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In more than one sense Kansas has a good deal of the salt of the earth.

Mr. Chauncey I. Filley seems to be coming to the surface once more as a republican leader in our sister state of Missouri.

It does not take them so long to build a grand state house in Texas as it does in Kansas, even if it is larger and built of granite.

News from Wichita is to the effect that the contest between the Glick and Martin factions stands three to one in favor of Martin.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat counts Gen. Black as out of the race for Vice President, because he was a soldier. It must then count out Morrison and Stevenson. Unfortunately there are armies of democratic leaders who were once republican, not only soldiers but civilians.

Robert E. Lee was sergeant at arms of the late republican convention of Missouri. It would naturally be supposed that the name would kill him politically. In Kansas now Jeff Davis could only command 16 votes, in the republican party of this city.

Envious Kansas City papers grow facetious over the statements made by correspondents writing from Topeka to Eastern journals and remarking on the fact that here is a city of over 40,000 people, and no saloons. Well it does seem marvelous, but it is true, nevertheless, more so than any thing to be found in Missouri.

The Topeka Capital has some remarkable ideas. It now imagines that the young men who will this year vote for the first time will be more apt to be republicans, than those who voted for the first time in 1884, because the latter were born while the soldiers were at the front. Those who vote this year were not born until the soldiers returned, and are the sons of soldiers.

What becomes of the old prohibition party workers? The Illinois state convention has just been held, and among the old familiar names, but very few are recognized. Ten years ago a straight third party prohibition state ticket was run in that state, and not one who was prominent then is mentioned to-day. The same is true in this state. The two leading men who helped organize the present prohibition party of this state, J. F. Legate and A. P. Jetmore, now have nothing to do with that party.

A Washington dispatch says the Brazilian parliament has approved the government bill completely abolishing slavery and that it was sanctioned by the regent on May 13. The minister states also that this action met with extraordinary manifestations of rejoicing. The department has received a similar telegram from Senator De Silva, which was immediately sent to the president. This afternoon the following reply was sent to Minister Da Silva: "The president directs me to convey to your government his congratulations upon the abolition of slavery in Brazil, and express his personal hope and expectations that the freedom thus extended, will result in the increased happiness and prosperity of your country."

As far as we can at present judge the amendments to the Interstate Commerce law seem to be in line with the spirit of the law itself, and to make it more rather than less effective. We will present them here, and as the original law it self was so generally discussed by Granges all over the country, it would seem right and proper that Patrons should carefully study these proposed amendments, seek to understand them thoroughly, and then act accordingly.

The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce has completed and Senator Cullom has introduced the following series of amendments to the Interstate Commerce Act: These amendments require that the printed schedules of rates shall be kept "open to public inspection" and "accessible to the public; that reduction to the published rates shall only be made after three days' public notice, instead of without previous notice, as at present, and that the provisions in regard to advances and reductions in rates shall apply to joint tariffs made by connecting roads, as well as to the tariffs made by individual roads. It is proposed to amend the criminal penalty section by making those convicted of violating the act liable to imprisonment for not exceeding two years, in addition to the fine already provided for, or both fine and imprisonment, when the offense is an unlawful discrimination in rates for the transportation of passengers or property.

The committee proposed three provisions in regard to "underbilling." First—that the officers, agents or employees of a railroad, who, by means of false billing, false classification, false weighing or false report of weight, or by any other device or means, knowingly and willingly suffer or permit any person to obtain transportation at less than the established rates shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be subject to a fine of not exceeding \$5,000, or imprisonment for not exceeding two years, or both.

The second is that any persons or the office or agent of any corporation who delivers property for transportation to any common carrier subject to the provisions of the act, of whom as consignor or consignee such carrier shall transport property, who shall knowingly and willfully by false billing, false classification, false weighing or false report of weight, or by any other device or means, whether with or without the consent or connivance of the railroad or its agents, obtain transportation for property at less than the established rates, shall be deemed guilty of fraud, which is declared to be a misdemeanor, and shall be subjected to a fine of not exceeding \$5,000, or imprisonment for not exceeding two years, or both.

The third provision makes subject to the same penalties any person who by the payment of money, etc., or by solicitation shall induce any railroad or any of its officers or agents to discriminate unjustly in his favor as against any other consignor or consignee in the transportation of property, and also makes such persons liable with such railroad in an action on the case to be brought by any consignor or consignee discriminated against for all damages resulting therefrom.

The only other amendments of general interest proposed are: one, to permit railroads to carry free destitute and homeless persons transported by charitable societies; and another, to permit railroads to give reduced rates to municipal government for the transportation of indigent persons.

Our neighbor of the Commonwealth is going to take up his sword again, and fight the war all over. Peace, peace, good father.

The state temperance union will hold its regular annual meeting at Garfield Park, June 11—13.

It is now generally admitted that more than all other causes combined, the farmers of the United State in their organized capacity in the Grange brought about the legislation both State and National, that is commencing to hold in check the great railway corporation in their abuse of the power conferred upon them by the people. First came the "Grange decision" of the United States Supreme Court, and followed in the last Congress by the passage of the Interstate Commerce law that has now been upon trial about a year. It takes intelligent, united work on the part of the people to secure good laws, and it requires watchful care to keep the laws after they are passed. "Eternal vigilance" applies here. The victorious soldier must not sleep upon the field of honor, or his triumph may turn to final defeat. As has been foreshadowed during all the twelve months of its trial, amendments to the Interstate Commerce law are now before Congress, and will soon be acted upon. Will they make the law better, or will they lessen its usefulness?

A very good friend of the News, and a very good republican, writes a very strong letter protesting against the nomination of D. R. Anthony for governor. From a few casual paragraphs in the News, referring to his candidacy, he seems to have inferred that the paper is for him. The News does not advocate any one in particular. It did commend a statement that Mr. Anthony was not a candidate in the ordinary sense, but that if the office was tendered to him he would not decline. That is the proper position to take.

"The Grange is not a political organization in the partisan sense. Each member, however, is encouraged to study the political question agitating the country, in order that he may vote intelligently. The Grange, therefore, has no political favorites to recommend to the people. Believing that it would be at variance with its own principles, it does not from the nature of its organization recommend and advocate even the nomination of its own members for public offices. As citizens the members may favor whom they please.

The dispatches from the National labor party now in convention in Cincinnati, still get off that old chestnut about one of their leaders, Jesse Harper, the man who named Abraham Lincoln for president in the republican convention of 1860. If there was any particular honor in this act, it should remain with the Hon. Norman B. Judd, the present democratic postmaster of Chicago, who made that nomination.

Miss Ethel Ingalls makes mention of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore in the May Casopolitan. She ought to introduce her to the third greatest man, whose name is to go ringing down the ages, as her little brother modestly puts it. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago Senator Ingalls confessed his ignorance of her existence.

A number of mechanics from the east have recently come to the north side in search of work. A well known citizen reports a conversation with several whose homes are in Ohio. They complained bitterly of having been induced to come to Topeka, it being represented to them that skilled men were badly needed here in building, paving and other work of internal improvements. Advertisements, they say, have appeared in various towns in the east offering very attractive inducements and guaranteeing regular employment. On reaching here many of them discovered that the labor market was already well supplied notwithstanding a large demand. Being dependent for support on daily work these eastern mechanics are sorely disappointed, and withal to take them by

Denouncing the Mills Bill.

—Congressman Jehu Baker, of Illinois has brought to the attention of the House the important and significant action of a workmen mass-meeting, at Cooper Institute, in New York, two nights ago. He presented and had referred to the Committee on Ways and Means the memorial of that meeting protesting in the name of labor against the Mills Bill.

The memorial declares that the bill, "By placing on the free list many articles that come into competition with the products of American labor, and by sweeping reductions in the duties upon other, menaces the ruin of many of our industries, and would if enacted into a law entail great loss of employment and widespread suffering among working people. The memorial has this ringing conclusion: We call upon our fellow-working in all parts of the land to rise up and denounce the Mills tariff bill as menace to our welfare and to our rights as citizens, which threatens to deprive us of the opportunities of education afforded by the American system of high wages, and we denounce as a fraud the free trade argument that the cost of living in this country is increased in proportion to the rates of duty on imports—except as we choose and are able to live better than our unfortunate rivals in foreign countries.

Texas is not only, in superficial extent, the largest of the States, but it is the only one which never appeared in the territorial stage. It was an independent nation before becoming connected with this country, and entered the American Union as a full-fledged State. Its independence had been acquired by the sword, and its people stood ready to maintain this independence by the same agency. Annexation to the United States was decided on by Texas without any pressure or solicitation on the part of his country, and in acceding to this desire the gain to the United States as a whole has been almost as great as that which has accrued to Texas itself.

The Globe Democrat says, truthfully, that Cleveland owed his election four years ago to the unpopularity of his opponent rather than to any merits of his own. With either Arthur or Logan at the head of the Republican ticket in that year, the Democrats would have been beaten as badly as they were in 1880. Both Arthur and Logan are now dead, but a man who has many of the elements of strength possessed by each of them is prominently before the country. His name is Walter Q. Greaham.

Do we need an organization of the farmers of our whole country, such as we have in the Grange, one that is national in its character and intended to build up to a higher standard of intelligence and citizenship so large a number of those in whose hands are resting the destiny of our country? What of our Republic? Is this a land of equal rights, "equal distributed burdens?" Monopolies abound, corporations with each passing year grow bolder and encroach a little more. Our legislative halls are filled not with representatives of the people, but with the paid hirelings of those who are robbing us of our birth-right of freedom. "Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the law." Our voters are bought and sold in the market, or, "like dumb-driven cattle, are led up to the polls and voted." Our press is subsidized and "disguises the truth." Foreign landlords are robbing millions of acres of our farmers (and their voters) by planting new Ireland's rig' Anarchists, Socialists and bonanza kings. Yes, we need a new

THE FARMERS' CONGRESS. Arrangements for an Agricultural Display at Topeka.

On November 14 next, there will convene at Topeka the National Farmers' Congress, also the National Grange, as well as representatives from all the states in the Mississippi valley. The assemblage of such a number of representative farmers from every state and territory in the union at that time is of the utmost importance to Kansas—a state that bids fair from present prospects to become the acknowledged banner agricultural state of the union—that there should be on exhibition at Topeka during the several days' session, a creditable showing of Kansas agricultural products that will impress every visitor with the wonderful and varied resources of the state.

In view of the foregoing, and in order that Kansas as a whole state may be duly advertised, Capital Grange of Topeka has taken initiatory steps toward such an exhibition by appointing a permanent committee, consisting of Wm. Sims, master of the Kansas State Grange and ex-secretary state board of agriculture; J. G. Otis, president of the Kansas State Dairy association; Martin Mohler, secretary of the state board of agriculture; H. A. Heath, business manager Kansas Farmer, and John Armstrong, one of the successful pioneer agricultural exhibitors of Kansas.

The committee held their first meeting this week and have begun their primary work in earnest. They desire the co-operation of every citizen of the state who can contribute to the success of the display of the best products of Kansas.

The state never has had such opportunity before to advertise itself at home as this occasion will afford. The committee decided that they would not admit of competitive county display, but make one grand aggregated Kansas display for the benefit of the whole state.

Any person desiring to communicate with the committee will address Hon. William Sims, president, Topeka.

Will the democrats give the colored brother the same recognition as the republicans?

From the Agricultural College.

Commencement June 6. The board of regents will meet June 5. The laws about the college were never more beautiful. The new horticultural experiment building is now completed. Bulletin number 2 of the experiment station, containing fourteen years' experiments with cultivated grasses, will be issued this week.

The regular fourth-year party took place at the president's house on Thursday night. The seniors say they never enjoyed themselves better.

The Manhattan Horticultural society met at the college on Thursday afternoon. The most interesting features of the meeting was the description of life in Florida by Prof. Gale.

Friday evening May 18 will be the college social of the spring term.

Visitors at the college have been numerous during the past week. Judge Day of Topeka was a caller at the college on Wednesday.

The graduating class this year numbers thirty-three.

The annual address before the Web-Literary society will be delivered by E. C. Ray of Topeka.

The seniors are planning excursion during the day.

EXHIBIT

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

E. W. GREENMAN, who is now serving his first term in Congress, has been elected cashier of the Central National Bank of Troy, N. Y.

"BOULANGER has long been plural," says the Boston Globe. Not at all. He is and has been, perhaps, the most singular man of the age.

PAK CHUNG YANG, Korean Minister at Washington, is anxious to ride a bicycle. The Chinese Minister secretly encourages this ambition of his diplomatic rival.

DR. E. HOFFMAN recently died at Honolulu at the age of eighty-four. He had been a resident of the Sandwich Islands since 1847. He and Prince Bismarck were schoolmates.

AMONG the results of experiments made to ascertain the temperature at which various seeds germinate are as follows: Rye and wheat at 32 degrees, barley and oats at 35; corn required 48, the turnip 32, the pea 35, the beet 40. The seed were planted in vegetable mold that was kept in receptacles heated to various temperatures.

QUEEN VICTORIA is the first English reigning sovereign who has visited Florence since the time of the Crusades, when Richard I. passed through the city. For some years the widow of Charles the Pretender lived in Florence and two years ago the Princess Mary of Cambridge passed the winter there. But it is not often that Florence sees much of English royalty.

JOHANN SCHNELL, a new messenger in the Navy Department at Washington, is extremely nervous regarding a telephone, never having seen one until a few days ago. He was obliged to answer a call from the instrument recently, and his incoherent answers exasperated the speaker at the other end of the line. "You must have been drinking," Schnell heard the angry individual exclaim. "No, I haven't," said the messenger gently. "It must be the strong tobacco I am chewing that you smell."

DR. JUNEMAN, an Austrian chemist, has invented what he says is the most destructive fluid known to man. This fluid, when brought into contact with the air after the explosion of a shell in which it has been held, becomes a gas which destroys all living things within its reach, melts iron, bronze and other metals, and sets everything inflammable on fire. It can destroy a boarding-house beefsteak in the twinkling of an eye, reduce a railroad restaurant doughnut to half its natural size, and may even kill a potato-bug if the insect is not feeling especially well.

ONCE in a great while poetry may be said to possess a practical value. A young woman who visited California recently wrote a few verses and sent them to Sir George M. Pullman, praising his sleeping cars, but regretting that they did not contain a larger number of mirrors and wash-bowls. Upon reading the poem Mr. Pullman directed his chief draughtsman to design a car which should contain enough wash-bowls and mirrors to suit the most exacting woman in the world. Such a car is now in process of construction. It will be composed entirely of mirrors and toilet-rooms.

THE paralytic stroke which prostrated Minister George H. Pendleton the other day may be regarded as the practical end of this gentleman's usefulness. Mr. Pendleton has been all his life a good liver. As "Gentleman George" he was known in Cincinnati as the most generous of entertainers. He never appeared to better advantage than as a host and it was fortunate that his wealth gave him the opportunity to indulge in luxury attuned to his temperament. His record as a statesman would have been brighter had he cared more for hard work, for his abilities are of a high order.

PRINCE BISMARCK maintains that the acquirement of languages does not imply talent. He thinks the ear rather than the mind is cultivated by a linguist. A Consul recently appointed to Berlin pestered his Minister to present him to Bismarck. At length an interview was granted, and, throwing etiquette aside, the Consul brought his son with him. Bismarck looked annoyed, but the Consul boldly presented his heir, with the remark: "A most remarkable young man. Your Highness—he speaks several languages." "What a fine waiter the young fellow would make," said Bismarck, coldly, to the Minister at his side.

THE DURABILITY OF TIMBER.

Suggestions to Wood Consumers Concerning the Durability of Timber.

The United States Department of Agriculture, Forestry Division, has issued a circular to wood consumers concerning the desirability of increasing the durability of timber, from which we make some extracts.

Decay of wood is due to fermentation of the sap, induced probably by the growth of either bacteria or fungi. These organisms need for their development warmth and moisture, besides the nitrogenous substances and salts contained in solution in the sap. To prevent this growth of these ferments, therefore, the sap in the wood must be dissolved, leached or dried out, and moisture be prevented from entering again.

Timber placed entirely under water or deep in soil, as drain pipes, will practically not decay nor is it liable to rot when kept absolutely dry away from the influence of humid atmosphere. Wood generally decays in proportion to the warmth of the temperature. Hence on northern exposures, in cool valleys, on high elevations, in northern countries, the duration of wood is longer than when placed under opposite influences.

If wood is used in contact with the ground, decay precedes more rapidly, the looser, moister and warmer the soil, and especially the greater the liability of change from dry to wet. Therefore timber will last longer in heavy, always moist clay than in loose alternately moist and dry sand gravel, or in warm, comparatively dry lime soils. Rooms without ventilation induce decay, producing the dry rot which first appears in white patches, changing into brown or gray. Ventilation and drying out and isolation from moisture will cure this defect.

Sound, mature trees yield more durable timber than either young or very old trees. Maturity is the time when trees have ceased to grow vigorously, which is indicated by a flattening of the crown, dying out of branches in the crown, and by the change of the color of the bark. Maturity may be reached according to circumstances by the same species when the diameter is one and a half inches, or when it is as many feet. A small tree on arid soil, or over-topped by others from its birth, may be as old and older than a tree of greater dimensions growing under more favorable conditions. Of two pieces of the same kind, the heavier is more durable, although absolute weight of two different kinds of timber does not determine their relative durability.

Heart wood, as a rule can resist deterioration longer than sap wood, because it contains less sap. When the sap wood is well seasoned and heavier however, this difference disappears. The site has an influence on durability in so far as it influences the formation of heavy wood.

Quickly-grown hard wood with wide annual rings, and slowly-grown conifers with narrow yet not too narrow rings, and tapped pines, yield on the tapped side, as a rule, the most durable wood, other conditions being equal. Coniferous wood from comparatively poor soils, high altitude and dense forest, hard woods from rich, deep, warm soils and isolated positions, are most durable. The resinous substances in conifers offer an element of protection against decay.

With proper after-treatment of the wood time of felling seems not to affect its durability. Early Winter felling should have the preference, because less fermentable sap is then in the trees, and the timber will season with less care, more slowly and more evenly and before the weather is warm enough for fermentation to set in.

If the wood is cut "in the sap" it is more liable to fermentation and to the attacks of insects, and more care is necessary in seasoning. The rapid seasoning, due to the warm, dry atmosphere, produces an outer seasoned coat which envelopes an unseasoned interior liable to decay. When cut "in the leaf" it is advantageous to let the trees lie full length until the leaves are thoroughly withered, say two or three weeks, before cutting to size. With conifers this is good at any season. Where possible all Winter felled trees should be left lying to leaf out in Spring, by which most of the sap is worked out and evaporated.

As to the treatment of timber after felling, always remove the bark to aid in seasoning. Never remove bark from a standing tree, and never allow the log to lie directly on the moist soil. If Winter-felled, shape the timber to size within two weeks after felling, and leave it placed on blocks in the forest, or if shaped at home, place in a dry, airy, not windy position, away from sun and rain.

If dried too rapidly, wood warps and splits, the cracks collect water, and the timber is then easily attacked and destroyed by rot. With large logs, checking may be prevented by coating the ends with brick dust, or covering with a piece of linen cloth, or even paper, or by simply shading them to lessen the evaporation. Cracks on the side may be filled in with tow or cotton. When piling timber, place laths, or sticks of uniform size at uniform distance under each log or post or tie.

The best method of obtaining proper seasoning without costly apparatus, in shorter time, is to immerse the prepared timber in water from one to three weeks, to dissolve the fermentable matter nearest the surface. This is best done in running water. If such is not

at hand, a bath may be substituted, the water of which needs frequent change. Timber so treated, like raft timber, will season more quickly and is known to be more durable. If practicable, the application of boiling water or steam is an advantage in leaching out the sap.

Concerning the coating to keep out moisture, never apply paint or any other coating to green or unseasoned timber, because if the wood was not well dried or seasoned the coat will only hasten decay. Good coatings consist of oily or resinous substances, which make a smooth coat capable of being uniformly applied. They must cover every part, must not crack, and must possess a certain amount of plasticity after drying. Coal tar with or without sand or pitch especially if mixed with oil or turpentine and applied hot, thus penetrating more deeply, answers best. A mixture of three parts coal tar and one part clean, unsalted grease, to prevent the tar from drying until it has time to fill the minute pores, is recommended. One barrel of coal tar will cover 800 posts. Wood tar is not serviceable because it does not dry.

Oil paints are next in value. Boiled linseed oil or any other drying vegetable oil, is used with lead or any other body, like pulverized charcoal, to give substance. Immersion in crude petroleum is also recommended.

Charring of those parts which come into contact with the ground can be considered only as an imperfect preservative, unless a considerable layer of charcoal is formed, and if it is not carefully done, the effect is often detrimental, as the process both weakens the timber and produces cracks, thus exposing the interior to ferments.

Putting away Winter Clothes.

One of the most difficult tasks for the housekeeper in the Spring is the putting away of the Winter clothing so that it may be taken out in the Fall ready for use. It requires a great deal of care to do this work properly. Where the house is roomy and the closets arranged so that they may be aired frequently, it is a very easy matter to keep the Winter clothing free from that most dreaded of all insects, the moth, by opening and airing the closets often. Where this can be done there is no danger of the clothes suffering from this destroyer, for where there is air and light no moth cares to remain long. If closets were better ventilated and fewer dark places in the house, there would be little cause for protection against this insect. When moths once get into a house, they are very difficult to dislodge, for their eggs will lie dormant for months and months, and when the housewife is congratulating herself on her victory over them, ere she is aware of it the house is infested with them again. As "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," it is best to apply turpentine freely in the dark, close places they would be likely to infest. To be sure, if a closet is near a chimney this would be dangerous to use, but as clothes should never be put in a closet so situated, there should be no occasion for its use here.

All clothing before being placed away should be aired thoroughly. Hang out in the air all coats, dresses, furs, etc., whip free of dust, turn all the pockets inside out, brush with a corn broom, and let hang in the air an hour or two. If there is a brisk wind blowing, all the better, and in this case less time is required to air them. When sufficiently aired take in. Have made some little muslin bags, into each one of which put a small piece of camphor. Place one of these bags into each coat or dress pocket. Turn each dress skirt inside out, fold neatly, place a newspaper between each one, and do all up in a strong newspaper, pasting it so as not to leave the smallest crevice by which a moth could enter.

Coats should be folded lengthwise, but never across, and done up the same as the dress. Furs should be placed in their boxes, a camphor bag put in with them, the boxes done up in newspaper, and the ends fastened with paste. If no boxes are convenient, then simply put the camphor bag inside the muff and wrap the set in newspaper fastened as above. Newspaper is much better than wrapping paper for this work, as moths abhor printer's ink. Some use cloth for this purpose, making cotton bags especially for it, but cloth is not as good as the paper. Felt hats and bonnets, bits of plush, velvet, etc., should be put in a box, into which put a camphor bag, and do up securely in newspaper.

Have ready the shelves, drawers or boxes, in which the clothing is to be placed. If shelves, cover with newspaper, place the bundles as neatly as convenient in them and cover all with newspaper. Line drawers in the same way, cover with newspaper, tucking it in all around. Where a person can afford it, a cedar chest is the best receptacle for Winter clothes, requires no camphor and will last a lifetime. Cedar chips are excellent to scatter among clothes, they give them a pleasant odor, and are very obnoxious to moths. When placing the clothing away in boxes or trunks, line the insides with newspaper, pasting it firmly to the wood, pack the bundles in carefully, and cover with newspaper, tucking it in around the edges. Bitter apples are said to be a sure preventive of moths. They can be bought at the chemist's, put in muslin bags and placed in chests, drawers, etc., and moths will not trouble any article in these places. A tall candle wrapped in brown paper, and placed among clothes that are laid away for any length of time, will keep the moths at a distance. This is an old-fashioned remedy but a good one.—*American Cultivator.*

Texas Insects.

Men do not only take after animals, but animals frequently take after men. They take after each other physically. We do not mean that they chase each other, although they also do that. The idea we are trying to convey is that they resemble each other, not only in their outward appearance, but also in their habits. From these marked resemblances between individuals of the human species and other individuals among the beasts of the fields, arise the familiar expressions: "As sly as a fox," "As stupid as an ass," "As greedy as a hog," "As bold as a lion," etc.

Not only are these traits common to men and animals, but there is a resemblance between certain insects and certain men or classes of men. The tarantula in its habits, deadly manners, and unostentatious cussedness is not unlike the Texas desperado. The industrious ant as we see it providing for the future rainy day, reminds one of the hard working German who is quietly laying up riches.

Then there is an insect vulgarly called the devil's horse that holds up its fore legs and bends its knees in an attitude of prayer. It cocks its head on one side and looks as knowing as one of those roaring fanatics who roam over the country, preaching of sulphur, and abusing the press.

There is another insect called the tick. Its peculiar habit is catching on and holding. It is almost unnecessary to say that these traits are suggestive of the politician. The tick usually inhabits the rural districts and lives on the public.

If a person should lie down in the shade of a tree in the summer time, half a dozen famished ticks fasten on him and refuse to let go under any circumstances. Unless they are removed by some strong power at once, they bury their head in the flesh of the victim, and continue in office from term to term. If they are ultimately wrenched from their position, they immediately catch hold and hang on some fresh place. It has sometimes happened that a tick is detached by force from the body of a man, in which case he usually carries enough off in his mouth to last him some time. When the tick first comes into office, he is in very poor condition, but as his victim grows, he also grows, until he becomes so very much expanded that one might infer that he would drop off, but he never does. The leech to his credit be it said drops off when he has gorged himself, but the tick never gorges himself. Nobody has ever known of a professional politician having enough. He is perfectly willing to die in harness. When an ox or a cow acquire too many ticks they get weary, thin and exhausted. So when the office-holders, are unusually hard to fill up, the taxpayers become weak and the treasury exhausted.

There is a story told of a young gentleman from the North who came to Texas for his health. Shortly after his arrival he discovered on his person, underneath his garments, a red spot, to which he did not pay much attention at first. He did not show it to anybody, but as it became larger and larger, he became convinced that it was a young cancer. Finally he made up his mind to an operation, and consulted with a medical gentleman, who perceived the cancerous growth to be nothing but a sociable cow tick. The recovery of the verdant young man from the supposed cancerous growth was more marvelous and rapid than anything recorded by the faith curists.—*Texas Siftings.*

Chief Ironheart's Paleface Scalps.

Evidence of the approach of spring is found in the stir among the "red men." The Sioux Indians on the Devil's Lake Reservation immediately north of New Rockford, Dak., stay in their log huts and dugouts during the winter, scarcely ever venturing out to any distance. Among this tribe is one dude Indian who comes to town frequently, and nearly always wears kid gloves and a white vest. He is a son of old Ironheart, the leading chief, and who was a leader in the terrible massacre of Minnesota twenty-five years ago. The old chief has received some education and preaches to the tribe. Sundays, in summer, the entire population take their teepees and go and erect them near the lodge of the old sachem, and religious services are held at various times during the day. They all go home after evening services. The old leader, at whose belt hung many a white scalp, talks in regretful terms of the Minnesota massacre, but any allusion to the scalp-locks hanging in his hut causes the eyes that are now dimmed by time to sparkle in a way that speaks volubly of the interest the old warrior took in the battles with the pale faces years ago.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Like the Apostles of Old,

Bud Dale, the well-known fisherman who lives near Maxon's Mills, is superintendent of a Sunday-school near that place. Last Sunday Bud was conducting the Sunday-school when some friends entered the building and told him that the river was falling. Bud has about 600 feet of net, and he recognized the necessity of putting his nets out, whereupon he addressed the assembled Sunday-school as follows: "Brothers, somewhere in the Good Book it says that if your ass gets in the pit on the Sabbath day you are justified in taking off your coat and pulling him out. Now the river is falling and I must put out my nets. This meeting is adjourned." Bud then left the building and has since been tending his nets.—*Paducah (Ky.) News.*

HERE AND THERE.

The sale of oleomargarine is stopped in Maryland.

Kentucky planters are preparing to sow a large acreage with tobacco.

About 13,000,000 eggs were exported by Canada into the States during the last fiscal year.

Wheat has advanced two or three cents per bushel by reason of unfavorable crop reports.

The Supreme Court of the United States has denied the application for a rehearing of the driven-well cases.

The Cuban sugar crop of 1896-97, according to statistics, shows the production to have been 946,588 tons.

Wisconsin ships large quantities of mud turtles to the East, where they are converted into mock turtle soup.

Chicago fruit dealers are buying large tracts of land in Sonora, Mexico, for the purpose of engaging in orange culture.

The war on immigrant rates to the West continues among the New York railroads, and a serious cut in the rates is expected.

High prices for apples do not seem to keep them from going abroad. Great Britain took last week about 3,100 barrels at a cost of \$7,470.

Some Georgia capitalists have undertaken to manufacture paper from cotton stalks and bolls which are now practically useless to planters.

The records of the Grand Army of the Republic are said to show that the death rate of the city regiments was less than that of the country troops.

The breaking up of rivers in the Northwest this Spring is being attended by greater damage from flood than usual. Reports from the distant points in Dakota state heavy rains and raging rivers.

The new dams being constructed on the Rio Grande River, near El Paso, by the Mexicans promise to lead to serious complications, as they will work injury to the American residents on the river.

The combination cheese factories in New York State are all commencing to be heard from, and there will soon be quite a sprinkling of new cheese in New York city as a result.

There is said to be a scarcity of sailors at San Francisco, where there are twenty ships laden with wheat but unsupplied with sufficient crews. The coasting trade now so brisk gives employment to all the sailors who apply.

Prof. Sanborn's experiments show that it takes about 1 1/2 per cent. in corn of the live weight of a pig of 100 pounds, and 2 1/2 per cent. of the whole weight of a hog of 253 pounds, to maintain it in its present condition.

Western New York fruit growers generally speak hopefully of the prospect for the coming season. Apples and cherries are reported as promising well, and much satisfaction is expressed over the outlook for peaches.

The total value of green fruits bought by the United States in Canada last year was \$210,000, nearly the entire sum having been paid for apples, of which 56,912 barrels were from Ontario and 42,151 barrels from Nova Scotia.

London is said to have eight homes for poor working girls, at which breakfast, dinner and tea cost only \$1 a week, and room not over \$1 more. They are said to be well managed and liberally supported by charitable people.

According to the latest advices, fish is scarce in the provinces. Arrivals of late at St. John have not been nearly equal to the demand, and receipts of cod and halibut have been unusually small, due to the cold and stormy weather.

As lobstermen are hereafter to be admitted free, those packers in the East who have paid the duty under protest will now come in for a handsome return from the Government. Some, it is stated, have paid under protest duties to the amount of \$20,000.

There has been some reduction in the marketing of hogs the past week. At the nine larger points 122,000 hogs were handled, against 153,000 the preceding week. These places have packed a total of 731,000 since March 1, against 648,000 last year.

The Chicago strikes have already caused a number of lumber firms to decide upon the removal of their extensive yards to other points in the West and Northwest, where their business may be less subject to interruption by labor organizations and railroad strikes.

Last year the Indians in the United States cultivated 297,265 acres of land. They raised 724,954 bushels of wheat, 984,972 bushels of corn, 512,137 bushels of oats and barley, 524,010 bushels of vegetables and 101,828 tons of hay. They also owned 358,334 horses and mules, 111,407 head of cattle, 40,471 swine and 1,177,375 sheep.

It is twenty-one years ago this Spring that Alaska was ceded by Russia to the United States. This territory has an area of some 600,000 square miles, and is fifteen times the size of Illinois. Its civilized population is 12,000, including about 6,000 or 7,000 white population and 30,000 other inhabitants. The gold mines of this country yield some \$2,500,000 a year.

From the annual report of the minister of agriculture of 1887, it is learned that the total importation into Canada of cattle for breeding purposes was 649, sheep 6,589 and swine 293. The exports for the year amounted to 19,051 horses, 116,490 head of cattle and 443,028 sheep. Of the latter 64,021 cattle and but 35,473 sheep went to Great Britain, the remainder of the exports going to the United States.

A New York city grocer was convicted last week of selling oleomargarine for butter, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Recorder Smyth, in answer to the protest of the criminal's counsel that it was hard for a respectable man to go to prison among thieves, replied that it was harder for decent people to be swindled. The recorder also stated that he would accept no plea of ignorance of law, but would sentence every man convicted in his court of selling axle grease butter to imprisonment. The recorder declared that this fraudulent business must be stopped.

BILL NYE AS A HIGH CRITIC.

He Takes a Hack at J. Owen O'Connor's Queer "Hamlet."

How an Attempt to Crush the Press Was Thwarted—Mr. O'Connor's Conception of "Hamlet" Analyzed—A Few Cursory Remarks on Historic Art Generally—An Audience Ought Not to Talk Back.

The past week has witnessed the closing debut of that great Shakespearean humorist and emotional ass, Mr. James Owen O'Connor at the Star Theatre. During his extraordinary engagement he has given us Hamlet, Phidias and Shylock, Othello, and Richelieu. I think I like his Hamlet best, and yet it is a pleasure to see him in anything wherein he kills himself.

Encouraged by the success of beautiful but self-made actresses, and hoping to win a place for himself and his portrait in the great soap galaxy, Mr. O'Connor had placed himself in the hands of some misguided elocutionist, and then sought to educate the people of New York and elocute them out of thralldom, up into the glorious light of the O'Connor school of acting.

The first week he was in the hands of the critics, and they spoke quite severely of his methods. Later, it was deemed best to place his merits in the hands of a man who would be on an equal footing with him. What O'Connor wanted was one of his peers, who would therefore judge him fairly. I was selected because I know nothing whatever about acting, and would therefore be on an equal footing with Mr. O'Connor.

After seeing his Hamlet I am of the opinion that he did wisely in choosing New York for debuting purposes, for had he chosen Denver, Col., at the end of the third act kind hands would have removed him from the stage by means of benzine and a rag.

I understand that Mr. O'Connor charges Messrs. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett with using their influence here among the masses in order to prejudice said masses against Mr. O'Connor, thus making it unpleasant for him to act, and inciting in the audience a feeling of gentile hostility and rutabagas, which Mr. O'Connor deprecates very much whenever he can get a chance to do so. I have been looking into this matter a little and I do not think it is true. Up to last Thursday Messrs. Booth and Barrett were not aware of Mr. O'Connor's great metropolitan success, and it is generally believed among the friends of the two former gentlemen that they do not feel it so keenly as Mr. O'Connor has been led to suppose.

But James Owen O'Connor has done one thing which I take the liberty of publicly alluding to. He has taken that saddest and most melancholy bit of bloody history, trimmed with assassinations down the back and looped up with remorse, insanity, duplicity and unrequited love, and he has filled it with silvery laughter and cauliflower and mirth, and various other groceries which the audience throw in from time to time, thus making it more of a spectacular piece than it is under the conservative management of such old-school men as Booth, who seem to think that Hamlet should be soaked full of sadness.

I went to see Hamlet, thinking that I would be welcome, for my sympathies were with James when I heard that Mr. Booth was picking on him and seeking to injure him. I went to the box office and explained who I was, and stated that I had been detailed to come and see Mr. O'Connor act, also that in what I might say afterwards my instructions were to give it to Booth and Barrett if I found that they had tampered with the audience in any way.

The man in the box office did not recognize me, but said that Mr. Fox would extend to me the usual courtesies. I asked where Mr. Fox could be found, and he said inside. I then started to go inside, but ran against a total stranger, who was "on the door," as we say. He was feeding red and yellow tickets into a large tin oven, and looking far, far away. I conversed with him in low, passionate tones, and asked him where Mr. Fox could be found. He did not know, but thought he was still in Europe. I went back and told the box office man that Mr. Fox was in Europe. He said no, I would find him inside. "Well, but how will I get inside?" I asked eagerly, for I could already, I fancied, hear the orchestra beginning to twang its lyre.

"Walk in," said he, taking in \$2 and giving back 50 cents in change to a man with a dead cat in his overcoat pocket. I went back, and springing lightly over the iron railing while the gatekeeper was thinking over his glorious past, I went all around over the theater looking for Mr. Fox. I found him haggling over the price of some vegetables which he was selling at the stage door and which had been contributed by admirers and old subscribers to Mr. O'Connor at a previous performance.

When Mr. Fox got through I presented to him my card, which is as good a piece of job work in colors as was ever done west of the Missouri River and to which I frequently point with pride.

Mr. Fox said he was sorry, but that Mr. O'Connor had instructed him to extend no courtesies to the press whatever. The press, he claimed, had said something derogatory to Mr. O'Connor as a tragedian, and while he personally would be tickled to death to give me two divans and a folding-bed near the

large fiddle, he must do as Mr. O'Connor had bid—or bade him, I forget which; and so, keeping back his tears with great difficulty, he sent me back to the box office, and although I was already admitted in a general way, I went to the box office and purchased a seat. I believe now that Mr. Fox thought he had virtually excluded me from the house when he told me I would have to pay in order to get in. I bought a seat in the parquet and went in. The audience was not large and there were not over a dozen ladies present.

Pretty soon the orchestra began to ooze in through a little opening under the stage. Then the overture was given. It was called "Egmont." The curtain now arose on a scene in Denmark. I had asked an usher to take a note to Mr. O'Connor requesting an audience but the boy had returned with the statement that Mr. O'Connor was busy rehearsing his soliloquy and removing a shirred egg from his halidome.

He also said he could not promise an audience to any one. It was all he could do to get enough himself for a mess.

So the play went on. Elsinore, where the first act takes place, is in front of a large stone water tank, where two gentlemen armed with long handled hay knives are on guard.

All at once a ghost who walks with an overstrung Chickering action and stiff, jerky, Waterbury movement, comes in, wearing a dark mosquito net over his head—so that harsh critics cannot truly say there are any flies on him, I presume. When the ghost enters most everyone enjoys it. Nobody seems to be frightened at all. I knew it was not a ghost as quick as I looked at it. One man in the gallery hit the ghost on the head with a soda cracker, which made him jump and feel of his ear; so I knew then that it was only a man made up to look like a presence.

One of the guards, whose name, I think, is Smith, has a droop to his legs and an instability about the knees which are highly enjoyable. He walks like a frozen-toed hen and stands first on one foot and then on the other with almost human intelligence. His support is about as poor as O'Connor's.

After a while the ghost vanishes with what is called a stately tread, but I would regard it more as a territorial tread. Horatio did quite well and the audience frequently listened to him. Still he was about the only one who did not receive crackers or cheese as a slight testimonial of regard from admirers in the audience.

Finally, Mr. James Owen O'Connor entered. It was fully five minutes before he could be heard, and even then he could not. His mouth moved now and then and a gesture would suddenly burst forth, but I did not hear what he said. At least I could not hear distinctly what he said. After awhile, as people got tired and went away I could hear better.

Mr. O'Connor introduces into his Hamlet a set of gestures evidently intended for another play. People who are going to act out on the stage cannot be too careful in getting a good assortment of gestures that will fit the play itself. James has provided himself with a set of gestures which might do for Little Eva or "Ten Nights in a Barroom," but they do not fit Hamlet. There is where he makes a mistake. Hamlet is a man whose vitals don't agree with him. He feels depressed and talks about sticking a bodkin into himself, but Mr. O'Connor gives him a light, elastic step and an air of persiflage, *bonhomie* and frisk which does not fit the character.

Mr. O'Connor has sought in his conception and interpretation of Hamlet to give it a free and jaunty Kokomo flavor—a nameless twang of tansy and dried apples which Shakespeare himself failed to sock into his great drama. James has done this, and more. He has taken the wild-eyed and morbid Blackwell's Island Hamlet, and made him a \$2 parlor humorist who can be the life of the parlor or give lessons in elocution, and take applause or crackers and cheese in return for the same.

There is really a good lesson to be learned from the pitiful and pathetic tale of James Owen O'Connor. Injudicious friends have doubtless overestimated his value and unduly praised his Smart Alecktonary powers. Loving himself unwisely but too extensively, he has been led away into the great, untried purgatory of public scrutiny, and the general indictment has followed.

The truth stands out brighter and stronger than ever that there is no out across lots to fame or success. He who seeks to jump from mediocrity to a glittering triumph over the heads of the patient student and the earnest, industrious candidate who is willing to bide his time gets what James Owen O'Connor has received—the just condemnation of those who are abundantly able to judge.

In seeking to combine the melancholy beauty of Hamlet's deep and earnest pathos with the gentle humor of "A Hole in the Ground" Mr. O'Connor has evidently corked himself, as we say at the Browning Club, and it is but justice after all. Before we curse the condemnation of the people and the press let us carefully and prayerfully look ourselves over and see if we have not overestimated ourselves.

There are many men alive to-day who do not dare say anything without first thinking how it will read in their memoirs—men whom we cannot, therefore, thoroughly enjoy until they are dead, and yet whose graves will be kept green only so long as the appropriation lasts.—Bill Nye in *New York World*.

Children at the Seaside.

There are, indeed, more little ones on this sandy isle this afternoon than you could shade a stick at. There was a bit of an April shower this morning that kept them indoors, but with the reappearance of the sun they all trooped out together. The beach this moment is like a baby's paradise, where "mischiefs" and quarrels are considered part of the bliss. All up and down as far as the eye can see the sands are dotted with babies' heads, Caprice of fashion has had no chance to interfere with the health of the little ones or to draw from their comfort. They are dressed with sensible simplicity—well wrapped up, with warm hoods and thick-soled shoes. No flippers; no show anywhere. Even the richest of the lot wears a plain, long muslin gown, though, to be sure, the maker contrived to get \$100 worth of lace upon it. But that is because the lace is nearly worth its weight in gold. It is not showy. The baby you may be interested to know is the son of Mr. A. J. Drexel, Jr., called for its grandfather, Anthony J. Drexel, 3d. When the child was born some months ago, Mr. Drexel, sr., it is said, made it a gift of \$600,000, placing the money in bank. Money, they say, put out at 6 per cent. Interest doubles every ten years. On that basis the Drexel child will find when it reaches its majority that the generous gift of babyhood's days has become a round quarter of a million dollars. Apropos of babies and families, the leasing of cottages for the summer has begun in good earnest already, though the time is earlier than usual. Many handsome houses have already been taken and negotiations, the real estate men tell me, are under way or nearly more. Prices are stiff and a fifth higher than last year, and the demand seems to be strongest just at this moment for the costlier and handsome cottages, indicating that the cottage colony will be largely of people of large means.—*Atlantic City Letter*.

American Girls Have Small Feet.

The feet of American women are small compared with those of English women, as every body knows. Means are offered of making notes of this fact in traveling in England. At Abbotsford not long ago a party of tourists, chiefly women, were seated in the waiting room till the guide should appear to take them on a tour of inspection. An American, who had a place outside the partial circle made by the visitors, happens to have his eye attracted toward the fifteen or twenty pairs of feet before him. Without looking up he glanced from one pair to another. After the examination he decided that all but two of the women were English. When he turned his eyes upward to the faces he found that the owner of one of the pair of feet he had picked out as American was his own sister. The other, who soon after twanged out her contempt for some article under inspection, could not be mistaken in either accent or tone of voice for any than a "down East" country woman of the most pronounced type.—*New York Press*.

The Ruins of Kenilworth.

Alas for the man who has read Scott's Kenilworth! The castle is almost an entire ruin. The outline can indeed be traced, but battlement and tower have crumbled to dust. Not a vestige of the roof remains. The lake where the fetes were held is dry, and the moat is filled with the shattered wall, while the ivy grows in luxuriance wherever it can find root. The walls of the banqueting hall and the tower where Queen Elizabeth lodged are still standing, and to save them from further ruin they have been propped with iron rails. The courtyard, where once the joists and games were held, where brave knights tilted and fair ladies smiled on the victor, is overgrown with weeds. Here and there as sentinels stand tall holy trees.

A Crab-Catching Ape.

"That's a lone fisherman," said a bird dealer as he pointed to a Java ape. "It is the best crab-catcher known."

"How does he manage to eat the crab?"

"Catches him with his tail. He is the only kind of ape that has a long tail. When it sees a crab the ape backs up to the hole where the crab has disappeared, thrusts its tale into it and awaits events. The crab, feeling somewhat angry at the intrusion, nabs the tail, the ape leaps forward, and before the crab can say "Jack Robinson" it finds itself on dry land with 8,000 miles of terra firma under the ape, who soon chews up the crab and then tackles the next hole on its list."—*New York Telegram*.

Why Conkling Was Not a Mason.

Ald. Conkling was asked if Mr. Conkling was not a member of a Masonic lodge, and, if so, if his lodge would not like to be present and take part in the funeral services. "No," said Mr. Conkling, "the Senator was not a Mason nor did he belong to any other secret organization. When his father, Alfred Conkling, was public prosecutor in Montgomery County, about sixty years ago, he was at one time prosecuting a murder who in the midst of his summing up against him made the Masonic sign of distress. My grandfather was so disgusted that he resigned from his lodge, and since that day no Conkling has ever joined the order."

Useful Rules.

Any youth having good health who will heed the following hints will have a right to expect to be successful in the best sense of that work:

As to the body:

1. Keep the person clean.
2. Be as much in the open air as circumstances will permit.
3. Eat abundantly of plain, wholesome food, especially of fruit.
4. Have nothing whatever to do with intoxicating drinks.
5. Be in bed not later than 11 o'clock (10 o'clock would be far better) and rise at 6. Beware of late hours; of temptations in the streets; and at theaters and balls.
6. Have no personal habits, such as smoking or chewing or others that are injurious to yourself or disagreeable to other people. Have clean hands and clean clothes.
7. If occupation is sedentary, take your exercise in gymnastics or in other ways, the simplest and cheapest of which is walking.
8. Always give place to women in streets or street cars.
9. Spend any holiday of days or weeks in the country or at the seaside.
10. Be not extravagant in dress—but, be well dressed—not at your tailor's expense, however.
11. By all means keep out of debt, and do not borrow money, for personal expenses.

As to the mind:

1. If without education, try your best in some way to get at least a knowledge of spelling, arithmetic and grammar, for you have little hope of success without.
2. Be careful what you read and do not confine yourself to newspapers. Do not read anything in them that is likely to be hurtful, especially police reports. Read books and magazines, and as to choice of books seek advice from others. Read best novels, humorous and pathetic, and write for your own eye brief notices of the books you read. Buy few books—use public libraries.
3. As to public entertainments for recreation in the evenings go to no place of seeing or hearing where you would not take your mother or sister. If you keep this rule you are not likely to be hurt. As to games, avoid billiard saloons and gambling houses or parties.
4. If you are a clerk learn shorthand writing if you can.

As to business:

1. Resolve to be faithful in every thing.
2. Be on hand among the first.
3. Be among the last to leave.
4. Be quick to answer any call.
5. Be prompt to do what you are told.
6. Say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," with hearty expression, and say "Good morning," as if you meant it.
7. Be not lazy nor slovenly in any work you are set to do. Be alive. And remember, no labor is degrading.
8. Treat your employers with unfailing respect and your fellow clerks and workers, whether superiors, equals or inferiors, with hearty good will.
9. Let no temptation to lie, directly or indirectly, or to indulge in or listen to filthy talk, overcome you.
10. Be a gentleman always—for it is quite within your ability.
11. Make yourself indispensable to your employers—this, too, is possible. Be ambitious in the highest and best sense.
12. Remember that if not now, you will hereafter have others depending upon you for support or help.
13. Do not wait to be rich before you marry.

As to your duty to God.

1. Don't suppose you can do without Him. Many do think so, but they are not wise. They are not successful in the best sense. The best men and women you know—are they Christians, or are they people who care not for God?
2. Cultivate the society of Christian people of both sexes—not merely professor of religion—not merely members of the church—but people who you know are religious.
3. Get acquainted with the Bible. Its literature will abundantly repay your most careful study even before you reach its spiritual treasury.
4. Be a regular attendant at some church, and join it, when you feel that you owe this duty to your maker. If there is a Bible class connect yourself with it.
5. Do not be ashamed to kneel at your bedside every morning and every evening and pray to God.
6. Give yourself to the service of Jesus Christ the Savior.
7. Commit to memory Luke 12, 15.

—B. B. Comegys, in *Philadelphia Press*.

Knew It Too Well.

"Have you something in the shape of a tonic and strengthener?" inquired a tired-looking man stepping into a drug store. "I've been riding all night on the cars and I've got to brace up for a day's running around the city." "Yes, sir," said the clerk, briskly producing a bottle of patent medicine; "There's nothing better than this—'Dr. McMillan's Invigorator'—50 cents a bottle.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the jaded-looking man, with extreme disgust. "I am the manufacturer of that stuff!"

—*Chicago Tribune*.

When an Arab of the desert wants to inquire if his sister is going to leave home for a while, he says, "Are you going east?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

THE LATE B. H. BREWSTER.

His Remarkable Career and His Eccentricities in Habits and Dress.

The following extracts from a biographical account in *The Philadelphia Telegraph* of the late Mr. B. H. Brewster, attorney general in President Arthur's cabinet, give interesting anecdotes of a man who, in spite of extraordinary physical hindrances, won station, fame, and love in no common degree.

There are few men who were so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of politeness and genial intercourse as Mr. Benjamin H. Brewster. Friend and stranger alike was brought under the magnetic influence of this characteristic of his life. His sad facial deformity, the life-long legacy of an accident in his babyhood, proved an infallible test of his extraordinary mental culture and winsome conversation.

Mr. Brewster, although to the world a man of the utmost cordiality, very approachable, and distinctly a man of social ease, was by nature of a cold and reserved temperament. He did not thirst for intimacy with any of his acquaintances, and, like all men of cultivated instincts, familiarity in any form was an abomination to him.

In some situations he was the most reserved of men. By inclination he was a recluse. Since his return from Washington life he gave himself up more than ever to his books. He had a library well stored with works, and he spent many and many a quiet hour delving into the pages of volume after volume. He was what is sometimes called a devourer of books, and his capacity seemed to be practically unlimited. Mr. Brewster's literary hobby was genealogical research. He knew the forefathers and family connection of nearly every foreign dignitary, particularly the titled gentry of England.

It was a source of annoyance to Mr. Brewster to hear himself facetiously spoken of in connection with "lace cuffs." He wore cambrie frill shirt bands in place of cuffs, and he has often told why he did. When he began at the bar he was poor, and his early days were crowded with struggles. In this trying period, when a steady purpose and an unshaken resolution carried him over the obstacles in his path, he received from his mother some shirts made in the old-fashioned style, with frilled bands for cuffs. They were nicely starched and looked neat. From that time throughout his life Mr. Brewster never made any alteration in the style of those old-fashioned shirts. He said it was out of sentiment to his mother, whose love and tenderness had cheered him and comforted him in the bitterness of his early affliction, that he wore those queer cambrie frill shirts. Mr. Brewster always spoke of this subject with reverence. The white beaver hat—the other well-known peculiarity—he used to tell his friends he wore because a black hat in reality made the disfigurement of his countenance much more conspicuous and disagreeable to the eye. He said the contrast was greater. Whether this would or would not have been the effect if Mr. Brewster had worn a black hat can only be inferred, because he was never known to appear in the street in any other than the accustomed high white beaver.

Mr. Brewster was a learned man on many subjects beside the law, especially on ecclesiastical history, and some of his most notable literary efforts were historical sketches of famous pontiffs and saints. His lectures on ecclesiastical history, delivered for charitable purposes, attracted a great deal of attention. Every ancient and modern author of note he had at his tongue's end, and his private conversation, not less than his public efforts was enriched and enlivened by the most apt of illustrations and quotations. The charm of his voice and manner was as marked as the richness of his discourse. Among the most remarkable of his public orations was one delivered at a meeting of exhortationists held near Fort Harke on the Pacific railroad in 1867, a speech in the Cooper institute during the campaign of 1868, a lecture at the Academy of Music on Frederick the Great, a discourse on Thomas A. Beckett, and his matchless address at the laying of the corner stone of the New York public buildings, and on Pennsylvania day during the celebration of the centennial.

Mr. Brewster was one of the best-known and most familiar figures on the streets of Philadelphia. His features had been sadly marred by a terrible accident which befell him in childhood. The disfigurement which resulted had doubtless much to do with the affectation in dress and manner for which he was remarkable through life. Year by year in early life his dress had become more noticeable for its peculiarity, until it finally settled down to the picturesque pattern with which his fellow-townsmen were familiar in his last years. He wore almost invariably a light-colored coat, with a vest of velvet, cut low to expose a shirt front of the finest cambrie ruffles, and below his perfectly-cut pantaloons were seen the old-fashioned gaiter tops of perfect white. He wore a standing collar, a black stock, ruffled cuffs, and a white fur beaver hat, and always displayed an old-fashioned fob chain, with a heavy gold seal attached. Notwithstanding the fact that his costumes were of antique styles, Mr. Brewster could not be called anything but a well-dressed man, and the dignified manner in which he carried himself on a crowded thoroughfare showed that he was fully aware of the fact.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

May 19, 1888.

Our democratic friends are in very hot water.

The Chicago News calls Ingalls the spectacular senator. It is a good term and ought to stick.

The third party prohibitionists, now that there is no need for a party or a paper, will try to establish an organ in this city. It can fill but a very small niche.

It is said that Col. D. R. Athony was the first man in Kansas to appoint a black man to office. The appointment was made the first time he was mayor of Leavenworth.

Sharp democratic schemers purpose to shelve young Matthews for the next fifteen or twenty years, by making him a candidate for congress now, while there is no show for success.

Voorhees and Vilas, who have been at outs, have made up, and it came from John James's attack upon Daniel W. Ingalls, developed in them a friendly feeling, which made them wondrous kind.

We just think it is not fair to put Albert Griffin at the head of delegates to Chicago, and then say he is not to be chairman. Then again if the four delegates have a right to say whom they prefer for chairman, why may not the full delegation, when they get together, select the chairman? Ah, but it takes lots of brass to be a politician.

The Mississippi river is having a big boom. At Quincy it is ten miles wide. Some years ago several Illinois students propounded to the St. Louis papers the question, which brought upon them no little ridicule, "Does the June rise (in the Mississippi) occur in June?" After all we believe the question has never been fully answered. By the way, it is noticed that one of the said young men is to be a democratic candidate for Bill Morrison's old place in Congress. We shall see if he can oust Jehu Baker.

Kansas does nothing by halves, she heads the procession, and don't care how long or how big the procession is. The Kansas pumpkin has never been beaten by any other state, and our corn has taken the first prize wherever it has been exhibited. The golden wheat belt can beat the world. Kansas has silk, corn, cotton, wheat, sorghum, pure water, all kinds of vegetables, fruit without end, lead, zinc, coal, salt enough for the world, gypsum, beef, pork, mutton, wool and cotton to feed and cloth all creation, sunny skies, a mild climate, brick and fire clay, timber, building stone, and a soil that cannot be beaten the world over, churches, schools, and a warm welcome for all good citizens seeking homes where there are no liquor saloons. Where else is the like on the face of the earth?

Colonel A. S. Johnson, the venerable land and tax commissioner of the system is, in a general way, out of land just now, but he is still making himself useful to the company he has served so long and so well. He still sells a kitchen garden now and then of 10,000 or 15,000 acres, but he has no more half-million acres patches to dispose of. He has turned his attention largely from land and railroads to art and travel, and to repentant contemplation of the very few bad things he has ever done—which things, by the way, are known only to himself. Col. Johnson was born in Johnson county, this state, in 1832, and has lived here every since. He is accordingly quite well acquainted with the country. It may be stated confidentially that the colonel was the first white child born in Kansas.

If Gov. Glick is still in the race for delegate to St. Louis, the democrats will do well if they see him put out.

They are hunting up the record of Ingalls during the war. It will not be found very encouraging to his present admirers. He was a candidate for Lieutenant Governor on a democratic ticket headed by Judge Wagstaff. It is said now, that he is only heading a republican faction to beat Jim Lane. The best kind of patriots at that time were not creating factions in the republican party.

There is room for temperance work in Belleville, Illinois. A public school picnic is to be held at the fair grounds in that city on the 18th, and among other attractions to be licensed on the grounds, is a bar for the sale of liquors. These picnics are held annually, and three or four thousand children attend. The laws of Illinois, we believe prohibit the establishment of saloons within two or three hundred feet of a church or school—far enough for school boys to be speaking distance from teachers, but in this case a school board openly places a saloon in the very midst of school grounds. It may readily be surmised that the school board is not much concerned for the morals of the children.

Major Anderson yesterday received from the United States treasurer a draft for \$100 as bounty due him since the outbreak of the war.

Republicanism and Democracy.

It is a source of grief to all good republicans, who allow themselves time for careful thought, that the party leaders cannot or will not put themselves and the party on higher and better ground. That party is run wholly on the principle of demagoguism. Its arguments appeal to prejudice, passion and falsehood. It has utterly lost its old-time inspiration, its devotion to great principles, singleness of purpose that seeks only the public good.

The republican party is virtuous only in the sense that the democratic party is less virtuous. Each one is striving to perpetuate itself, and both ought to be disorganized. It is difficult for any man of judgment, after weighing the virtues or the vices of both parties, to determine the one that outranks the other.

To every sensible man the advertisement, Loody shirt argument of the one is simply tiresome and disgusting, although to the intense partisans it may entuse like fire-water on a red man's stomach.

On the other hand there is less of this that is offensive, but there is no indication that the democracy will afford the least relief so long as it plays false with civil service and other reforms; so long as it recognizes openly the saloon and other immoralities, and so long as it holds itself equally bound with the republican party, to the money and monopoly influence of the nation.

The platform just adopted by the republican party at Wichita, is eloquent in verbal pyrotechnics, and glitters in generalities as attractive as the bespangled dress of a circus tumbler; and is as unfit to satisfy cold reason, as the clown's dress to meet the rigors of winter.

We have, absolutely, a right to expect better things of the republican party, than it gives. It was a party of patriotism. It was a party of purity, so much as a political party can be. It was a party that dared meet great emergencies bravely. We had a right to believe it would never show the white feather, on any great moral issue. The party failed to meet this expectation, because of an almost imperceptible change in its material. Soon after it became apparent that the Union armies would be victorious, mercenary and ambitious democrats, many of bad character, hastened over to the republican party in order to be with the majority.

They became the most violent partisans, and the most bitter against the south after the war, as northern men had formerly been the most cruel slave drivers in the south.

When the war was ended, and the mantle of charity should have been thrown over the past, then men, who had hated the abolitionists and anti-slavery whigs and democrats, who made up the original republican party, became its prominent leaders, and it was they who led the army of the bloody shirt, and started the party on the downward track.

At this period many of the early republicans, the real bone and sinew of the party in its youth and vigor, who had sacrificed for its establishment, fame, honor and fortune, became weary of the dominating influence of the old democratic renegades, thrust themselves into the party, and withdrew, some to remain outside of any party lines, and some like Geo. W. Julian, Judge Trumbull, Ex Gov. Palmer, and others to join the democratic party.

It was in this way that the republican party became corrupted, and lost its great identity, and the democratic party became improved until the two were brought to nearly the same level.

The sincere republican who has not felt that he could unite with an opposition party and is still dissatisfied with his own party, is grieved at the situation as presented to-day. He is no longer captivated, with wordy rhetorical platforms. He is not frightened or worked up to indignation over the recital of Voorhees' or Pendleton's or Vest's record.

He wants a return to first principles, or he will wait with patience.

Lorenzo Eckert, son of the well known butcher, while out on the prairie last week shot a sea-gull that had strayed a considerable distance from its element. The bird dropped and on picking it up young Eckert discovered that it was only slightly injured, the shot having merely disabled one wing. He brought the bird home and is trying to tame it. Though refusing food for several days the gull now eats with considerable gusto. It occupies a box in front of the butcher shop on the avenue above Gordon street.

As a starter and for the encouragement of Albert Griffin, a republican state convention adopts a rousing platform, without saying anything of prohibition or the saloon.

Albert Griffin will go to the Chicago convention, but it will be fatal to republican success if he succeeds in getting his notions grafted into the platform.

Our neighbor of the Journal don't think that Ingalls will chafe in the least over the exposure of his war time record. That is quite likely. It takes a good deal of rubbing to chafe a cuticle like his.

In the May number of St. Nicholas Thomas Nelson Page begins "Two Little Boy-life during the war, and full of amusing and stirring incidents. John Burrough contributes "Ginseng-hunting. Calla Thaxter has a delicious story of a spider. Noah Brooks tells us how a little boy "Ran Away, An Adventure with a Mavigator. Illustrated. Two articles on "Little Josef Hofman, with portrait, and the second by Emily L. Price, treats of serial, "Drill, is continued. Other verses, pictures, and jingles, all demand more than the slight notice it is possible to give them here.

Steffeck's fine painting, famous in Berlin, of Queen Louise and her two young sons (the just dead Emperor William and his elder brother Frederick), is reproduced as the frontispiece of the May Wide Awake, which, in connection with a little account entitled "His Mothers Boy," also gives a portrait of the late Emperor from the very last photograph made of him. This number, in its series "Children of the White House," by Harriet Tylor Upton, prints a delightful chapter entitled "The Family of Jame-Madison," fully illustrated from paintings never before engraved; among them are four beautiful portraits of Dolly Madison and one of a favorite granddaughter of President Jefferson, Septimia Randolph. The stories of the number are very good: Miss Wilkins tells a New England story, "The Squire's Sixpence," and Kate Upson Clark has one full of fun, "The Rise and Fall of 'The Might.'" Anne Mitchell Macy writes a true Nantucket tale, "An Astronomical Garret." Olive Risely Seward recounts the experience of the Seward party "In a Typhoon," on their tour around the world. Prof. Robert D. Douglas of the British Museum has an illustrated article on "Chinese Dragons." Edmund Collins describes his "Night in a Beaver Town," Charles Barnard proposes an astronomical experiment which he terms "Shadow Curves." Sidney Luska concludes his serial story "My Uncle Florimond," the best story, from all points of view, he has written. Mrs. Sherwood's serial, "Those Cousins of Mabel's," indicates plainly a sequel in the next six numbers; Oscar Fay Adams writes of "The Brothers Grimm," the delightful German story-tellers. Mr. Leonovens has a chapter about "The Men beyond the Euphrates," while one of the most entertaining articles in the number is for youthful collectors, entitled "The Pleasures of a Young Numismatist," by M. C. Ballard. There are poems by Frank Dempster Sherman, Miss Perrault, M. E. B., Christian Burke, and good things to read in the "Contributors and the Children," by Mary B. Dodge and others.

\$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Look out for "Plucky Smalls," Mrs. Crownshield's training-ship serial, beginning in the June number.

Our business men are feeling much better over the financial outlook.

Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, the distinguished lecturer and author, is to deliver an address at the commencement exercises of the State university June 4, next. He will probably be invited to visit Topeka at the time and deliver an address upon early Kansas affairs, with which he was himself actively identified. Sleeping in box cars seems to be the principal offence of late, against the peace and dignity of the city of Topeka. Five sleeps and two drunks, was the last record.

Dairymen's cows are giving better milk than formerly. On one hand it is said the pastures are improving; on the other hand the investigations by the board of health have had a macked influence on the cows.

About the first of March of each year nearly all the watches, pianos, jewelry and silver plate of Topeka is pawned away. It is all returned, however soon after the assessors gets around.

Only two drug stores of north Topeka have permits to sell liquors, and these do a strictly legitimate business. As a consequence drunkenness is rare in this part of the city.

Our north side merchants are competing lively with the south side for trade. Stories about mad dogs may be taken with allowance.

A little more candor in politics, would be a good thing.

Buglars went into the house of Dr. Elder on the south side a few nights ago and stole a gold watch and ten dollars in money. The kitchen door was open and they walked in.

The small but strong-blooded state of Vermont has given the Santa Fe road as well as nearly all other western institutions, a large contribution of talent. From this state come President Strong, Vice President Robinson and C. C. Wheeler, the former general manager, whose memory by the way will be kept green in Kansas until all who knew him here have abandoned the state. From Vermont also come Colonel H. C. Nutt, who has been so long President of the Atlantic & Pacific company; Colonel Learnard, tax commissioner of the Southern Kansas, and a large number of subordinate officers. The other New England states have contributed their share. Mr. Goddard and Mr. E. Wilder were born in Massachusetts, Mr. White in Connecticut and Mr. Sands in Maine.

S. B. Hynes, general freight agent, is indeed a "rustler." From a politician and an editor he became a railroad man—as did the late Vice President Hoxie. Mr. Hynes got large experience as general agent for the Santa Fe in St. Louis and Chicago and afterwards as general freight and passenger agent of the Southern Kansas, to which place he was appointed by C. C. Wheeler. Mr. Hynes has a first class record and will keep it. Mr. Hynes, of course, has only held his present position since the Southern Kansas consolidation a few weeks ago.

Major Anderson yesterday received from the United States treasurer a draft for \$100 as bounty due him since the outbreak of the war.

Parents should carefully guard the moral as well as the mental and physical instruction given their children. No demoralization should enter the family circle. The Kansas City Journal, more than any other family paper, gives all that should be given, yet withholds that which should be withheld to this end. In amount of good reading it is second to none, wisely chosen, carefully revised. Take it in connection with your county paper and you have a household library.

Hon. Cecil Baring, of London, England, one of the great firm of Baring Brothers, bankers, attended the annual meeting of the Santa Fe.

Rev. James Lawrence, a former pastor of the north side M. E. church, has been on a visit to old friends in the city.

The North Side has its eagle eye on several things, among which are a high school, a new bridge and a sewerage system.

The Santa Fe company has organized for another years work, the old directors and officers being mostly re-elected. The occasion of the stockholder's meeting brought many capitalists and prominent citizens of Boston to Topeka. Among others was Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, a son of Dr. O. W. Holmes, the poet scholar and physician.

Deputy Marsnal Carter returned yesterday from Wichita. He says that numerous joints are being run wide open there.

The North Side ladies are making an earnest effort to secure a home for the poor children in this county. This should certainly be done. Children who are a charge to the county should not be housed with the paupers. Too often the vicious and depraved are found in our almshouses, people who have an evil influence on the children and a tendency to make bad citizens of them. The poor children should be placed under the best influence possible.

State News.

Horton had a \$4,000 fire last week. A Topeka doctor is said to be engaged on a book entitled "The Quacks and the Daed."

A poor man in Newton, whose main support is his garden, had 5,000 sweet potato plants stolen the other night, and the rest of his garden entirely destroyed.

A car load of live poultry, consisting of over 400 chickens, geese, turkeys, ducks, doves, etc., was shipped last week from Jamestown to Los Angeles, Cal.

The plaster of paris factories in Clark and Barber counties are becoming widely known for the superiority of their products. This industry promises to develop into mammoth proportion in these counties.

A 16-year-old boy living in Ulysses, became insane a short time ago, and imagining that his sister was about to become a nun, attempted to kill her with a hatchet, in order to save her from such a calamity.

J. E. Jenkins, a student of the Kansas Art school, and who has just completed a study in oil, which is said to show a marked degree of ability, will leave Topepa the 19th of this month for Paris, where he will continue his studies.

A son of Thomas Young of Newton, on Thursday last, was carrying a can of powder in one hand and a lighted cigar in the other, when in some way the powder became ignited, and exploding, burned him badly about the face.

Gladwell has introduced a new feature into its public schools. The most prominent newspapers are kept on file and on Friday of each week the current issues of the day are discussed, either informally or by essays and readings from the press.

A Kansas schoolma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result the boys are improving rapidly. But the effect upon the girls is to make them miserable spellers.

Two workmen in a well of the Rock Island railroad at Horton, had a terrible fall recently. They were returning to work after a blast had been fired, and had just taken their places in a half barrel used for lowering the men into the well, when the hook attached to the beam at the end of the pulley became disengaged, and they fell to the bottom, a distance of 43 feet. Both men were badly injured.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: This paper has at no time said or believed that John Sherman ought not to be nominated at Chicago. On the contrary, we said a year ago that Sherman would be the hardest man to nominate and the easiest man to elect while Blaine would be the easiest man to nominate and the hardest man to elect. We still adhere to that opinion. Sherman's nomination seems more difficult now than it ever was. There is no heart behind the support which is given to him. That's what's the matter with his boom.

The United Labor party will put no candidate for president in the field this year, but will advocate their theory of land taxation as best they can. They will probably make more headway than with a separate nomination. This party must not be confused with the Union Labor organization. Ex.

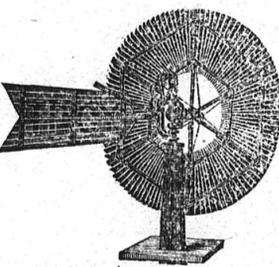
But they are confused and it cannot be helped, and besides it makes no difference if they are.

ST. JACOBS OIL FOR WATERMEN.

ALL MEN whose pursuits place them on the water, such as Seafarers, Lake and River Craftsmen, Yachtmen, Boatmen, &c., should be guided by what CAPT. PAUL BOYTON, the World-Renowned Swimmer, whose autograph is here shown, says, as follows: "I don't see how I could get along without St. Jacobs Oil."

CURES RHEUMATISM, CRAMPS, ACHES, PAINS AND BRUISES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. The Charles A. Vogel Co., Baltimore, Md.



THE "TROY" WIND MILL AT THE HEAD. For simplicity, durability, self-regulating, self-oiling, all of which makes it the Best Mill in the World. Good live agents wanted everywhere, write for circulars. KELLEY & SONS, Troy Ohio.

Vestibule Trains To Chicago.

The Vestibule train is a new factor in western railroad transportation. It is claimed for these trains that on account of their being connected by steel hood all danger of telescoping in case of accident is removed, the train being practically one long car. It is certain that the oscillation of the cars is greatly reduced, and it is also certain that the vestibule trains afforded the greatest comfort yet known travelers. The adoption of this style of train by the Chicago Santa Fe & California Railroad between Kansas City and Chicago is a strong bid for the passenger traffic between the West and Chicago. This new road is in many particulars, ahead of any of its older competitors, and will undoubtedly be the popular road to Chicago.

G. T. Gentry, United States marshal at Salina, yesterday telegraphed the United States attorney's office that two persons charged with counterfeiting were under arrest at that place, and requesting that arrangements be made to take charge of them.

The contract between Marshall's military band and the City Railway company for concerts at Martin's Hill has been signed. The contract does not prohibit the band from giving band concerts in the city if endorsements are offered the band. The first concert will be given at Martin's Hill on the evening of May 18th.

It is not certain but the kickers in the rapid transit business will come out ahead after all. A good deal was said some time ago about the kickers preventing the success of the enterprise. Well the kickers all went out and some the new fellows came into the ring with a grand flourish. The stock they said was all subscribed, the first assessments paid in; and a purchasing agent would be dispatched by next train, to buy the iron, and the dirt would begin to fly before sun up in the morning. But the dirt didn't obscure the morning sunlight, the railroad company was cheated out of the agent's fare, the assessments were only partly paid in, and now the whole thing has assumed the shape of a good sized healthy pancake. The music that was to be, is in the key of B flat. Poor rapid transit. Sic transit eorum gloria Topeka.

The city force have finished grading Central avenue to the creek. The bed of the road has been raised several feet, on the average.

Postmaster Payne received a letter yesterday from Ellis, stating that a young man or boy, giving his name as Eddie Wilson had died in that place, but from papers it was believed his name was Louis Dufrane of North Topeka. The boy's father says he had been in Iowa, and he thinks he must have passed through Topeka while asleep. A telegram was sent yesterday evening for return of the body, if not buried, which however had been done.

Sterling Bulletin: The walls of the synop works building are steadily going upward, being from four to six feet high all around, and all the frames for the first floor have been put in place. Four more cars of stone have arrived and are being unloaded today. Mr. Maguire states that more masons would help forward the work, as there are only three now at work, to from seven to ten laborers. The switch has not been put in yet, which necessitates an increase of laborers to move the stone and other material from the main track to the building.

Tickled with Straws.

We cannot refrain from extending our sympathies to those callow politicians who are just now cutting their political teeth, and getting valuable experience.

The best illustration in point may be found with our colored brethren, but marked examples are found elsewhere. Among the tricks of experienced and shrewd politicians, is the practice of shelving competing aspirants, or those who may be in their way, or of allowing them such places as will gratify vanity without affording much profit.

It is said that young Mose Matthews is encouraged to aspire for democratic nomination for congress against Mr. Ryan. This affords a case in point. Matthews is an active young democrat with average talents. He may be in somebody's way by and by, if there should happen to be a turn in political affairs, that would make the district democratic. Or possibly he might like a profitable federal appointment in case of Cleveland's reelection. Now one who has been a candidate for an honorable office, even though defeated, has had his turn, as the wire workers look at it, and cannot claim another turn with half a chance of success for a dozen or fifteen years. He is shelved. To be a democratic candidate for congress in this district is a very small and empty honor—very small, very empty, very transient. But it does the shelving all the same, and gets one competitor possibly for a valuable place, greatly weakened if not silenced. This leaves the best things for the other fellows, or the field clear for them when there is fruit to be plucked.

But the sharpest game is played upon our colored friends. A few days ago the Topeka Democrat tried to work up a little colored sympathy on the ground that McCabe had been "slapped in the face" by the Wichita convention, and suggested that the colored people ought to divide their strength between the two parties. This would be a gain to the democrats certainly. The republicans would also favor this if they could utilize the colored vote. Such a division would actually not neutralize the colored political influence. They might as well be disfranchised as equally divided.

But the republican leaders have the same cute way of handling the negro, as all the parties have of disposing of ambitious candidates, who are a little in their way, or like Mr. Matthews, may become so. The Topeka Journal interviews our old friend John Waller, just made presidential elector, and in the completest ignorance of the motive that inspired it, and in the exuberance of gratitude he exclaims:

"My nomination was a great surprise to me." I consider it the greatest compliment ever paid to a colored man in Kansas. It was the proudest moment of my life, when I received the nomination.

Another colored man was made Alternate delegate to Chicago. With this, Mr. Waller says:

"Those with whom I have talked are more than pleased. They feel as I do, that it is a recognition of the just demands of the colored republicans of Kansas. Of course, there are a few that feel sore over the defeat of McCabe, but I think the mass of colored republicans will be perfectly satisfied, that they will, in the future, receive the recognition which they have a right to expect from the hands of the republican party in Kansas."

One can well imagine how satisfying this must be to the leaders who beat G. I. Curran a few weeks ago, and who have now reserved all the fat places for themselves. There is no position to be given out, that is so much like a big bass drum, as that of presidential elector. There is nothing in it. Possibly it is a little better than delegate to a great convention where the common run of delegates is as a grain of sand on the sea shore. But there is no honor, no emolument in it. It is a cheap way to buy a party drudge, and make him believe he is recognized, while the places worth having are reserved for those who want nuts with meat in them.

We are quite sure that friend Waller is entirely unconscious of the immense laughing that is going on away up the sleeves of the genial wire pullers, and perhaps it is as well not to disturb his happy dreams nor to intrude further upon ambition satisfied.

The following delegates were elected at the democratic county convention on Saturday, to attend the Wichita State convention on Thursday:

Judge John Martin at large.
M. E. Matthews, D. C. Hewett, S. T. Cronwell, J. B. Oliver, W. P. Tomlinson, C. Spalding, Jacob Smith, Alexander Rudolph, J. S. Earnest, C. K. Holliday, G. W. Berry, J. G. Seibold.

The Glick and spoils element in the party was decidedly in the minority, and if the capital county has influence, the federal office holders will get no delegation to St. Louis, which is certainly a triumph of the better element. The convention was a very creditable body, one of the best ever seen in the city.

Is it Equal to the Occasion.

The recent anti-saloon convention in New York was a great failure. It was the third attempt of the kind under Albert Griffin's management and was the smallest of all. The Mass meeting on the second evening was entirely abandoned after the hall had been lighted up.

With the sentiment of this anti-saloon republican movement, all prohibitionists agree. The policy is very questionable. Mr. Griffin has been elected a delegate at large from Kansas to the National convention. He represents an element in the party that favors, to a greater or less degree, the war upon whiskey within the republican party. The forcing of this issue, even slightly, means the defeat of the republican party next November. Four years ago this step could not have been taken. The result could not have been worse than it was. A third party with the principle of prohibition as its leading issue would not have sprung up possessing the wondrous vigor and vitality that characterizes the prohibition party outside of Kansas, and one or two other states, where it has very little to feed upon.

If defeated, as it was, it would have been saved from the rupture that followed, and enthusiasm for a reorganization might have been preserved. To be sure the saloon element might have been lost, but the party could better stand its loss than it can now after the loss of all that goes to make up the prohibition party. It might then have survived the defection of one faction. It cannot outlive that of both.

Having lost so much of its prohibition strength as may be found in the new party, it cannot expect to regain it, nor can it retain the saloon faction if it shows a disposition to attempt it. Hence the political stupidity of the whole anti-saloon republican movement. Its very apparent folly amply accounts for the failure of its efforts.

What policy then is proper for the Chicago convention? It is certainly a serious question.

We would say that the party should nominate strong men, say Gresham and William Walter Phelps—Gresham on principle, as a man in sympathy with the people, a sound man of broad democratic views—Phelps from policy, because he will help carry New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. Let them be put upon a platform, broad as the nation, with no sectional bias, no appeals to passion, no eyes to the dead past, no crimination, no extreme tariffs, no endorsement of prohibition farther than may be covered by pledging the party to the highest degree of morality. Let the platform carry with it the earnest conviction that political regeneration is intended.

Then let the campaign be conducted on the same theory. Let there be a return to that political as well as religious catholicity of sentiment that the early republican leaders would have inspired. Let it become manifest that the party is national, seeking only the national welfare, and not spoliation and place; it is something more than an office grabbing, money seeking, cringing slave of aristocracy and corporate power. This country needs a political organization worthy of the confidence of the people. One conscious of its virtue and manhood, and ready in its individual parts, to sacrifice self for the general good. It is asking much, but no more than the republican party can give, if it will set itself to work, and not more than it must grant if it would survive with honor.

It has been agreed that members of the house may speak on the tariff bill all this week.

We hear that Abilene is preparing a plot in the foundation for the new state capitol building.

The Abilene Chronicle calls the late republican convention a body of political hogs, because it did not give the great north west the recognition that was wanted.

Voorhees says he will reply to Ingalls. Why can they not leave the thing to history. But then some big play is necessary to keep up the excitement. Voorhees will do well to keep mum.

The Santa Fe company run 550 locomotives, 557 passenger, and 13,746 freight cars. In time this great road will extend from ocean to ocean, as it already extends from the lakes to the gulf.

Austin Corbin, President of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad, has completed arrangements for the purchase of \$3,000,000 4 per cent bonds of that road. And we remember his father in threadbare suit, making a precarious living for the family as a pension agent for soldiers of the war of 1812, and the Mexican war.

"Office holders are agents of the people—not their masters." The sentiment was repeated, and endorsed by the democratic convention on Saturday in the platform adopted, which was discarding the usual platitudes endorsing the president, and other irrelevant matters, a very high toned and admirable document.

Mr. Strong is right: "New England and Kansas are the typical forces of the east and the west."

The G. A. R. folks have decided that they cannot admit a former rebel to their ranks, and Gen. J. E. Johnston is therefore excluded.

The colored citizens of Kansas have issued a call for an independent convention, to be held at Lawrence, May 31. J. D. Moore, a colored man, has been appointed by president Cleveland postmaster of Stanley, a town in Tennessee.

Ex-Governor George W. Glick states that he has received assurances from more than thirty counties already that their delegations will support him for delegate at large to St. Louis, at the Democratic convention to be held in Wichita May 17. If Mr. Glick should be elected a delegate to St. Louis it would be about the worst thing that could happen to the democracy of Kansas.

Lawrence Tribune: In conversation with a number of farmers, who are in the city attending court, they stated that the recent cold, damp weather is paralyzing the chinch bugs and that wheat is growing nicely. But little corn is up, yet the present warm weather will make it grow rapidly. The prospects for good crops have never been better.

Strange Articles of Food.

In Mexico parrots are eaten, but they are rather tough.

Spiders roasted are a sort of dessert with the New Caledonians.

In the Pacific island and West Indies lizard eggs are eaten with gusto.

Buckland declares the taste of the boa constrictor to be good, and much like veal.

After they have wound the silk from the cocoon the Chinese eat the chrysalis of the silk worm.

The French will eat frogs, saills, and the diseased liver of geese, but draw the line at alligators.

The octopus, or devil fish, when boiled and then roasted, is eaten in Corsica and esteemed a luxury.

The Guachos of the Argentine Republic are in the habit of hunting stunks for the sake of their flesh.

The Cingalese eat the bees after robbing them of their honey. Caterpillars and spiders are dainties to the African bushman.

The negroes of the West Indies eat baked snakes and the palm worms fried in fat, but they cannot be induced to eat stewed rabbits.

The edible bird's nests of the Chinese are worth twice their weight in silver, the finest variety selling for as much as \$30 a pound.

The Digger Indians of the Pacific coast rejoice in the great locust swarms of 1875, as a dispensation of the great spirit, and laid in a store of dried locust powder sufficient to last them for several years.

The North American aborigines recognized no greater delicacy than boiled dog, the animal being immersed in the pot without the formality of skinning or otherwise cleaning, and regard the intestines as the choicest part of a buffalo or steer.

Quass, the fermented cabbage water of the Russians, is their favorite tipple. It is described as resembling a mixture of stale fish and soapuds in taste, yet next to beer it has more votaries than any other fermented beverage.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine For June

Closes the twenty-third semi-annual volume of this well known monthly, and contains the index to the volume. The contents of the number are timely to the season, and two of the articles relate to Lake Champlain. These are "Bow Arrow Point and the American Canoe Association," by Frederick G. Mather, and "Our Summer on Lake Champlain, the Island Resort of the Future," by Emily Pierce. Both of these articles are finely and fully illustrated, and they make one long to go thither. Lake George has so long monopolized attention that it is an agreeable change to find Lake Champlain receiving the recognition its beauties merit. A visit to Fort Qu'Appelle, depicts, by pen and pencil, an interesting spot in our Canadian neighbor. "The Constitutional Convention of 1787," by Walter Edgar McCann, is interesting, and "Music" by Ausburn Towner, is notable for its curious illustrations. In addition to his sermons and editorial comments, Dr. Talmage contributes a capital article on "Woman her own Defense." The shorter articles are numerous as usual and very interesting. The whole number is valuable.

Pickett, Louisiana, Nov. 11, 1887. Missrs. A. T. SHALLEBERGER & Co. Rochester, Pa. Gents—The sample bottle of pills you sent me last April I gave to a neighbor lady, and it cured her of a very obstinate case of third day chills, which every other remedy failed to do. Truly yours, JOHN PICKETT.

Pay day comes round once more with its merry jingle of silver coin.

Hon. T. Dwight Thatcher has begun tearing down the old buildings on east Eighth street; between Kansas avenue and Quincy preparatory to erecting his fine new stone front.

The new city directory will contain 13,000 names, which is over 2,000 more than last year, and indicates a population of 45,000.

The police are spotting and pulling all persons who leave teams or horses standing in the streets unhitched, and are waiting to nab the first fellow that violates the fast driving ordinance.

Burglars attempted to effect an entrance into the clothing store of Tanner Bros. & Heed, Friday night. They removed window pane and were prevented from getting inside by the timely discovery by a young man, who thought they acted suspiciously and reported the fact to Depot Master Pat Sherman.

Horses attached to two buggies became frightened at the steam rollers on Kansas avenue, Saturday evening; the two buggies were considerably broken, but no other damage was done.

Preparations are under headway to make the Grand Army Reunion in this city next October a grand and memorable event.

A festival for the benefit of Ingleside will be held on the evening of May 23, at Mrs. Scudders on Tenth street two and a half miles west of the avenue. The West Side circle will run special cars on the occasion. It will be a very happy affair.

A colored man who gave his name as B. Hayes, was arrested in the Rock Island yards, North Topeka, last night. He was caught stealing coal.

The county teachers institute will open June 11, under the efficient leadership of H. G. Larimer, who has ably conducted it for the past three years.

To secure thirty more electric lights will necessitate the purchase of a 75-horse-power engine and one more dynamo, the cost of which will be \$5,500. Four thousand dollars more, or \$13,500 will purchase two dynamos and an engine and add sixty instead of thirty lights, so that if more lights are to be added, and the machinery necessary to furnish them bought, it would be economical to buy two dynamos instead of one, because it would cost no more to operate the two than one, and the extra thirty lights could be readily located. A few more could well be placed on the north side, and at least three or four ought to be.

Adjutant General A. B. Campbell goes to Wichita this week to address the state Sunday school convention of the Christian church, of which he is a member. State Evangelist F. D. Pettit of North Topeka reports the work over the state in good condition, and a large and enthusiastic convention is expected. There will be quite a large delegation from this city.

The Santa Fe will provide through Pullman palace car trains for the Kansas delegation and others desirous of attending the national republican convention at Chicago.

Oakland Grove is being provided with electric lights by the Rapid Transit company. It is bound to be one of the pleasantest summer resorts of any the suburbs about Topeka.

Judge John Martin made a pleasant speech at the democratic convention on Saturday. He denounced the action of federal officers in asking to be sent as delegate to conventions. Federal officers should be seen, not heard, and it will be a free and genuine endorsement of Mr. Cleveland's choice if a convention, not including federal officers, renominated him he would observe the instructions of the resolutions because he indorses them. The democracy of Shawnee county is made up of honest men and deserve the sympathy of all democrats in Kansas, for their bravery in braving the enemy in its stronghold. He pledged the remaining years of his life to the party's service.

All our state officers except Auditor McCarthy left to-day for Austin Texas upon invitation to attend the dedication of the new state house. It is said to be the largest and handsomest capital building in the country, excepting the national capitol alone. It was built by a Chicago syndicate, Senator Charles B. Farwell, of Illinois, being at the head of it, and the compensation for the erection of the building is several millions of acres of Texas lands.

Capital Grange at its meeting Saturday appointed a committee consisting of Messrs. Sims, Mohler, Heath, Armstrong and Otis to perfect plans for agriculture exhibit at Topeka in November, at the time of the meeting of the farmers' Congress and National grange. The committee met at 3 p. m. at the rooms of the board of agriculture in the state house. The grange also passed a resolution indorsing Senator Plumb in his late speech on the animal industry bill.

The council informally discussed the matter of the purchase of additional dynamos and power to provide for more electric lights, especially for the southwest portion of the Third ward. A motion was passed expressing the sense of the council that additional lights should be provided.

The work of tearing down the old front and south side of the Hotel Throop will be commenced this week, preparatory to building it up uniformly with the addition erected last fall on the north.

The County Commissioners met Saturday.

The report of county clerk on claims of jurors for April term was approved and he was directed to draw warrants on the county treasurer in payment of the same.

The county clerk was directed to give notice of intention of board to make appropriations for building of a bridge on the Fulpeck road not to exceed in cost \$450; also, for a bridge over Little Soldier in Menoken township.

Ingleside society was allowed two dollars per week for boarding and caring for Annie Hobbs, an invalid, until further ordered. The county surveyor was directed to locate the line of county road on west line of section 51, township 10, range 14, as shown by deed of C. H. Foukes. He was also directed to make accurate survey estimate and specification for improvement of Topeka Salina state road as petitioned for by George T. Gilmore and others.

See Mrs. Metcalf's elegant line of new summer millinery.

THE TOPEKA STARCH FACTORY

How Starch is Made.

"The corn is taken directly from the cars, either on the cob or shelled, by an elevator and carried to the second story, where it passes through an automatic machine into huge wooden tanks, where it remains in soak for twenty-four hours, when it is drawn off and elevated to the mill for grinding, after which it is passed over a system of vibrating screens which separates the hulls from the starch, albumen and gluten; it is then treated with chemicals for the purpose of freeing the starch from the other matter after which it is conveyed into long wooden troughs or pans where it remains until it is partially solidified: where it is again placed into wooden tanks and thoroughly washed in clear well water which neutralizes the acid and leaves it perfectly pure and sweet; it is then drawn off in a fluid condition into boxes about five feet long, six inches wide and eight high; here it settles, the water passing off, where it is cut into squares, placed upon frames and transferred to the drying rooms, where it is allowed to remain in a high temperature until all the moisture is expended when the crust is scraped off, every particle of foreign matter having been forced to the outside of the block by the moisture expelling power of the heat. It is now ready to be broken or ground into different grades necessary for laundry use, and the finer quality is pulverized for food. The whole process is curious and interesting and should be profitable to both employers and employes. It is this class of industries, that transforms the raw material raised on Kansas soil into finished products ready to be consumed by Kansas people and the future wealth and prosperity of the people, of our state created. About \$70,000 are invested in this plant, 200 bushels of corn consumed daily, and an average of two car loads of the product is shipped every week; twenty-eight men are furnished employment at wages ranging from \$1.22 to \$2.50 per day, and ten girls at 75 cents per day.

The hull of the corn is excellent food for cattle, being perfectly clean and free from deleterious matter, as the chemical process does not take place until after the outside of the kernel is removed. The gluten and albumen is run into large vats outside the building where, by the action of the atmosphere and water, the chemicals are neutralized and it is especially adapted for hog feed and is given to all who will haul it away. By this system of utilizing all the offal no piles of decomposing matter are around the works and the water that runs into the creek is purer than that of the stream itself. No foul odors taint the atmosphere either within or without the building, and employes make no complaints regarding the disagreeableness or unhealthiness of the employment. Water is obtained from five wells sunk to a depth of fifty feet. Mr. Bursal the gentlemanly and experienced manager says they have about demonstrated the fact that corn starch made in Topeka can successfully compete with eastern products, although labor and fuel is some what higher here, but as an offset corn is less than in the east and the consumer is handier to the factory, which saves in freight. No good patriotic Kansas house wife should be found making pies, puddings or starching clothes with an article made outside of the state when the home product can be obtained, and no Kansas gentleman should wear a garment that has not been stiffened with Kansas corn.

Hallstones big as goose eggs, played smash with the plate glass windows Saturday night at Concordia. The geese were small ones.

Western Crops.

In Missouri, the winter wheat crop is fairly good, but insects have begun their work and more rain is needed. Seeding done; corn planting well forward. Fruit prospects very favorable except for peaches. Seeding and planting are well forward in Iowa. Rain is needed for pastures. Kansas makes the best report on the winter wheat crops. Farmers operations going on rapidly. Good progress in spring seeding has been made in the other Western States although the season is somewhat backward and pastures bare as a rule, warm rains being much needed.

Prof. Peter Collor has been appointed director of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station in the place of Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant. He announces as his plan of work that care shall be taken to have the stock representative animals of the breed from which they are selected. The dairy interest, leading as it does New York, shall receive first attention. That the average annual butter yield in that State does not exceed 130 pounds, while it should not be less than 300 pounds, hence experiments to perfect the feeding problem, and other matters which shall tend to raise the standard of the dairy industry are first objects of his attention. Holstein, Guernsey, Ayrshire Short-horn and Devon.

THE MODEST BLACKSMITH.

BY H. S. KELLER.

A son of Vulcan—and his right
Good arm it wielded power's might;
His throne the forge; the anvil's note
Resounded rhythms while he smote
There in the fire's rosy glows,
The brazen thing with sturdy blows.

The damp locks cling above his brow—
Once white (no matter), grimy now;
His hairy arm and muscles tense;
His corrugated face of sense;
His bearded lips where sparks have stormed,
The rattling prayers of babes have formed.

Philosopher of iron age
Whose gems have graced the equipage;
No mould'ring wealth's deceiving bay
May crown you here—for a day;
Your works shall last—though dead you
spark;
You chain the world, the nation harks;
And there against the night-gloomed hill
Your spark of life is glowing still.
—St. Louis Magazine.

Should I Have Spoken?

Early in the year 1875 I received an invitation from an old friend of mine, Col. Armitage, to run down to his house, Medcott Grange, in Berkshire, for some hunting and a couple of balls.

As in those days I was—well, some years younger than I am now, and (having but lately returned from India on sick leave) very keen on all sorts of English amusements, I wrote off a hurried note of acceptance and speedily followed it.

I knew Mrs. Armitage slightly, and was well acquainted with the Colonel's taste in champagne, besides which I had met, not long before, and uncommonly pretty sister of his, whom I thought it would be by no means unpleasant to meet again; so I started off in the best of spirits to catch the 4:30 train at Paddington.

I calculated that a run of two hours would give me ample time for the three miles' drive and to dress for dinner at 8. However vain were my hopes, there was a break down on the line, which kept me kicking my heels at a wretched junction for over an hour, and we only reached Estbury Station at 7 o'clock. There was no help for it. I dashed into the carriage sent to me, and arrived at the Grange in as short a time as Armitage's steady old coachman would allow, but found my host alone, awaiting me in the hall, with outstretched hand and a genial welcome.

I knew that he was a regular martinet for punctuality, so was not surprised when he hurried me up directly to my room, with orders to dress sharp. It was a large, and well appointed room, with a bright fire and candles, which looked very cheery after my long drive.

"All right, old chap, I'll send Reggie up to show you the way down in a quarter of an hour," were the Colonel's last words, as he left me to my toilet.

I dressed rapidly, but remembering the long passages, unexpected steps, intricate turnings and numerous staircases I had traversed on my way up, waited for my promised conductor.

Suddenly the gong thundered through the house, and I, thinking I was forgotten, put out my candles and turned to the door—when it was softly opened, and a young man appeared, who beckoned to me.

I followed him into the passage, which was rather dark, and began to say something expressive of my obligation to him; but he silenced me with a wave of his hand, and preceded me, with noiseless steps and averted face, along the passage.

I thought this was odd, but my surprise increased when he took an abrupt turn to the left, which I did not remember, and we found ourselves in a long, low, oak paneled corridor, dimly lighted by a hanging lamp.

I began to feel a curious sensation stealing over me, and endeavored to speak, but was withheld by an undefined feeling, so followed my guide in perfect silence to the end of the corridor. He then passed through a green baize door, up a flight of corkscrew stairs, and through another passage, I still feeling myself impelled to follow. I still hesitated, opened a door, and stood back for me to pass before him.

I had not seen his face before, but had observed he was rather above the middle height, with a good figure and rather military gait; his hair was fair and cut very short.

"Now, however, I saw his face; it was ashy white, with such an expression of horror and fear in his wide-open eyes as froze my blood; I again made an ineffectual attempt to speak to him, but he motioned me imperiously to enter, and I felt constrained to obey.

I found myself in an oddly-shaped room, only lighted by the pale rays of the winter moon, which shone in coldly through the curtainless windows. It was evidently an unused apartment, for there was no carpet, and my footsteps sounded hollow on the boards. Between the windows, half in shadow, half moonlight, stood a large bed. As I gazed upon it my eyes became gradually accustomed to the dim light, and I observed with a shudder that it was draped with black and decorated with tall black plumes, like those on a hearse, and that there was a motionless form extended upon it.

I glanced around for my guide—he was gone and the door was shut, though I had heard no sound.

A thrill of horror ran through my veins; I felt an almost irresistible desire to fight; but again the same inexplicable force urged me on, and I approached the bed with slow and trembling steps.

There lay a young, and as far as I could see, beautiful girl, dressed as a bride, in white satin and lace, a wreath of orange on her head and the long, white veil covering, though not obscuring her features; but oh! horror! the front of her dress and veil all dabbled and soaked in blood, which I could see flowed from a deep open gash in her white throat.

My head swam and I remembered no more. * * * Suddenly I felt a cold shock in my face and opened my eyes to find myself on the ground with my head supported by my kind host, who was looking down on me with anxiety expressed in his face. As my bewildered senses reasserted themselves, I remembered what I had seen, and with an exclamation sprang to my feet. There was the same bed, but in the bright light I saw that it was without the ghastly appendages I had seen before, and was totally untenant. Col. Armitage began asking me some questions, but seeing that I was too much dazed to answer, he took me by the arm, half led me, half supported, for I was still faint and giddy, back to my own room. When there he put me into an arm-chair, gave me a glass of water, and exclaimed: "My dear fellow! What on earth is the matter with you? We sent Reggie up for you, but he came down saying you had gone. We waited ten minutes then, thinking you had lost your way, instituted a regular search, and I found you up in the old turret chamber, in a dead faint on the floor!" I pulled myself together and, as collectedly as I could, told him what had happened. He listened with incredulity; and then said: "My dear Bruce, you have been dreaming!"

"Why?" I said, rather nettled; "how do you suppose I could have dreamt myself into that room? I tell you, Armitage, that I was as wide awake as you are, and am perfectly certain that what I saw was no dream."

"Well, then, the only other explanation is that you must have been drunk?"

"Really," I said, attempting to force a laugh, "I only left town at 4:30, and there's not much to get out of a railway flask." Then, as he uttered a disbelieving "Hm-m," I added dependently, "I wish to goodness I could think I was."

"Look here," said Armitage seriously, "don't you go talking about this to anybody but me; of course there are stories about this house, as of every old house in England, but nobody has ever seen or imagined anything uncanny before, and it will frighten Mrs. Armitage to death if you tell her; she is awfully delicate, and I don't want to alarm her."

"All right," I said, "but I wish it hadn't happened to me; I feel frightfully shaky still."

"Oh, nonsense, come down to dinner; a good glass of champagne will set you to rights," said he. Accordingly I made an effort to shake off the depression on my spirits and went down with him. The bright lights, cheerful talk and clatter of plates seemed terribly incongruous, and I am afraid pretty Miss Armitage must have thought me quite off my head, for I could eat nothing, drank feverishly and replied at random to all her remarks and condolences, while the dead face of the murdered girl floated before my eyes and nearly distracted me.

"I am afraid you don't feel at all well, Capt. Bruce?" she said at last. "Please don't think me dreadfully rude," I replied, "but if I could slip out unobserved I should be most grateful."

She signed to Reggie, a bright-faced boy, in an Eton jacket, whom I begged to show me up-stairs, for the perturbation of my spirit were such that, though I felt awfully ashamed of myself, I literally dared not attempt to find my way up alone for fear of meeting my mysterious guide again. The fire burned brightly in my room, the candles were lit, and it presented the same appearance of luxurious ease I had before observed. Reggie regarded me with round eyes of awe, evidently retained only by his father's prohibition from deluding me with questions. I detained him as long as I could with trivial excuses, for a nervous horror of solitude began to possess me, but I saw he was anxious to be off again to his dinner, so I let him go.

I went to the glass—and recollected; I hardly knew myself. My hair lay damply on my forehead, my face was very pale, and there was the haunted look in my eyes I had seen in him. Very soon the door opened—I started nervously; but it was only the Colonel with a steaming tumbler. "Look here," he said, "just drink this off and get into bed; you'll be all right in the morning." I did so, and the punch, which was, I suppose, a pretty stiff mixture, did send me off into a heavy, dreamless sleep, which lasted till my blinds were drawn up by the servant in the morning letting in fresh sunshine, which speedily dispelled the illusions of the previous night—for allusions I was fain to believe them—in the face of the bright wintry landscape before me, and the cheery sounds of life in a country house which stole up to my ears through the echoing corridors.

A whole day in the saddle, and a splendid run, followed by a cozy game of billiards with Miss Mabel Armitage before dinner, decided me, ghosts or no ghosts, not to show myself ungrateful to my kind hosts by cutting short my visit, as I had thought of doing

when my first impressions were strong upon me; and I found no reason to regret this decision when a most enjoyable ball was followed by another night, or portion of a night, of unbroken slumber.

The next day we spent in the covers, the ladies came out to give us our luncheon, and I came home to dress for dinner in a most jubilant frame of mind, much inclined to put my faith to the touch with Miss Mabel, hoping that, be my deserts as small as they might, I should win, "not lose it all." Some country neighbors were expected to dinner, and I was standing in a deep window seat with Mabel, and listening to her merry descriptions of them, as they were ushered into the room by the stately butler, when "Sir George and Miss Hildyard" were announced, and there entered, dressed in white, the girl I had seen in my dream!

I stood transfixed and Mabel exclaimed: "Oh, Capt. Bruce, what is the matter?" But I could not answer. Before my eyes rose again, that darkened room, that funeral bed and lifeless form of her who now advanced toward me, led by Mrs. Armitage.

"Miss Hildyard, Capt. Bruce." I bowed as in a dream, but saw a look of surprise cross her face, and she glanced inquiringly at Mabel, who answered with a reassuring nod. As soon as I could get an opportunity I took Col. Armitage aside, and whispered to him: "For heaven's sake, Armitage, I am mad? That is the girl." He shook me impatiently by the shoulder and said: "Pon my word, Bruce, I begin to think you are. That is one of the nicest girls I know. She is engaged to Lovett, of the—th, and they are to be married soon after Easter. For goodness sake don't go and frighten her by staring like a death's head."

"I can't take her down to dinner," I said, "I should be sure to make a fool of myself, somehow."

"Very well," he rejoined, "you can take in Mabel and I will arrange it." So it was, but though I was some way from Miss Hildyard, I couldn't help watching her and picturing how differently I had first seen her face. I longed to confide in Mabel, but Col. Armitage's injunction silenced me; and she, with gentle tact, forebore to remark my evident disturbance, and talked easily on indifferent subjects till I was able to collect myself.

Indeed, so charming was she that at last the demon of superstition was successfully exercised, and I could talk and laugh like anybody else.

After dinner I even ventured to accost Miss Hildyard, whom I found very agreeable, with nothing in the least supernatural about her; so once more I made up my mind I was the victim of some extraordinary hallucination, and resolved to think of it no more. Well—time passed; I was obliged to say goodby to my kind friends with much regret (though it was tempered by a whispered assurance from Mabel that I might come and see her in London) and returned to my duties.

One day, soon after my return I was driving down St. James Street in a hansom with my young brother, when I discerned a figure in the distance walking before us which seemed familiar. The back was only visible, but somehow I knew that tall figure, those broad shoulders, that alert, regular stride.

As we passed he turned his face toward us, and good heavens, it was he, my guide that terrible night at Medcott. I could not be mistaken in those features, those eyes, though they had lost the wild, hunted look I remembered so well.

Was I awake or dreaming?

I stopped the cab, to my brother's intense surprise, jumped out, with what intention I hardly knew, and rapidly followed him. He turned up King street and went into a house, opening the door with a latch-key and shutting it behind him. I remained hesitating—what should I do next? I decided on ringing the bell; it was answered by a decorous-looking servant.

"What is the name of that gentleman who has just gone in here?"

"Mr. Lovett, sir, of the—th," was the reply. I felt stunned. Surely this was more than a coincidence!

The servant looked doubtfully at me. "Want to see him, sir?" "N—no—" I stammered, quite unable to make up my mind. Fortunately at this moment my hansom, which had followed me, came up, and I jumped in, leaving the man gazing after me. At that moment, in his opinion, I was clearly a suitable patient for Colney Hatch!

Now, what shall I do? Shall I call on Mr. Lovett and speak to him, or shall I warn Miss Hildyard? What proof had I—what right, a perfect stranger, to interfere with the private concerns of two people whom I had never met, never even heard the name of before?

Besides, after all, what had I to tell? The dream of a disordered imagination! I should only be laughed at for my pains and treated with incredulity. But, again, ought I to keep such an extraordinary occurrence from the knowledge of the two principal actors? I thought over this question till my brain reeled, and finding at last that every one to whom I dared confide either treated the facts as impossible or laughed me to scorn at the notion of thinking seriously of believing such a wildly imaginary case—I decided to let things take their course, and be guided by circumstances.

A week or two passed. I had seen Mabel several times, and at last had ventured on asking her, that question on which all my happiness depended. I need not describe here my joy at receiving the reply I longed for from the sweetest lips that ever breathed. I

implored for a short engagement, and her mother being a tender-hearted old lady promised I should not have to wait long, and our marriage was settled to take place as soon after Easter as possible.

In the meantime I waited as patiently as might be, spending my time between business in London and flying visits to friends for hunting etc., until a week before the day that I felt sure would secure my life-long happiness.

One morning I received a note from some friends in the Isle of Wight asking me to come down for a ball at Ryde. As I had nothing particularly to do, and Mabel was away on a visit, I accepted the invitation and went down the same day.

I found my friends had taken rooms in the hotel, and were a large and lively party. In the evening the waiter came to me and asked me apologetically if I would mind changing my room, which was a large one, for another, as they had received a telegram from a young married couple engaging a room for that night, and owing to the pressure caused by the ball, all their rooms were full, with the exception of a small one next door to mine, which they asked me to take. Of course I consented to the change, and my things were moved.

After the ball I came to bed at about 3 o'clock in the morning, and was sitting by my open window smoking a cigarette and listening to a dull boom of the waves, in a half sleep condition, when there seemed to come over me again that strange chill of fear I had felt once before. My senses seemed preternaturally sharpened, and above the gentle rush of the waves I could hear somebody breathing in the next room. I listened intently—fearing I knew not what—the breathing came short, almost in gasps, and I heard stealthy movements. The rest of the hotel was wrapped in sleep. I rose to my feet, feeling sure that something was wrong, when I heard a short struggle, a heavy fall, and a wild piercing scream, in a woman's voice, that haunts me still. I rushed to the door, and was met on the threshold by—I knew it—the man I had seen in my vision before. He was in evening dress, much disordered, his shirt-front and right arm were stained with blood, and in his right hand he grasped a razor, from which some ghastly drops still trickled. The light of insanity shone in his eyes as, with a demoniac shriek of laughter, he flung himself upon me.

Now began a most fearful struggle for life. The maniac seemed to have the strength of ten men, while the whole of my being seemed centered in the intense desire to rush past him to preservation, causing me to hold the arm in which he held his weapon. However I was soon re-enforced by a hurrying crowd of servants and visitors, all in the most grotesque attire, with horror depicted on their faces.

He was dragged from me by main force and held down by many hands, while I burst open the next door and entered. Ah! a flood of remorse came over me as I recognized the scene I had feared, nay, knew, I should see.

The moonlight pouring in at the window revealed to me the whole tragedy. There, half on, half off, the bed lay that inanimate form, blood-stains all over the clothes and floor. The people who had crowded in after me stood dumb, as in a sort of stupor. I approached the bed, and recognized the features of her whom I had known as Agnes Hildyard.

The rest of my story is soon told. I had to give evidence before the magistrates as to what I had seen, and the unfortunate Lovett who had sunk into a state of insensibility, was removed to the nearest asylum, pending the arrival of his friends.

I found that I had received in my struggle with him a severe wound in the shoulder, the loss of blood from which, acting upon a highly excited brain, caused a severe illness which confined me to my room for many weeks, during much of which time I was delirious.

When at last, much reduced in strength, and with nerves considerably shattered, I crept out into the sunshine, I felt that my youth had left forever. I was ordered a long sea voyage, and my brave and loving Mabel insisted upon immediate marriage, so that she could accompany and nurse me. To her unselfish care I owe not only my life, but what was thought a most doubtful at one time, my reason; for the misery of regret I suffered, added to the horror of the events, preyed upon my nerves to such an extent that I was nearly sinking into a state of settled melancholia.

However, change of scene, and her bright and tender companionship acted like a charm, and before many months my health was re-established, but my haunting self-reproach can never be banished.

Had it not been for my cowardly fear of ridicule perchance this terrible tragedy might have been averted. Even if I had been looked upon as a visionary it might have come to light that there was insanity in the Lovett family (as I have since learned was the case), and the poor girl's relations might have delayed or even prevented the marriage. Who knows? I can not enter into the vexed questions of psychics. All I know is that these events happened to me exactly as I have written them down, and if I did not act upon them it was not because I had not been forewarned.—London Society.

Money is an enigma that everybody must give up.—New York Journal.

PRESERVE YOUR ANCESTORS.

A New Process to Prevent the Decomposition of Human Remains.

Egyptian mummies, that is, the genuine ante-Christian era mummies, will soon fail to be even a museum of curiosity. Modern science has overcome the wonderful operations of old Father Time and to-day thanks to the invention of a progressive Chicagoan, mummies can be made to order on twenty-four hours' notice. Decay and decomposition are no longer synonymous with death, and hereafter, when the vital spark leaves the mortal body, instead of the "late departed" furnishing food for the worms, science steps in and translates the decomposing mass into a statuesque specimen of preserved humanity.

A wonderful exhibition of the powers of the process to arrest the progress of decomposition was given yesterday afternoon at the Chicago Medical College. In an upper room was found a zinc-lined box. A nude figure, unclothed and disproportioned in stature, with closed eyes and the rigidity of limbs which only death could produce, was the occupant of the casket. The man had been dead for six days. The body was conveyed to the Chicago Medical College, at the Twenty-sixth street and Prairie avenue, and Mr. Daniels began to demonstrate the preserving virtues of his discovery. The body was subjected to a mineral vapor bath, and within two hours the process of decomposition was arrested. For six days the corpse has been kept in the rooms of the college building, and not the first indication of increasing decomposition has been discovered, and the physicians are mystified as to the cause which has produced this miraculous result. Mr. Daniels stated that according to his newly discovered method, the body had been subjected to a mineral vapor bath while in the casket, the result of which had been to effectually kill the decomposing bacteria and restore the body to a normal and apparently healthful appearance. The body had lost rigidity, the face and chest and limbs seemed to glow with the healthful hue of life, and all intestinal decomposition had apparently been effectually checked. Dr. Frothingham preferred to wait another week before committing himself fully to an endorsement of this preserving process. It is claimed that the minerals used in producing the vapor by combustion are of a character to preserve all kinds of dead animal matter and that but a single process is necessary to insure its preservation for all time.—Chicago Herald.

Chicago Woman's "Pigeon Strut."

It is very astonishing that in a city containing so many attractive women as does this justly celebrated burg, there should be so few of the dear creatures who possess a gait in which there is anything of grace. Strangers and chance visitors have often remarked in my hearing that walk of the average Chicago woman was a little short of monstrous, and when I have taken time to note the examples they pointed out I have been reluctantly compelled to admit that the charge was not without some foundation. I encounter every day in my rambles women who in every respect but this one might be looked upon as charming; bright, smartly dressed and neat, they seem to lack the one thing necessary to make the more regarding of them a pleasure—namely, a graceful carriage. Every variety of gait is to be encountered, but the most common one seems to be a sort of pigeon strut, with the head far in advance of the feet and the center of gravity jerking spasmodically from side to side like a weather cock in a gale of wind. An exaggerated tounce—I believe that is the proper name for it—lends an additional emphasis to this oscillating movement, and at times the effect wrought surpasses the droll and verges on the ridiculous. Occasionally I come face to face with a free, high stepping maid or matron who, with head erect, yet not assertive, movement that in a shoulders squared and gracefully drooping arms passed onward with a generous, measure compensates one for the wealth of awkwardness previously witnessed. If I were permitted a voice in the matter, I should say give our women and girls fewer Browning Clubs and tennis courts and import a round dozen or so of foreign instructors in the art of physical deportment. I'll wager the end of the first season would show a marked improvement.—Chicago Journal.

A Wife That Would Do Her Duty.

She was severe, virtuous and a bigot; and she accepted the post of nominal wife to the rich simpleton, as she would have accepted the title of abbess, simply as a religious dignity and a holy responsibility. She ment to do right, and so far as a cold-hearted, narrow-minded person is capable of doing right, she did. She proved an efficient housekeeper; and her pious habits suited the Countess—better, in fact, than they suited Giovanni, who complained that she watched over him too much. She listened in impassive silence to his complaints, and continued her supervision. She was one of those persons who, if they take the notion that it is their duty to torment you to death, will proceed to do so in spite of argument or entreaty, and will see your last struggles without a twinge of remorse.—American Magazine.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

TREES BY THE ROADSIDE.

An avenue of well-grown trees by the roadside makes a farm vastly more attractive, and costs little except the labor of setting. On high ground the sugar maple thus set will make a sugar grove after a few years. On lowlands the elm is a handsome tree, but its roots extend far into the fields, and are very likely to get into underdrains when the roadside is drained, as it should always be.

THE FIRST MILK FROM COWS.

After a cow has dropped her calf, her system is always more or less feverish and the milk correspondingly unhealthful. It is strongly laxative, and therefore exactly fitted to the requirements of the young calf, for which nature designed it. But it is not safe to feed it to older stock, except with great caution. It will cause abortion in sows heavy with pig, though these are the ones that a thoughtless farmer might first think of favoring with it.

FARMERS AS MARKET GARDENERS.

The chief thing that most farmers need to make more money is to get out of the old ruts. The extra care and labor which market gardening implies are to many an objection. They should be considered an advantage. They educate him in qualities necessary to the thorough and successful prosecution of his own business. If the farmer begins gradually and moderately in market gardening he will probably make a success of that also, besides being a better farmer in every other respect.

ONE-YEAR-OLD BEEF.

There is more gain, in proportion to its feed, during the first year of any animal's life than there is any time after. Acting on this hint, calves predestined for the butcher, including all grade males, may be well fed until they are a year old, and then turned off for beef. If killed thus early, the male should not be castrated, as it is damaging cruelty. It will thrive better, and make more tender and sweeter beef, if not castrated then it will if this operation has been performed.

GRAIN FOR GREEN FEED.

Barley is somewhat better than oats to sow early for soiling purposes. It grows up to cutting size more quickly, and just before heading out is especially rich and succulent for cows giving milk. There is still time after the soiling barley is cut off to grow a crop of fodder corn or Hungarian grass. This double cropping system requires heavy manuring to make it successful, but that does not matter, as it furnishes abundant feed for the stock required to make manure. It needs also the best attainable cows to make this double cropping for feeding them pay.

TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.

Evergreen trees, as their name implies, are always in leaf and proverbially difficult to make live. The best success in setting them out is obtained by waiting until new growth is about to begin. By this time the ground is sufficiently warmed to allow root growth. The sprouting of new buds above, and new roots below the surface is simultaneous. Each helps the other. Grape vines which have large, abundant foliage that develops very rapidly are better not set out until the ground gets warm enough to expand their buds, but they should be taken up and heeled in some time before.

DESTROYING POTATO BEETLES.

The Colorado potato beetle is migratory to a limited extent; but it never came from its original home except as it was brought by railroads or otherwise in packages of potatoes. Some have thus even been carried to Europe in year when we sent potatoes abroad. Once in a neighborhood it is seldom that any field escapes its visitations. If the beetles are few in number, a field at a distance from anywhere potatoes were grown last year, and planted very late, sometimes escapes. But it is not safe anywhere to rely on this. Destroying the beetles or poisoning their larvae are the only sure ways to save the crop.

HOW THE COW TRENDS.

The old Adam and Eve tendency to throw the blame of human wrong doing on the brute creation is not yet extinct. As illustrating this fact, a New York milkman has been explaining how it is "that the milk he furnishes is not up to the required standard." "The cow," he claims, "is the responsible party. She skims off the richest of the milk, its cream in fact, in the upper part of her bag. This is given last, and is technically called 'strip-pings.' The thrifty farmer sets this extra rich milk by itself for butter making. What he sends to market, though not watered, is naturally deficient in fat, and thus makes the milk too heavy."

THE PEACH YELLOWS.

That there is such a disease of the peach tree as yellows is unfortunately too well attested. Still, much that passes for yellows is due to other causes—poverty of soil and winter killing of the previous year's growth. In any kind of tree the withering or dying out of dead branches will in time affect its vitality. The apple is a great deal harder and stronger tree than the peach, but even on this a dead limb is, if not speedily removed, soon followed by others, until the tree dies. In many cases other causes of peach trees dying are ascribed to yellows; not infrequently the cause will be found near the root in an attack from the borer.

HENS BREAKING EGGS.

When hens begin laying in winter, unless they are well supplied with lime in some form, their egg shells are thin and easily broken. If the habit of

eating eggs is formed it is not worth while to break the habit in the hen except by chopping her head off. Prevention in this as in many other cases is better than cure. The nest should be lined with straw, and in boxes large enough for the hen to move herself in them without disturbing the eggs. So long as cold weather lasts only porcelain or white earthenware should be used for nest eggs. If eggs are gathered daily from the nests there will be little chance of the hens learning the bad habit of eating them.

AFTER EFFECTS OF SALT.

In olden times sowing land with salt was a symbol of its desolation. In large enough quantities it will destroy every trace of vegetation. Even those plants which, like asparagus, are natural lovers of salt, can have too much of a dose, but after a time heavily salted land recovers its fertility, and may even be the better for this treatment. We have heard of farmers who, by mistake, applied too much salt to wheat; but they seeded the following Spring, and for several years thereafter the field that had been over-salted produced enormous crops of hay. The tendency of salt is to make the soil moist and cool. It is, therefore, excellent for crops that require these conditions.—*American Cultivator.*

Grandma's Story.

Polly was holding Bessie,
While Joe and sturdy Ned
Sat on the floor at grandma's feet,
Making themselves a sled.
Outside the snow was falling;
Within it was snug and warm.
Little cared they for the wild, fierce wind,
Or the terrible, and driving storm.
For grandma was telling stories
Of times when, like beasts of prey
The Indians used to creep from the woods
And carry people away.
"And once they took a wee girlie,
No bigger than Bessie there,
With just the same blue, laughing eyes,
And sunny waving hair.
"What matter to them that childish tears
Were dropping like summer rain?
A cruel Indian, with one bow,
Cleft the golden head in twain."
Polly hugged closer tiny Bess,
While she smoothed her yellow head;
Joe winked hard to keep back the tears;
"Oh, where was the police?" sobbed Ned.
—*Lizzie M. Hadley, in Boston Globe.*

Royal Relics.

Far exceeding in multiplicity the sword of the Father of His Country and all other relics continually coming to the surface are the one-time possessions of the ill-fated and fascinating Marie Antoinette, now so fashionable and familiar in Philadelphia. So numerous are the "authentic" mementos of the royal lady in Philadelphia that it may almost be said that there is scarcely a fashionable household without one. The number of shawls, jewels, hankers, cloaks, curtains, articles of furniture generally, and even parts of wearing apparel, including petticoats, that are treasured up in Philadelphia houses and pointed out with reverence and awe to impressive visitors as having "once belonged to Marie Antoinette," loom up into such a catalogue that the suspicion is at once aroused that one of the principal occupations of the gayest and most luxurious lady of her day must have been the collection of furniture and bric-a-brac and the turning of her palaces into junk shops. The conclusion is manifest that most of the Queen's wardrobe and possessions must have found their way to Philadelphia or else the manufacture of Marie Antoinette relics has developed into a thriving French industry. There are at present (each with claims of infallible authenticity) six Philadelphia ladies who possess chairs sat in by Marie Antoinette; four who have Marie Antoinette fans; seven who own pieces of lace and parts of dresses she figured in at court; two who have vases from her own boudoir; three who carry her favorite watch, one of them decorated with the royal crest, and an indefinite number owning treasures all the way from a brooch or handkerchief to a looking-glass and bedstead, which, beyond all question of doubt in their minds, are hallowed by association with this most beautiful and unhappy of queens.—*Philadelphia Times.*

How Two Hunchbacks Were Married.

A feature in Chinese life is reported in the native press. A difficulty having been found by a good-looking hunchbacked girl in procuring a husband, the go-between discovered that an identical difficulty prevented a certain hunchbacked young man from getting a wife. She accordingly arranged a match; but, as each party was of very eligible quality in other respects, each of the respective parents insisted upon obtaining a surreptitious view of the amorous one on either side. The go-between accordingly arranged that the girl should be interviewed as she sat at her spinning-wheel with her hump deftly inserted in a hole in the mud wall, while the man was introduced as he was conducting home a water buffalo and leaning over its neck with his rain coat negligently thrown over his back. The marriage took place, and it then became too late for tergiversation, as it had been indorsed by law.—*London Figaro.*

Sand Tobogganing.

The young folks of Taona, Arizona, do not intend being behind the northerners in tobogganing. They go sand tobogganing—that is, sliding down hill, and they manage to have as much sport without the discomforts of a snowy country.—*San Francisco Call.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PUDDING.

Boil one pint of rich milk, add half a teacup of butter, one teacup of sugar and three ounces of grated chocolate; let it boil, and when cool add the whites of four eggs; pour this in a pudding dish lined with slices of sponge cake and bake; cover with meringue and let it brown. Eat with lemon sauce.

POTATO CHOWDER.

Take six large potatoes, one onion, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, two ounces of salt pork and one egg. Cut the pork in small pieces and fry; add the potatoes and onion sliced, cover with boiling water and cook until potatoes are tender; add the milk scalded and the seasoning, and lastly the egg beaten light.

RED CABBAGE AND CELERY SALAD.

Cook the cabbage for fifteen to twenty minutes in salted water, cut it and the celery fine; mix them well together. Serve with salad dressing made of six tablespoonfuls of oil, two of vinegar, one teaspoonful of mustard, and a pinch each of salt and pepper.

GRIDDLED OYSTERS.

Wash a quart of oysters and dry them by spreading on a towel. Have the griddle hot, and put a bit of butter on it. Put the oysters on till the griddle is full. Turn each oyster over as it browns, and serve hot on buttered toast.

BOILED OR STEAMED PUDDING.

One cup of beef suet chopped fine, or one-half cup butter, one cup of molasses, two cups sweet milk, some baking powder in the flour; make it just a little thicker than pound cake; one cup raisins, one cup currants or one cup blackberry jam, one teaspoon allspice, cloves, cinnamon, one nutmeg; tie in a cloth and boil two or three hours, or put in a pan and steam three hours.

ROAST CALF'S LIVER.

Wash the liver thoroughly and wipe it dry. Cut a long, deep hole in the side and stuff this with a dressing made of bread crumbs, bacon, an onion chopped fine, salt and pepper to taste, one egg well beaten, and a small piece of butter. Sew or tie the liver together, lard it over, and bake in a moderate oven, basting frequently, and serve with gravy and currant jelly.

BLANC MANGE.

Put into a bowl about a pint of clear calf's-foot jelly, warm; break six eggs, beat the yolks, and pour them gradually into the jelly, beating all the time; put on the fire and whip till nearly boiling; set in ice or in cold water, keep stirring till nearly cold, and fill mold. Add whatever flavor liked.

MACARONI A LA ITALIENNE.

Boil half a pound of macaroni; when done lay it on a sieve to dry for one minute, put it in a pan with four spoonfuls of white sauce, add half a teaspoonful of prepared seasoning, toss the macaroni over the fire; when boiling, add two ounces each of grated Parmesan and Gruyere cheese; toss round and round until well mixed; then serve with a gill of very strong gravy around it.

BOILING MACARONI.

Put the stew pan on the fire until the water begins to boil, then put the macaroni into it, stirring it occasionally; let it boil for twenty minutes, then strain in a colander and it is ready for use.

MACARONI AU GRATIN.

Proceed as a la Italienne; but after you have put the macaroni on the dish, omit the gravy, and cover it slightly with breadcrumbs, about the same quantity of Parmesan cheese grated and a little butter; put in a hot oven for a quarter of an hour until very brown; serve very hot.

TO BOIL RICE.

Wash well in two separate waters a pound of best Carolina rice; then have two quarts of boiling water in a stew pan, into which throw the rice, boil it twenty minutes; when done strain in a sieve; then let cold water run on it; strain, and put back in stewpan for a few minutes, when it is ready to serve.

Buffalo's Negro Ball Player.

Grant, the colored second baseman of the Buffalos, is the only negro playing professionally with any club in the different associations. He is a fine ball tosser, all the same, and hasn't many superiors among players either white or black. I think he gets \$600 a year for his services, while, if he had a white skin, he could easily demand \$2,000. Grant is very popular in Buffalo, and for that reason the management is forced to hold him, although the players of the club are said to feel keenly having to play with a colored man. In the East Grant goes with the other members of the club, stops at the same hotels, eats at the same table and possibly occupies the same room. While in this city he is registered at the Galt House, but is roomed with the colored help and takes his meals with them. In this club is found two of the oldest ball-tossers before the public, Nelson, who has been playing ball for thirty years, is holding down short field, while Jack Remsen, at one time the great center-fielder of the old Mutuals of New York, of which Bobby Matthews was the star pitcher, is playing the same position for the Buffalos.—*Louisville Post.*

Not Much of a Grumbler.

Brown—"Dumley, Robinson says that you would grumble if somebody gave you the earth."
Dumley—"I wouldn't mind having the earth long about harvest time, but I wouldn't want it in winter. Robinson is an ass!"—*New York Sun.*

Capturing the Eagle.

The method of capturing the eagle among the Absaraki and Blackfeet of the Northwest is exceedingly novel and most ingenious as well as as curious. In fact, there are two styles of hunting eagles. The first thing of all is, of course, to hold an eagle dance. An Indian cannot do anything without first dancing for it, and, an eagle is an exceedingly hard and difficult bird to capture, the dance in consequence must be all the harder and more protracted. As a rule the nomads of the Northwest still cling to the antiquated, unadorned bow and arrow, and as their quarry soars very high among mountain peaks, forever on the watch and keeping away from danger, it is a very difficult matter indeed, even with a fine-sighted rifle and quick trigger, to bring down one of these high-flying American birds. Yet the Crows capture them almost easily with their simple arrows, where a white man, armed with the best of breech-loaders, would fail to score nine trials out of ten. Crawling carefully like a snake among the rocks, an Indian will work his way high above the eyries, when it is a very easy matter to send an arrow flying downward, and usually with skillful results.

The second method practiced by the Absaraki tribe to secure the much-coveted birds is to build an eagle trap. The brave who is after plunder goes off alone by himself to the Big Horn Mountains, proceeds upward until he arrives in the perpetual snow district, and selecting a favorable spot digs a pit large enough to snugly conceal his person within. After a vast deal of careful preparation (one item of which is to carry the loose earth away in a blanket and to cast it to the winds), the still hunter arranges a covering for his trap, consisting of light reeds and grasses, and then proceeds to ensconce himself in the pit. The bait is a slice of tough meat, bear or mountain goat, firmly attached with sinews to a piece of raw hide, and this is laid on a trap outside to await a customer. Just at dawn of day, as the sun is coming up over the eastern peaks, the eagles, who all night long have smelled the savory morsel, swoop viciously down upon the rawhide and bear meat, which they proceed vigorously to tear with their talons and beaks. Meanwhile, the buck inside, watching his opportunity, reaches up through an interstice in the trap, and seizing the big fellow firmly by one of his legs, quick as wink drags the surprised bird of liberty down into the prison below.

The fun would not now be all on one side either had the eagle even the flash of a second to recover himself in; but the Indian, the moment his victim's neck is within reach, with one sharp, quick, wicked swipe of his long, keen hunting knife, severs that member from the body, and so the matter ends. The warrior then returns to his lodge, and proceeds to relate to his friends and relations the wonder exploits of his trip, of which he is the sole hero and high-muck-a-muck.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Old Charley.

It has long been a question just how much a horse does know, and if he really possesses reasoning faculties.

The horse whose name heads this article was a large, gentle sorrel, whose owner had used him thirty years as a draft horse; at that age it was deemed humane to give him the remainder of his days for rest. He was allowed the run of the best pasture in the summer and during cold weather the liberty of the barn and door-yards, passing in and out at will, as he could open and shut gates as well as his master.

Charley was much petted by his master's youngest daughter, who, every day when he came to the kitchen door, gave him a lump of sugar, a cracker, or some little dainty. One day in early winter he came to the door, but did not pause, starting up into the street, quite an unusual thing.

He went to the houses of three of the neighbors, going up to the windows of an occupied room at each house, placed his nose against the window-pane, and neighed several times, after which he returned home. His young mistress offered him his accustomed lump of sugar, but he refused it.

Laying his head upon the girl's hand he neighed, then went out to the great maple tree in the yard, and lay down beneath it.

The young lady, looking out soon after, said: "I wonder if Charley thinks it is summer, that he lies in the shade of the maple. But, see! how strangely he lies!" and running out she found him dead.

The most wonderful part is, there had been a disturbance within the district school, the year previous, and the three neighbors Charley visited were his master's only warm friends. The horse passed by all the other houses.

The horse had never been used as a carriage horse, so was not accustomed to go to the neighbors.

The question is how did the horse know who his master's friends were? and why did he visit these places—where he was not accustomed to go—just before his death?—*S. Rosalie Sill, in Our Country Home.*

Health the Prime Necessity.

More attention should be paid to bodily health than to mental growth, the tree of knowledge should be grafted with the tree of life. Whoever sacrifices health to wisdom has generally sacrificed wisdom, too.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

PERTINENT POINTS.

When a bank suspends payment it invites its depositors to see a decidedly uninviting bank quit.—*New York Graphic.*

It needs no specter gaunt to come from the grave to tell us this is spring—the milliner's bill is all sufficient.—*New York Graphic.*

Boulanger's March may not have been very popular; but Boulanger's April appears to be an immense go.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

With the Presidential election and the base ball business rival attractions, this is going to be a tremendously lively summer.—*Boston Post.*

The death of the Emperor of Germany may make Gen. Boulanger's notoriety a greater source of danger than it would be otherwise.—*Boston Post.*

It is hardly likely that Senator Ingalls will be present at the dedication of the monument to Gen. Hancock on the Gettysburg battlefield.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Bismarck will not resign to please other nations. He loves his country too well. If there is any resigning to be done Germany must resign.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Mr. Browning is revising some of his earlier poetry. It is to be hoped that some of our other poets will revise their later poetry, and if possible suppress it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

There is a movement in New York to abolish the hotel register. Will this cause the gentlemanly clerk to discard the diamond pin? If so, we are opposed to it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Rhode Island and New Hampshire hold the bad pre-eminence among New England States of containing a clan of citizens who announce, more or less publicly, that their votes are for sale to the highest bidder.—*Boston Transcript.*

If the Mormons are sincere, as they claim to be, in repudiating polygamy, there is an excellent way for them to prove it. Let them turn in and prosecute those of their members who are still living polygamous lives.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It does not matter much where an amateur goes to fish, so long as he comes by a good fish market on his way home. The difference between caught and bought is not much for a man who has a fisherman's conscience.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The doctors now have a new heart tonic. It is called oxypropylidisoamylamine, and is an alkaloid prepared by Synthesis. If the medicine is as strong as its name is long it ought to cure all manner of heart disease in an instant.—*Rochester Union.*

Who now has the same respect for the Brotherhood of Engineers that was entertained before the strike? Who holds P. M. Arthur in high esteem now? Both the brotherhood and its chief have lost ground that can never be regained.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The opposing lawyers in the Keely motor case seem to possess vastly more force—either or otherwise—than the motor itself. If they could only be persuaded to infuse a little of their explosive energy into the mysterious machine all would be forgiven.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Matthew Arnold's sudden death compels a truce to the adverse criticism of his recent article on "Civilization in America," and of his general tone of fault-finding towards this country. He did not know whereof he wrote; that is the kindest thing that can be said.—*Boston Globe.*

Ignatius Donnelly has arrived in London, but there is no telling how soon some heartless person may prove by a cipher in his signature on the hotel register that he isn't Donnelly, but somebody else. Let us hope Mr. Donnelly is insured against accidents.—*Philadelphia Press.*

An Ant Bear.

An ant bear is the latest addition to a New York menagerie. The animal came from Brazil and is about as large as a good-sized Newfoundland dog. Its head is a foot long, tapering from a diameter of four inches at the base to about half an inch. The tail is composed of long, stiff, and somewhat curly bristles as extensive as a peacock's. Its feet, which is set upon the ground sideways, are supplied with long and powerful claws on the side which does not reach the ground. From the end of its snout it darts from a mouth which could hardly swallow a cherry a tongue which looks like nothing else in animated nature than a rat's tail. The animal is the natural enemy of the South American ant. With its powerful claws its tears down their immense ant hills, and when their tunnels are exposed it darts its slimy tongue down them and draws it back, covered with the ant and their eggs. When the ant attacks its tender parts by way of retaliation it brushes them off with its feathery tail.

Work Left for the Screw-Driver.

Papa had bought the Cyclone a chest of tools and had initiated him into the mysteries of screw-driving. Shortly afterwards he saw the little fellow banging a screw into a box as hard as he could with a hammer.

"What did I tell you? That isn't the way to put in a screw. What is that slot in the head for?"

The Cyclone looked guilty for a moment, then brightened up and replied:

"To take it out with."—*Philadelphia Call.*

We cannot agree with over contemporary, the Capital, when it says:

There never has been a time in the political history of this country when the full power of the federal machine was more relentlessly and determinedly turned in the direction of manipulating the affairs of a party, or bringing about the condition of affairs in which one man would be absolutely arbiter of his own political fortunes, than that same machine has been run by the Cleveland, Vilas, Whitney and Black school of unscrupulous politicians.

Ex-Gov. Glick and Attorney Hagen have abused their positions in this state, and are unfit to hold the office to which they were appointed, but it must be conceded by every candid man in this city that they are not representative democrats, and luckily this opinion was clearly emphasized by Saturday's convention.

The above statement by the Capital is far from historic truth. The federal machine has often been more relentlessly used than under Cleveland, and with no attempt to prevent it. It was more relentlessly used under Jackson and Van Buren, and on down to Buchanan, where it reached its worst form and that, too, supported and approved by men who soon afterwards found their way into the republican party.

For twenty years past the machine has been just as relentless, and more, since, with a few weak protests, there has been no voice against it. President Cleveland has made some earnest, honest efforts at reform. He deserves credit for it. If he has partly failed it is not strange. He found an age pervasively educated on this line. His political opponents, instead of giving him sympathy and encouragement when it was deserved, returned only ridicule and reviling, lest the credit of good deeds and good policy might work injury to their party. We believe, as Judge Martin said in his address, before the county convention that President Cleveland is refraining from any such use of the federal machine as it has been put to in times past. In saying this it is not said that subordinates like Glick, are not abusing their places. His appointment was an unworthy one, and his continuance in office is a misfortune. It is much easier for a political opponent to condemn a bad appointment like that of Glick, than it is to approve a good one like that of Melleville W. Fuller. It is a painful thing for one partisan to acknowledge any good in another. Herein may be found the bane of our politics.

Now is a good time to provide for your summer and campaign reading. We can furnish this paper one year, and the New York Weekly World until the middle of November, for 90 cents. The World is the great leading democratic paper of the country. We can furnish the great Weekly Globe Democrat, republican on the same terms. The coming campaign will be one of argument and of facts. Denunciation and vituperation, partisan intolerance and campaign supplements make no converts. While one party outnumbers another they may hold it together, but the two parties are now evenly divided, and the result depends upon an appeal to the judgement and good sense of the unattached voter.

If the land requires drainage it means an outlay of \$25 to \$50 per acre, before the farm can be made tillable and productive. To test this matter, the soil should be dug into with a spade three feet deep, and if water rises in the hole at any time of the year, the land needs thorough draining.—Shallow culture for corn has more advocates each year. A writer in the Country Gentleman says root-pruning corn has been proven by experiment to be in nearly all cases a positive injury, and that we are therefore justified in concluding surface cultivation of this crop is better than deep digging or strong plowing.

Western Crops.

In Missouri, the winter wheat crop is fairly good, but insects have begun their work and more rain is needed. Seeding done; corn planting well forward. Fruit prospects very favorable except for peaches. Seeding and planting are well forward in Iowa. Rain is needed for pastures. Kansas makes the best report on the winter wheat crops. Farmers' operations going on rapidly. Good progress in spring seeding has been made in the other Western States although the season is somewhat backward and pastures bare as a rule, warm rains being much needed.

30 Miles Disappear.

Thirty miles of country is a big thing to disappear, but this distance has been dropped out between Kansas City and Chicago. How it happened is thus figured out: The Chicago, Santa Fe & California Railway is completed between Kansas City and Chicago, and the distance between the two cities is only 458 miles measuring from the Union Depot, Kansas City, to Dearborn Station, Chicago. This is exactly thirty miles less than any of the old lines, so you have to travel thirty miles less, your freight has to be hauled thirty miles less, and practically the 30 miles that made thirty miles disappear. A few of the old routes and Kansas City in New England.

Prof. Peter Collor has been appointed director of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station in the place of Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant. He announces as his plan of work that care shall be taken to have the stock representative animals of the breed from which they are selected. The dairy interest, leading as it does New York, shall receive first attention. That the average annual butter yield in that State does not exceed 130 pounds, while it should not be less than 300 pounds hence experiments to perfect the feeding problem, and other matters which shall help to raise the standard and double the yield are first in order. The breeds first to be selected are the Jersey, Holstein, Guernsey, Ayrshire Short-horn and Devon.

The bill reducing the postage on seeds and plants has passed the Senate and it is now where every farmer can make his influence felt by dropping a card or letter to the member from his district and urge him to vote and use his influence to pass the bill. Cheaper postage and a supply of fractional currency will both prove an accommodation to the farmer.

It is said that Mr. Curtis will not again be a candidate for county attorney. This, if true, is a judicious course for him. While true if a candidate he might readily succeed, he can now retire with better prestige and with better chances for the future than if he used his present popularity to secure a renomination. He has made a most creditable record.

Local option is getting in its work in Missouri. There are seventy-four counties in the state with no saloons. There are twenty-four counties that still have them and a few counties that have from one to three. It is a noticeable fact that the twenty-four counties are nearly all along the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

The north side Printing House—office of the daily News, 835 Kansas avenue, is the most complete job printing office ever on the north side. It will meet any demand, choice of 300 cuts, and 1200 styles of type, rules, borders, and etc. Prompt cheap accurate. It is one of the most promising institutions in North Topeka.

A joint resolution has been introduced into congress, and it is a good one, providing for a constitutional amendment fixing the presidential term at six years; limiting it to one term, and making the vice president ineligible for the presidency when he has filled a vacancy caused by death.

It is said that the colored people will bring out a candidate in this county for the legislature. If they do so, we can guarantee that he will land where G. I. Curran did. One presidential elector and one alternate delegate to the national convention, will be found to be recognition that will cover a wide field.

The Albany Express says: "We know of no candidate, outside this state, who would be more likely to secure New York's electoral vote than Judge Gresham."

If the farmer knew all the essentials that go to the production of a good crop, he would understand that luck or chance has very little to do with it.

The English government has passed a law against farmers giving laborers intoxicating drinks as a part of their wages, even in harvest time.

The City Council.

In special session last night. All except Tillotson were present. Councilman Eversoll launched forth on his pet hobby "Concrete foundation." The committee appointed to investigate charge made by Mr. Eversoll at the last meeting reported the work done in accordance with specifications.

Mr. Eversoll had charged that it was not and the report angered him. He was particularly put out by reports coming from the committee the day the investigation was made.

He had charged that the concrete on Kansas avenue, North Topeka, in some places four feet from the gutter was only three inches out when the committee asked him to point them out he was unable to do so. The committee made measurements in several places, and in none was the concrete less than required. In some it was an inch over.

Mr. Eversoll admitted that he was hasty when he made the charge, but still insisted that the foundation in the gutters was not according to the specifications. Mr. Church, of the asphalt company, explained that the change had been made in lying the gutter foundations, but that it was costing the company more than it did before, but it gave the city a better job. Since some of the questions have been raised, however, the company had determined to put the other kind of material, although the granite blocks could not be laid so smoothly as by the former method.

Mr. Eversoll insisted that the work was not in accordance with specifications, and for one he would always oppose it. He grew very excited and during the course of the remarks insinuated that money was being used and that somebody was getting some of it.

Councilman Curtis didn't like to hear that kind of talk. It might be construed as a reflection on the committee. He said he didn't propose to take that kind of talk from anyone.

A number of dairymen petitioned the council to pass an ordinance relating to persons selling milk, and suggesting a fee of \$30 for every person selling the milk of five cans or more, \$30 for those selling the milk of less than five cans.

A resolution to accept the stone pavement on Kansas avenue between the south line of Crane street and Kansas river, was adopted.

The estimate of the engineer for \$861.93 for grading by J. Crozer, was referred to the committee on finance.

The ordinance granting to the Santa Fe a right of way for a switch from the main line to the electric light plant through the alley between Holiday and Adams streets, from a point from the south line of lot 48, thence north to second street, was passed. An ordinance to grant a right of way to the Topeka Rapid Transit Railway company over any new bridge that may be constructed across the Kansas river, was indefinitely postponed.

An ordinance to repeal section two of an ordinance to authorize the North Topeka's Silver Lake & Rossville Rapid Transit Railway company to occupy certain streets of the city with its tracks was indefinitely postponed.

Remonstrance of M. T. Campbell and others against paving Laurent street from Kansas avenue to Madison street. Granted.

Tevis Topics.

Farmers are mostly done planting corn. The average area has been planted. Much is already up and ready for the cultivator. Wheat would be benefited by rain. Grass is growing about as usual for the time of year. There is much oats sown. The apple crop is yet safe, there being no frost to injure it. Different kinds of small fruit promise well. There will be no peaches.

There has been some changes in this locality of late. Martin Young has rented his farm and moved to Topeka. Mr. Sexton sold his farm to Mr. Tasnot and moved off. Mr. Rocky sold out and moved to Topeka. Mr. Coultis and Mr. Coblenz traded farms, besides many changes and new rents.

John Zirkle has come home from Grant county. He will remain here for some time. Dr. Tevis, who by sickness has been confined to his home for much of the last nine months, is improving.

The first quarterly meeting of Wakarusa circuit was held at Wakarusa. The circuit has been divided by making the appointments at Pleasant Hill, Richland and Salem into a new circuit called the Richland circuit. Rev. D. L. McCreary is the preacher on this new circuit, Rev. J. McQuiston remaining at Wakarusa circuit.

[The following was too late for our Saturday issue and we were too crowded yesterday to give to the whole article. We are glad, however, to make this special mention of so worthy an entertainment as that of the 11th inst. at the Presbyterian church. Being an interested listener we add the weight of our opinion, Ed.]

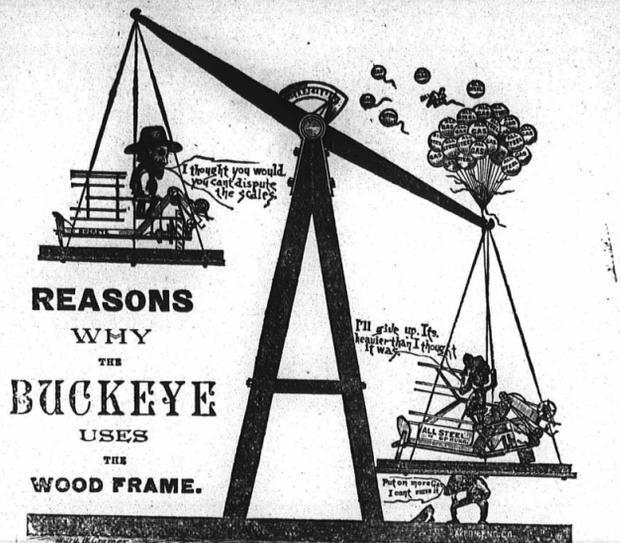
The programme opened with a selection by a chorus, composed of the following well known musicians; Sopranos: Miss Simmons, Jeanne Buchanan, Alma Conklin, Lou Sheetz. Altos: Lizzie Buchanan, Anna Allen, Flo Bainbridge, and Ella Sheetz. Tenors: John Tracy and Jim Meeks. Basses: John Pratt, John Buchanan and P. O. Wiley.

The selection, "Awake Aeolian Lyre," was well rendered under the guidance of Mr. Aleck Leischman, conductor, who proved himself master of the situation. The next number, "Friendship, love and song," by the following quartet; Mrs. Russell Miss L. Buchanan, John Tracy, O. P. Wiley, was very acceptable and pleasing and was followed by Miss Maud Finley, who literally captivated the entire audience, by her very excellent renditions. She gave, during the evening three readings, each one a gem and showing off her powers of elocution very advantageously. The north side expresses the heartiest good wishes for Miss Finley's success and will extend her warm welcome at any time she may favor us with a visit. Mrs. Arnold's Solo, "The town crier" music, by J. B. Campbell, was endorsed and she kindly responded by singing "Sailing on the sea," a very pleasing and decidedly taking song by the same Author. The 5th Number was a beautiful chorus of Sullivan's, "Oh, hush thee, my baby." A most hearty encore greeted the chorus who very gracefully responded by repeating a verse of the same.

Intermission was followed by a duet "See the pale moon" by Miss Simmons and Miss Lizzie Buchanan, who were obliged to respond to the applause although seeming unprepared and averse to doing so.

Their next selection, "Murmuring sea," was also well received. After a selection by the chorus, "From Oberon in fairyland," and rehearsal by Miss Finley, we were treated to a solo, by Mrs. James Russell, always so charming in her specialties. Her selection this evening "Schubert's Serenade" was accompanied by cornet obligato, A. W. Lacey, cornetist, and Miss Partridge, pianist. The audience expressed their delight at this number in a storm of applause. Mrs. Russell responded with solo, "I wouldn't, would you?"

The applause continuing at the mention of Lacey's name, that very urbane and agreeable gentlemen and prince of his profession, favored the audience with a solo, which was so earnestly encored he then gave us, "Sweet bye and bye," Miss Partridge accompanying him on the piano. This splendid programme closed by another grand chorus. Every number was well rendered. Miss Carey, Miss Parkhurst and Miss Partridge, as pianists, were perfect. Reporter regrets that were so much talent was congregated, we did not have a piano overture and several piano duets. We expected to be able to give Mr. S. Tracy's speech in reply to the presentation of proceeds, as this was a benefit concert to that very deserving individual. As the proceeds did not present themselves, on this occasion, the reply did not proceed to present itself. Reporter will give the finale of this interesting affair if he is so fortunate as to get there.



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In the District Court of Shawnee county, Kansas

ELIZABETH BOGGS, p't'n. } April term, 1888.
against
HENRY BOGGS, def't.
To Henry Boggs, def't.
You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the clerk of the district court of Shawnee county, Kansas, the petition of the plaintiff, Elizabeth Boggs, praying for a divorce and dissolution of the bonds of marriage heretofore, and now existing between yourself and the said plaintiff, and unless you appear thereto and defend on or before, the 4th day of June 1888 a default will be entered against you, and a decree rendered thereon.
ELIZABETH BOGGS, Plaintiff
By **COLLIER & SALYER, her attorneys.**

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