with pneumonia, and died this morning. His early death will be a great sorrow to his widowed mother, and his brothers and sisters, and he will be mourned by a large circle of friends for he was a universal favorite. The sympathies of the entire community are with the bereaved ones, and that God may comfort them in this sore affliction, is the earnest prayer of many friends. Mr. Wiley was twenty-three years old. The funeral will be to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock from the Presbyterian church.

The Chicago, Santa Fe & California Railway, being the Chicago extension of the Atchison road is completed to Chicago, and commences on Sunday, April 29, 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 line with passengers has induced the Santa Fe to make a notable innovation connected with its vestibule trains; no extra charges will be made. All eastern lines charge extra for the additional accommodation.

The shooting of young Louis Adams while trying to enter Petro Bros. store in Silver Lake, and the sad death of the unfortunate youth present one of the most sorrowful cases in the county record. No blame can attach to young Petro for the shooting. Adams was trying to break into the store at night, and was shot in the attempt. Captured and brought to this city fatally wounded, he tells his story without attempt to excuse his own wrong. He had wandered away from home and was making his way back in want. He meets two tramps worse than himself and is persuaded and possibly intimidated to attempt a crime. He is put in the place of danger and becomes a victim. After much suffering he dies in jail and is buried by the county. He has a kind mother in Ohio, and friends, but cannot reach them. Perhaps he perished to die, after his great mistake, without meeting them, and when the burial took place last evening, nothing had been heard from them. Petro's uncle came to the city when he heard of Adams' death and gave notice to the coroner that he desired an inquest held, so that his nephew might be vindicated in what he has done, by advertising the public of the facts by a judicial inquiry. The coroner regarded an inquest as needless and promised to make an extra judicial investigation of the affair, upon which he will base any subsequent proceedings, or, in the event it should turn out of that Jeff Petro was justified in shooting Adams, as everybody believes now, nothing will be undertaken, because nothing can or should be done.

A reception to the local employes of the car and wood departments of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad was given last evening by the "Santa Fe" railroad department of the Young Men's Christian association, in their room's corner Fourth and Adams streets. About 150 people were present. An excellent musical and literary programme, was rendered, and refreshments were served by committees of the ladies of the auxiliary. The participants in the programme were Miss A. R. Luse an amateur elocutionist of considerable merit; Mrs. A. J. Arnold, of north Topeka, soprano; Miss Sallie Thomas, guitarist; Miss Mary Payne, of north Topeka, pianist; Mr. A. B. Chamberlin, tenor; Mr. John B. Mills, basso; and Mr. Henry Griffin, tenor. All took part in an excellent manner and were well received. This reception is the last of the series of three to the local employes of the Santa Fe.

Miss Fannie Knight, daughter of City Assessor J. Lee Knight, is assisting her father in making the personal assessments, and seems to be doing "just as well as a man."

Mrs. North, the wife of Nick North, the Santa Fe janitor who is confined in the county jail, charged with stealing money from the Santa Fe general office building, died Wednesday morning.

Seventh street, between Kansas avenue and Jackson street is being prepared for the laying of stone blocks with which that street is to be paved.

Memorial services will be held at the English Lutheran church next Sunday evening. There will be several addresses delivered on the life and character of the late emperor of Germany.

Mrs. Metcalf has gone east to select fresh novelties for her millinery rooms 803 Kan. avenue Topeka, look out for something nice next week.

You pay no more for your millinery at Mrs. Barber's than elsewhere, as we varied an assortment to select from and every one buying a \$4.00 hat has the privilege of having a dress cut and fitted free of charge.

The Presbyterians are going to give a rain bow social next Tuesday evening.

There was no meeting of the board of trade last night, although that was its regular meeting night; at the hour set for the meeting the room was illuminated, three members were present, and a delegation of ladies occupied chairs patiently waiting for a quorum. They remained until after 9 o'clock, then, concluding it folly to expect a quorum at that late hour, they went away to their homes. The ladies represented the Kansas industrial school and home for children.

Prescott & Gilchrist shipped yesterday another car of fine driving horses to Northampton, Mass.

The Welsh people of this city will hold Sunday school in their native language in the lecture room of the First Congregational church, next Sunday morning. There are over 100 Welshmen in the city and this will be first time they have ever met together in the city and converse exclusively in their native tongue.

The new daily, the morning Democrat will put in its appearance in a couple of weeks.

Hats of all sizes and every shape under the sun, at Mrs. Barber's, 807 Kansas Avenue, near Citizen's Bank.

One of the Rock Island excursions arrived yesterday, and about 200 excursionists to Kansas admired the beauties of our city for a short while and then sped westward to gaze on our unapproachable farming lands and interior towns.

A great variety of hats just in at Mrs. I. L. Barber's, 807 Kansas avenue North Topeka.

Miss Editha Woodrow, whose illness has been a source of deep regret to her many friends for several days, passed away at noon yesterday, death resulting from an aggravated attack of diphtheria. The funeral was held at 10 o'clock this morning from her late residence, 1021 Polk st.

Dickson School of Shorthand.

A first class exclusive School of Shorthand, Type-writing, Punctuation, Business Correspondence, etc., etc. Office, West Sixth street, Jones' Building, 3rd floor.

The Cross Eclectic system of shorthand briefest, shortest and best system extant. Young ladies and gentlemen of ordinary ability made competent stenographers in twelve weeks without fail. Quick work unexcelled results, unequalled facilities.

This institution is a branch of the well established Dickson Institute of Kansas City, and besides being under the direct supervision of Mrs. W. B. Dickson it will be conducted by competent and practical teachers.

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.

Permanently Located

Dr. F. C. Dillings is now a permanent resident Topeka physician. He proposes to make this city his home, which means of course that he believes in Topeka. That a very large share of all classes of our people believe in Dr. Dillings has been demonstrated, which perhaps has much to do with his permanent location here.

The doctor's new office and reception parlors are most conveniently and centrally situated, next east of the Topeka Savings bank and over No. 111 East Sixth street, where he occupies the whole floor. The location could not possibly be more desirable. Many who for various reasons did not care to visit a physician at a hotel and who have been deterred from calling under the impression that the doctor was only a transient and would soon leave, can now consult him with the assurance that he is here to stay and that every courtesy will be extended. The doctor occupies four splendid rooms fitted and furnished with new and elegant furnishings throughout. The rooms consist of reception room, consulting room, operating room and laboratory and are perfectly adapted for the use of a physician who has the large practice that Dr. Dillings always has. There are no finer office rooms in the city and it is safe to say that none will receive a larger share of public patronage. The doctor is known to be remarkably successful in his profession and it is also known that under no circumstances will he accept for treatment anyone whom he has the least doubt of being able to cure or greatly benefit. Among the hundreds who have been his patients during the past four months there is not one who can say they have received no help. To the seriously sick, Dr. Dillings offers ways of getting well, that are entitled to immediate attention. For the accommodation of those who can not see him during the day hours, he will for a short time, devote an hour each evening, from 7:30 to 8:30, to their reception. Give the doctor a call.

Our people attending the Republican convention in June will have a chance to test the new line.

One of the largest and best industries located at Topeka is the starch works. This concern has lately added a large addition to its works and the artical manufactured is obtaining a wide reputation over the country. A branch depot has been established at Denver and one at Kansas City and in a few days one will be located in San Francisco.

CLAY CENTER TIMES: Good Bishop Vail of Topeka, is sick nigh unto death, and it is extremely doubtful whether he will ever be strong again. Special prayers for his recovery are being said all over this diocese. If ever a perfect man in a moral sense lived in Kansas, that man is Bishop Vail.

A sick horse belonging to a farmer, attracted a great deal of attention on Kansas avenue near Ninth street, this afternoon. A horse doctor relieved the animal, and it was able to get up and be taken to a stable.

The state house contractors have purchased 5,000,000 bricks from the Fort Scott steam brick works company which will be delivered during the present season.

Col. Copp, formerly connected with the North Topeka Times, the predecessor of the News, called yesterday at his old head quarters to congratulate the daily News. Col. Copp is now connected with the starch works, and is having a big trade.

BUILDER'S HARDWARE, TINWARE, AND GARDEN TOOLS.

Farm Implements, Cutlery

Pumps, &c.

—AT—

BABCOCK & PRATT'S

CHARLES B. PALMER and James Ford boys seventeen and eighteen years old left home April 14, 1888. They carried a satchel, double-barrelled shotgun and each a watch. The former wore a white canvas hat and the latter a white hat with shoe strings through the brim. Any information in regard to the boys will be gladly received by John N. Palmer and James Ford, Creswell, Marion county, Kas. Kansas exchanges please copy.

A pocketbook belonging to David Gates, who was robbed of \$30 at the Santa depot Saturday, was found in a yard on the lower part of Kansas avenue and turned over to marshal Carter yesterday.

The democratic flambeau club is preparing to go to the national democratic convention at St. Louis.

NEW MILLINERY.

In Lukens' Opera House Block, Kansas Avenue.

—We keep a large stock of—

Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons,

FEATHERS, FLOWERS, And Ladies Furnishing Goods in the very Latest Styles.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Prices Reasonable.

We hope by close and careful attention to business, and courteous and good treatment, to share in your patronage.

Yours Respectfully,
MRS. I. L. BARBER.

The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

THE *Detroit Journal* offers a prize of \$500 in gold to the man, woman or child, (Gen. Greely not excepted) who will name the three hottest days in the year of 1888.

THE Prince of Wales, according to the *London Times*, has an "unfortunate weakness which has led him to patronize American cattle-drovers and prize-fighters."

MAJOR GENERAL TERRY will soon make application for retirement, on the ground of ill health. It is said that President Cleveland will comply with his request.

THE lightning rod, says the *Electrical Review*, is a relic of superstition, and will eventually be regarded on a horse shoe over a door.

THE nickel five-cent piece may be used as a unit of measure in calculating by the metric system. It is exactly two centimeters in diameter and weighs five grammes.

THE oldest man in Germany, and probably in the world, is named Wapniarek. He lives in the village of Hutta, near Gnesen, in the province of Posen. He was born in 1764. He is therefore 124 years old, and still shows no sign of being in any hurry to die.

JOHN JONES, once an employe of the New York Central railroad, has been engaged by a railroad company in China for the past three years. He is to hire 500 engineers, firemen and brakemen to run trains on the American system in China. It is said the engineers will be paid \$250 monthly, firemen \$175 and brakemen \$125. All those engaged will have to sign an agreement to remain five years with the company.

MR. WORTH, the fashionable dress-maker of Paris, recently remarked to a reporter: "I find that every country produces beautiful faces, graceful figures and lovely dispositions, as well their contraries. I suppose Russian ladies are the greatest dancers in the world; English women are justly proud of their perfect complexions; the French lead the world in real elegance, and the American ladies impress me by the easy way in which they wear gorgeous gowns. Nothing overwhelms them."

THE belief that human beings should sleep with their heads to the north is said to have its foundation in a scientific fact. "The French Academy of Sciences has made experiments upon the body of a guillotined man, which go to prove that each human system is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head, the other by the feet. The body was taken immediately after death and placed on a pivot, to move as it might. After some vacillation the head portion turned toward the north, the body then remaining stationary. One of the professors turned it half way around, but it soon regained its original position, and the same result was repeatedly obtained until organic movement finally ceased."

STARTING with the idea that the hand varies sensibly in size with the amount of blood present in it at any moment, Prof. Musso, the Italian physiologist, has made some interesting investigations. In his first experiments the hand was placed in a closed vessel of water, when the change in the circulation produced by the slightest action of body or brain, the smallest thought or movement, was shown by a rise or fall in the liquid in the narrow neck of the vessel. With a large balance on which the horizontal human body may be poised he has found that one's thoughts may be literally weighed, and that even dreams or the effect of a slight sound during slumber turn the blood to the brain sufficiently to sink the balance of the head. When the brain of the balanced person is relaxing from thought, the flow is toward the feet, with a corresponding oscillation. The investigator has continued his studies of the circulation until it seems he may almost read one's thoughts and sensations. A tracing from a single pulse-beat shows him whether a person is fasting or not; two beats serve to determine whether the subject is a thinking or a heedless one, whether asleep or awake, cold or warm, agitated or calm. The changing pulse even told him when a professional friend was reading Italian, and when Greek, the greater effort for the latter duly affecting the blood-flow.

IN A TURKISH CEMETERY.

Mrs. Gen. Lew Wallace Describes Oriental Graveyards.

Some interesting inscriptions on the Tombstones of the Faithful—The Story of Rose-market—Curious Sparks of Fire in the Old Burying-Grounds.

Flowers fade, leaves wither,
But the constant cypress is green forever.
—Greek Song.

When we are told that the largest cemeteries in the world are in Turkey the words give no suggestion of the immense spaces crowded by the bodies of those who have died in and about Constantinople. Four miles of continuous graves skirt the ancient walls; four miles of cypress forests point the resting-place of unnumbered thousands. The trees shape like our Lombardy poplars—tall, slender, taper as a plume. In the spring the foliage is almost black, contrasting with flowery terraces and gardens glowing with color like a dreary fringe bordering some splendid garment. Thus they darkly shadow the Asian shore on the heights beyond the hospital where Florence Nightingale taught us how divine a spirit may wear mortal form and minister to men.

The piny smell of the evergreen and its resinous sap destroy the miasma of graveyards, and the far-reaching roots absorb poisons from decayed and decaying human bodies. Not only without the walls appear the graves; in nooks and corners of the venerable capital are dense clumps within fenced spaces protecting antique sepulchres. Among the gay villages, kioskas and palaces that sparkle on the banks of the Bosphorus, the mourning-tree waves its funeral banner, teaching the old, old lesson: "In the midst of life we are in death." There ringdoves coo and murmur ever of love, and pigeons nest undisturbed by the Moslem, who never falls in pity for the "dumb peoples of the wing and hoof."

Turkish tombstones are narrowest at the base, and soon lean and topple. Many lie prostrate, making seats for the living who are free and fearless neighbors of the dead. Some of the cemeteries are used as pleasure grounds for the soldiery; the crumbling stones mend highways, repair walls, and repeatedly I have seen a handsome slab stop a hole to keep the wind away or serve as doorstep to a tumble-down hut. Children play in sombre alleys, wash-women hang clothes and stretch lines on the headstones, and ladies with veils of snowdrift and mist, drawn close by he henna strained fingers, picnic and sprinkle sweet basil, for remembrance, above the beloved who have passed from sight. There is a soft air of resignation in their manner—the virtue which Mahomet taught is the key to all happiness—and they wear no mourning. Sinful it is to show sorrow for the loss of friends. It is believed that children of over-mourning parents are driven out of paradise and doomed to wander through space in darkness and misery, weeping as their relatives do on earth.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FALLACIES.
Christians are mistaken in supposing paradise is denied to Oriental women. Their tombstones are carved with flowers, blazoned with texts from the Koran in blue and gold, and with such epigraphs as the one we copy from the grave of a young girl in Pera:

The chilling blast of Fate caused this nightingale to wing its course to heaven. It has there found merited felicity. Zababa wrote this inscription and offered up a humble prayer for Zelnab. But weep not for her; she has become a dweller in the fadeless gardens of Paradise. 1223.

Epitaphs commence with an invocation to Allah, "He, the Immortal," or "Alone, the Eternal."

Upon a tomb near the Ok Maidany we find:

God, the imperishable,
Pardon me, O Lord, by virtue of Thy resplendent emanant and the Koran's light. Approach my happy bed of rest, write the date with a jeweled pen and breathe a prayer for my soul. Rivers of tears cannot efface the dear heart's image from the sight of a sorrowing husband. 1149.

A peculiar and unique inscription is to be read upon a plain stone by the Rose-market. It may be translated:

He, the Immortal,
The hands of a cruel woman caused the death of the blessed and pardoned Hadje Mohammed, the engraver. Pray for him. 1120.

The story goes that the devout and sanctified sufferer did not come to his end by sickness or battle, famine or accident. He had a vixen wife who persecuted him day and night till she literally worried him to death. Feeling sure his hour was come the engraver engraved his modest epitaph and resignedly gave up the ghost, doubtless consoled by thought of the long revenge he had on the virago. The sweet mother, the fair daughter, the young wife, Gul Bahar, Rose of Spring, rest near. Their memories are forever dear to those who loved them. The gentle dust of White Violet, Tulp Cheek, Forget-Me-Not Eyes, was precious to their survivors. As we stroll among the mouldering stones, written over with moss-grown records, we feel the human heart is the same in all ages, wisely yearning for its kindred. And again we ask, where be the bad people buried? For none but the lovely lies here. Nearly all graves have a stone at the head and feet and upon them the dread angels, Nakir and Munkir, will fold their livid wings and stand when they descend to judge the world at the Last Day.

A BARREN JEWISH CEMETERY.
Beyond the Golden Horn is a vast

Jewish cemetery, which is desolation itself. Bars of verdure, leaf or tree, the stones that lie flat, as though pressing down the restless feet of the scattered, wandering and persecuted race that is even in the sepulcher denied the right of an upright memorial.

The grim nakedness of this necropolis is so forbidding we turn from its oppressive gloom to the cheerful burial grounds, where roses scatter bloom and perfume and the acacia reddens the footpath of the pious Osmani, telling his rosary beads of amber and murmuring the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah. When ten thousand voices call to prayer from ten thousand minarets and the green stillness echoes the thrilling chant he will slowly wend homeward.

What thinks he? Of cool pavilions under the palms in the golden pleasure fields kept for the faithful! Of soft arms and white hands beckoning to bowers of bliss, where he shall recline on green pillows and drink of the happy river, in the light of the great white throne! His faith knows no variableness, and among the sleepers he seems a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions. Should he enter Stamboul late and the watchman challenge he will rise from quietude, give his name in answer, and reverently add, "There is no God but God." A creed which may be written on the finger nail; a dread battle-cry, and the confession of faith to nine thousand millions of worshippers since Radjah knelt with the prophet in prayer and said: "I will be thy first believer."

On the gravestone of the laborer is traced some symbol of his craft. In the long lines of ruin and neglect we have signs of the work left unfinished. Here is the lancet, there the adze, an oar, an inkstand, a lance, and on each stone is a little hollow space to hold water for the doves, whose brooding notes of peace are more stilling than silence. Even the unresting birds of the Bosphorus, *las ames damne*, seek shelter in the cypresses. When storms sweep from the Black Sea, they shrilly scream and flap their white wings, fleeing like frightened ghosts. Only on such tempestuous airs are shades of the lost allowed to revisit their buried bodies.

STRANGE SPARKS OF FIRE.
In summer eves sparks of fire rise and vanish among the boughs of the trees—phosphorus from the decaying bones, popularly supposed to be spirits of the departed hovering about the scene of their earthly prison-house, reluctant to leave it till the judgment day. Common tombstones are kept in masons' sheds. Better monuments are made to order and books of epigraphs are ready for the bereaved to choose the tender verse or holy text which expresses his feeling. In the death-fields of the forgotten an imposing column is a reminder of the many who die to win a victory for one.

A small plot enclosed by a railing, a pillar in the center surmounted by a large turban, around it lesser columns, represent a Pasha, Bey or high magnate lying in the midst of his family. Stately mausoleums guard the ashes of Sultans, and members of the royal house repose in kingly magnificence. Chief among them in the temple of Mahmood II, close to his mosque. The conqueror is alone in his Palace of Peace—a splendid composite of Greek and Italian architecture, exquisite in proportion and detail, rich as a jewel case. The interior is brilliant with tiles of vivid color, blue and white arabesques, and the lettering of the Koran in gold. Priceless mosaics inlay the floor beneath rugs like brocade silk. There is no earthly smell—no ghastly suggestion in the light and lovely chapel. The raised tier of palls is draped with Persian shawls bright as feather-work. Candles in great silver standards cheer the pleasant place, lustres dangle from the ceiling and ostrich eggs swing from gilt ropes, emblems of death and life undying. In the long sleep Mahmood is not stretched on the warrior's "steel couch," but lies as we fancy a princess might slumber, softly pillowed in her luxurious chamber, awaiting the call of the Angel of the Resurrection.

MEMORIALS OF TURKISH WARRIORS.

Across the Golden Horn, beyond Eyoub, rises a high plain, once a military camp, where the legions raised the new Emperors on their shields. There many Turkish soldiers have memorials; they died for the faith and are martyrs whose scimitars have opened the rose-door of paradise. Their prowess is celebrated in serial traditions and ancient war songs, and in the moonlight their cenotaphs stand like sheeted specters. A large proportion of the stones are broken at the top, the turbans carried away—a dishonor imposed on the Janissaries by Mahmood the Reformer after the massacre of 25,000 in revolt.

The view from this city of the Silent is unspeakably beautiful; to attempt portrayal would be folly. Glittering white as snow on the sixth hill of Stamboul, is the airy minaret of the mosque of the Sun-and-Moon Sultan, built by her from the sale of the jewels set in one slipper. This was done in the long gone era when heroes with bodies of iron and nerves of steel wore the sword of Otman the Bonebreaker, and the winds of the Marmora and Euxine waded wealth from the continents into the tireless harbor of Constantinople. At Eyoub is a mosque resplendent, mysterious, to which only the Moslem is admitted. Hallowed is the soil, envious the repose of him who goes to dust near the relics of the Prophet, whose tomb at Medina is covered with the splendor of unceasing light.

In this holy of holies are the mantle of Mahomet and his green standard, woven when the man, who, beyond all men, has had the greatest influence on

the human race, was a handsome boy in Arabia. Sleepless sentinels are on duty day and night, and once a year the flag is unlocked from its rosewood coffer, incrustated with pearl and precious gems, and is removed from its forty silken coverings and exposed to the adorning gaze of the faithful. Under a lofty-palm-tree is the mausoleum of the standard-bearer himself, who fell with the first army before Byzantium. His body, found eight centuries later by the conqueror, was placed in this august sanctuary dedicated to him. Five times a day did he prostrate himself in prayer, and the archangels stretched forth their arms to anoint him as he knelt. Converted be the life he lived, and the death he died. As the long shadows slant at evening a great silence possesses the illustrious shrine, whose sanctity is never profaned by the thread of Giauor or unbelieving Jew.

To the musing traveler the dim æolin sounding overhead are as sweet as organ peal or funeral march, and when night winds blow across the fields of mortality the swaying cypresses vibrate in low, melancholy music the saddest requiem ear ever heard.—Susan E. Wallace, in *Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

Spring.

The joyous birds sing all about,
And earth and heaven are fair;
The young leaves sprout like whiskers out,
The green grass grows like hair.
And may no wintry blast come on
To smite them, cold and rude,
Like heartless lather cast upon
The moustache of the dude!

May no untimely storm arise
Within these skies of blue,
To fall upon the flowers, in fierce,
Tempestuous shampoo.
Yes, let the trees bud fresh and sweet,
Nor Storm-King's razor gash,
And let the flowers grow prim and neat,
As any waxed moustache.
—Yankee Blade.

Why Rain Does Not Fall Equally in All Places.

We have learned that rain is caused by the cooling and condensation of the moisture in the air. Bearing this in mind, let us study the surface of our country and see why the rain does not fall equally on all parts of it; instead of falling very abundantly in some places, as in New England and some of the Gulf States, and very sparingly in many parts of the West, as in New Mexico and Arizona.

The winds which blow to this country from the south and east, being warm tropical winds, can hold much moisture, and are full of this invisible vapor of water which they have taken up from the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean. Coming to the cooler land, they gradually become cooled. Their moisture, therefore, falls as rain while they pass over the land, till, by the time they reach western Kansas and Colorado, the moisture being gone no more rain can fall. But the winds which come to this country from the north and west are colder than the land, and, as they sweep over it, toward the south and east, they gradually become warmer; so that instead of giving up their moisture in the shape of rain, they are constantly taking up moisture from the earth. It is for this reason that our north and west winds are dry winds, and mean fair weather; while the south and east winds bring rain. For this reason, also, the Eastern and Southern States have an abundance of rain; while the Central and Western States are often dry.

And there is still another point to be considered. We already have noted the fact that at great heights the air is cooler. Hence, when a warm wind full of moisture comes blowing across the country and strikes a mountain range, it bends upward and rises high in the air to pass over. In doing so it becomes cooled, giving up its moisture, and passes over to the other side a dry wind. It is for this reason that some islands, like the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific Ocean, where the winds blows almost always from the same direction, are subject to almost continuous rain on one side while on the other rain is exceedingly rare. This also shows why California, west of the Sierra Nevada mountains, receive sufficient rain to make the soil fit for cultivation; while Nevada, on the east, is nearly rainless and barren. The moisture coming from the south and east is all condensed by the Alleghany, the Rocky and Wahsatch ranges; while that from the west is cut off by the Sierras. Hence, the great extent of country known to geologists as the Great Basin—which reaches from Oregon on the north to Mexico on the south, and from Colorado on the east to the Sierras on the west, comprising an area of not less than 200,000 square miles, which is nearly equal to the whole of France—receives over a great part of its surface an annual rainfall of not over four inches, and is therefore a desert.—George P. Merrill, in *St. Nicholas*.

How to Cure Hiccoughs.

A boy suffering from an aggravated case of hiccoughs entered a Fulton street market. "What's the matter?" said the marketman. "I—hic—got—hic—the—hic—hiccoughs." "You have, eh? Where's that \$2 bill that was on the desk when you went out this morning?" angrily inquired the butcher, for the boy had been in the market earlier. "I didn't see no \$2 bill," answered the boy, who began to turn pale. "Let me see your pockets!" The boy emptied his pockets, but there was no bill there. "I guess I have been mistaken about that bill," said the marketman with a smile. "How's your hiccoughs?" "They're gone," replied the boy. The cure had worked to a charm.

OSTRICH FARMING IN AFRICA.

The Business Is Not Prosperous—Something About the Big Birds.

Ostrich farmers in South Africa are at present suffering as much from bad times as our agriculturists at home. Feathers that were formerly worth £25 now only bring thirty shillings, and a pair of birds that could not be bought some years ago under several hundred pounds would not at present fetch more than £12. Some time ago a gentleman "prospecting" was looking over a fence into a camp when an ostrich spied a diamond in his pin, and in an instant picked at and swallowed it.

A sort of court-martial was held, the relative values of the bird and the diamond being accurately calculated. The ostrich was worth £100 and the pin £90, so the ostrich was spared. The verdict would now be most decidedly the other way. The only redeeming feature in ostrich farming nowadays is the amusement to be got out of studying the ways of these weird birds, which look as if only by some mistake had survived the deluge, and that they would be more in their right place imbedded in the fossiliferous strata of the earth than racing about on its surface. Ugly awkward and brainless as these birds when full grown, there are few young animals prettier than an ostrich chick during the first few weeks of its life. It has a sweet, innocent, baby face, large eyes and a plump, round body.

All its movements are comical, and there is an air of conceit and independence about the tiny creature, while still scarcely able to stand, that is most amusing. Instead of feathers the chick has a rough coat of as many shades of brown and gray as a tailor's pattern-book. This is striped with shreds of black, the neck being covered with what resembles the softest silk plush. One would like these delightful little creatures to remain always babies, for with their growth they lose their prettiness, their bodies become angular and ill-proportioned, and a crop of course, wiry feathers replaces the parti-colored stripes which form their baby clothes.

The chicken feathers are first plucked at nine months old, and look only fit to be made into dusting-brushes. In the second year they are little like the ostrich feathers of commerce, but stiff and narrow, and it is not till the third year that they have attained their full width and softness. During the two first years the male and female birds are alike, but at each moulting the male becomes darker, until the plumage is all black, except the wing and tail which are white. In each wing there are twenty-four long feathers. During the breeding season the bill of the male bird, the large scales on the fore part of the head and neck, assume a deep rose color. After a good rain ostriches begin to make nests. At this time the male becomes savage, and their "booming" becomes savage.

The bird inflates its neck like a cobra, and gives three deep roars, the two first short and "staccato" the third prolonged. When the birds are savage it is impossible to walk about the camp unless with a "tackey," the name given to a long, stout, thorny branch of mimosa. Fortunately, only one bird will attack at a time, and only on the territory, which by some tribal arrangement, is considered his exclusive property. Thus, during a morning's walk through the camp, the owner will be attacked by several vicious birds in succession, all determined to have his life if possible yet all held completely in check by a vigorous use of the "tackey." When an ostrich challenges he sits down, and, flapping each wing alternately, inflates his neck, throws his head back, rolling it from side to side, and with each roll striking the back of his head against his bony body with so sharp and resounding a blow that a severe headache seems likely to be the result. It often happens that, in self-defense, these vicious males (generally the first birds) have to be killed.—*Saturday Review*.

In Bondage.

You weep, my Lill, above the page
That tells the "ancient wrong"
Of captives' tears and tyrants' rage,
And weak oppressed by strong:
Your Poet knows a sterner thrall,
A harder yoke he sings—
The bondage of the Very Small,
The Tyranny of Things.
And truly ours is hardest fate,
Our lot more hopeless far,
Who scarcely feel our lost estate,
Or know what slaves we are.
Slaves to Life's thousand small demands,
Its toll, its fret, its care;
Slaves to our homes, our goods, our lands,
Slaves to the clothes we wear!
Slaves to the cherished things we fold
In careful closets shut,
The plate we store, the books we hold
Too choice to read—or cut!
Slaves—ah, to what a host of things!
Poor Gullivers would quake
Beneath a web of threads and strings
We kneel not low to break!
Give place, O "Tamberlane the Great,"
Sesostris, Ptolemy!
I sing the bond to whose hard weight
Your chains were liberty:
The yoke more strict than despot's thrall,
More stern than rule of kings—
The hardest tyranny of all,
The tyranny of things!
—Robertson Trosbridge, in *The Century*.

Does it Work Both Ways?

Mother—Johnny, did you ask your employer if you might get off to-day?
Son—No; the boss never speaks to me about it when he goes.—*Judge*.

HE FOUND A POT OF GOLD.

Treasure Trove Unearthed By a Virginia Farmer in a Place of Skeletons.

Lorenzo Mears recently exhumed a large and valuable treasure on an old farm in the southern part of Accomac County, Virginia. Mears is a tenant on the farm, situated on Nandua Creek, belonging to the heirs of the late John Pitts, of Baltimore. A tradition in the neighborhood says a large amount of money was concealed on the farm during the American Revolution by its Tory proprietor, who, having gone to England during the war, died without fixing the spot where he had buried the money. Not many years ago some of the descendants of the old Tory proprietor came over here and spent several hundred dollars in making excavations in a fruitless search for the money. All the ground around the old house was thrown up and deep trenches were dug around the yard, signs of which still remain.

It is said that these Englishmen brought over with them an old colored man, who had been a servant of the old revolutionary proprietor, and who professed to know where his master had buried the money. The Englishmen finally gave up the search and went back to England. Nothing more was ever heard of the treasure till a few days ago, when it leaked out that Lorenzo Mears had accidentally struck upon it while planting some fence posts around the yard. It seems that Mears tried to keep the matter a secret, but a little boy who lives with him went to the neighboring village of Pungoteague and let the secret out. He informed some persons there that "Uncle Renzi" had dug up a pile of money, having recently dug up an iron pot full of gold and silver, which two stout men could hardly carry. Mears is said to be reticent on the matter, and, while admitting that he had found a buried treasure, says that the quantity is not so large as has been reported. He has shown several of the gold coins to some of his neighbors.

These coins are reported to be old English money, some of them being stamped with the image of Charles II., others with that of George III. The affair created considerable talk here, and the story is generally believed by those who have had the amplest opportunities for investigation and are best acquainted with the locality and its old traditions.

The place where the treasure is reported to have been found is one of the oldest of the eastern shores of Virginia. Two hundred and fifty years ago it was the seat of the Queen of Nandua, an Indian beauty who ruled over the savage tribes inhabiting that region. Near by is the burial ground of the Nandua Indians. The creek has cut away the earth till many of the skeletons are exposed to view, as the bank caves in from time to time the bones fall down into the water and drift with the obbing tide out into the bay. Some of the skeletons are of giant size, and many of them are buried in coffins that were hewn out of solid logs. These whitening skeletons as they protrude from the side of the cliff present a grim and ghastly spectacle, and rarely can the belated negro be seen in that haunted region after the sun has gone down and the shades of night have fallen on the earth.—*Baltimore American.*

White House Pets.

Nellie Arthur had a spotted Indian pony for the apple of her eye.

Mrs. Pierce was very fond of the black nag that her husband rode.

Mrs. Monroe brought the first white rabbit to the national premises.

Harriet Lane had a large stag-hound that was presented to her in England.

"Dolly" Madison's particular pet was a fine saddle nag. At Montpelier she had a pet sheep.

Mrs. Adams had a great goldfish and one of a bluish tint, sent her by a New England sea captain.

Mrs. Hayes had a magnificent imported Japanese cat that was presented to her by a naval officer.

Martha Washington's chief pet was a beautiful green parrot. Mrs. Washington was also very fond of a fallow deer.

Mrs. Grant had a "strawberry roan" cow that was a superb milker and supplied her table with milk and cream.

Mrs. Bliss, President Taylor's daughter, who presided over the White House until after her father's death, had a splendid white owl.

Miss Cleveland's pet while at the White House was a beautiful rose which she found in the conservatory and which now bears her name.

An eagle occupied a cage at the mansion for a part of President Fillmore's term, a gift from a political admirer, and the noble bird was often fed by Mrs. Fillmore.

Mrs. Jackson never presided at the White House, but a large black and white coon that had been caught when young and trained by one of her faithful slaves had the run of the household.

He Could Bet on Nancy.

"I know it," said the bereaved widower, gloomily, to a friend who was trying to console him; "no amount of grieving will ever bring her back. Nancy wuz allus terribly sot in her ways."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Bank's Flirtation.

Mr. Banks and Mrs. Banks had had a falling out. She said that he didn't spend enough of his time at home, and he told her that she was too much taken up with society to make home pleasant. That morning they agreed to separate and he slammed his hat on the back of his head, and left the room telling her that she could keep the house and furniture and do what she pleased with it. She was just vowing very sharply that she didn't want anything to do with the old trash, when the front door slammed and he was gone. Then Mrs. Banks swallowed a few sobs that insisted on coming out, paid the hired girl and sent her away, and went up stairs to pack her valise so as to catch the next train which would take her to her mother's home.

Banks went down town whistling dance tunes, breaking here and there into an abstracted quaver which made them sound strangely mournful. He sat down in his law office, and tried to work on a case, but it was of no use. He put on his hat, took up his cane and went down town. A huge poster met his eye, and informed him that rates to a town near Barnesville were very low. As he had an old college chum at Barnesville he concluded to take the opportunity to go and see him and talk it all over.

He boarded the train and found the usual excursion crowd on it. Some ladies too, who seemed very much out of place, and full of regret because they had ventured to come, were there. One especially attracted his attention. She was dressed entire in black and wore a heavy veil. She was struggling up the steps with a heavy valise as the bell gave warning that the train was about to start. Banks gallantly came to her assistance and taking the valise out of her willing hand helped her on the platform, and found a seat for her. She thanked him merely with a nod, but she seemed to have a sort of fascination for Banks. He kept near at hand and was constantly tendering little services. She was apparently averse to acquaintances formed in this way and indicated very plainly by her manner, that his attentions were not pleasing.

In the course of a half hour the conductor came around for tickets. The little woman in black put her hand in her pocket and withdrew it, in evident consternation.

"It's gone," she said in a dismayed tone.

"What's gone?" asked the conductor.

"My pocketbook and ticket too."

Banks stepped up and said politely, "I trust you will permit me to offer some assistance in this dilemma," at the same time taking out his pocket book.

"Never sir, never," and she said it with an air that meant plainly that she would have a scene rather than accept his offer of help. "I will get off at the next station."

"Very well," said Banks. "Here is the station now. I think I will get off here too."

When they reached the waiting room, which was empty, Banks handed her her valise which he had picked up and carried for her. She lifted her veil and looked him fiercely in the eye and said:

"Now sir, I have discovered you in the midst of your perfidy. You had no idea that you were pursuing your own wife with your wicked attentions, had you?" Here she burst into tears.

"O just to think that I was scarcely out of the house before you commenced trying to flirt with some other woman. I didn't think it of you."

"Didn't you tell me this morning that I might forget you just as soon as I pleased?"

"Yes—es,—but I didn't mean it that way."

"And you didn't want me to forget you after all?"

"No; of course not."

"Well, look here, Clara, there's no use of crying about it. It's all right."

"Don't come near me any more."

"But I knew it was you all the time."

"Don't try to deceive me. You could not recognize me."

"No, but you see, I recognized my own name on your valise."

The next train took them back home and he went out that evening and told the servant girl that she needn't consider herself discharged.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Useful Knowledge.

A bag of sulphur kept in drawers or presses will exterminate red ants.

Lemons will keep best in a jar of cold water.

A marble dropped in a kettle will prevent the contents boiling over.

Carriage varnish is an excellent cement for china.

Castor-oil beans dropped in mole-hills will drive away the moles.

Whole cloves sprinkled among woolen goods and furs will preserve them from the depredations of moths.

A good cement for mending broken pottery can be made of starch, plaster of Paris and glycerine.

A thick mixture of glycerine, yolk of an egg and starch, is an effectual remedy for a burn. Common baking soda, spread on thick, is also good.

Mustard plasters made with white of an egg will not blister the skin. If mixed with molasses, mustard plasters will remain moist a long time.

To mend small holes in plastering, take one part of plaster of Paris and three parts of fine sand, and mix with cold water.

A plaster of common soap and brown sugar applied to a wound made by a pin or other poisonous articles will draw out the soreness.

Vinegar and sugar mixed will cure hiccoughs.

HIS WIFE SENT HIM.

A Man Does Some Shopping For His Better Half.

Into a large Sixth avenue store a gentleman entered holding carefully in his hand a small woolen sample of a fashionable shade of blue. He spied looming above the fluttering crowd of femininity a tall and massive muscular form, who inquired: "What can I do for you, sir?"

"I want some braid," said the man, boldly, thinking his troubles were over. "Yes, sir. Just step this way, sir," and in stately procession the luckless man was marshaled to a remote counter, where the floor-walker proclaimed: "No. 14, forward! Some braid for this gentleman!" and turning left him to his fate.

No. 14 was just telling No. 15 what Jim said last night on his way to the ball and what a perfectly awful creature he was anyway, and she paused to conclude the thrilling narrative and to receive a sympathetic response before she came forward and inquired negligently, "What color?"

The gentleman proudly presented his sample. No. 14 took it to match, and he had an opportunity to scrutinize at his leisure the well-fitting back of her tasteful costume as she knelt upon the floor and opened box after box in the search. Presently she returned and presented for his approval a compact little round bundle of braid, saying briefly, "That's as near as we can come to it."

"I don't know," stammered the helpless man, "as that's quite-er, just-er—do you use that to trim with?" "Oh! you want trimming braid," said the young lady, casting down his sample despairingly, "whyn't you say so? That's at the trimming counter," and she, too, left him to his fate.

Without guide or compass, by devious ways, with much inquiry and deep inward profanity, he finally hunted down the trimming counter and again presented his request and his sample. The saleslady produced a maddening profusion of braid from a quarter of an inch to a quarter of a yard in width, and of all shades and patterns. The man gazed upon them stupefied. His reason was evidently tottering on its throne. The saleslady stuck her pencil through the soft twist on top of her pretty head and gave her mind to assisting him in his decision. As they consulted together a flash of resemblance lighted his countenance, which had been fast sinking into imbecility.

"I'm afraid," he said, "these are not quite-er just-er. She said it was all made up in a pattern ready to sew right on."

"Oh!" said the young lady, sweeping the pile of cards from the counter, "you'll find that at the passementerie counter!"

The man's spirit was completely broken. Meekly he picked up his sample; patiently he started on his weary quest for the passementerie counter. When he finally captured a saleslady he handed her the thumped and battered sample, and said sternly: "Madame, I want some braid to put on a frock like that. It must be sewed up ready to put on both sides of the body, just like that, on Hattie's green silk. I want two yards and a quarter, and I want it right away, quick!"

The young woman saw that she was dealing with a desperate man. She cut off expediently what she thought was proper, he paid for it and went. What his wife said about it when he took it home, and what he said in reply would make an interesting postscript to this narrative.—*New York Sun.*

The "Bullhead" Nut.

"Are those things made of ivory or ebony?" asked a reporter, while looking at what appeared to be highly polished miniatures of a bull's head, arranged on the counter of a Broadway fruit store.

"Neither. If you handle them you will see they are too light to be formed of either material."

"What are they then?"

"They are nuts. They can be kept twenty years if desired. They come from Japan, India and other parts of Asia. They are called the traps, and in shape are not unlike the iron instruments used by the ancients to impede the movements of the cavalry. The plant grows in the water. After flowering the lobes of the calyx harden, and from two to four horns appear on the top of the fruit, giving it the appearance of a bull's head, or that of the Rocky Mountain goat. The plant is a floating one, with long jointed root stalks. Tufts of hair-like roots strike out from the joints, and are surmounted by radiating clusters of triangular toothed leaves, with swollen boat-like stalks to buoy them up."

"Are the nuts edible?"

"Yes; the nut is full of starch, and in Asia is eaten for food. In many places it is often ground into flour and made into bread. A population of 30,000 persons in one part of India is maintained five months of the year mainly by the food procured from this nut. One of the Indiana rajahs received a revenue of \$60,000 a year from the sale of this nut. In Japan it is also eaten for food, and as it comes at a time when other cereals are scarce, it has been classed as sacred, as manna was when found by the Israelites on their journey through the wilderness."—*Mail and Express.*

Who says poker is losing ground in Europe? Florence, Italy, proudly boasts that she will soon hold four queens.—*New York World.*

The Idyl of a Spring Lyre.

"Yes, sir," he said, as he was talking to a knot of men in a tobacco store on —street; "I am aware that such things are almost incredible, but I can vouch for the truth of this story, and my veracity has never been questioned."

"It was quite early in the spring, soon after the ice had broken up, and the little mountain streams were full of fish."

"In passing along the banks of one of them I picked up a small cake of ice in which a large beetle was imbedded in a state of perfect preservation."

"After examining it a few minutes, I carelessly tossed it out into the brook; scarcely had it touched the water when an immense black bass leaped half way out of the stream with the piece of ice in his mouth followed by another, equally as large, which immediately gave chase."

"Round and round the pool they went fairly lashing it into a froth and terrifying the little fish until many of them leaped out of the water and lay flapping upon the bank."

"Finally the pursuer gave a quick bound and closed his jaws upon the piece of ice which the other still held in his mouth, and soon, after a desperate struggle, they both lay exhausted upon the surface of the water."

"It blank astonishment, I waded out to where they were still struggling faintly and found that in their eagerness to seize the beetle they had imbedded their teeth so firmly in the ice that it was impossible to open their jaws, and there they lay, helpless and at my mercy."

"What you say is not in the least improbable," remarked a rather rough looking individual who had been listening attentively. "I am fully prepared to corroborate your story."

"I remember on one occasion I procured from the balsam fir a quantity of gum, which is quite transparent, and imbedded it in a number of flies, beetles, crickets and other insects of which game fish are very fond."

"Whenever I wished, I simply attached a long line to a piece of gum and throwing it into a pool where fish abound I would easily procure all I needed; the advantage being only the larger specimens would be caught, as they only have strength enough of jaw, to imbed their teeth firmly in the gum."

The first speaker quietly handed a coin to the proprietor who silently passed the box of Havanas to the crowd.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Keely's Motor.

While Chicago honors as a citizen the inventor of the telephone, and Boston owns the more fortunate investigator who seized the invention, Philadelphia, forgetting Ben Franklin, puts her Keely on a pedestal such as only the statue of Liberty should mount, and, giving to Keely the entire weight of her guarantee, demands that the world should believe on him.

Keely is Keely—like Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler. Keely never had a given name. In fact, he rarely appears in the nominative or objective English literature. He is generally possessive. "The form is Keely's—Keely's motor. When it is nominative, it is Keely demanding another assessment. When it is objective, it is the stockholders paying another assessment to Keely."

There have been some odd combinations of men in this world. The twelve jurors of Brooklyn who had never heard of Beecher or Tilton, and who, after a six months' trial, stood 6 to 6 on the question of Beecher's sin, furnish one conspicuous group. The stockholders of the Keely motor another. For fifteen years these credulous men have believed that Keely would eventually get herculean force from a drop of water, yet time and expense have done their certain work even on the Keely stockholder. Now comes Bennett C. Wilson, one of the believers, who asks Judge Finletter, of the Court of Common Pleas, to order that Keely permit the stockholders to inspect the unspeakable machine that has cost so much money. This order at once issues, and unless the stockholders cozened in some new way, the public will soon have at full expose at the hands of the incensed victims.

There is one thing that the Keely motor did, beyond all cavil. It made the mare go.—*Chicago Herald.*

New Way to Beat a Gambler.

"Did you ever hear the story of how a Baltimore gambler was knocked out by an operator? No. Well, a night operator in a railroad office was and is yet an inveterate poker fiend. One night he invited the gambler up in the office to have a game. No one else was present except a brother operator, who volunteered to look after the other's duties. For the first time in his life the gambler's luck did not come to his aid, for his opponent won on nearly every hand. Finally, the latter having four kings made a small bet, but the operator calmly laid down, refusing to call. The gambler reached over and looked at the other cards. To his surprise it was a full—three queens and a pair of tens."

"What did you lay that hand down on a \$2 bet for?" he exclaimed, adding, "I guess I've got enough."

This closed the game, but the secret of the operator's luck was that the other operator, sitting where he could see the gambler's cards, had telegraphed each card as it was picked up, thus enabling his friend to know when to raise, call or lay down. It was pretty smooth, wasn't it?"—*Telegrapher in Baltimore Herald.*

HERE AND THERE.

Gen. Crook is the senior brigadier general. Chicago belles are cultivating an inaudible laugh. Senator Ingalls has the smallest foot in the Senate.

A pound of seeds yield about 10,000 sticks of asparagus. Mrs. Garfield has an annual income of upward of \$20,000.

April 27 has been selected as the Pennsylvania Arbor Day.

It is now a penal offense in Alabama to participate in a raffle.

Toronto will try to get the next Pan-Presbyterian council, in 1892.

There are 261,169 persons in New York city who do not speak English.

The New Empress of Germany has a personal income of \$80,000 a year.

Prof. Sumner thinks marriage regulation the first step toward the millennium.

The annual rush of immigrants has begun. The great majority are from Ireland.

The Mormon establishment or church in this country comprises 163,383 persons.

It will be fifty years next Fourth of July, since Iowa was organized as a territory.

March has been the most disastrous month the railroad companies have ever experienced.

The late Barghash Bin Saed, Sultan of Zanzibar, leaves 27 widows and 233 children.

Emperor Frederick and Empress Victoria will be crowned King and Queen of Prussia at Königsberg in June, if alive.

Judge Gresham owns a handsome farm near Indianapolis, and takes delight in looking after his crops and live stock.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller invented the bloomer costume. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton wore it for two years and Mrs. Miller for six.

Mrs. McElroy, of Texarkana, gave birth the other day to two girls and one boy—her third set of triplets in a little over four years.

A party of six gentlemen, who propose to make a tour of Europe on bicycles, sailed from New York for the Old World the other day.

King Kalakaua is going to settle down to hard work and become a coffee planter. He finds that there is more in it than being a king.

The town of Mason, Me., has thirty-four voters. The name of twenty-one of them is Bean. One year every town office was filled by a Bean.

A Bradford (Pa.) preacher announced to his flock that "Amens" were all right at the proper time, but that they did not rattle in the collection basket.

The unusual phenomenon of snow falling from a clear sky was witnessed recently at Livingston, M. T. The nearest clouds overhung the mountains, five miles distant.

In the pocket of a man frozen to death in the Dakota blizzard was an article cut from a newspaper, signed by the dead man's own name, giving five infallible indications that the winter would be warm and open, with not enough snow in Dakota to cover the wheat.

At Birmingham, Ala., an Italian fruit dealer placed \$400 in bills in a cigar-box and put the box in the stove while he waited on some customers. Forgetting the money he ordered an assistant to build a fire in the stove, which was done, and the money was burned to ashes.

A pleasant-looking and smooth-tongued stragler came to East Baltimore, looked at the sawmill that was unused and in litigation, had the machinery removed to a junk shop and sold for \$700, invited the drayman to dine with him, and left without paying for dinner or dray.

At Lebanon, Ky., a man named Godkin fired a shot from a repeating rifle at a muskrat swimming in the water. The muskrat was not hit, but the bullet struck the water, glanced upward, then flew across the pond and killed a young colored man who was watching the sport.

An insane woman escaped from a Michigan asylum, and to prevent being captured she climbed a tree. All efforts to persuade her to descend failing, the tree was chopped down and eased to the ground by the attendants. Its burden was then seized and taken back to the hospital.

A man who has been in the fish trade at Port Clinton, Ohio, says that the fish caught there are so strongly impregnated with oil that it is hard for the dealers to get rid of them. Many people will not eat them. The oil is washed from the Wood County fields down the Portage River.

Near Millersburg, Ohio, Noah Umstead, an employe in a saw-mill, was struck by a piece of iron called a frog, which fell into the saw while in rapid motion and was thrown with great force, striking Umstead a glancing lick, taking off his nose and destroying one eye, besides inflicting other serious injury about the head.

In a little town in Oregon lives a beautiful young lady, nineteen years old, who is web-footed. She wears a small shoe, and, except in the matter of the webs between her toes, she has a remarkably shapely foot. When a child she was never so happy as when wading in the water, and she is now an expert swimmer.

S. M. Bishop, widely known as "the fattest man in the world," died at Petersburg, Va., on Wednesday, of intermittent fever. He was twenty-five years old and weighed 550 pounds. He was born in Prince George County, and has been on exhibition ever since he was an infant. When a mere youth he tipped the beam at 330 pounds.

A party of ladies and gentlemen started to explore a cave near Clyde, Ark. About nine hundred yards from the mouth of the cavern they encountered an immense army of rats. The rats were vicious and made a savage attack on the explorers. Two of the ladies fainted and had to be carried. Hundreds of the animals were slain by the men.

Of 600 tornadoes of which record has been made in the United States, not more than seventy-five were east of the Allegheny Mountains. The warm air tempestuously driven from the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi Valley is caught by the polar wind and driven in gyratory tornadoes across the prairies. The Appalachian range serves on the Atlantic slope as a barrier against storms of that sort.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

April 28, 1888.

The lines are tightening around the Missouri saloon. They have been closed on Sunday in Kansas City and Sedalia.

There is nothing that this country needs so much as one great statesman. There is no doubt but we have them, but our political system is not calculated to bring them out.

About the last, if not quite the last literary effort of Matthew Arnold was an unfair criticism on the United States. His fibs were so monstrous there is no wonder that he fell like Ananias of old.

"The great need of the hour in Kansas," remarks Dr. Butts, "is less politics and more corn cribs." And never was there more sound sense in so many words. Kansas politics is absurd, sickening, hypocritical. Its like was never known elsewhere.

Only last evening the News said if the Topeka Democrat took crow it would do it thoroughly. It was not then known that its Hill boom was at an end. The Democrat came out gracefully in favor of Cleveland, with the gallant J. D. Black for Vice President. Last week the Democrat declared that Cleveland would be beaten if nominated.

It is simply a difference of opinion. The Howard Courant thinks it is rank foolishness for the Kansas delegation to think of voting for any body but Blaine. On the other hand the Topeka Daily News thinks it would be rank foolishness to do anything of that kind, and it believes its opinion is just as good, as George Francis Train used to say, as any body's "on the face of the earth."

While it is quite true that the republicans may lose some northern states by the rapidly growing prohibition vote, it is equally probable that the democrats may lose some southern states by the same vote. In Alabama for instance, there is a strong third party movement with a full state ticket in the field that will draw largely from the democratic party. So the prohibition vote will be large in Virginia, North Carolina and Florida, as well as in Texas, and some of these states, all perhaps except Texas, may give a republican majority, owing to this disintegrating vote.

It is said that the democrats are printing and circulating, by tens of thousands, the speech of Senator Ingalls on the president's message, in which he unhappily referred to Gen. Hancock. It only makes matters worse when this speech is endorsed by republican conventions. Such endorsement is not necessary as political policy, for the reason that firm republicans will not be made stronger, thereby while the revered name of Hancock cannot be attacked without having an ill effect upon men of less partisan bias, but who are not in full sympathy with democrats. Men's minds are now in a transition state, and for such periods neither Ingalls nor Blaine are politic leaders.

The Hill boom has collapsed. Hill himself is the subject of a political scandal, and there is now no thought by democrats, of any candidate for president outside of Cleveland. The Democrat of this city gracefully acquiesces in the situation, and hoists the names of Cleveland and Black as its ticket. This was inevitable from the first. The ticket is certainly a very strong one and will probably be endorsed by the St. Louis convention by acclamation. It is possible that a contest may be made on vice president, between Black and Morrison, but we predict that the latter will be out of the field before the day of the convention. The Democrat made a blunder, or its editor has blundered in openly declaring that the nomination of Cleveland would bring defeat. Personal feeling should never go so far, if one expects to have political influence.

Ex-Minister Taylor, the colored Wyandotte lawyer, lately returned from Liberia, has a lengthy article in the Kansas City Times, on that country which should attract the attention of our government. If what he writes is not fearfully over drawn, the Liberian Republic is a failure of the worst kind, and all the efforts of the Colonization societies have been worse than wasted. It had long been the opinion of real anti-slavery men before the war, that the colonization schemes were valueless for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the blacks. If Taylor's story is true, and its truth or falsity is worth proving, this opinion is verified. It is probable however, that Liberia is in a deplorable condition, and that the colored people of this country would be no better off there, than they were here in a state of slavery, to say nothing of their present condition. Our government is the only one that gives them recognition, and even this should at once be withdrawn.

Should Wool be Protected?

A CAREFUL ESTIMATE places the number of Wool growers in the United States at about seven hundred thousand, and fully five hundred thousand men are employed by them to assist in caring for their flocks and doing other farm labor. A majority of these flock-masters, as well as their employed help, are heads of families; therefore, if you add to their number their wives; children and other dependents, you will have a population of at least four million persons more or less interested in the growing of wool; or about one-fifteenth of the entire population of the United States. There are no doubt fully one hundred and fifty thousand other farmers who keep a small number of sheep, but these could not be fairly classed as growers of wool. These seven hundred thousand farmers will average to own or possess at least one hundred and sixty acres;—making a total of one hundred and twelve million acres;—devoting the more desirable parts of their farms to the raising of grain, hay, etc., (a good share of which is required for the feeding of their horses, cattle, hogs and sheep during the winter season) and selecting the poor, rough and hilly portions for the pasturing of their sheep; thus putting to profitable use their entire farms.

The number of sheep in the United States is now estimated at fifty million head, and the crop of wool at about three hundred and fifty million pounds, and worth on the average of last year's price about twenty-two cents; making the total value of the wool crops of the country seventy-seven million dollars. There are sold annually for export and home consumption from thirteen to fifteen million sheep for their mutton, bringing on the average about three dollars per head: making the total value of wool and mutton sold each season about one hundred and twenty-two million dollars. If you remove the duty from wool, and so make the growing of it an unprofitable business, it would render almost valueless the portions of these farms devoted to sheep raising, and thereby would decrease the average price of the whole farm at least two dollars and a half an acre, making a loss from this source alone of two hundred and eighty million dollars. Sheep would also decrease in value fully fifty cents per head, making another shrinkage of twenty-five million dollars. Wool would decline from seven to eight cents per pound from the average price of the last fifteen years,—adding another loss of twenty-five million dollars, and the farmers would be so impoverished by the low price obtainable for their wool, that out of actual necessity they would be compelled to reduce the wages of these five hundred thousand persons employed to assist in the caring of their flocks and the doing of other farm labor to the extent of at least fifteen cents per day or about fifty dollars per year; making a still further loss of twenty-five million dollars from this source alone. Now, for the sake of reducing our revenue between five and six million dollars, we must virtually impoverish one-fifteenth of the entire population of the United States, and so force this large body of people to follow a business that will yield no profit, and compel them to raise wool in competition with all the poor and poverty stricken nations on the earth, where land and labor are fully one-half less than in this country; and in doing this, we inflict upon this most honorable and respected American industry the following losses, viz:

Shrinkage in the value of lands,.....	\$280,000,000
" " labor,.....	25,000,000
" " flocks,.....	25,000,000
" " wools,.....	25,000,000
Total loss to the wool industry,.....	\$355,000,000

If wool be placed on the free list, our woollen manufacturers will obtain their raw material twenty-five million dollars less than they now do under protection. Will the people of the United States get the full benefit of this sum in the cheapening of their woollen goods? We think not; but at least one-half of this amount will go to the manufacturers and merchants in the way of increased profits, and this small sum of twenty-five million dollars is all the saving which the manufacturers and people can possibly make to offset the enormous shrinkage enumerated above. Very few carpet wools are grown in the United States, and as their low value makes it rather unprofitable to raise them, no great harm would be done if they were placed on the free list. We are now growing in the United States nearly a full supply of the finer sorts of wool, and only require to import about thirty-three million pounds to give us a full supply. Continue

protection for a few years and we shall raise all the wool we require, carpets wools excepted. The importation of worsted goods at the present low and unjust rate of duty has inflicted a very serious loss on manufacturers of this class of goods. This should be corrected, and worsted should be made to pay the same duty as woollens. The admission of ring, thread, roving and slubbing waste under a duty of ten cents per pound, has caused a most serious loss to the owner of wools, for every pound of this so-called waste takes the place of a pound of fine scoured wool, and the extensive use of it is the principal cause of the large quantity of Territory, California and Texas wool now remaining unsold on the markets. It should have a duty laid upon it the same as scoured wool (which it virtually is) of 30 cents per pound. These two great companion industries, the growing of wool and the manufacturing of woollen Goods, are inseparable and should be protected equally; the manufacturing in Europe as compared with that of America, and the wool-growers to the extent of the difference in the cost of raising wool in other countries and that of raising it in the United States, where land, labor and living are so much higher. Competent judges claim that the estimates of loss given above might be increased one hundred million dollars without exaggerating the facts.

Respectfully submitted,
WASHINGTON BELT.

Whenever tried prohibition is making good progress under local option laws. It is a round-about way, but it gets there just the same. It is a kind of democratic way of doing, but reaches prohibition much more surely than the republican high license way of doing.

A day or two since the News remarked on the wonderful growth of the Prohibition party in Minnesota, and the steps taken to secure a circulation in the state of 20,000 copies of the New York Voice. Albert Griffin now gives notice that the anti-saloon republican movement is so great that forty-eight leading republicans will attend the convention, May 20. There is a good deal of alarm as to the result.

In the May number of The American Magazine there will be a remarkable discussion of a question of vital importance to every American citizen. Two years have passed since the brave policemen of Chicago were cruelly murdered by the Anarchists. Two years, and neither the United States nor any single State has enacted a law even looking to the prevention of a recurrence of the horrible deed. The people seem to have settled into a sense of security and safety not warranted by the circumstances.

During these two years the Anarchists have not been idle. Secretly, stealthily, they have spread their pernicious doctrines, formed branches of their baneful Order, and laid their plans with the utmost care to prevent another failure. Their leaders are not ignorant men. They are fanatics, with brains—the most dangerous class in the community. Many of them believe in their mission and are willing to die for victory. They have counted the cost and will fire the mines they have dug under our cities, even if they themselves are involved in the common ruin. In this article the infernal plottings of these men will be brought to light. Their schemes will be laid bare. The author, with terse and powerful diction, describes scenes that will cause many a heart to throb and blanch many a face. He shows us that we are treading on a volcano whose hidden fires may at any moment break out and overwhelm us. He forces upon the reader a reality most awful to contemplate and too frightful to endure. If not already too late, the author would like to see our rulers make such laws as are needed for the protection of our homes and families, for the very existence of our social system. It is a powerful and timely argument, exposure and appeal. God grant it may not pass unheeded nor be too late to accomplish its object.

The author is a prominent army officer, who is well known in literary, military and social circles, and many will recognize the writings of one whose pen is as powerful as his sword.

A Case of Cruelty.

Judge Searle held a late court Saturday night. It appears that one Close driving a herd of cattle about two miles south of the city, a yearling calf got tired and lay down. Two men began to whip it. Frank Jordan remonstrated with the men for their cruelty. This enraged them and they began the whipping. Mr. Jordan then said, if they struck another blow they would have to whip him first. At this, the two men rode off. Mr. Jordan swore out a warrant for the arrest of the men and the owner, after consulting with T. E. Bowman and Judge Martin, officers of the Humane society. Mr. Close secured a lawyer, who advised him to plead guilty, and was fined \$1 and costs. The expense to Mr. Close was about \$30, including attorney's fees. One feature prevents a great many cases from being brought. Had the case been decided against the state, the costs could have been taxed to the prosecuting witness, Mr. Jordan.

The latest reports from General Manager Parker are that he is improving quite rapidly and hopes to be in Topeka by Tuesday.

Mrs. Kitty Kellam, known by all Topekan as the efficient city librarian for a number of years, has accepted the position of house-keeper at the Hotel Throop and this morning took charge as such.

Libbie M. Covert has commenced a suit in the district court against the grand lodge of the A. O. U. W. of the state to recover \$2,000 of insurance money she alleges was due her, on the death of her husband last January. A benefit will be given Miss Addie Irene Jewell, the talented and accomplished young musician, in the near future, in which Marshall's band, the Modocs and other local talent will participate. It is quite probable that Miss Jewell will change her original plan to return to Chicago in the fall, and remain in Topeka during the coming winter. If this is done, Topeka people can be sure of being treated to some of the finest music ever made from violin or guitar.

Col. Crowley, the contractor of the East side motor line, has begun grading the roadbed with a large force of men and will push the work as rapidly as possible.

An attempt made last night to burglarize Petro Bros. store was not very successful. It seems that a young man named Louis Adams about seventeen years old attempted to get into the store by cutting out a hole in the window. In the effort to get through he aroused a young man sleeping in the store who seized a gun and fired at Adams severely wounding him in the back. The alarm was given and the burglar was captured in the hole, he being unable to move backward or forwards. He was brought to this city to-day and taken to the county jail where his wounds were cared for.

The clearances for the past week show a healthy increase of \$41,000 over last week, the record for the present week being \$326,316.

The Journal reporter speaking of the entertainment at the Presbyterian church Friday evening, says that Mrs. Russell's solo was the best thing of the evening. Inasmuch as Mrs. Russell did not appear at all, some persons do not think the Journal's criticism very flattering in regard to the rest, in fact equal to saying it was hardly as good as nothing. Was that the Journal reporter's idea?

Harry C. Safford, is prominently mentioned as the probable republican candidate for representative from the north side.

It is rumored that the Rock Island folks will build a fine hotel and office building on the northeast corner of First and Kansas avenue, just across the street from their present depot and office building.

The bank clearances of this city are now reported regularly each week to the Boston Post, besides several other leading financial and commercial journals of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. The Topeka clearances exceed those of several other cities reported regularly, and the clearance show only a part of the actual banking business of the city, the Santa Fe office business not included in the showing.

Joseph Black Saturday, purchased the building now occupied by Furman's shoe store, and as he owns the two lots on the south from which the buildings have already been moved, he will make his contemplated block seventy-five feet front instead of fifty feet. The excavation is now being made. Mr. Black says this will be one of the finest buildings in the state. The entire frontage to the full height of the building will be of glass and red sand stone the latter ornately carved. The glass will be the largest in the state, one pane being 156 inches by 108 inches in size; not a piece of galvanized iron will be used, every thing in the way of capping and cornice being of cut stone. The lower story will have a ceiling fifteen feet in height. The entire building will be heated by steam and have all the modern appliances for comfort and convenience.

The board of health, the police and the city attorney are proceeding against the butchers and meat dealers who are violating the license ordinance of the city, and the milk dealers who are supposed to be selling imbure milk.

Mr. O. H. Hay, of the firm of Hay & Wiggin, died in Portland, Me., Sunday morning.

The concrete foundation for the new pavement on the east side of the avenue is now down.

Dolman's sand mountain is being cut down rapidly.

Some \$70 fines were assessed in police court on Monday.

Three years ago there were 67 groceries in the city. To-day there are 130. Six years ago there were 61.

There dogs attacked a little girl on Van Buren street, Sunday afternoon, but were driven off by A. C. Hale.

Rev. A. M. Pipes is spending three weeks at the Congregational theological seminary, at Chicago.

Rev. J. F. Bacon, formerly of this city, now of Minnesota, is visiting his family, who are still here.

Mrs. Thomas and her daughter, Miss Annie, are visiting friends and relatives in St. Joseph and Wathena.

Mrs. A. C. Elder thinks that it pays to advertise. Last Saturday her millinery sales amounted to over two hundred dollars, and two or three weeks ago the Saturday sales were over one hundred and sixty dollars.

A pocketbook belonging to David Gates, who was robbed of \$30 at the Santa depot Saturday, was found in a yard on the lower part of Kansas avenue and turned over to marshal Carter yesterday.

The revival meetings at the First Christian church grow in interest with each service. A number were taken into the church fold on Sunday.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS.

Perhaps no man ever witnessed more physical suffering than H. H. MEIGGS, the Great Railroad Contractor of S. America, whose autograph is here shown and who writes:

"St. Jacobs Oil has accomplished wonders. It has my positive indorsement." As an example—During 1870 and 1871 two thousand Americans died from malaria and rheumatic fevers out of four thousand in Peru attracted thither by large wages paid by Meiggs, who had contracts amounting to \$138,000,000. In this field thereafter St. Jacobs Oil did its good work.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

BOUTELL'S PRINCESS TEA
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.

There are 800 Odd Fellows in this city
W. C. Knox's new block will cost \$70,000.

The loss incurred by the Santa Fe company in the fire Friday morning is about \$3,000. The property was fully insured, as are all the shops and other property of the company.

A certificate for a pension allowed Mrs. Frank P. Blair, widow of General Blair, has been forwarded to her at St. Louis through the Topeka agency. The amount is \$2,000 per year.

Dr. William Ashmore, of the American Baptist mission in Japan, in an article discussing the union movement among the Presbyterians and Methodists and Episcopalians thinks the American and English Baptists can hardly unite at present. There are differences between them on the subject of baptism. They are glad, however, to see the tendency to union among other denominations; but "ecclesiastically speaking" the Baptists are to be the "speckled bird" of Asiatic Missions.—The Independent.

The Dr. Ashmore mentioned in the above paragraph is a brother of Dr. Samuel Ashmore, of North Topeka.

The colored man Smith, who attempted suicide is in a fair way to recover.

"Any more," said a reverend brother at a recent baptizing at Silver Lake, "this makes thirty-eight." "Yes," said a brother minister, "in just 44 minutes." He had been timing the ceremony by a 'stop watch'.

Dr. J. N. Lee is at home seeing his old friends and taking a vacation. He will remain about ten days.

Miss Mary Lee returned to-day from St. Louis, where she has spent several months.

Rev. Linus Blakesley pastor of the Congregational church left for Chicago yesterday afternoon to attend the anniversary of the Chicago Theological seminary, of which institution he is a director. Mr. Blakesley will return on Saturday.

Attorney General Bradford has received information that the following social clubs of Leavenworth have taken out a government license for the sale of intoxicating liquors: Merchants' club, Buck-tails, League club, Massasoit club, North Leavenworth club, National club, South End club, Leavenworth Amusement club, Commercial club, Fellow Workmen club, Union club, and the U know club. The sale of liquors by these clubs is of course a flagrant violation of the prohibitory law and the attorney general intends to begin prosecution against them.

Nick North, the Santa Fe janitor, charged with grand larceny, waived examination and was bound over by Justice Chesney for appearance at the district court with \$500 bond.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly For May.

Attention is fixed on Germany. One veteran ruler, the Emperor William, has just passed away, and the grave is even now ready to receive his successor. The crown will rest on three heads in a single year. There are elements of deep interest in a reign like that of Emperor William's whose life covered most of our stirring century. The story can be read in a finely illustrated article in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for May. The number deals with our land, and Mr. W. E. McCann tells the story of the "Star Spangled Banner" and its author F. S. Key. "A Week's Jaunt Among the Lakes of Central New York" is devoted to a neglected part of our land, which elsewhere would furnish a thousand themes to the poet and painter. Dr. Van Fleet gives a delightful study of our native Warblers. Another article tells of "Prjevalski's Adventures in Central Asia," showing how Russia is laying her plans for pushing her way to the borders of China and India, or perhaps beyond them. Our great university—Harvard is brought before us to its actual condition and early history; and what lessons the photograph teaches of the flight of birds by showing a series of instantaneous pictures, make very curious reading. What with all this, and stories by Mrs. J. G. Austin, F. B. Hollowell, Etta W. Pierce and others, the magazine gives an endless amount of interesting and attractive reading.

The crop prospect in California is not good, at least in the northern part of the state.

It will be well if the next governor of Kansas worthily succeeds the present incumbent.

Ridges, new city directory will show 20 per cent. increase in population over last year.

More than 100 women are practicing medicine in Chicago, and several of them are well known throughout the country as the authors of standard medical works.

It is too early by months to bring out candidates for county and legislative positions. No one has claims to office, and generally the man who pushes himself forward through his "friends," is the least deserving.

A reporter in the Commonwealth says the News is engaged in a contest with some other alleged paper on the scab question. It is a mistake. It may be that some others differ with the News, but the News follows its own course, and could engage in no contest except with its equals.

The many cheering reports of the excellent condition of the wheat, oats and rye crops throughout Kansas give courage and hope to everybody. The season opened auspicious, soaking rains have visited every section of the state and farmers are confident of an abundant harvest.

There is no more room for additional railroads to enter the Union depot at Kansas City and a number of new roads will have to build depots in other parts of the city. This will make more expense to travelers and be far from satisfactory. A Union depot should be a feature of every large city.

Kansas artists are gaining recognition in Paris. Kansas poets and novelists are coming to the front. Kansas oil wells and Kansas orators are spouting. Kansas zinc, and lead, and coal, and salt and sugar—all that goes to make up the sum of human happiness may be found upon or under Kansas soil.

Preparations are making for a new street railway from Lawrence to West Lawrence; two enormous filters have been put into the waterworks; the electric light plant has been extended; a four story stone business block and another of three stories are going up, and shaly old Lawrence is having quite a boom.

By the Indian appropriations bill, now under discussion in the house, the Lawrence school receives \$85,000. Judge Perkins secured an appropriation of \$12,000 to improve the wagon road from Lawrence to the school and for a better water supply. In fact all the Indian schools of the west are well cared for.

Mr. Powderly's letter the other week to the Knights of Labor was the most leader-like act he has yet committed. He takes uncompromising ground against strikes, declares they are foreign to the object of the organization, which is educative, and shall not be upheld by him longer, except in the most critical emergencies. He makes a frank and bold appeal to the members of the order throughout the country, not to the officials but to the privates in the ranks, for their views on the question of returning as an organization to the original aim of industrial and economic education. Mr. Powderly is the most thorough leader the labor forces of the country ever had. He is a leader who leads. His trouble has been that the labor forces would not follow.

We have an idea that very few people in Kansas have any conception of the growth of the third or prohibition party in other states. Interested politicians do not say much about it, but there can be no doubt but the vote next November will be startling. It is absolutely impossible to conjecture how any of the northern states will go. It is admitted that the prohibition vote is drawn more largely from republicans, which may, and no doubt will make several states democratic that have heretofore been republican. It is not improbable that this may be the result in such states as Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota and others. In such cases the democratic vote may be but slightly increased, or it may be increased at all, but the republican vote will fall off. As some ground for these reflections it may be stated that in Minnesota some of the wealthiest and most influential republicans have joined the prohibition party, since the last national election. They are thoroughly organized and have just sent the money to the New York Voice, the powerful national organ of the party, to pay for 10,000 campaign subscriptions to that paper, and are now working up another 10,000 all for that state. The circulation of the Voice has now increased to upwards of 150,000 regular weekly subscriptions, and is now greater than that of any political paper in the United States, and is increasing tenfold more rapidly than any other. These are simple facts that must be taken into account when forecasting the results of the coming election. We do not give them from any partisan standpoint, but as a statement of existing facts that the people have a right to know.

If the Topeka Democrat is compelled to eat crow, we predict it will digest it thoroughly.

A Philadelphia girl dropped a real hot slate pencil with which she was curling her back hair. It glided down her back next to the delicate white skin. If her hair was frizzed she did not go out to show it that night.

The Washington National View nominates Albert Redstone of California, and John Colvin of Kansas, for President and Vice President. Now who are they? Are they the same as John Doe and Richard Roe? We may add that the View is an organ of one of the labor parties, not the united labor, but the Industrial party.

Quite a number of republicans met on Saturday evening and named delegates for which the members of the party are to vote on the 28th. These delegates are then to attend a convention to elect other delegates to attend other conventions at which still other delegates will be elected to attend a national convention, and to nominate state officers. There's lots of machinery about it.

Well we would really like to see D. R. Anthony make the race for governor against Dr. Neely, of Leavenworth. Both of them have the sharpest kind of feline claws, and canine teeth, besides which they are armed with bovine horns, while at kicking, both of them can discount any bay steer in the state. Come, fellows, let us have this kind of a ticket. It would be an all summer circus, and afford lots of fun for the boys.

The mayors and councilwomen of Oskaloosa, are all prohibitionists. Two are republicans and four are democrats. Four are Methodists, one Presbyterian, and one Episcopalian. They are not all enthusiastic suffragists. They are the cause of Oskaloosa being now the best advertised town in Kansas, at the least expense. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper of April 21, gives a portrait of the new council, with biographies, and a bird's eye view of the town.

The National View, representing one of the labor factions, takes position in favor of beer drinking, and quotes Baron Liebig at some length for scientific proof of the value of beer. Herein lies one of the insuperable obstacles in the way of any speedy triumph of the labor cause. Intemperance and immorality are provokingly allied to labor interests, and one of the very first steps in the great work of labor reform is to divorce and separate them. It is the work of education in which legislation may greatly assist. The greatest and most subtle foe to labor in all this wide, wide world is the disposition to apologize for and excuse the vice that accompanies it. Men of superficial ideas tell us that more vice exists in the higher classes than elsewhere. It is not worth while to argue this point. If true, it proves nothing as to the working classes. We are then told, by way of apology, that the labor system begets vice and misery, and stimulants are said to be necessary. The low and the vicious claim this, and unconscionable demagogues pander to the idea, instead of trying to lift the worker up to a higher plane. The evils of whiskey have been made apparent. From their intrenchments of alcohol they took refuge behind that bulwark of wine. These proving untenable, they have intrenched behind beer, where they hope to hold their ground. Although confessedly without merit, the sole defense for the use of beer, rests upon its being an article of food, quite equal to potatoes. But beer drinking degrades and stupefies the laborer equally with other intoxicants. In some respects it is the worst. At all events the greatest enemy of the whole labor system is the vice that goes with it. Free it from this and labor is at once raised to a vastly higher plane. The deadly enemy of labor is the pretended friend who apologises for its vices.

An amusing incident occurred Saturday when the alarm was turned in at fire department headquarters. One of the horses, Dick, on the chemical engine, bolted out of the door before the harness was dropped on him, and away he went. Old Granger, the veteran who is used extra occasionally, was pressed into service, and a splendid run was made. On the return from the fire, Driver Miller started out to find the truant, and found him out about three miles west of the city, on his way to his former home near St. Marys. He was brought back and will have to be pretty shrewd to get away again.

The county commissioners have released from custody in the county jail Bird Lewis, William Walker and Andy Eldridge, who were confined in jail for the non-payment of fines and costs in state cases. County Attorney Curtis recommended the discharge of these prisoners.

Carrie Coffran, Minnie Fritchie, Bertha Younggreen and Margaret Fritchie have commenced an action in the district court against George R. Peck, J. B. Peck, W. H. Passmore and D. C. Metzker. The plaintiffs ask for judgment for \$3,000, with interest, against the defendants.

E. E. Crow will begin the erection at once of a three story building and basement, on the south side of Sixth street between Kansas Avenue and Jackson.

The May number of Lippincott's Magazine is a curious and interesting experiment. The number is a No Name, number, with a tantalizing note of interrogation after the title of each article, editorially, that the number is contributed to by some of the most popular of American authors, and certainly the contents are good enough for anybody. The complete novel is entitled "The Old Adam," and is a strong study of American life in Rome, drawn with much dramatic power and insight.

Dr. Bergen says the rapid transit company is rapidly overcoming the difficulties that have beset the enterprise and he believes that within a week the construction of the road will begin. While the road is not, as yet, an assured fact, he believes it will be built and that right away. Its affairs, he says, were never in better condition than at present.

A small German boy, named Myers, son of a section hand, tried the experiment of climbing on a moving car at the junction on Wednesday evening. The boy was only six years old and small for his age; he was therefore too small for the undertaking. He slipped and fell with one foot partly under the car. Dr. Rider who was called to dress the wound thought the foot could be saved, but it was pretty badly smashed. The deputy marshal announces his determination to stop the climbing on moving cars by boys.

In the district court Judge Greer apologized for his conduct and Judge Guthrie remitted the \$50 fine assessed against him for contempt of court. This is the first case of the kind that has occurred in the district court of this county for a very long while.

The Boston Mining company, of Leavenworth, with a capital stock of \$100,000, this morning filed a charter in the secretary of state.

Colonel J. T. Bradley has been retained by Rev. John Riley to conduct his case. Riley is charged with sending obscene letters through the mails.

At about 4 o'clock this morning the fire department was called out by the burning of the oil house at the Santa Fe shops; it was a small building used to store oil in, and was entirely consumed. Loss about fifty dollars.

Jim Sherey, who resides on Kansas avenue, unfortunately shot himself through the left hand, while fooling with a loaded revolver.

A charter was filed this morning with the secretary of state for the Attica Creamery company, of Attica, with a capital stock of \$10,000.

The annual concert of the Washburn Gleec club this evening at the Grand Choruses and quartettes by sixteen male voices, and solos by Miss Tillie Schmits. Tickets for sale at box office of the Grand.

The action brought by Attorney General Bradford against the assessors of Atchison county to compel them to assess the value of that county at its cash value is being watched with interest in not only this state but neighboring ones. Should the decision be rendered in his favor, the change would at once be apparent to all, as the difference in the assessment would be enormous.

A five-year old child belonging to a family by the name of Hughes, living in Soldier-township, fell into a well yesterday afternoon. The child was rescued, but in a half-drowned condition. The incident created considerable excitement at the time in the neighborhood.

Rev. J. S. Myers, who is to conduct a series of special meetings at the Christian church, arrived yesterday, and was greeted with a large audience last night. His opening address was on "Rounds in the Ladder of Life." The audience were well pleased with his pointed way of presenting truths. The theme of the sermon for this evening is "The One Thing That Lacketh." Go out and hear this talented evangelist.

Yesterday at high noon Mr. Milton E. Stoker and Miss Carrie M. Summers were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The Rev. Dr. McCabe performed the ceremony. Immediately after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Stoker went on a journey to Chicago and other eastern cities. After their return, they will be at home to their friends at the residence of the parents of Mr. Stoker, No. 122 west Fifth street.

The Rock Island, company are getting considerable land on the north side, and want more. They have a strip to the river bank, and if they could get more along the shore to the high way bridge they might really make large additions from the river. A little engineering. One half the width of the river might be saved for railroad and other business purposes all the way through the city, or at least between the two railroad bridges. Much of the filling in would be done by river deposits. And a deeper channel would be made for itself. There are many points below Topeka where the river is not half so wide as it is here.

Seven new residences, all of them handsome ones, are being erected in Potwin Place.

Pertinent Pointers.

The following questions are put to the Mayor of the City.

Will you please answer a few questions so that we may be enlightened on what is a great interest to us as a part of the city.

When are we to have a public sewer in the first ward.

Why is it that we can not have one over here just as well as to have them in most parts of the city on the south side of the river.

Do you not think we need it?

Are we not entitled to one?

Is it not essential to the health of the people in the First Ward to have one?

Would it not be less expensive to put one in now before the streets are paved.

Think of it, here we are today with a population of ten thousand people without one foot of public sewer?

What have you to say for us? Will you give us a sewer? If so, please say so and show it to the people over here that you will do what is right.

Respectfully, A. S. Davies.

Miss Mamie Simpson, of the art department of the state university, and a sister of W. H. Simpson of the Santa Fe offices, who is now pursuing her studies in Europe, has received the high compliment of obtaining a place for one of her pictures in the Paris salon.

Miss Hayes, for the past six years matron at Ingleside, has gone to Cleveland, Ohio, to take a much needed rest. Mrs. Jones now has the position of matron at Ingleside.

Councilman Ben Curtis is very much in favor of the immediate construction of a new bridge across the Kansas river, and he says the matter will be brought before the council in a very short time in some definite form. If there is any member of the council not in favor of a new bridge, he ought to be compelled to spend just one day on the bridge watching the demands made upon it.

The citizens of the north side are crying aloud for a public sewer. They ought to have it.

Fred Lacy, of the Delmonico, who went to Liberal last week, has telegraphed for a large tent and fifty cots, with bedding for them. What Fred is up to is not known, but is suspected that he is catching on to the boom in that new Rock Island town.

The examination of the pupils of the county schools took place last Monday and Tuesday, and Superintendent MacDonald is now busy in personally examining the papers, over 2,000 in number. He says the examination was a very rigid one and that the papers are unusually good.

Sam Ridges comes to the front with something that keeps up the reputation of the capital city. It is a name and he challenges the state to produce a more complicated one, Simon Jendzieski, 305 East A street, North Topeka.

Superintendent Allen of the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska, who returned last night from a trip over the northwest extension of that road, says that the prospects in northern and northwestern Kansas and southern Nebraska are the finest that could be expected. The people are all jubilant over the present state of affairs, and if it holds out, will come down with a shower of dollars this fall.

Pittsburg, Kansas, is a good deal bigger town than is generally supposed. It is the second zinc producing town in the United States. Over 1,500 men are employed in the zinc works and in mining the coal to run them. The population is now 5,000. Four large smelters are in operation and the value of the product is \$1,400,000 per year.

The farmer's trust is having a big boom in the New York and Chicago. Nearly all the eastern papers are publishing heavy editorials concerning the movement.

The resignation of Manager J. S. Dean of the City railway was accepted. He will return to Boston. His successor is E. H. Littlefield of Cambridge Massachusetts.

John Lewis, an employe of the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Railroad company, was taken to Christ hospital yesterday with a broken leg. He had been working in a quarry, and a heavy stone falling on his leg broke it.

A state house officer received a letter from Colonel S. S. Prouty, who is sojourning at the hot springs of Las Vegas, N. M., yesterday, in which he states that he is fast recovering his health. His improvement is really a surprise to him. He is gaining in flesh, feels better than he has for months and writes in a very hopeful mood.

The Garfield Park and Northern Heights Street Railway company filed papers of incorporation yesterday. The directors are W. L. Gordon, James Burgess, N. P. Hartman, E. L. Blood, T. M. James, H. C. Safford, John W. Hardt, Samuel Holman, and G. W. Stone. Capital \$50,000. The purpose for which this corporation is formed is for the construction of a street railway in Topeka and county of Shawnee adjacent thereto, from some point on Kansas avenue north of the present street, thence west by some convenient route, to the extension of Central avenue, thence west and north to Rochester in Soldier township, thence south by the most convenient route to Grant street in Topeka; thence east and south to Central or Kansas avenue. Also by most convenient route to State Reform school. The estimated length of such line is fifteen miles and is to be operated by steam, soda electric, cable, or horse power, or by such other power as may be determined by the board of directors.

The Woman's Exchange has met with great success, and will hold a meeting Tuesday afternoon at Music hall, to elect a permanent board and officers for the ensuing year. The stock has sold rapidly. Ladies were eager to become stockholders in so worthy an institution. Much enthusiasm has shown itself through the city. The institution promises to be creditable not only to the organization but to the city. Business men are making inquiries concerning it.

The Rock Island people are quietly at work preparing for some important move the exact nature of which can not be at present given to the public. Condemnation of a tract of land half a block in width, on Curtis street has been ordered. Among the purposes for which the land is to be used, is mentioned the building of shops. Some of the sanguine "North Siders" are confident that this means the establishment of repair shops at Topeka. It is not unlikely that such a theory is correct. It is a significant fact that the company have been purchasing considerable North Topeka real estate through other parties.

The Rock Island is going to put repair shops in this city. They will give employment to 250 men and increase the population of Topeka by this number and their families.

The board of county commissioners have approved the bonds of Albert Parker and E. Buechner as deputy assessors for the city of Topeka. The bonds of T. J. Wintrose and E. W. Davis, as constables, were also approved.

Hon. Walker N. Allen of Meriden, the originator of the Farmers' trust movement, was in the city last evening and when asked what the prospects were for the convention to be held in this city on May 1, he said that everything indicated that it would be a very large and important convention. He had received letters from all sections of the country, and there seems to be widespread interest in the movement. There will be delegations in attendance from all the western and Central states, and nearly every section of Kansas will be represented at the convention. Mr. Allen says he has corresponded with a great many of the most intelligent agriculturists of the country, and with men who have made agriculture a study for years, and almost without exception they agree that Mr. Allen's plan for the organization of a farmers' trust to control the shipment and sale of grain, produce, live stock and other products of the farm, is a practical scheme. The matter is being quite generally discussed in the leading papers of the country, and is attracting a great deal of attention in the eastern commercial centers.

Mr. Allen has received letters from Governor Ross of Texas, Governor McGill of Minnesota, and Governor Oglesby of Illinois, announcing that they will appoint delegates to the convention to be held in Topeka on May 1. Governor Martin has appointed delegates for the state of Kansas, and delegates will probably be appointed by the executives of other states. The convention will be held in Representative hall.

"I am now on my way to Kansas City with a load of fat steers which I propose to market there to-morrow," said Mr. Allen last evening. "At life most I will not get over \$3.75 for them, though they are as fine steers as have been marketed this spring. I have been feeding them all winter and now can get only \$3.75. I would have made more money if I had slaughtered them last fall and sold the hides. Now there is an illustration that something must be done to protect the farmer and stockgrower. Every body knows that cattle are now bringing ruinously low prices, and it is the same with other products of the farm. No farmer can make money with cattle at those prices, hence something must be done. The manufacturers' farm associations to control the markets and why not the farmers? Though the cattlemen gets less than half for his cattle what he did a few years ago, still there has been no change in the price of meat in the markets. In the New York markets meat sells for 30 cents per pound; in the Chicago markets 18 to 22 cents per pound, just as high as it ever was, and yet the man who markets the cattle is being bankrupted."

Notable Names in Literature. * Notable names in the ninth volume of Alden's Cyclopaedia of Universal Literature, which opens with Geibel and closes with Guernsey, are Gibbon, Green and Grote, historians (what other letter in the alphabet can show three names so strong?); Gladstone, Grant and Greeley, most eminent as statesmen, soldier and journalist, but of high rank also in the literary world; Archibald and James Geikie, scientists; W. H. Gibson, artist and author; Gerhardt, Goethe, Goldsmith and Gray, poets; Cunningham Geikie, prominent in Christian literature; Gogol, Russian novelist; and a small host of other authors of lesser note, perhaps, but not necessarily of less popular interest—for instance, there is the immortal author of "Pinafore," and "Peter Parley," and Grimm, the wonderful wonder-story teller. In fact, this volume is but further demonstrative evidence that Alden's Cyclopaedia of Universal Literature is not only one of the most interesting series of volumes ever published, but as an educating and elevating influence for a home library, its value is beyond estimate in dollars and cents. And such handsome volumes as these are, at a price so marvellously low! 50 cents for each, 60 cents for half Morocco, with 4 cents extra for postage. A specimen volume may be ordered with privilege of returning, if not wanted. The publisher sends free to any applicant an 84-page catalogue of his publications. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York; 218 Clark Street, Chicago.

In the May number of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY Henry James reaches a dramatic climax in his search for "The Aspern Papers," which meet a most unexpected fate in this issue. The story of "Yone Santo, a Child of Japan," by E. H. House, is continued with undiminished vigor; and the many admirers of Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) will be delighted with the artistic progress of her serial novel, "The Despot of Broomseidge Cove." Among recent brilliant contributions to periodical literature, nothing more powerful than "Cicero in the Senate," by Harriet Waters Preston, has appeared; it is an article at once entertaining, luminous, and instructive, and will add materially to Miss Preston's fame as an author. So much is written concerning that extraordinary man, perhaps the greatest of any this country ever produced, that we seldom expect any positively new information concerning Benjamin Franklin. We had not expected to hear from Olive Thorne Miller that, to her any bird could ever be, "utterly unlovely," and yet that is just what she says of a certain oriole, in her paper, with the significant title "A Discard in Feathers." The usual Book Reviews and "Contributors' Club" conclude an excellent number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Mr. E. O. Moll, a well-known man in this city, was arrested Saturday by Deputy United States Marshal Dan Wyatt. Moll was indicted by the late grand jury on a charge of selling liquor without a government license. The charge was made against him by his late divorced wife whom he has had considerable trouble. He waives arraignment and pleaded "not guilty" to the indictment. His case is set for hearing early next week, he gave bond for his appearance at that time. He will be defended by his attorneys, Isenhart and Hazen.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY FRANK PEMMON.

When first I started out in life
I had with me the thought
That I could mold my future course
To whatever shape I sought.
I'd be a strict monogamist—
One wife for me—no more,
But now I've buried three of them,
And I'm looking for Number Four.
I'd never care for money—much:
I hated the dross of gold,
But now I am a millionaire,
And I am scarcely forty years old.
I started writing poetry,
With a fervor very intense;
And I can't give it up—and why?
Because I lack common sense.
I thought that all the ladies fair
In love with me would be;
But that is where the difference lay
Between the fair and me.
I thought that I'd live many years,
So well am I insured,
To sickness. But that hope I've lost—
Because I'm well insured.
I thought that when my death was known
The news would cause a thrill—
Perhaps it will, to all the friends
I've mentioned in my will.
It's just the same with all of us:
We think that we can do
Whatever we choose, and quite forget
That fate is working too.
—*Yankee Blade.*

Geoffrey and I.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

I was loved by two brothers, Leon and Geoffrey Lamar; but, of course, could only give my heart to one of them.

Leon was tall, dark, and of forbidding mien; his restless eyes inspired me with anything but tender passion.

"You must love me!" he said to me one day after he had been pressing his suit in vain. I intend you shall!

"No!" I answered, vehemently, "I shall not; so there!"

"Why not?" he asked, biting his lip in ill concealed anger.

"Because I hate you!" I replied, hotly, rising and standing before him, flushed and excited.

"You love some one else, then; tell me who?" he demanded, insolently.

"As if I should!" said I, mockingly.

"You need not; I'll find out;" and he left me.

A fortnight later, he came to me, his handsome face fairly contorted with rage. "I know whom you are silly enough to adore," he said threateningly; "but little good will ever come of it!"

"Whom do I love, Mr. Lamar?" I asked carelessly.

"Geoffrey!" he hissed from between his white even teeth. "But you will wish you had loved me instead. You are not aware, I presume, that all this fine property is mine, and he is penniless, unless I choose otherwise!"

"Yes; I do know all that," I answered, contemptuously, "but I am not influenced by wealth," and I shut the door in his face.

I lived in Brooklyn, and it was my custom to spend a part of each summer out of the city, on account of my health, which was none of the best. And as the Lamars were old family friends, and lived at Rose Hill some miles up the Hudson, it was perfectly natural that I should spend my vacations there.

The family at Rose Hill consisted of Leon, Geoffrey and their mother, all of whom made me welcome in a very cordial manner at their elegant residence. It was during one of these fateful vacations spent at the lovely country seat that Leon Lamar fell desperately in love with me before I was aware of it.

Geoffrey was as unlike his brother as one could imagine. Of medium height and fair complexion, with winning ways and soft persuasive voice; it was hard to bear in mind that they were brothers.

But Geoffrey had told me his love and won my heart long before Leon became aware of it; and my preference for his brother had never entered his mind, I presume.

Perhaps that was why he became so furious, and ground through his murderous looking teeth, that day, that it was "Geoffrey." I felt, however from that day on that Leon would do something very wicked, without a scruple, if he thought it would bring pain and sorrow to either of us—Geoffrey or I.

In view of such a possibility, I confided Leon's threat to my lover, telling him also my fears. He said but little, and pretended that he did not mind, although I knew by his looks that he felt uneasy for a long time afterward.

I saw but little of Leon after his threatening interview, as he was away a good deal on business, and I seldom visited at Rose Hill after our disagreeable "scene."

Geoffrey ran down to my home in Brooklyn occasionally; and one morning in May I expected him, as he had promised to accompany me to an entertainment.

I busied myself with the plans of the entertainment all the forenoon, not noticing how the time was flying, until the bells chimed midday.

"Noon!" I ejaculated, "and Geoffrey not here? Why! What—?" and a dozen calamities thrust their possibility on me, as I thought of Leon's threat.

"Oh, Geoffrey!" I choked down the words and hurried down stairs. A servant handed me a letter, and, as it was laid on my outstretched palm, a chill of terror froze the blood in my veins.

"I expected it," was all I said to mother's look of anxious inquiry; then

I sped away to my rooms. Once there, I opened the letter and read:

"DEAREST: As I am called away on very urgent business this morning, and cannot find time to run down to tell you, I beg to be excused and forgiven for disappointing you so. I will call, however, as soon as I return. Yours till then, Geoffrey."

"Strange," said I, "that Geoff. couldn't write more than that when he is generally on the verge of being prolix." Turning the note over, it struck me that it was not my lover's writing. I hurried to my escretorio and compared the chirography with that of a half dozen letters he had written me. The handwriting was not the same, and the difference could easily be detected.

"It isn't Geoffrey's note," I said, with quivering lips and rising fears. "Something else keeps him away, and this is Leon's work."

Like a break in a levee it grew, this feeling of doubt and distrust, until, like the powerful crevasse, it flooded my whole soul with suspicious dire.

"Leon Lamar," I cried excitedly, "you have written this falsehood, and if aught has happened Geoffrey, I shall recompense you, so help me heaven!"

Geoffrey's absence was enough to augment my fears; I thrust the note in my bosom and went down stairs again.

"I believe I will visit Rose Hill this evening," I said, as calmly as possible to the family, which took it for granted that good old Mrs. Lamar had sent an invitation.

I was greeted warmly by Geoffrey's mother on my arrival there, who said she "knew I would come, even when Leon was writing the note. You got it today, didn't you?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Yes," I replied, feeling that there was something wrong somewhere.

But the mystery deepened, when she continued, with solicitude, "I am so glad, too, that you are to stay with me while Leon has gone to Geoffrey; he isn't so very ill, of course, but it seems right that Leon should go, even if his business suffers."

"Geoffrey ill?" I asked, in a choking voice; "and where is he, Mrs. Lamar?"

"Oh, then Leon didn't mention Geoffrey's illness to you in the invitation? He dreaded to worry you, I suppose. Why, he's at his uncle's in Albany; went a week ago. But don't look so frightened, Miss Delancy; Geoffrey isn't at all dangerous."

"No," I said; but darker and stranger it all grew. I compared the language of the note to Mrs. Lamar's statement; it was evident to me that Leon did not want my presence at Rose Hill, for, instead of penning the supposed invitation, he had written an excuse purporting to be Geoffrey's, thinking that would satisfy me until—when, I did not know.

That night I could not sleep. I tossed restlessly until nearly dawn, when I sank into a troubled dream, and I thought I was descending a steep declivity; then, in a disconnected way, I saw Geoffrey's white, anguished face, and after all I seemed to stumble over a basket in which were parcels and a can of coffee.

I awoke frightened and bewildered, to find it hardly dawn. I had not slept ten minutes, but I was not sleepy and rose to dress.

"A hill; a hill!" I repeated; "and Geoffrey's white face; dear, it certainly meant something. Father in heaven, show me the way!" I sobbed, up against the window pane.

Suddenly I remembered having once taken a walk with my lover in the wood east of the house; in that stroll we had gone down a little steep and visited a sort of a cave, long unused, and further up the ravine.

But this could have no connection with Geoffrey's white face, I thought; still, it might, and I shuddered and cried out in an agony of soul, "Heaven help me to find Geoffrey!"

That forenoon, the servant, Thekla, busied herself preparing various packages and parcels. She eyed me suspiciously whenever I looked at her, though I had no motive in doing so, outside of idly wondering what she intended doing with them, until she procured a large can of coffee and packed it with the rest in a basket.

Then strangely familiar looked the receptacle. A curious sensation crept over me, as I realized that this, too, was a part of the mystery. I had recognized the basket as the identical one of my dream of the morning.

"Aha!" I thought, "there is something in it." I kept quiet, however, and wandered about listlessly, yet all the while watching her narrowly. She had an evil face, and I was certain, could be bribed into doing anything.

Mrs. Lamar was in her room, so I walked out on the veranda and sat down to think. I believed I could find the way to that lonely cave alone; I believed I should try and see what would come of it. Leon might have killed Geoffrey in a fit of jealous passion and have hidden the body there!

"But no; there went Thekla, with that basket on her arm. Great heaven! they had made him a prisoner somewhere, and those parcels were for him. I rose quickly and, slipping quietly along watched the servant, who was in a wonderful hurry. Keeping some shrubbery partially between us, I crept after her until she passed from sight in the edge of the woods. Hiding close to the path I resolved to wait her return, and then go to the end of the winding way, let it lead to Geoffrey, or some one else she was carrying provisions to.

I had not long to wait; she came back presently, and the basket was empty. After she had passed on toward the house I flew toward the woodland. The path grew quite indistinct as I entered the woods, but I searched the dry leaves, and threaded

my way until I came to a steep descent.

"Oh!" I cried, "I am coming to it." I slipped down the steep and followed on a few yards further up the ravine to the cave. But how different it looked from the old tumbledown affair I had seen before. A stout door of heavy oak shut up the lower part of the entrance while above was a grating similar to prison bars, and a great lock hung from the door. "A jail!" I whispered, aghast.

Looking through the bars I could see nothing but darkness; feeling that I was terribly disappointed, I wailed helplessly, "Oh! Geoffrey, where are you?"

A low, glad cry from within, and in an instant my lover came to the grating.

"Oh! Geoffrey, how came you here?" I asked, wildly, as he drew my hand through the opening and lavished kisses, warm and tender, on my trembling fingers.

"I do not know exactly," he answered, all the joy at seeing me dying out on his fair, pale face, at the remembrance of his incarceration, and the fiendishness of his brother.

"I awoke from a bad dream, one day, to find myself here," he continued. "I suspect Leon drugged me, and conveyed me here while I was helpless. Oh! how I have wanted you!" he added, passionately, "and have prayed for deliverance." He leaned his head against the bars and great tears rolled down his face. "Oh! that a brother could do this!" he said.

"I was maddened at his grief. 'Don't! don't for heaven's sake, Geoffrey!' I begged; 'I will release you.'"

"Leon hates me because I love you, Cecil."

"Curse him!" I replied, vehemently, "to make you suffer so; may all the evil he wishes you fall on his own soul!" I ended in an agony of vengeful prayer.

"Don't say such things, Cecil, dearest," he begged.

"You don't know how he has lied," I resumed. "To his mother and me," and I handed him the note Leon had sent.

He read it and looked grieved. "That is why you came to find me."

"Yes; it was not your handwriting, so I considered it my duty to investigate," I said. "And your mother thinks you are ill at your uncle's in Albany, and that Leon has gone to take care of you; also that I came on invitation. 'All this, my dear Geoffrey, is Leon's deception, and now good-bye until I come shortly.'"

"Good-bye, darling!" he said, softly.

I talked to Mrs. Lamar in Thekla's hearing, of the beauties of the orchard in its grab of leaf, and bud and blossom, and dwelt at length on the loveliness of the lake to the west. All this to make the servant believe I had been elsewhere than in the woodland.

To break locks was an offense, I thought, but how else should I release Geoffrey? I had no key and I could not procure one. A happy thought struck me like a heavenly inspiration. I would take the door off its hinges! I had noticed them—great bars of things—on the outside; aha! I could do that.

Fortunately I knew where the tool-house at Rose Hill was, and I hid me hither, while Thekla was indoors. Procuring what tools I thought I needed, I sped away to the little ravine.

"Here I am, Geoffrey," I exclaimed, all out of breath with haste and excitement.

"God bless you!" he said, fervently. "Then he waited to see what I intended doing. 'How are you to remove the lock?' he questioned, presently."

"To tamper with locks is a bad business," I answered, jocosely, while my heart was full of hatred for the absent brother, "and I shall not meddle with this one; I intend to take the door off its hinges."

"Can you?" Geoffrey asked, dubiously.

"Certainly," said I, kneeling down to begin on the lowest hinge. There were four of them, similar to those used on shop doors; but fortunately they had not been there long enough to become rusty. And although it was the hardest task of my life, I resolved to do it or die. By faithful application, I soon had the pleasure of seeing the great screws withdraw, and finally the very last one was ready to drop.

"Do you really think you can remove them?" asked Geoffrey, anxiously, peeping through the bars in doubtful fear.

"Geoffrey," said I, "as if I couldn't; what is to hinder me?"

"I don't know, I am sure," he replied more hopefully.

"Neither do I," I answered, with emphasis, as I gave the last screw a jerk and let the miserable prison door sag.

"Now, push, Geoffrey."

"You're out oh! Geoffrey! and I threw my arms around him in rapturous relief.

He took my reddened and blistered hands in his and said a great deal which perhaps would sound foolish elsewhere than at that time and place.

"Come, Cecil," he said, presently, "let us go up to the house; you said Leon was absent."

"I think I know where Leon has gone," he said thoughtfully.

"Where?" I asked.

To get me smuggled into an insane asylum, Cecil."

"Oh, Geoffrey!"

"Yes; a dark deed to be sure; but he'll be telling 'round dat when he only stole an armful of wood when he only borrowed it. No, missus dat chile can't go to school no more."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Thekla looked as if she hoped the earth would open and swallow her into

oblivions depths, when she caught sight of us.

"You had better keep perfectly quiet about this matter," said Geoffrey, as we passed her in the hall.

She shrank back, white to the very lips, and did not utter a word, while I looked the triumph I felt.

"You may find mother, now," said Geoffrey to me. "Tell her I have recovered and have returned, but that Leon remains away a day or two longer. Don't breath a word of Leon's villainy to her please; she is our mother."

"I understand," said I, going in search of Mrs. Lamar.

Late in the evening the doorbell rang violently, and Geoffrey answered it himself. I followed him into the hall fearing something, I hardly knew what.

A courier stood there bowing low. "This is Rose Hill, is it not, and the home of the Lamar's?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Geoffrey, quietly; then the man handed him a telegram, received his money and was gone.

"Dead! he is dead! Leon is dead!" said Geoffrey with ashen lips, handing me the paper.

"Killed in a railroad accident this morning, on the New York Central," was what I read.

Since then, too, the world has gone well with us, and no shadow has fallen. There are none, I ween, any happier than Geoffrey and I.—*Yankee Blade.*

"WAIT JUST A MINUTE!"

Some Things that Little Minute Means.

"Well, well, don't fret, I'll be there in a minute!"

But, my friend, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, while you are murdering a minute for yourself and one for me, before you get ready to sit down to the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen meantime.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion, a distance of 13 miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth, in its grand journey around the sun, 1080 miles. Pretty quick traveling, you say? Why, that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of that ray of light, which just now, reflected from that mirror, made you wink. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, over all the world, about 80 new-born infants have raised a wail of protest at the fates for thrusting existence upon them, while as many more human beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations; while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile, and a street car 32 rods; the fastest trotting horse 147 9-13 rods, and an average pedestrian of the genus homo has got over 16 rods.

In each minute, in the United States, night and day, all the year round, 24 barrels of beer have to go down 12,096 throats, and 4,840 bushels of grain have come to bin.

How about natural finances? Well, sir, in the same way, each minute, night and day, by the official reports for 1886, the United States collected \$639 and spent \$461, or \$178 more than necessary. The interest on the public debt was \$96 a minute, or just exactly equal to the amount of silver mined in that time.

The telephone is used 595 times, the telegraph 136 times. Of tobacco, 925 pounds have been raised, and part of it has been used in making 6,673 cigars, and some more of it has gone up in the smoke of 2,292 cigarettes.

But I am afraid you will forget that we are talking about a minute, 60 seconds of time. No? Well, then every minute, 600 pounds of wool grow in this country, and we have to dig 61 tons of anthracite coal, and 200 tons of bituminous coal, while of pig iron we turn out 12 tons and of steel rails three tons.

In this minute you have kept me waiting 15 kegs of nails have been made, 12 bales of cotton should have come from the fields, and 36 bushels of grain gone into 159 gallons of spirits, while \$66 in gold have been dug out of the earth. In the same time the United States mints have turned out gold and silver coin to the value of \$121 and 42 acres of the public domain have been sold or given away.—*Cleveland Press.*

Too Smart.

"Mrs. Caser, I have not seen your Sam at school for some time. Is he sick?"

"O, no, missus, but he was gittin' too 'tarnal smart, an' so I took him out. Recken larnin' hain't good fer dat pick-aniny no how."

"You musn't entertain such ideas, Mrs. Caser, with a fair education he might become President of the United States."

"Sho, now, I don't keer whedder dat chile is President or not. When I axes him if he drank up dot quart of milk, I don't want him to say 'nop,' when I seed him do it with my own eyes, an' then have dat brat eggplain dat he drank it down an' not up. Next thing he'll be telling 'round dat when he only stole an armful of wood when he only borrowed it. No, missus dat chile can't go to school no more."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PERTINENT POINTS.

The statement that "all's fair in love" is repudiated by the brunettes.—*Binghamton Leader.*

Congressmen are willing to work sixteen hours a day to pass an eight-hour law. *Labor vincit omnia.*—*Washington Critic.*

It is a queer thing that in the ethics of kinship a man usually rushes for his uncle after bidding good-by to his ante.—*Tid-bits.*

The proper way to go up stairs is to step leisurely and hold the body erect. A better way is to take the elevator.—*Washington Critic.*

Impecunious and embarrassed bridegroom (to wealthy bride): "With this ring I thee wed, and—and—with all thy worldly goods I me endow."—*Puck.*

"Pa," said Bertie the other day, "Why do they call a ship 'she'?" Because, my son, she is always on the lookout for some of the buoys."—*Judge.*

A certain fat man within ten miles of Burlington, has a very thin wife. The boys have nick named them "enough" and "too spare."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Boston says Sullivan was over-trained. This is like John Randolph's description of some Virginia land—"poor by nature, and ruined by cultivation."—*Baltimore American.*

Visitor (to convict): "What are you in for, friend?" Convict: "For taking cold, sir." Visitor: "For taking cold?" Convict: "Yes, sir. I nipped a freezer full of ice-cream."—*Drake's Magazine.*

A prize-fighter can get along all right with a broken arm or leg, but if his jaw should happen to be fractured or his tongue cut off what in the world would become of him?—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

It costs \$2,000,000 a year to maintain the imperial family of Germany. This statement leads us to believe that the imperial family must keep at least two girls in the kitchen.—*Somerville Journal.*

Crossing-sweeper to dude with young lady: "Please, mister, gimme a cent." Dude (angrily): "Aw, go away, boy; I haven't any cents." Young lady smiles and dude doesn't know why.—*Washington Critic.*

So it was "just for fun" that Hoodlum Carey murdered the inoffensive Chinaman, Moy Ny Ding, was it? Well, Sheriff Matson should now be permitted to have his little fun with Carey and a piece of rope.—*Chicago Times.*

George Gould says he cannot tell much about the Blackshear railroad wreck—it came about so suddenly. This is about what happens when his father sets out to wreck a railroad. All the victims know about it is that there is a crash and several millions of dollars have gone from their pockets into Jay Gould's.—*Binghamton Republican.*

"What is an assessor?" asked Rollo. "He is a man," replied Mr. Holliday, who goes around and guesses at the value of people's property." "Does he guess pretty well?" "Ye-es," replied Mr. Holliday, "he strikes a pretty fair average. He guesses two low on men of his own party and too high on the property of the opposition, and so comes out about right." "Is he a sworn officer?" "Indeed he is; he is sworn at."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Rubbing Pet.

Men have made pets of all sorts of creeping things. Even fleas have been so domesticated as to work for their trainer's profit. A noted Frenchwoman seeks amusement in the society of a pet lion, who, being young, is allowed the run of her departments.

An Englishman, sojourning in Northern Australia, found, one day, a black fellow at his quarters, with a young alligator in a sack, which he was anxious the white men should buy for a pet. The "new chum," as strangers are there called, first made inquiries into the habits of the reptile when domesticated, and received this information:

"At first the alligator tries to bite and lashes with his tail, but soon becomes tame and fawns upon his master like a dog; then the trouble begins.

"On hearing his master's voice, the reptile, to show his pleasure, rubs against him. The difference between a rub from an alligator and that from a crosscut saw is trifling."

The Englishman didn't buy much to the disgust of the black fellow.

The Study of "Ben Hur."

General Lew Wallace's study in his home at Crawfordsville is not furnished and decorated in the latest modern style. It is a barren room, with no furniture in it, but a table and a chair.

On this table are pen, ink and paper and pile of books, most for reference, the others a copy of the New Testament, a Life of Christ, and "Ivanhoe."

When General Wallace is at work, the door is closed; when work is over, it is opened for play. General Wallace's methods of writing are different from those of most authors. "Ben-Hur" was first written on a slate, then on soft paper with a lead pencil. The final copy was made on large unruled paper, in violet ink, and written in a copper-plate hand that was as easy to read as print. When the weather permits General Wallace writes out-of-door under the big trees that surround his house.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Professional gamblers have a great many superstitions. One of the most practical is that if they deal the cards themselves they have a much better chance to win.—*Somerville Journal.*

FARM TOPICS.

The Guinea Hen.

There is no better way to keep hawks from the fowls than to have a small flock of guineas. No hawk can come in sight of them without being greeted with a squalling that is always sufficient to scare away any thing that there is any possibility of scaring. The guinea is a native of Africa, where there are at least five varieties, two of which have been brought to this country, one of which is the common fowl found on the farm. The white guinea is a sport from a common or pearl guinea, and it is much better than the original as a table fowl. Its flesh is white and fine grained, with much more of a game flavor than any other of the domestic fowls. Both varieties are good layers, but the eggs, though finely flavored, are small. They hide their nests, and if the eggs are removed will desert them and make others. By leaving a dozen or more eggs in the nest, however, the hen may keep laying.

A Good Garden.

A proper diet is one of the highest considerations in the care of our bodies—it is a fountain of health, and an improper diet is the source of most of our ills under whatever form they may appear. Ripe fruit and fresh vegetables occupy the highest rank among the articles of a healthful diet, and these may be the products of your own garden. Why should not the table of every family, at least of every country resident, be well supplied with the choicest fruits and vegetables the year round? There are few places in this country where it might not be so. If such is not the case it is because of inattention to the garden, and this may be the result of ignorance, or thoughtless or willful negligence.

If the reader should discover himself in either of these classes, it is to be hoped, for humanity's sake, his own included, that he will start a reform, and begin it now. Let the garden be visited at once. If the necessary work cannot be performed by the members of the family, let a competent man for it be engaged. If the family is small and the garden small, it will take but a portion of a man's time, and neighbors' gardens will keep him busy. With a large family or a small one, there is no better investment than the wages paid to a capable gardener.

Trining Your Trotters.

Hardly ten years have elapsed, says the *Live Stock Record*, since most of the stock journals were filled with articles against training and handling trotters; now they are filled with marvelous records made by yearlings, two, three, and four and five-year-olds. We have always advocated and contended that early handling and training is beneficial, as it develops the form, size and action, and brings the youngsters to maturity much earlier. It is the excess of training, and not the training itself, where the injury arises. A few races do not hurt a youngster, but it is the lengthened preparation for a fast performance and the desire of many drivers to see the colt go faster with each move. We do not approve of excessive driving of young trotters, but there is a happy medium which most of the best handlers have adopted. A majority of the most sensational young trotters in the last few years have improved their records with increase of age, which is the best proof that early training did them no perceptible injury, but was really beneficial.

The wonderful performances of the California and Kentucky bred young trotters in the last few years have about silenced the batteries of the opponents to handling youngsters, and the most interesting and attractive trotting are the stakes and classes for colts and fillies.

The Value of Succulents.

We have known of merino ewes having lambs in the winter, fine, strong lambs, and not a drop of milk to nourish them. Five were born one very cold night and all saved by an all night vigil, only to die the next day from starvation. That experience was years ago and before the importance of succulent food was known. Last winter merino sheep bore half-blooded Oxford-down lambs and had abundance of milk. It was a question of food. In the first instance the sheep were well fed and were in fine condition, but their food consisted of hay and grain, probably corn. Afterward other merino sheep were fed hay and oats, and when their lambs came the older ones had milk enough. Our experience teaches us that to rear lambs successfully in winter the sheep should have plenty of bran and roots of some kind. Turnips are the cheapest, and good enough for the purpose. Beets are excellent, and will make more milk than the turnips. If nothing else can be had feed potatoes. There is always more or less of these which are two small for market, and they will insure milk if fed liberally to the sheep. These suggestions apply to any breed of sheep, but are more of a necessity to the merinos. These sheep give very rich milk, and not so much as the downs or the coarse-wooled kinds. Sheep should never be stinted in food. Unless well fed the lambs will be weak and the fleece light. It is always a pleasure to feed and care for sheep, as they respond so promptly and return a double income for the trouble and outlay.

Facts for Farm Folks.

Work is hard to drive, but if you

will put yourself ahead of it, it will follow without trouble.

Milk keeps from souring longer in a shallow pan than in a milk pitcher. Deep pans make an equal amount of cream.

The hog is not naturally a filthy animal, and can no more thrive in filth than can the steer, while pure air and water are very necessary.

Grasses hold a place in the first rank of the crops of the stock and dairy farm. Beef or milk is most chiefly produced when the chief, often where the main, food for the animal is grass.

There is just as much in knowing how to feed hens as there is in the feeding of any other farm stock. This is the next important item to look after as soon as good houses are provided.

A cow needs a volume of water in her body in proportion to the volume of milk she gives. Hence if the water is so cold that she will not drink it, the natural result comes—shrinkage of the volume of milk.

The evening's milk of cows is said to contain more solids than the morning's milk. Such being the case, it shows that milk should not be mixed with that of a previous milking, and the food may also cause a variation in the solids.

Cauliflower can be grown successfully by some amateurs, though it is generally left to the experienced gardeners. Strong, stocky plants are needed. The culture is the same as that of the cabbage. At least a row will be needed, and this will take seventy-five plants.

A crop may be had on water-soaked land, but never a first-rate one, for it can not be got in early, and it is liable to the drawbacks of delayed growth, mud in wet weather, clods in drought, weeds at both times and want of a chance for clean, mellow culture at all times.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The Household.

Buttered Apples—Peel, slice and core one pound of apples; put into a frying pan about two ounces of butter; add the apple and cover with two ounces of pounded sugar; put them in the oven until done. A very nice dish for children.

Another Desert—Cut up three-quarters of a pound of crystallized fruits, removing all stones and stalks; boil them in a little syrup, scoop out the center of a round cup cake, fill the cavity with the fruits and pour the hot syrup over the cake; put whipped cream around it.

Indian Suet Pudding—Three-quarters pound suet, chopped fine; half pound molasses, one pint milk, an egg, meal to make a very thin batter, teaspoonful allspice, ditto ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, a few currants or chopped raisins. Boil or steam three hours. Serve with melted jelly or butter sauce.

Wheat Gems—Stir two and one-half cupfuls of fine granulated wheat slowly into a liquid formed of one cupful of water and one cupful of milk, seasoned with a salt-spoonful of salt, then beat rapidly until the arm is weary, and fill hot iron gem pans well buttered, giving the batter a beating while filling, and bake immediately in a hot oven.

American Muffins—Take one-half pound cerealine flakes, three ounces sugar, one-half pint milk, one-half teaspoonful baking powder, three eggs, one-half ounce salt, ten ounces flour. Mix together the eggs, sugar, and hot butter; then add the cerealine flakes, milk and baking powder. Pour well-greased molds half full of the batter. Put into hot oven.

Strawberry Cream—Is very easy to make. Pass about half a pot of strawberry jam, or one pound of fresh strawberries, through a sieve, whip up a pint of cream, add the strawberry juice, sweeten if necessary, dissolve a half ounce of isinglass in a little milk, mix with it, stir well together, turn into a mold and let it set. In warm weather it will require ice.

Lamb Pot Pie—Take some cutlets from the upper portion of a leg of lamb and cut them into pieces about three inches long and wide; season slightly with salt and pepper. Let them stew in a very little water for half an hour. In the meantime prepare a delicate paste, with butter and lard in equal quantities, adding water gradually enough to make a dough; when in readiness, the upper crust should be the thickest. Put in the stewed lamb with its gravy, some blades of mace, add a few sliced potatoes and boiled turnips, cover the meat lightly with some chopped boiled celery and pieces of butter, or for the boiled celery may be substituted cauliflower seasoned with nutmeg.

Public Hangings.

I asked the warden of old Newgate prison if he did not think that the system of private execution was much better in deterring people from crime. He said: "Most assuredly I do. Every public execution in front of Newgate in the past was occasion of the wildest kind of rioting. I have known a thousand people to take their stand in the Old Bailey the night before an execution and fight for twelve hours for the best places. Windows opposite were let at fabulous prices. Fashionable people would hire windows to amuse themselves with the spectacle of the crowd below and the punishment of the scaffold above. It was always a most hideous sight. The bloodthirstiness of the crowd and their savage exultation over the death of a prisoner were most revolting."—*T. C. Crawford, in New World*.

At the Panorama.

A tall man stood on the circular dais in the panorama of the battle of Gettysburg and gazed long at one point of the picture spread around him, says Fred Nye in the *Omaha World*. He wore a slouch hat, a faded blue overcoat, a straggling gray beard and an air of melancholy wisdom. A sleety rain was falling outside and people were passing around him, but the tall man did not appear to hear the storm or see the other visitors. For almost a half hour he stood there gazing with what might have been the abstraction of retrospection upon the one point in the picture.

Presently a short, thick-set man detached himself from the crowd, and paused by the side of the tall man. The short man had a stubbled face, gray eyes a wide loose mouth and a more than adequate chew of tobacco. He appeared to be about forty years of age. He stood close to the tall man, joining his silence to that of his companion, for five minutes or more. Then he said:

"Howdy, stranger?"

The tall man looked down rather solemnly but not displeasably. "Howdy yourself?" he replied. "Howdy yourself?" he replied. "Purty far pictur," remarked the short man casually.

"You bet!" said the tall man.

"Ever seen it afore?"

"You bet!"

"Reckon maybe you fit in the late war?"

"You bet!"

"Confid?"

"You bet not!"

"I wuz?"

The tall man didn't answer for some time during which he seemed to be reflecting deeply. Finally he drew a long breath and said: "All right!"

"Wuz you thar?" inquired the short man, indicating the picture in a general way.

"You bet said the tall man.

"Whar quered the short man.

"There," said the tall man, pointing toward the spot which had seemed to rivet his attention for so long a time.

"When?"

The tall man showed signs of animation. "Say stranger," he began, "it 'pears to me you was mighty curious like. What 'f I was there, an' what 'f I wasn't? What 'f I was there one day, an' what 'f I wasn't there another?"

"The short man laughed good-naturedly. "Wall," he answered, "nothin'.

Only I was thar, too."

"You?"

"Me!"

"Whar?"

"Thar!" exclaimed the short man, pointing to the exact place before designated by the tall man.

The tall man looked closely at his companion, and then the fascinating location in the picture. "That there's Round Top," said he, at once asserting his own information, and inquiring into the validity of the other's.

"Exactly," asserted the short man.

"That thar's Round Top?"

Neither spoke for a minute or two. Then the tall man turned again from the attractiveness of Round Top to the consideration of his companion.

"Looky here," said the tall man, slowly, "I want to tell ye somethin' I fit at Gettysburg on the day 't S' kes' an' Longstreet's men was raisin' the duce to get a hold of that there little ridge. I was with Sykes. I'd been laid off a while sick, but I got to work 'fore Gettysburg. Looky here if I ever killed ary one 'twas at thar Round Top. I hadn't been in no other battle to speak of, and hadn't never shot to kill anybody in pertickler, jes' lettin' fly in a general way 's you might say, but that day durin' the charge I seen a little drummer boy, a reb, he'd got hold of a gun some way, an' he was a pintin' 't me 'close range. I let him have it fust, an' he rolled over nigh unto a stump and ketched there, an' I got just one glimpse into his big gray eyes fillin' with tears, and heard just one little sob from his white throat, which you could see on account of the bustin' open of his shirt, an' then the charge come right up onto me an' I was lifted clean offen my feet an' I never seen the boy no more. No I never seen him more. But stranger, I can't git that boy out o' my mind. I'm always dreamin' of his eyes an' his throat with the sob into it an' always wondering if he died. If I'd a killed more of 'em it wouldn't bother me so much, but to think of a feller goin' to a war an' killin' just one poor little gray-eyed drummer boy—say stranger, I'd give thousands 'o dollars, 'f I had 'em, to know 't that kid got well!"

The short man had listened with keen interest at first—afterward with the quietness of one who knows exactly what his companion is going to say. When the tall man concluded he looked up.

"Yaas," said the short man, "you've got it all right. You shot me in the lung, an' though it took me a right smart while, I pulled through. So I kin fergive ye, don't ye see? Taint as if I'd died. I don't git no pain from it, neither. Yes we can fergive you all now."

The tall man's face beamed. "Is it true?" he cried. "Be you the drummer chap?"

"Sure!" said the short man.

"Come!" commanded the tall man.

"What?" asked the short man.

"Le's liquor."

"No, stranger, I don't drink. See you all later."

The tall man vanished with tender reluctance. The short man staid a while longer, and as he passed out he said to Captain Barney, the manager

of the panorama: "Who was the old veteran I wuz a talkin' to?"

"Oh," said the captain, smiling, "that is Pete Sampson, a sort of crank who hangs around here and lies. He has lived in Omaha for the past thirty-five years. All the old timers know him."

"Wuz he in the war?"

"Never," said the captain—"during the war he ran a grocery on Farnam street. Are you a comrade?"

"Not perzactly," replied the short man. "I was in the south afore the war, but I went to Australyer durin' it. Right smart picture that!"—*Arkansas Traveler*.

ENGLISH HARRY.

The King of Tramps Who Made a Judge Apologize.

"Do I know English Harry?" responded the old flagman. "I guess I do, and I like him, too. What do you want to find out, anyway? You can't get me to say a word agin him, now I tell you. Who be ye, anyway?"

It did not take long, with the use of Mr. Alden's name, to convince the sturdy fellow that no harm was intended Harry, and then the history, or part of the history of one of the most peculiar men that ever trod to soil was told. No pen can do justice to the looks and words of admiration given out by the old flagman, nor can the story be told in his own words, but it is in substance as follows:

"English Harry" is the son of an English nobleman. Whether he is an older son who has been cut off with a shilling whether he be the illegitimate son of the head of some royal house, or whether he be a younger son dismissed from home or account of wild ways, will never be known. Certain it is that he has as splendid education, is a fine civil engineer, a good pianist and musician, and adds to these accomplishments a handsome face and head. He is as straight as an arrow, over six feet in height, and although he dresses all the time in cast-off army clothing, he is as neat and clean as any gentleman in the land. It is said of him that every day he seeks some brook, pond or stream and there takes a bath, declaring it was part of his daily life when a boy and that he cannot exist without it. When he first made his appearance in Maine he was a young man of about twenty, and he has since then been a well-to-do man, and Harry comes by his gate he is sure of a welcome and a good "square" meal. Many are the stories told of Harry among them the following:

On one occasion Harry, with four other tramps, was brought before a justice near Waterville. Evidence was put to show them to be tramps and then, before sentence was passed, each one was asked if had anything to say. The companions of Harry remained silent, but he addressed the judge in his own behalf. In a low and musical tone he drew a picture of the war; a man forsaking all for his country; of his return as an invalid; of struggles to keep warm from the door, and related how, finally driven to it, he had started from home in search of work. As he talked he grew eloquent, and as he stood there dressed in his army clothes the judge saw or thought he saw, that a great mistake had been made, and it is said that the court actually apologized to Harry for the wrong done him. His companions looked on with amazement as Harry walked away, but never "squealed" on him until after they reached Augusta.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Coinage for Canada.

Canada has no gold coins, and all the silver and copper coins are made in England under the supervision of the officers of the Royal Mint. In British Columbia it is thought the time has arrived when we should commence the coining of our own money. It is understood, indeed, that Victorians are not averse to the establishment of a mint in their midst. A correspondent of a British Columbia paper suggests the opening of such an institution and the coining of guineas to represent \$5, and half guineas to represent \$2.50. It is proposed that the Queen's head be stamped on one side of the coins and on the reverse "the Niagara River, with beavers quietly at work felling trees under the safe protection of a noble lion couchant on the British side, who is regarding somewhat earnestly the approach of a screaming American eagle, who from the American side of the river seems to wish to molest the Canadian beavers." To make the picture historically accurate the beaver must be represented as laden with heavy weights, and the movement of the trees after they have fallen must appear to be impossible.—*Toronto Mail*.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Husband—"Wasn't it very late last night when young Sampson left?"

Wife—"Yes, very."

Husband—"And Clara is not up yet?"

Wife—"No, poor girl, I thought I would let her sleep."

Husband—"I wonder if that young man really intends to propose to her?"

Wife—"I think he has done so already. I noticed this morning when I came down that one of the legs of the large easy chair in the parlor was broken."

—*Epoch*.

Jay Gould may know how to play poker, but nobody can teach him anything about the game of freeze out.—*New York Morning Journal*.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The water of 6,300 wells is in use in Cleveland.

The latest ice cream is made of condensed milk.

Three sets of twins attend a Vienna (Ga.) school.

The Indians in Northwest Canada are dying of starvation.

An ostrich farm of 250 acres is projected near Red Bluff, Cal.

The "newspaper women" are rapidly increasing in New York.

It will be fifty years next Fourth of July since Iowa was organized as a Territory.

Stephen Webb, of San Luis, Col., has advertised for a "wife who can milk a cow."

C. Day, of Bertrand, Mich., aged nineteen-four, has just decided to ask a Mexican pension.

There are said to be several Gypsies in New York city who are worth upward of \$100,000 apiece.

Maiden Lane jewelers are selling amulets, said to contain a crystallized tear from the eye of Cleopatra.

A ladies' relief society, of Fargo, Dak., has disbanded because it could find no needy people to relieve.

The new local option law in Michigan goes into effect in the prohibition counties on the first Monday in May.

Garters with solid gold mountings representing various insects, with eyes of rubies, diamonds or emeralds, are the latest fad.

Six different men named Wolf have had their names changed by the New York Legislature, but the Lyons and the Foxes seem well content.

Under the laws of Maine you can borrow a man's horse, keep it for a year and one day, and then settle for twenty cents per day for every day the animal was used.

Two Pennsylvania miners played toss and catch with a dynamite torpedo. It was a rare display of nerve, but the compliment didn't do 'em any good. They couldn't be found.

A Georgia man put up 5,000 acres of land at auction, and it was knocked down to the highest bidder at \$68. He didn't care much about land, but he did want money mighty bad.

Certain creameries in New England have discovered that buttermilk and soda make a substitute for cream, and that consumers will use it about three months before beginning to kick.

An Illinois woman attempted suicide because her husband sold a calf for \$2 less than what she thought the animal worth. She was probably depending on that \$3 for her Sunday bonnet.

They are trying to excuse a defaulting Ohio county treasurer on the ground that he was impulsive; and yet he was two years doing his stealing. A little impulsive work by the jury will be in order.

A walking match, or a fake of almost any sort worn out in the provinces, will catch on in New York and make a barrel of money, and that's why almost every dead-beat gravitates toward the big city.

"Kentucky jeans" is not to be allowed to drift out of the vocabulary as a familiar term. Louisville is making five yards to-day where she made one five years ago, and Kentuckians are just as proud to wear the goods.

A Maine fishing schooner, the Josephine Swanton, while anchored off New Ledge the other day, was struck by a big black whale. It was seen first some distance from the vessel, and evidently saw the schooner, for it dived, and shortly afterward came up with a crash against her bottom, raising the stern six feet clear of the water, knocking down the crew who were on deck and shaking everything up in a very startling fashion.

Azoturia, a disease which generally attacks horses immediately following severe weather, about this time of the year, is one of the consequences of the blizzard. The disease generally attacks horses which have been steady worked, but on account of the storm were kept in their stables and given the same amount of food as though on regular exercise. The disease is generally fatal, but so long as a horse can be kept on his feet there is hope of his recovery.

The seahorse is a curious little creature. It is not an animal, but a fish. It is bony, has tufted gills and belongs to the pike family. It grows from six to eight inches long. The snout is prolonged and the head elevated posteriorly, very much resembling the head of a horse, the ears being represented by a spiny coronet on the occiput. The tail is long and whiplike, and without a fin. It is with the tail that these fish suspend themselves to seaweeds and other submarine objects. The eyes are prominent, and can be moved independently of each other and in opposite directions. In swimming these fish always assume an upright position.

Judge Foster, of the Maine Supreme Court, who lives in Bethel, Me., was awakened by a large crash in his kitchen the other night. He hastily and scantily dressed and ran into the kitchen to find the dishes and other things disarranged and some broken. He looked around to ascertain the cause of the trouble, and saw the dog in one corner of the room trembling with fear. Judge Foster immediately seized him, administered a severe thrashing, and then retired to bed again. The next day when the Judge went down street every one he met asked him if he felt or heard the earthquake last night, and on comparing time he found it was precisely the time the dog was whacked for upsetting things.

At Meadville the other morning a coop of Antwerp carrier pigeons, sent there from Philadelphia to make a flight the length of the state, were set free at 7 o'clock. In less than two minutes after gaining their freedom the birds had taken their direction and started on their long journey to their home in the Quaker City. A telegram received from Mr. Stein, one of the owners, sent from Philadelphia at 8:25 p. m., stated that Old Silver and one other of Mr. Stein's birds struck their loft at 12:25, making the flight in 5 hours and 25 minutes. Four other birds arrived twenty minutes later, while two were still on their way. The rate of speed, even of the slowest, places the best time ever made by an express train at a considerable discount.

ANOTHER KANSAS BOOMER.

Making Fortunes in a Day.

No. 11 Topeka in for a Big Haul.

A few days ago a telegram was received from Fred Lacy, ordering a large tent and fifty cots to be shipped at once to Liberal, Kansas. It was mentioned by the papers and some speculation ensued as to what was up.

Then it was announced that J. S. Morse had gone to southwest Kansas, and there was some speculation as to what should draw him from Horton in the north east to Liberal in the southwest. It was known that he made a good thing last year at Horton, and that he has given up his brick yards in Topeka, turning them into Morse's addition to Topeka. It now appears that he has struck the biggest thing yet, in the southwest.

Liberal is the present terminus of the Rock Island. It is situated in Seward county, almost directly south of Garden City. It is to be made a division point on the Rock Island, and already work has begun on extensive shops.

J. W. Berry, one of the North Topeka boys, who went down last week, returned a few days ago, and left again to-day with his family for Liberal, where they will hereafter reside. From him the News gathered some information in regard to the new town.

J. S. Morse has bought four entire blocks in the best part of the town, and will start a bank. He cannot fail to make \$50,000 within three months.

J. W. Dolman took with him only \$500. He made \$400 in one day, and has other lots that would net him at any time \$2,000 for his first week.

Fred Lacy has his tent full of cots and full of lodgers, who get their meals elsewhere, and is piling in the shekels, beside his outside deals in town lots.

Mr. Berry, just before leaving bought a lot for \$400, and on his way to the depot to take the train, sold it for \$450.

A large number of our citizens go down to-day, and others will follow at once. Among them are, M. J. Groshong, M. S. Evans, Dr. Williamson, A. W. Phley, J. M. Bryan, W. S. Charles, R. B. McMasters and others.

A printing office was put in a tent last Friday, and the place will soon have a paper, and probably two or three of them.

The town is full of life. Several boarding houses, stores and residences are already up, and half a dozen lumber yards are well stocked. At daylight one morning, Mr. Berry counted twelve teams loaded with lumber making their way into the country. It is needless to say that the north side folks now there are enthusiastic over their prospects.

The town is strongly backed by the railroad company. It is located in a promising agricultural section, distant from sand hills, not far from No Man's Land, and distant enough from all other towns to make it an important business and wholesale trading point. We trust that the hopes of our pioneers will all be realized.

Mrs. Gougar Gives Her Opinion.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, whose efficient work for women suffrage in this state is well known, writes the following to the Kansas press:

LAFAYETTE, Ind., April 17.—I am, on state issues in Indiana, a prohibitionist; I believe it to be necessary in this state, as in many others to teach politicians that the temperance sentiment must be respected for its strength as against the open saloon sentiment.

Notwithstanding this I look with sorrow upon the present attempt in Kansas to weaken the power of the republican party by the organization of a prohibition party. I ask my zealous prohibition friends, "What more can you accomplish than the republican party has and is still willing to do in Kansas?" This party has given the most powerful laws possible for the enforcement of the constitutional prohibitory amendment; this party has put the ballot in the hands of women so far as was in their power and public sentiment would justify. If "prohibition does not prohibit" in Kansas it certainly cannot be laid at the door of the republican party. Rather than organize a new party that must weaken the resolute purpose of the republicans to forever banish the saloon from Kansas and strengthen the democratic party whose avowed purpose is to bring about free whisky, let all efforts be honestly made to educate public sentiment to hold fast the immense advantages already gained.

In the Voice of April 12, Chairman Dickie says as his excuse for organizing the prohibition party in Kansas: "Let it be borne in mind that the present defects and the future dangers in regard to prohibition in these western states [Kansas and Iowa] is due to the run-ridden condition of the republican party as a national organization. There is not to day an additional state in all the thirty eight

where there exists the slightest prospect that the republican party will declare for prohibition. On the other hand, there is both prospect and probability that in the prohibition states the republican party is preparing for a backward movement.

I find that in both Kansas and Iowa there is a very vigorous and most intelligent demand for a prohibition party.

The demand is based upon three things: (1) The lack of harmony and sincerity of support on the part of republican leaders in their attitude toward state prohibition.

(2) The conviction that this question is broadly national, a conviction greatly strengthened by the recent decision in the case of the Northwestern railroad.

(3) A well-grounded fear that in order to hold the liquor men in other states and secure their support to the national party, the republican leaders are determined to betray prohibition wherever it now maintains."

I believe that my knowledge of Kansas politics justifies me in holding Mr. Dickie's fears entirely groundless in Kansas though not groundless in Iowa. If we want national prohibition it must be built up from the states. To work for the defeat of the republican party in Kansas over the prohibition issue is to tear down what we would build up. Let our prohibition friends in Kansas work shoulder to shoulder with the party that has done its level best for justice and moral reform and ask at the hands of the next legislature the ballot for women in state and national affairs.

I wish I might speak these words for the party in every state, but I can not, neither can I refrain from giving credit where credit is due, and ask our women (I say "our" for I have a half-sister's interest in Kansas, at least), to stand by the party that has shown itself the friend of all measures in which as women we are most interested.

HELEN M. GOUGAR.

The Erring Boy.

"It isn't very far across this life and I will soon be at the other side." It was Lewis Adams who uttered these striking original and strangely prophetic words.

He was reclining on a couch in the hospital cell of the county jail, a mortal wound through his body. He spoke to Chas. Bickle, who was attending him at the time.

He suffered intense agony for several hours afterwards and as the hands of the great clock in the jail pointed to 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon his trouble was at an end. Life had forsaken the pain racked-body and his case had been appealed to the highest court.

There were several persons present when the young man breathed his last, among them two or three kind-hearted women who knew not for the time or cared not that he was a criminal. They only knew that he was a poor boy, dying away from home and friends, and that he was suffering untold agony.

Dr. Williams, Sheriff Fuller and his wife, Jailor Gill and the inmates have done everything they could for the sufferer but medicine and nursing would not save him. The fatal bullet had done its work.

Last evening Sheriff Fuller telegraphed to the young man's mother, Lizzie M. Adams, at Bridgeport, Bellefont county Ohio, informing her of his death asking what disposition should be made of the body. His grandfather, Ira Lewis Adams lives at Jerusalem, Monroe county, Ohio.

Shortly before his death a lady visited the young man and inquired of him if he was not related to a well known family in the section referred to by the name of Close, and he informed her that he was and satisfied her of the fact by the name as mentioned.

Mrs. Burner cut a lock of hair from the young man's head and enclosed it in a long letter to his mother, giving a full account of his suffering and death.

The young man maintained to the last that the strange tramps he fell in with at Silver Lake for the first time last Saturday, planned the robbery and prevailed upon him to take part. His hands are calloused, evidently from hard work.

Enoch Chase, one of the founders of the city of Topeka, died Tuesday at 11.57 o'clock. About three weeks ago he was stricken with paralysis, and has been confined to his home ever since, and during the past three or four days his death was quiet and in the presence of his daughter, Mrs. ex-Governor Crawford, his son, George S. Chase, and the members of their families. His wife was unable to attend his last moments, having been confined to her bed by prostration for two days.

C. D. Myers & Co. made an \$8,000 sale of First ward property to-day.

The Dickson School of Shorthand and Type-writing, in the Jones' building, on W. Sixth street, is a branch of the Institute of Kansas City, and is conducted by practical teachers. Anyone who desires to be independent can soon become a skillful and competent stenographer, capable of holding a good, paying situation. It is wise for all to have a thorough knowledge of some business that will assure a comfortable living. And to all who desire to do anything of the kind we advise them to apply to Miss Mills of the above address for Circulars.

The New England supper that the ladies of the Congregational church were going to have on Friday evening has been postponed until Friday, May 4.

The ladies of Lincoln circle have challenged the old soldiers of Lincoln post to a spelling bee, and an exciting contest is anticipated at he date set, May 8.

Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, of Boston, will be in Kansas for two weeks in June. He will lecture at Lawrence, and may be at other places in the state, among them Topeka. Colonel Higginson commanded the first South Carolina (colored) regiment during the war, and led the first colored troops that were in an engagement.

H. D. Booge has a scheme. It is a railroad to his Chicago Heights, for which he has filed a charter. Mr. Booge states that the road was a bona fide proposition, and was backed by men of ample means to build and equip it. An effort will be made to secure the right of way of the Leavenworth, Topeka & Southwestern railroad. The old grade is in good condition, and nothing will be needed but bridges, and some little repairs to the embankments. This grade which runs from Topeka to Meriden will serve the purpose of Mr. Booge and his associates. The exact location of the line through the city has not been determined. Mr. Booge states that they will cross the river at Madison street or near the Potwin Place. The southern terminus is a new subdivision two miles south of the city called "South Topeka."

Work by the Barber Asphalt company on Kansas avenue has made rapid progress during the auspicious weather of the last few days. The company was much hampered last week, owing to delay in securing pounded stone for the foundation of the pavement. The east side of the avenue from A street to Gordon is now about ready to receive the asphalt finish, the macadam bed being completed.

Some excitement was caused by a runaway team on Monroe street yesterday about noon. The 12:25 train east frightened the team, which had been hitched near the U. P. road by its owner, a farmer and the horses broke away and were not stopped till they reached the A. T. & S. F. Junction station. No harm was done, aside from some bloody scratches on the horses and a badly demoralized set of harness.

Judge Samuel Leecompte died to day at the age of 74. He served as Chief Justice of the territory of Kansas from 1854 until the admission of the territory into the union. He presides over the first constitutional convention held at Leecompte. The funeral will take place at Leavenworth next Thursday.

Jeff C. Petro, the young man who shot Lewis Adams while in the act of entering the store of Petro Bros. at Silver Lake Saturday night, was yesterday granted a diploma to teach school having passed a satisfactory examination.

The revival meetings now being held in the Christian church by Rev. Myers of Springfield, Mo., are increasing in interest, several having professed faith in their Savior. Rev. Myers is an earnest and powerful speaker and is doing much good.

Rev. Linus Blakesley pastor of the Congregational church left for Chicago yesterday afternoon to attend the anniversary of the Chicago Theological seminary, of which institution he is a director. Mr. Blakesley will return on Saturday.

Attorney General Bradford has received information that the following social clubs of Leavenworth have taken out a government license for the sale of intoxicating liquors: Merchants' club, Buck-tails, League club, Massasoit club, North Leavenworth club, National club, South End club, Leavenworth Amusement club, Commercial club, Fellow Workmen club, Union club, and the U know club. The sale of liquors by these clubs is of course a flagrant violation of the prohibitory law and the attorney general intends to begin prosecution against them.

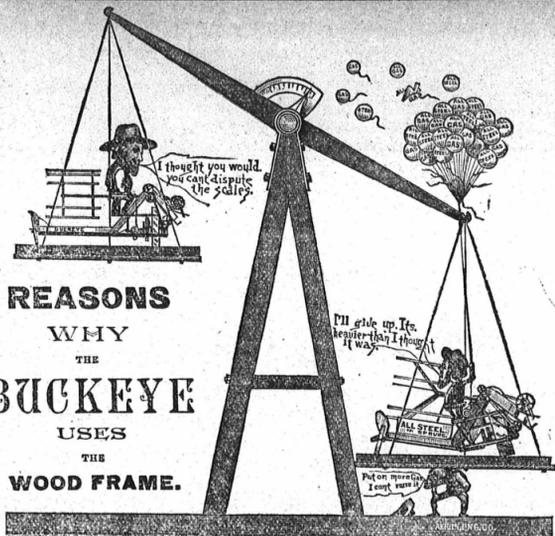
Nick North, the Santa Fe janitor, charged with grand larceny, waived examination and was bound over by Justice Chesney for appearance at the district court with \$500 bond.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly For May.

Attention is fixed on Germany. One veteran ruler, the Emperor William, has just passed away, and the grave is even now ready to receive his successor. The crown will rest on three heads in a single year. There are elements of deep interest in a reign like that of Emperor William whose life covered most of our stirring century. The story can be read in a finely illustrated article in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for May. The number deals with our land, and Mr. W. E. McCann tells the story of the "Star Spangled Banner" and its author F. S. Key. "A Week's York" is devoted to a neglected part of our land, which elsewhere would furnish a thousand themes to the poet and painter. Dr. Van Fleet gives a delightful study of our native Warblers. Another article tells of "Prjvalski's Adventures in Central Asia," showing how Russia is laying her plans for pushing her way to the borders of China and India, or perhaps beyond them. Our great university—Harvard is brought before us to its actual condition and early history; and what lessons the photograph teaches of the flight of birds by showing a series of instantaneous pictures, make very curious reading. What with all this, and stories by Mrs. J. G. Austin, F. B. Halliwell, Eta W. Pierce and others, the magazine gives an endless amount of interesting and attractive reading.

The question of a county high school is likely to come before the voters of Shawnee county in the near future. The pupils of the county schools must have opportunities for higher education. It has been suggested that a high school be located in the city of Topeka. In consideration of the fact that the city will pay a large share of the cost to maintain the school, and that the city is the most available point that can be reached by pupils living in different parts of the county, this suggestion seems to be proper and will doubtless be the only plan that will secure a unity of action.

It is stated that W. C. Knox will organize a new bank, which will open up in his new building on Sixth street when it is completed.



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A Wood Frame Harvester will not bend out of line when it comes into contact with an irresistible force. Or if it should yield it will at once spring back to its original shape. Steel under like circumstances will bend, and when the steel frame of a Binder is once sprung it remains bent until straightened at the shop, or is replaced by a new one. In order to give the requisite strength to a Steel Frame Machine, the weight of the machine must necessarily be increased over the wood parts. If this is questioned, let the farmer take the parts of steel substituted for wood in the so-called Steel Binders and weigh them. He will find that steel is the heavier. Or if it is not, it will be found to lack the required strength. Then to test the strength, put the wood and steel in a clamp under equal pressure, and there will be no difficulty in the farmer deciding to his own satisfaction without the aid of any smooth-tongued agents.

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In the District Court of Shawnee county, Kansas ELIZABETH BOGGS, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY BOGGS, Defendant. April term, 1888.

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 & SALTER, her attorneys.

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