

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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The bulletin of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Cornell university for August gives the results of experiments in feeding lambs on a diet of hay and corn meal, as compared with a rich, nitrogenous diet of bran, oil meal, cottonseed meal and hay. The latter diet gave a larger growth and very much larger proportion of lean meat as compared with the fat. Similar experiments were made at the Wisconsin station on prizes last year with results quite similar.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific has issued a large and correct map showing all the lines of this great system with its continuation, the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railway. The latter is soon to be opened to Colorado Springs and the map locates the entire route, a portion of which has not hitherto been made public. It also gives the extension from Topeka southwest to the Kansas state line and the arm running nearly due south from Herington, Kan., via Wichita to the Indian territory, the proposed route being shown as far as Fort Sill—almost to the Texas line. One peculiarity about this map distinguishing it from the ordinary passenger agent's map is the fact that it shows connecting lines correctly and even prints them nearly as large as those of the Rock Island system. On the back of the folder is given a large amount of information in regard to the principal points in Kansas and Nebraska reached by the new lines.

Not long since a man on the Chicago Board of Trade said that he would sell a million bushels of wheat, to be delivered in December, at one dollar a bushel. Another man said that he would take the offer. That was a large transaction. It was a big item of "commerce," or rather it would be if there was any commerce about it. In reality it is big gambling. One man simply bet that wheat would be worth less than a dollar in December and the other bet it would be more. It would make no difference at all to this sort of commerce if every grain of wheat in the world should mysteriously disappear to-morrow, except that the disappearance would enable the gamblers to put up the price. Neither one of these men will ever handle a bushel of wheat under the terms of this contract. And this is the way that the Board of Trade is perverted into a gambling den. It is a burning shame that while the little card gambling rooms about the Board of Trade are every now and then raided by the police, this great gambling place should remain undisturbed.

Several years ago friends in Kansas prevailed upon A. T. Soule, a millionaire of Rochester, N. Y., the proprietor of the Hep Bitters manufactory to come out to Kansas and dig an irrigating ditch. He came and dug one from where Ingalls now is to Kinsley, a distance of ninety-six miles on the north side of the Arkansas. He put into it about \$600,000. It has been built or dug for several years and cost almost as much as a railroad, but has not as yet been very productive of profit. Less than two years ago Mr. Soule found it worth his while to become further interested in western Kansas, and purchased the national bank there, and also started one at Spearville. He laid out an addition to Dodge City, and donated \$50,000 toward a Presbyterian college, which is now in course of completion. Evidently noticing the lively times western Kansas was having in her broils, he determined to take a hand in one himself. The new county of Gray was his field, and he started the town of Ingalls in opposition to the established town of Cimarron, a flourishing place of a thousand people. Cimarron had pluck and Soule had money. To get the town of Montezuma out of the fight he built it a railroad from Dodge City at an expense of a quarter of a million. With his own money he erected the town of Ingalls, built its stores, dwelling houses, paid for a church and school

house, entered into an agreement to build the people of every county a sorghum factory, advertised for cane, loaned money to build four school houses, agreed to extend the railroad and then commenced his pilgrimage of spending money to capture the county seat for Ingalls.

Last week's Chicago stock market bulletin:
Too many cattle.
Big run of old cows.
Hog market closed lower.
Quality of cattle very poor.
Quality of hogs quite common.
Hog market somewhat uneven.
Sheep market steady to lower.
Cattle demand not equal to the supply.

Seventy-one thousand cattle last week.
Chicago is something of a cattle market.
Many common to fair cattle left unsold.
Actual receipts of cattle last week 71,310.
More doing in stock and feeding cattle.
Range cattle fully \$1 below high point.
There was a scarcity of choice heavy hogs.

A ripple of excitement has been created in Atchison by the discovery that George W. Ocker, eight years ago an attorney at the Atchison bar, who has been thought to be dead since that time, is alive and well in Colorado, and enjoying a lucrative law practice under his right name. In the fall of 1830 Ocker disappeared. His young wife was nearly crazed. Being penniless she could not institute a vigorous search for him. In January 1881, the mangled remains of a man were found near the village of Monrovia on the Central Branch, and identified as those of Ocker. In due time the supposed widow was wooed and won by a well-to-do farmer of Nemaha county, whom she married and has borne several children.

The market of good dairy products is not likely ever to be less than now—it is practically inexhaustible.
The average weight of hogs received at Chicago in August was 232 lbs.; in July 229 pounds.

A small well-selected herd of cattle will be of more profit than a large herd of different grades.

The new library building at Cornell is to afford room for 450,000 volumes.

150,000,000 feet of logs have been sealed thus far this season at Penobscot.

Miss Betsey Sargent of Canterbury N. H., died Saturday at the age of 101.

Canadian Indians are said to be dying of starvation.

The New Hampshire monument at Gettysburg was dedicated Sept. 30.

Five men were killed Sept. 29, by a railway accident on the Oregon short line.

No article under a thousand years old is admitted to Japanese bric-a-brac shows.

Political discussions have crowded out almost all other topics from the columns of the dailies.

Do not be content with inferior hired help. When you have succeeded in securing it, keep it at any price. All other help is dear.

While the corn crop is above the average the wheat yield in Illinois is judged to fall as low as sixteen or seventeen bushels to the acre.

A collie properly trained is a valuable dog about a farm, yet without training he is a miserable beast at home and abroad a genuine nuisance.

The Santa Fe is preparing for an immense travel to the Pacific coast during the coming winter and will run two through trains daily.

It is stated that the Chicago, Santa Fe & California road, the Kansas City extension of the Atchison system, earned in September about \$350,000. It is a remarkable showing for a new road, especially considering the amount of competition which it has met.

Three Spanish snake charmers created considerable curiosity among the people at the Santa Fe depot. The men were "just over" and were entirely ignorant of our ways. Considerable amusement was caused when they went into the Pullman with their snakes. They thought that the Americans road in moving palaces and when they were taken to the smoker they changed their minds.

The bonds voted on at Silver Lake for the construction of the Rapid Transit road will be completed now with all possible dispatch, and have it in running order before cold weather sets in, as far as Silver Lake. If this road is completed this fall it will be of the greatest benefit to the farmers living along the line as well as to North Topeka and the city, proper. It will enable them to bring in their butter, eggs and poultry without driving a distance of perhaps fifteen miles, where the thermometer marks 10 degrees below zero. The transportation of coal from the Forbes mines will be facilitated to such a degree that they will be likely to develop into an important industry. As it is now the coal has to be hauled over a rough road of fifteen miles to find a market.

John Sebastian general passenger and ticket agent of the Chicago Kansas & Nebraska railway, returned from the west yesterday, after having witnessed completion of the line to Colorado Springs. As the Rock Island folks are generally believed to have a traffic arrangement with the Denver & Rio Grande, this virtually opens their line to Denver and Pueblo and the event may be regarded as one of no small importance. A grand opening of the passenger business is set to take place November 11, and the freight business begins immediately. The Rock Island people have made their line popular from the start and are bound to keep up its reputation with the public. What their ultimate ambition points to is known to none, but themselves, yet that it is high up and will be acceptable to the public is assured by their past record.

Topeka.

Here are some figures which show that Topeka is the largest city in the state. The state superintendent has completed a compilation of statistics of the schools of the cities of the state, and the result is as follows:

School Population—Topeka, 10,994; Kansas City, Kan., 9,958; Wichita, 7,331; Leavenworth, 7,166; Atchison, 5,450; Council Bluffs, 5,400; Emporia, 4,900; Kansas City, Mo., 4,800; Leavenworth, 4,700; Wichita, 4,600; Atchison, 4,200.
Number of school buildings and total number of school rooms—Topeka, 19 buildings, 89 rooms; Kansas City, Kan., 13 buildings, 74 rooms; Leavenworth, 10 buildings, 56 rooms; Wichita, 8 buildings, 45 rooms; Atchison, 6 buildings, 48 rooms.
Average salaries paid teachers—Leavenworth, \$72.87; Topeka, \$62.52; Wichita, \$56; Atchison, \$51.51; Kansas City, Kan., \$43.78.
Total school expenses—Topeka, \$81,796; Leavenworth, \$52,000; Kansas City, Kan., \$43,000; Wichita, Atchison, \$28,365. Value of school buildings and grounds—Topeka, \$400,000; Wichita, \$225,000; Kansas City, Kan., 165,000; Leavenworth, \$158,000; Atchison, 125,000.

There are said to be in Indiana more than fifty Jersey cows with records of from fourteen to twenty-four pounds, eleven ounces of butter in seven days.

As soon as the leaves fall from grape vines they may be trimmed. The timing may be done, at any time afterwards until the sap flows next spring.

The farmers should demand that the roads of the town they live in be thoroughly repaired before the storms of winter make it impossible to do so.

Cattle cars are sometimes run in England, during the stock sales, on the passenger trains. A higher rate is charged for transportation, but the advanced rates are usually paid willingly.

People who Think

Of getting any iron or wire work for their homes or business buildings, (such as fences or structural work) or desire to see what a lot of convenient wire and iron things they might have
Are invited to call at the office of this paper.

The Rock Island route announces a number of harvest excursions at half rates to points west, northwest and southwest from Chicago. There is one yet to be given on October 23. The "Great Rock Island" has an excellent reputation with tourists and land seekers for accommodations which it affords and the courteous treatment which it gives, and general Ticket and Passenger Agent Holbrook continues to maintain the good standing with the public which his predecessor had built up.

Neglect kills injuries; revenge increases them. A neglected cold increases its injurious effects on the system till consumption finally kills, unless cured by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy. It is ye reliable remedy of ye olden times.

The abandoned mines and mining towns in California are being covered by fine forests.

It was discovered by the New York Experiment Station that the seed corn nearest the tip, produced the strongest and best plants, followed by that from the butt, while that from the middle was poorest.

Contractor M. Heery expresses it as his opinion that repairs on the court house were not begun any too soon. The south wall was partly pulled down yesterday. Instead of the wooden arch, an iron truss is being put in, to be supported by an iron pillar. The repairs are being made with marked dispatch.

T. J. Anderson will move to Leavenworth about the first of December.

If you will smoke, why smoke the Marshall Band cigar.

The Union Pacific. THE ORIGINAL Transcontinental Line.

Carrying the United States Overland Mail for California, Australia, China and Japan.

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CROSSING THE CONTINENT
BY TAKING
"The Overland Flyer."

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Adds to its service everything that will in any manner contribute to the comfort of its patrons. Among other conveniences, its equipment includes Modern Day Coaches, Elegant Pullman Palace Cars, and New Free Family Sleepers.

Baggage checked through from all eastern points to destination.
Eating houses along the line are under the direct supervision of the company, and the meals furnished by the Pacific Hotel Company are unsurpassed.
Instead of going abroad, why not visit some of the numerous health and pleasure resorts of the West, so widely noted for their curative springs and wonderful scenery. Among those reached by the UNION PACIFIC are:
Idaho Springs, Colorado, Guyer Hot Springs, Georgetown, Idaho.
Central City, Soda Spring, " "
Boulder, Shoshone Falls, " "
Gardfield beach, Utah, Yellowstone Nat'l Park
Utah Hot Springs, Utah, Wyoming.
The Dalles of the Columbia, Oregon.

For folders, descriptive pamphlets, rates of fare, etc., call upon or address

F. A. LEWIS, Agent,
525 Kansas Ave. Topeka, Kansas.
JOHN B. FRAWLEY,
Traveling Passenger Agent,
Ninth and Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.
F. A. WHITNEY, General Agt., Kansas City, Mo.
THOS. L. KIMBALL, E. L. LOMAX,
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OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

How's This.
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, Ohio.
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E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier, Toledo, National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Deputy United States Marshal Underwood, who brought David Black, charged with perjury, from Tucson to this city for trial conveyed him to Leavenworth yesterday by direction of Marshal Jones, who is there attending the United States district court.

Few of our readers we imagine realize what a successful enterprise the Woman's Exchange has grown to be. Started only last summer, it is already paying its way. We were informed to day by one of the members of the board of managers that in the past four months they have paid out about \$2,000, realized from the different sale of articles left there to be disposed of by fifty families. The company owe no debts and have a cash balance in the treasury of \$225.00. The Exchange expects shortly to remove to more spacious quarters in the Stormont building on West Sixth Street.

"The Shawnee County Detective Agency," of Topeka. Capital stock, \$2,000. Directors: William E. Craig, Charles Smith, Cal M. Mathews, Isaiah Dake and J. E. Lucas.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



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It affords the best facilities of communication between all important points in KANSAS, NEBRASKA, COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, the INDIAN TERRITORY, TEXAS, and beyond. Its Main Lines and Branches include ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY, NEBESON, NORBON, BELLEVILLE, HORTON, TOPEKA, HEBINGTON, WICHITA, HURON, CALDWELL, DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS, PUEBLO, and hundreds of other flourishing cities and towns.

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For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to nearest Coupon Ticket Agent, or address at Topeka, Kansas,
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Gen. Trk. & Pass. Agt.

Pamela's Faculty.

They talked over Deacon Semple's death in the sewing circle. It was very sad that he should have died. So suddenly, too, of pneumonia, poor man. But Mrs. Calkins, at whose house the society met that week wouldn't help thinking that it would have been a very dull meeting if he had not; for since everybody had found out just why Luke Judkins had been obliged to mortgage his farm, and Dr. Saunders' marriage with his housekeeper had become an old story, there was absolutely nothing to talk about. It was also providential that he should die just after planting was over and before haying had begun. He was growing very deaf, too, and was always shiftless. Being a deacon, of course he was prepared, and there was really not much to mourn for except that now Pamela would have to take care of herself, and Pamela had no faculty. Ruthy Ann could go on keeping school, as she had done for years, and the twins, luckily were married. Pamela was the only one that was unprovided for. Pamela was one of the kind that always was unprovided for—the kind that had no faculty.

The farm was run out; and—if it were so, Pamela wouldn't know any better than to expect to raise pumpkins on a pea vine. If she was a farmer's daughter she didn't know but what potatoes came up of their own accord, and weeded and dug themselves. Mrs. Ichabod Badger (generally known as Mrs. Ichabod) thought it probable that she even supposed that they washed themselves and jumped into the dinner pot. And it was evident that she set a sight more by poses than the did by garden sass. She was always littering up the house with weeds and stuff out of the woods, and she drew pictures when he'd better have been drawing candles or making soap.

She took after the Spencers—her mother's folks. One of them wasn't half witted and wrote verses, and another painted pictures and never amounted to anything. And Pamela was headstrong; she never seemed to pay any attention to good advice. She was always as pleasant and amiable about it as could be, but she would go right on in her own way. That was like her father; when they tried to dismiss the Rev. Mr. Caldwell for his unsoundness of doctrine, Deacon Semple he wouldn't agree to it. He did get excited and call hard names, as the others did, but though they argued and argued, he wouldn't be convinced.

Mrs. Ichabod was of the opinion that a committee of ladies ought to call upon Pamela and advise her to go and keep house for old Hiram Hutchinson. He had a large farm and two invalid daughters, one afflicted with spinal disease and the other with epilepsy; 'twas a hard place, and of course she would keep everything at sixes and sevens, not having any faculty; but old Hiram was willing to take her because he was very close, and she wouldn't expect much. And Mrs. Hosea Blodgett added that as Hiram was a widower, nobody knows what might happen. He was over fifty and hard to get along with, but then Pamela couldn't be far from twenty-five and ought to be willing to make a sacrifice for the sake of a home. Ben Seaverns, who used to keep company with her had gone off to sea five years before, and had probably got browned, to say nothing of being a shiftless rook-for-nothing, and surely there was no man in Brimblecom who wanted to marry a girl without faculty.

Before the meeting adjourned, Mrs. Ichabod, Mrs. Hosea Blodgett, and Miss Nancy Perkins, the postmistress, were appointed a committee to labor with Pamela. There was no doubt about the zeal of the committee. Bright and early the next morning—so early, in fact, that the breakfast dishes were not washed in any town except Brimblecom—the three ladies presented themselves at the front door of Deacon Semple's late residence; front doors were reserved for state occasions in Brimblecom. The committee, after consultation had decided that this was an occasion which rendered the use of the front door appropriate.

Keturah Grant, who had been maid-of-all-work in Deacon Semple's family for half a century, hobbled to the door, and admitted them to the sitting-room; and there was Pamela, with a great bunch of weeds—buttercups and clover and white weeds—painting, actually painting, at that time in the morning. She wore a high-necked and long-sleeved apron, which was bedaubed with paint, and on her nose was a smirch of bright yellow.

The committee with one consent heaved a deep sigh. "See'n' Scripture commands us to be kind to the widow and the fatherless we thought we'd come and tell you that old Hiram Hutchinson wants a housekeeper," said Mrs. Ichabod, who had been chosen chief spokesman, in view of the "flow of language" for which she was renowned.

Pamela turned an innocent, puzzled face upon Mrs. Ichabod—a very lovely face, with a pure, pale skin, and soft, shy brown eyes, though in Brimblecom, where rosy-cheeked beauties were the fashion, they had never thought of calling it so.

"Oh, the widower! I couldn't think for the moment what you meant. Poor man! I am sorry if he can't find one. But nobody could expect me to give up Keturah, surely! She is growing too old; and she wouldn't leave me, anyway."

The committee looked at each other. Their mission seemed a somewhat difficult one to perform. Was Pamela so innocent as she looked? Mrs. Ichabod had a dreadful suspicion that she was deep, and she resolved not to be daunted.

"We thought you might like the place your self, see'n' you was left so kind of dependent," said Mrs. Ichabod.

"I Oh dear! I haven't the least bit of faculty, you know;" and Pamela laughed merrily.

"Them that hain't any faculty have got to try to do something, if they don't want to be objects of charity," said Mrs. Ichabod.

"I don't think Brimblecom will ever have to take care of me. If it does, I am such a little thing that it won't cost much."

There was the suspicion of a flush on Pamela's cheek and a tense look about her mouth that the committee did not observe. They only saw her laugh, and they arose in high dudgeon.

"I hope the time won't come when you won't find it a laughing matter," said Mrs.

Hosea Blodgett, who was determined not to come away without saying anything; that would be so humiliating to tell of.

"Oh, I hope not," said Pamela, sweetly. "That was the very worst thing about Deacon Semple—you never could make him mad," said Mrs. Nancy Perkins, as she opened the gate. And though the other members of the committee wouldn't acknowledge it, Pamela's resemblance to her father in that respect was the thing that they had found most aggravating in their interview with her.

Before they reached their homes they repented that they had not said more, but there was something in Pamela's manner that made it seem an impossibility. The committee could not explain it clearly. Pamela had been quite pleasant and polite, but they didn't care to go again. However, they quite agreed that the matter ought not to rest there, and they were willing—even anxious—to go and confer with Mr. Stockbridge, the minister, upon the subject. She would not dare to be so high and mighty with the minister.

The Rev. Mr. Stockbridge was a grave and dignified man of nearly 40, who, when he first came to Brimblecom, ten years before, had had the caps of half the young ladies of his parish persistently set at him. They had now, if they had not wholly abandoned the cap setting, learned to "draw it mildly, lest it were all in vain," for the minister had never shown the slightest sign of being caught. He seemed somewhat embarrassed when the committee visited him and made known their errand. As Mrs. Hosea Blodgett said in describing the interview to her friends:

"He kinder turned red, and he kinder turned white, and he looked all ways for Sunday, just as if we'd said something that wasn't proper. And when he said anything, which wasn't for as much as a minute, he up and said just as good as to say that he didn't consider 'twas any of his business. But Mrs. Ichabod, she jest talked and argufied beautiful about how the town would have to take care of her, and, bein' her father was a deacon, the church ought to do its duty, advisin' and laborin' with her if she was headstrong and set up, and she convinced him—with a few words that I let fall as 'twas given me to speak—and he said he'd go and deal with Pamela accordin' to the best wisdom and judgment that was given him. When she sees him a-comin' she'll douse her peak, for there's nobody in Brimblecom that ain't afraid of the minister."

Within a week the committee waited upon the minister to hear the result of his advice to Pamela. It was very hard to find him at home; they tried four times before they succeeded. If he had been anybody but the minister they could not have avoided the painful suspicion that he slipped out the back door when he saw them coming. And when at last they did find him at home his report was not altogether satisfactory.

"Miss Semple did not care to accept the position of housekeeper to Mr. Hiram Hutchinson," he said, as if Pamela were the greatest lady in the land and could pick and choose positions. But then he was a minister, and ministers couldn't be expected to talk just like common people.

"What is she a-goin' to do, then?" demanded Mrs. Ichabod, severely. "I don't know of any other chance for her."

"I offered her a position, but she declined that also," said the minister. The committee looked thunder-struck.

"I do hope it wa'n't to keep school," said Mrs. Hosea Blodgett, recovering herself suddenly. "For she hain't a mite of faculty, every-body knows. Why, I asked her once if she understood mathematics, and she said she could do addit'ion if you gave her time. My Angela understands mathematics, and, besides beautiful learnin' she's got a real faculty for keepin' school."

"It was not a position as school teacher," said the minister.

"She could kind of get along with housework, though she hain't any faculty. I hope the folks ain't very partickler," said Mrs. Ichabod.

"As she declined the position, it does not seem to matter whether they are or not," said the minister.

If Mrs. Ichabod had not stood very much in awe of the minister, he would have then and there received "a piece of her mind," as she afterward declared; for if there was anything that provoked her beyond endurance, it was a close-mouthed person. But, as he was the minister, there was nothing to do but to take leave of him with a coldness and dignity which should give some token of their displeasure.

As if he couldn't tell them just as well as not who wanted to hire Pamela to do housework! But there was one comfort—the committee knew there was nothing going on in Brimblecom that they couldn't find out.

And just after she had expressed that opinion Mrs. Ichabod was so overcome by some sudden thought that she fairly gasped, and leaned for support against the town pump, which providentially stood in her way.

"I heard that Joanna Leach wanted to go home because her sister's twins had the measles. The minister wanted Pamela to keep house for him!" she gasped.

"Well, Mrs. Ichabod, if you hain't got an understandin' worth havin'! And though I never breathed it to a mortal before, I've had my suspicions that the minister wasn't all he'd ought to be," exclaimed Mrs. Hosea Blodgett.

"I never knew a man to have one white eyebrow for nothing," said Mrs. Nancy Perkins, darkly.

Before night the report had spread all over Brimblecom that the minister had asked Pamela Semple to keep house for him. Mr. Stockbridge was certainly the last person to be suspected of an impropriety, but appearances were deceitful. He surely must know that he ought to have a housekeeper who was at least fifty, and it was eminently proper that she should be toothless, cross-eyed, and disfigured by the smallpox, as Joanna Leach was. If Pamela were an especially capable person the case would be somewhat different; but to be willing to bear with a housekeeper who had no faculty he must have a personal regard for her.

The oldest inhabitant could not remember such an excitement in Brimblecom. The Rev. Mr. Caldwell's heresy had been tame, and the report that Dr. Saunders had another wife living only mildly exhilarating, in comparison.

But several weeks went by before any sound of it reached the minister's ears. Happily for him Brimblecom had a wholesome fear of the minister. But at length owing mainly to the efforts of Mrs. Ichabod, Mrs. Hosea Blodgett and Miss Nancy Perkins, it was decided that at the next church meeting one of the church deacons should question the minister concerning the matter. Such a crying scandal must no longer remain uninvestigated.

It was a great day for Brimblecom. There had not been such an attendance at a church meeting since the Rev. Mr. Caldwell's trial for heresy. Mrs. Deacon Simmons said it seemed so much like county conference that she got up at 4 o'clock and went to baking a great batch of pumpkin pies before she remembered what she was about.

If the minister had any idea of what it all meant, he gave no sign, and when Deacon Simmons, with awful solemnity, and with a long preamble concerning the duty of a minister to set an example to his flock in righteousness, asked him if he thought it seemly and becoming to ask the daughter of their late Deacon Ephraim Semple to become his housekeeper, the minister quietly replied that he had never done so.

The committee looked at each other, and everybody else looked at them. Miss Nancy Perkins felt, as she afterward expressed it as if she "would like to go through to Chiny;" but Mrs. Ichabod bore up nobly, and Mrs. Hosea Blodgett relied upon Mrs. Ichabod.

"Didn't you tell a committee consistin' of Mrs. Ichabod Badger, Mrs. Hosea Blodgett, and Miss Nancy Perkins that you had done so?" pursued Deacon Simmons.

"I did not," said the minister, with an air of bland and innocent surprise. "This was too much of Mrs. Ichabod. She arose, and shaking her forefinger impressively at the minister demanded:

"Didn't you tell us that you had offered her a situation to keep house? And who in this livin' world could it be that wanted a housekeeper but you?"

"You misunderstood me," said the minister, with great politeness. "I said I had offered Miss Semple a position, and it was not to teach school."

Mrs. Ichabod sat down, because nothing occurred to her to say, and for a time there was silence. Then Deacon Simmons arose and said, like a second Adam:

"I hope you won't take no offence, nor think nothin' more about this, Mr. Stockbridge. It's somethin' that the women-folks have got up amongst themselves, and I guess it don't amount to but dreifull little."

"To relieve any further curiosity about the matter," said the minister, looking straight at the committee, "perhaps I had better explain—although it is an explanation which a man doesn't often make in public—that the position which I offered Miss Semple, and which she declined, was that of your minister's wife."

Mrs. Ichabod always averred that if it hadn't been for a bit of cinnamon which she had on her tongue she should have faltered then.

The church meeting broke up suddenly, the sentiment which Mrs. Hosea Blodgett expressed being apparently the sentiment of all—that she should have died in five minutes if she couldn't have got out where she could talk it over.

"Don't talk to me about that girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Nancy Perkins, with deep feeling. "There never was a man that it took so much faculty to get as the minister."

"And she wouldn't have him! Depend upon it, there's more in that than meets the eye. She's deep," said Mrs. Ichabod.

"What do you think Mrs. Moses Gregg whispered to me in meetin'?" said Mrs. Hosea Blodgett. "She says Pamela sells the pictures she paints for money—sends 'em off to the city. And, besides supporting her and Keturah, she's a-goin' to pay off the mortgage on the farm."

"Hain't never been sorry that I was brought up to work," said Mrs. Ichabod. "Vantily and folly may prosper for a season, but we all know where the downward path ends. If Pamela Semple hadn't been sent away to that academy she might have been as likely and well-behaved as any girl in Brimblecom—if she hadn't any faculty."

And with these remarks Mrs. Ichabod withdrew herself from the council.

On the even tenor of her way went Pamela, working early and late with her brush, and before long a report found its way to Brimblecom that she was considered a remarkable artist, and some things were evident to Brimblecom senses; the mortgage was being paid off, the crops were in a prosperous condition, and old Keturah was renewing her youth.

Brimblecom began to be proud of Pamela. It almost forgot that it had ever been afraid she would become a pauper. Nobody seemed to remember that she had been thought to have no faculty—nobody but the committee.

One or two persons were actually heard to say that it was a pity she wouldn't marry Mr. Stockbridge, but perhaps she had a right to look higher than the rest of the Brimblecom girls. Mrs. Ichabod always shook her head with mysterious meaning when Pamela was mentioned, and said, grimly, "Them that lives longest will see most."

One day triumph came to Mrs. Ichabod. The committee were in the postoffice—Mrs. Ichabod and Mrs. Hosea Blodgett were often as kind as to assist Mrs. Nancy Perkins in assorting the mail—when in came Mrs. Deacon Simmons, who was fat and stout of breath, and in such a state of excitement that the committee had, all and severally, to fan her vigorously before her news could be extracted.

"Don't you think, as true as I'm a livin' woman and not a corpse, as I might expect to be, heart'n' such upsettin' things and hurry'n' so—"

"Go on, go on! don't lose your breath!" cried the committee, in chorus, fanning vigorously. "We'll never breathe it to a soul!"

"Oh, it's all over Brimblecom. That good-for-nothin' cretur, Ben Seaverns, has come back without hardly so much as a coat to his back, and the rheumatic fever. Been cast away on a desert island, and eat up by cannibals 'most—which nobody can't say wa'n't exactly like him—and nothing but skin and bones, and the doctor says most likely won't never be good for anything again, not to mention that he never was. And Pamela's took him in, and she and Keturah is a-nussin' him up. And that isn't the worst of it; the minister went up and married 'em. She's took that good-for-nothin' cretur to take care of for life—her that might 'a had the minister!"

"They never got me to believe that she had any faculty," said Mrs. Ichabod.—Sophie Sweet, in *Mail and Express*.

They Hated Dogs.

When the celebrated French poet, Alfred De Musset, became an applicant for a seat in the academy, he had to conform to the ancient custom of calling on each of the immortals in the person to ask for his vote.

It was during the summer, and many of the members had left Paris for their country seats. The poet was obliged to travel all over the country and hunt them up in their sylvan retreats.

One day he arrived at the house of one of the most influential of the forty members. As he opened the gate a poodle dog of very unprepossessing appearance rushed between his legs, jumped up on him, and gave other indications of an affectionate disposition. De Musset hated dogs, and he felt very much inclined to elevate he ugly brute into the blue vault above on the toe of his boot, but he was restrained by the thought that if he did so, he would everlastingly ruin his prospects with the owner. Instead of repressing the zeal of the affectionate animal by harsh measures, the poet advanced into the house patting the animal on the head and otherwise expressing his satisfaction at having made such an agreeable acquaintance.

The member of the academy greeted De Musset in a friendly manner, but there was a restraint in his manner that the poet could not explain. He also wondered that his host scowled so furiously at the demonstrative canine. After passing the compliments of the season, the host and the guest adjourned to the dining-room, where a colation was set out. The dog considered himself especially invited. He enlivened the meal by vociferous barking, so as to render conversation exceedingly disagreeable.

Just as the poet was lifting the wing of a chicken to his mouth, the dog snatched it away and proceeded to devour it with great satisfaction.

"I can't stand this sort of thing much longer," murmured De Musset to himself.

Having disposed of the chicken bone, the cheerful canine suddenly placed his paws on the arm of the academician, thereby causing him to spill a cup of coffee on his pants.

"You love dogs very much," remarked De Musset.

"Loye 'em? I love to see them run through a saw mill. If there is one animal in the world I detest, that animal is a dog."

"Then you make your poodle here an exception?"

"My poodle? That beast does not belong to me. The only reason I allowed the animal to be in the room was because I supposed it to be your pet dog."

I never saw the animal before. I would have fractured his spine with a chair long ago if I hadn't supposed that you would have felt badly if the brute had come to a sudden end."

Both men burst out laughing, and then, much to the surprise of the dog, they made frenzied efforts to see which of them could kick the dog most frequently before he could escape from the room.

It is unnecessary to add that the poet got the vote of the academician. There was a bond of sympathy between them. They both hated dogs.—*Texas Siftings*.

Combination Slippers.

"A combination slipper company is to organize at Lyons," says an exchange. Now we are up a stump as to the exact object of this company. Perhaps it is a lot of mothers entering into a combination whereby they can drive their refractory young ones to some centrally located place once a day, and have the slipper applied by a competent practitioner hired for the purpose, while the fond mothers go back to their dish washing and carpet sweeping, with no loss of time, or temper. Perhaps this company proposes to manufacture some new "combination slipper" that is easily detachable from the maternal foot, and is so nicely adjusted on a swivel in the shank, that one sweep of the arm will produce half a dozen vigorous responses from both heel and toe simultaneously, like a clap of thunder reverberating in a rocky glen, or like twenty bunches of firecrackers let off between the buildings. Sort of a double-back-action, top-snap, pistol grip, metal-tipped silver-mounted, ivory-handled, double-barreled, "lam"-inated-repeating-spanker, such as mothers have sighed for since Cain and Abel were boys. Whether this company is a combination, or whether their slippers are to be a combination, or whether the wearers are to constitute the combination, we can't figure out, but we'll watch this company with an interest born of morbid and consuming curiosity.—*Danville Breeze*.

MINOR MENTION.

King Ja Ja of St. Vincent's Island affects queer names. His son is called Sunday.

Weather prophets say an early fall and a severe winter may be expected. Time proves all things.

The doctors do not agree. Some of them say Professor Proctor did not die of the yellow fever.

Californians expect their state will be more popular than ever the coming winter as a resort for easterners.

Dr. McGlynn takes his reform theories seriously. He has aged rapidly since he became a labor agitator.

The school question has been agitated in Boston till all the women there are registering for suffrage purposes.

Here is a pointer for the high-priced hotels at watering resorts: The medium-priced places made the most money.

Guy McGee, a Chicago newspaper man, is said to have the finest collection in the country of old dramatic writings.

Lord Coleridge, who was an ardent admirer of Matthew Arnold, is solidifying subscriptions for the widow of the dead author.

Queen Victoria is not an idler. It is said that between the hours of 9:30 and 4:30 she works as hard as any clerk in London.

People who are troubled with insomnia should try reading Anthony Trollope's novels. They possess wonderful soporific powers.

The Princess of Wales dresses this season with studied simplicity. She has discarded laces, satins and furbelows in public places.

The Icelanders are tired of the rigors of their climate and show a disposition to move south. Large colonies are settling in Manitoba.

The people of Indiana are in a fair way to be talked to death. Two thousand speeches are delivered in the state every twenty-four hours.

Boulanger is in Norway or somewhere else in retreat, and Louise Michel, the anarchist, is laid up from overwork. For the present Paris is at rest.

Some observing person has made the discovery that all the Colorado statesmen are red-headed. The climate is partial to blondes in the other sex.

The Bank of England monopoly was established by the prohibition, by act of Parliament in 1708, of any company exceeding six persons acting as bankers.

Valuable pearls have been found in the limestone streams of Kentucky. Kentucky is an old state but all of its wealth and beauty have not yet been discovered.

It is said that not over one-fifth of the population of Chicago is American by birth and at present nearly all of the public offices of the city are held by naturalized foreigners.

The aim of London's latest fashionable subscription is to raise a fund to build an addition to Westminster Abbey, so that future great men shall not be overcrowded when they die.

"Cleopatra," Rider Haggard's new novel will be published in serial form and later in book style. This method of publication allows authors to make the most of their productions.

They say it is the custom in some sections of Chicago for landladies who hang out their announcements of furnished rooms to rent to place their photographs beside it as an inducement.

In France the evidence is that the women, more than the men, are dissatisfied with their matrimonial relations. During last year many more women than men there applied for divorce.

"A good man with bad friends is liable to be misunderstood," says *Luck*, but why should not a good man have bad friends? He can have a mission with them, but with the wroth there is only pastime.

Jay Gould says having been advised to let thoughtful works alone, he will for a time amuse himself with the amateurs. He will go over the erratic and erotic productions of the gifted Amelle Rives Chanler.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has broken into the field of literature again. She contributed to a New York paper an article on "Summer Quiet and Green Thoughts." It is a plea for every one to own his own home.

The czar has his will in every phase of life in Russia, and practically controls literature and the arts of all kinds. He has ordered that henceforth all dramatic artists of the Russian Imperial theatre are to wear a uniform in public.

Reform literature, especially by agitators, is likely to be of the zigzag and jerky order. A Chicago newspaper reports that two Wisconsin women, sisters, are reported to have become insane by reading labor pamphlets and listening to speeches by labor reformers.

When the late Richard A. Proctor was 13 years old he began a study of Euclid which influenced all his after life. At the time of his death the Professor was engaged on a historical and descriptive book of astronomy which he expected to make the crowning effort of his life.

The manufacture of counterfeit implements of the stone age seems to be becoming quite an industry. A recent deception, detected at the Smithsonian Institution, consisted in chipping away parts of genuine spear or arrow-heads, and selling the mutilated flints at a greatly increased price as rare and curious forms.

Holding state fairs at out of the way places seems to be popular with state boards of agriculture. In Illinois the state fair will be held at Olney. In noticing this fact the Chicago *Tribune* says editorially: "For information as to Olney, its whereabouts, etc., see *Tribune* of some date last September. We looked up the matter at that time."

The highest stations in Europe for making meteorological observations are about 10,000 and 11,000 feet above sea level. That on Pike's Peak is 14,100 feet, thus exceeding by more than 3,000 feet, any in Europe. But that is not the highest in America, for on Mount Lincoln, in Colorado, there are mining works at an elevation of 14,597 feet, and at the same point a meteorological station conducted by Harvard college. In Peru there is a station on the Andes 14,800 feet above the sea.

A MARVELOUS BLIZZARD.

"Bull a Roof of Ice and Shut Wanderers In from the Storm."

"I was driving a bunch of cattle from Yankton to Deadwood," said the blizzard expert of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "when we saw signs of trouble one afternoon and made for timber. We were lucky enough to strike a grove of cottonwoods before night, and soon had the stock in the center of the grove. In the couple of hours left before dark we fell to with our axes and chopped down all the trees we could, leaving them lie where they fell and throwing the small branches to the cattle.

"We built a roaring fire, but the wind rose so high two of us had to stand by and watch the blaze all the time, while the other six whacked away at the cottonwoods for dear life. Every tree would be blown down by the wind before it was cut more than half way through, and we had trouble in getting the timber to fall in a circle around us and the stock, which was our object. But by nine o'clock we were pretty well hemmed in, and the snow, which fell so fast it blinded you ten feet away from the fire, quickly gathered on the limbs and dry leaves of our bulwark and built a big, white wall around us, which grew at last thick enough to shut out the gale entirely.

"There were two big cottonwoods, regular granddaddies, in the middle of the corral. The snow gathered so thick on them that they soon covered us like a real roof, and there we were roofed in and walled in, with our forty head of cattle, as secure as if there wasn't a blizzard in the whole of Dakota. And we didn't have to wait long either, for before morning the storm had turned into a regular blizzard, the famous one of 1876 that froze so many frontiersmen and so much stock to death.

"Before we rolled into our blankets by the fire it was eleven o'clock, and the wind, which had blown at first from the east, shifted around to the northwest and began to roar like a thousand stamp mills. Each time it shifted it banked our barricade deeper and higher with snow, and by midnight we couldn't see over it. The cattle huddled together under the tree right next to us. They chewed away at the cottonwood as contented as you please. Their warm breath made a distinct cloud that seemed to hang around in the two big trees over the corral as if it were too solid to be blown away. At this time the wind seemed to have been absolutely walled out from us; we could hear it high overhead, but we didn't feel so much as an eddy. I must confess that it gave me some alarm to see the white barricades all around us growing to be as tall as the tree-tops apparently.

"How long we slept I never knew. Most blizzards last three days and are worse on the second. When we woke up the stock was standing there, as ever, chewing away at the cottonwoods and quite warm and comfortable. The air all around us was warm and still, and the big bed of coals to which the fire had burned down gave out a cheerful glow that was suggestive of dressing-gowns and slippers. There wasn't a speck of snow visible on the trees or ground. Overhead, resting on the tops of the cottonwoods and curving down to the tops of the barricades we had built and the storm that waged outside as if we were in a stone castle. The heat of the fire and exhalations from the closely bunched steers had surrounded us with a warm atmosphere, which melted the ice in the air as fast as it came over our corral, fusing it into a continuous ceiling, which gradually grew thicker and heavier and must have fallen in on us had it not had the trees in the center and our bulwarks around the sides to rest on.

"Well there we were, as snug as bugs in rugs, and after the novelty of the thing had worn off we had a good time, I can tell you. We killed a beef, made common stock of our pocket flasks, and were as happy as kings in our ice palaces. One of the rippinest games of poker I ever sat into was by that very fire in our frost tent. The drip was disagreeable, for the inside heat kept up a continual melting from the roof, but the storm repaired damages outside as fast, if not a good deal faster.

"When the thaw did come we came near being drowned, of course, but I think I express the sentiments of the entire party when I say we parted with a feeling of genuine regret from our wonderful corral. That was the worst blizzard known in the west since '66, we heard along our way to Deadwood. But we didn't feel any of it."

The Education of a Prince. The greatest care has been taken in the education of the royal children in Greece. The crown prince, a tall,

handsome young man of 19, unites great strength of character and will to a very amiable disposition, which gives a charm to his person and causes him to be adored by the people, who place in him all their hopes for the future greatness of their country, and see in him the future emperor of Constantinople. He is a hard student and learns well what he takes up. His professors were never able to teach him enough, and as he has so much amour propre that he would always learn more than the set task saying that he had so many things to acquire in order to become a good king that had no time to lose. In a sham fight in which he took part the military cadets were ordered to take by storm a hill which was supposed to be occupied by the enemy. The crown prince, although much the youngest, did his best to arrive there first, remarking that it is always the duty of a prince to lead the way. He has since become a lieutenant in the first regiment of the line, and for a few months he was sent by the king of Germany to complete his education. Here, also, he soon became a great favorite with everybody, and especially with the old Emperor William, who, with his own hands, decorated him with the grand cross of the Black Eagle, a distinction generally reserved to elder princes. The suite of the crown prince is composed of a Marechal de la Cour, who was formerly director of the education of the princes and an aide-de-camp. The first, Mr. Luders, a German, is a frank and jovial man, who is, at the same time, studious and very learned. He first came to Athens as a diplomat, representing the German empire at this capital. Later on he was made director of the German Archaeological school in Athens, and a short time afterward the king requested him to superintend the education of the royal princes. Certainly no better choice could have been made. He imparted to the princes a high idea of duty, and gave a manly turn to their character. He chose the best of masters for them, and trained them to excel in all physical exercises. They are, consequently, excellent riders, and, at the same time speak English, French, German, Russian and Danish as fluently as their own language. —Galignani's Messenger of Paris.

Not Good Enough. "Accept this hand," Augustus cried, "Belinda, love, and be my bride; Remember, ere you seal my fate, Remember, dear, that this is straight." "Not good enough, she sadly said The while she shook her shapely head, Her cheek suffused with modest blush—"I'm waiting for a hand that's flush!" —Time.

A Wonderful Discovery. A gentleman bearing the name of Zimmerman has discovered a well in California which petrifies dogs, cats, babies and fowls in four days. A California paper vouches for the truth of the discovery, and says:

"Preparations are already being made to petrify human bodies, and the knowledge of the fact has cast a gloom over the usually brilliant spirits of the local undertakers, who tried to cast discredit on it. They were confounded however, by an experiment upon a thirsty hen. The fowl drank freely of the water, and speedily gave signs of internal disturbance, acted wildly, fluttered its wings, spun around, and, with a struggle sank dead. It was at once cut open, though with difficulty, the knife striking a hard obstacle at the first cut."

This is a new discovery in California bed-rock, and it will hardly go down with those who profess incredulity in regard to the Keely motor, the man in the moon and similar mythical personages. Yet it is announced by those who visited the well and engaged in an investigation of its powers, that stone statues can be procured by four days' immersion of human or animal bodies.

If the water of this California well possesses the powers that are claimed for it, and does not lose them by transportation, cremation will cease to be a staple industry, and those of us who are alive fifty years hence may expect to see our churches, court houses, jails and penitentiaries decorated with the petrified bodies of noted characters.

It will be a pleasant sight to find ancestral petrifications, gathered together in family circles, in flowery plots in the cemetery. Then, too, the hard-shell Baptists might establish their identity by a soak of a few hours, and prize-fighters' fists be stiffened by a similar process. —Texas Siftings.

The Teutonic Histrions. First German actor: "I has been dinking dot I will play me in English next season. You dink mine accent vos goot enough, Schweitzer?" Second German actor: "Mein gracious yes! You speak dot English yust so like me." —Time.

How Jacksonville Got the Fever.

The proposition that all the world loves a lover probably does not hold good in Jacksonville now. This whole yellow-fever business is a love affair, or the result of a love affair. McCormick, the man who brought the yellow fever to Jacksonville, was a lover. His sweetheart was in Tampa and Tampa was isolated on account of yellow fever. But yellow fever or no yellow fever, McCormick wanted to see his girl; so he managed to pass the cordon and steal an interview with his love. Then he came back to Jacksonville and brought yellow fever with him. Surgeon General Hamilton is authority for this short history of the spread of yellow fever. It is another confirmation of the wisdom of the sage who once declared there was a woman at the bottom of every mischief. —Washington Post.

A Woman's Confession. "Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide!" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I believed myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself. Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

There are a number of humming birds in New Jersey, and farmers say that their presence in such numbers so late in the year presages a mild winter.

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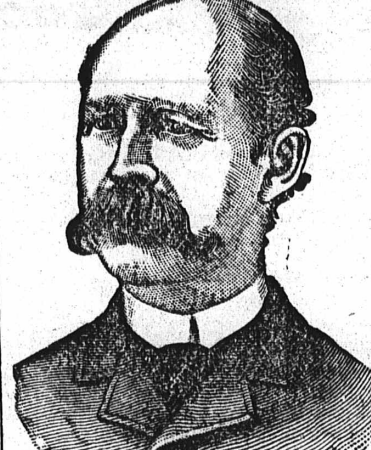
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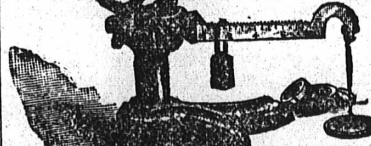
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W. N. U. - K. C. 605 No 40. In applying to any of the above advertisers, do not forget to say that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

October 13, 1888.

This is now the longest session of Congress on record.

A man named Martin has been, but will not be governor of Kansas.

There is more rejoicing and more noise made over one colored man who is a democrat, than over the six millions who are not.

David Overmeyer is for the opening up of Oklahoma, and David is right about it. There should be no reserved seats in this show.

More than fifty of the best-known ladies of Battle Creek, Mich., have formed a dress-reform club, and declared themselves against bustles, high heels, tight shoes, stiff corsets, etc.

The Kansas Democrat exclaims rather wildly: Turn out democrats turn out. We have dropped out two commas, but will assure our contemporary that the turn out will come off after election.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster gives ten reasons for being a republican, but she might have condensed them into less than half the number. There is no need of so many reasons, and to get them they are diluted to weakness.

Preparations are now being made for the census of 1890, and indications are that it will show the population of the United States to be in excess of seventy millions. This indicates a steady, healthy growth.

The best place for congressmen who are candidates for re-election, is at their post of duty in Washington so long as congress is in session. The people ought to elect men who stand by their posts, rather than those who desert them.

Dakota farmers are jubilant over the crop of small fruits. In Brown county the crop is excellent. One farmer says he measures his by the bushel. More will doubtless be cultivated in the future and some feel encouraged to try the larger varieties of fruit, such as cherries, plums, apples, etc.

Poultry raisers should not neglect to use sufficient raw bone either crushed or in the form of meal. It contains lime as do oyster shells, but it contains animal matter which is of great value. Bone when burnt is of comparatively little value over oyster shells, but when crushed or ground raw supplies valuable matter peculiar to itself.

The Nebraska Farmer says: There is hardly a fruit-grower who cannot give one or two good plans for destroying the curculio, and nearly every one has a different receipt, and perhaps not one in fifty of these same fruit-growers can grow a good crop of plums on account of the curculio. Of all the plans for destroying this insect none seems to be so popular or successful as that of giving the trees a vigorous shake every morning. Now the modern improvement of this popular plan is to have your poultry yard near enough to the plum trees, and very early in the morning when you go past the yard, let the fowls go along with you, and see what an interest they will take in your shaking the curculios from the plum trees.

The Corn Crop.

The corn crop this year is unusually large and the Farmer's Review has made a special canvass of the country to ascertain how much of last year's crop is still on hand with this result: Thirty-two counties in Illinois report an average of seven per cent. of the old crop still on hand. The other counties have none left. In Wisconsin, only six counties report old corn on hand making an average of 1-2 per cent.

Twenty-five counties in Indiana report seven and one-half per cent. of old corn on hand and the rest none.

Forty-one counties in Ohio report an average of six and one quarter per cent. of old corn on hand and the rest none. Twenty-four counties in Missouri report an average of six and one third per cent. of the old crop on hand and all the others none.

Forty-five counties in Iowa report an average of six per cent. of the old crop on hand and the rest none. Only four counties in Missouri report old corn on hand and that seven and one-half per cent. Eight counties in Kansas report old corn on hand an average of six and one third per cent. In Nebraska twenty-one counties report an average of seven and one half per cent. of the old corn still on hand and the rest none. Five counties in Dakota report one and four-fifths of the old crop on hand.

This gives a good showing for the future and the great corn crop harvested this year will be of real value to America.

The democrats of the house do not propose to allow the Mason resolution of inquiry concerning national banks to be called up until after the election, if they can help it. Some of the national banks that have been favored by the administration with loans from the government treasury, have recently received circulars from the democratic national committee requesting them for contributions to the campaign funds. It is almost a fact that some of these favored banks have given heavily to the democratic campaign fund. Mr. Mason of Illinois was made cognizant of these facts, and some time ago he introduced a resolution authorizing the appointment of an investigating committee to ascertain why these banks had been favored for political purposes and other banks discriminated against. The resolution has been in the hands of the committee for more than six weeks and no report has been submitted.

Give the horse a variety of food. He enjoys a change as much as anyone.

Stoneware is the best for pickles. Oak barrels serve as an excellent substitute.

A man named Brenner living near Sioux City fattens about 1,500 hogs on oats.

The farmers of Texas are fighting the jute-bagging trust with all their might.

A thrifty farmer subscribes for a live agricultural paper and pays for it in advance.

A little cayenne pepper should occasionally be mixed with the food given to hens.

The increased interest in poultry is evinced in the agricultural fairs now being held.

Quite as much is due to the treatment of the cow as to her hereditary traits, in estimating her butter qualities.

Be cautious, but do not fear to take risks where success seems likely to follow. Otherwise stagnation will ensue.

A single sheep owner in Australia has four hundred thousand sheep. Another man owns three hundred thousand.

Don't allow burdocks, cockles, thistles, etc., to go to seed and scatter themselves broadcast in every direction.

When the horse shies at some object or stumbles do not whip him. Help him to stand and show him the folly of his fear.

A dairyman in Denmark who keeps 250 cows insists that his milkers wash their hands after milking two cows.

It is announced that French laundrymen are substituting potash for soap in cleaning the clothes.

A Lapeer, Michigan, man, has a potato crop of 2,500 bushels, notwithstanding bugs and drouth.

Sheep may not require such constant care as some other animals, but they will soon run down if neglected.

Seed and withered flowers should be from plants as soon as possible after they have formed.

Prof. Robert Hay, of Junction City, says that \$50,000 has been expended in boring for coal, gas and salt in Kansas.

Hutchinson News: There is a crank who says he can 'raise the dead.' There is a big job for him at Witchita.

The postoffice in Horton will soon pass over a presidential appointment, but unfortunately that will not make a post office first class.

They still stick to it that a rich deposit of nickle has been found near Russell Springs, Logan county. If true, it is the richest find in Kansas.

About a score of towns are promising to give us salt. Is it not probable that too much capital will go into salt enterprises to be remunerative.

The burning lamp fell into a crib on a baby at Parsons Sunday night, and a 9 year-old girl secured a blanket from an adjoining room and saved the child.

It is so healthy in Lyons that a physician, when he has a patient, tells the whole community about it. Recently not a physician in town had a victim.

LOG CABINS were no hot-houses and the people who dwell in them were not hot-house growers. They were a hardy, healthy generation and the remedies used were simple preparations reproduced in Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy and Warner's "Tippecanoe," the great stomach tonic.

For Sale Cheap. A pair of young ponies, very gentle suitable for any lady to drive. Inquire at this office.

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A Claim to Human Gratitude.

Charlotte Corday, the sad-faced, tenderhearted peasant girl of Normandy made great history by one desperate act!

Sickened by the saturnalia of the French revolution, and moved to desperation as Robespierre and Marat were leading the flower of France to the guillotine, she determined that she would put an end to Marat's bloody reign.

Marat had demanded two hundred thousand victims for the guillotine! He proposed to kill off the enemies of the Revolution to make it perpetual!

Horrible thought. No wonder it fired the blood of this patriotic peasant maid!

Gaining access to his closely guarded quarters by a subterfuge, she found him in his bath, even then inexorable and giving written directions for further slaughter!

He asked her the names of the inimical deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down.

'That is well! Before a week is over they shall all be brought to the guillotine.'

At these words, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with supernatural force up to the hilt in the heart of Marat.

'Come to me, my dear friend, come to me,' cried Marat, and expired under the blow!

In the Corcoran gallery at Washington is a famous painting of Charlotte, represented as behind the prison bars the day before her execution.

It is a thrilling, sad picture, full of sorrow for her suffering country, and of unconquerable hate for her country's enemies.

What a lesson in this tragic story! Two hundred, nay, five hundred thousand people would Marat have sacrificed to his unholly passion of power!

Methods are quite as murderous and inexorable as men, and they number their victims by the millions.

The page of history is full of murders by authority and by mistaken ideas! In the practice of medicine alone how many hundreds of millions have been allowed to die and as many more killed by unjustifiable bigotry and by bungling!

But the age is bettering. Men and methods are improving. A few years ago it was worth one's professional life to advise or permit the use of a proprietary medicine. To-day there are not two physicians in any town in this country who do not regularly prescribe some form of proprietary remedy!

H. H. Warner, famed all over the world as the discoverer of Warner's safe cure, began hunting up the old remedies of the Log Cabin days; after long and patient research he succeeded in securing some of the most valuable, among family records, and called them Warner's Log Cabin remedies—the simple preparations of roots, leaves, balsams and herbs which were the successful standbys of our grandmothers. These simple, old-fashioned sarsaparilla, hops and buchu, cough and consumption and other remedies have struck a popular chord and are in extraordinary demand all over the land. They are not untried and imaginary remedies of some dabbler chemist intent on making money, but the long-sought principles of the healing art which for generations kept our ancestors in perfect health, put forth for the good of humanity by one who is known all over the world as a philanthropist—a lover of his fellow man,—whose name is a guarantee of the highest standard of excellence.

The preparations are of decided and known influence over disease, and as in the hands of our grandmothers they raised up the sick, cured the lame, and bound up the wounds of death, so in their new form but older power as Log Cabin remedies, they are sure to prove the "healing of the nations."

Corday did the world an incalculable service in ridding France of the bigoted and murderous Marat, just as this man is doing humanity a service by re-introducing to the world the simpler and better methods of our ancestors.

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The Ladies' Benevolent society will give a supper and a card party at Lukens' opera house about November 1.

Judge John Guthrie's charge to the grand jury is an interesting document, and especially that portion which refers to prohibition. It should be given as wide circulation as possible, and real estate men and others would do well to send a copy of it to those who are interested in the subject of prohibition in Kansas.

The Rock Island has made a rate of 13 cents per hundred on salt between Hutchinson and Kansas City.

The Rock Island has issued a tariff making a rate of 20 cents per hundred on soft lumber between St. Louis and Herington, Enterrise, Abilene, Solomon and Salina, and 23 cents to McPherson, Hutchinson, Peabody and Wichita.

Charles Lukens returned yesterday morning from Wabunsee county, where he has been putting up hay on his ranch for the past six weeks. Mr. Lukens reports the loss of a hundred tons of hay last Thursday by fire. One of the men lit his pipe and threw the burning match on the ground, setting fire to the grass. The wind was blowing in the direction of the hay ricks, and in a very short time three of them were on fire. There were 500 tons only a short way from the burning ricks, which were saved by hard work. The loss will amount to about \$500.

The meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Sunday was of a most interesting character. There were 160 present, two-thirds of whom were young men under 30 years of age. Thirteen young men requested the prayers of the association. The singing was by a chorus of young men led by an orchestra of six pieces. These meetings have increased 120 per cent. in attendance during the last twelve weeks. There have been thirty-two conversions and forty-four requests for prayer. This meeting is preceded by an out of door meeting on the corner of Sixth street and Kansas avenue. Young men may be seen on the principal streets distributing flyers announcing the meetings. It takes pluck to do this, and it speaks well for the future of the association.

The committee on bridges was authorized to confer with the board of county commissioners with regard to the building of a new bridge across the Kansas river on Kansas avenue. It was agreed by the council that the bridge is in a dangerous condition, both for travel on foot or in vehicles. It was said in real earnest, that a terrible accident is liable to happen any day. A resolution directing the city engineer to prepare an estimate for the planking of the Kansas river bridge was passed. A resolution providing that there shall be submitted to the electors a proposition to issue bonds for the construction of a bridge across the Kansas river was read. The rules were suspended and the resolution was adopted. The bonds shall not exceed \$300,000 and are to bear 5 per cent interest.

The North Topeka, Silver Lake & Rossville Rapid Transit road has issued its circular heretofore referred to, and will have it distributed quite extensively in the east. The road is doing very well and is already more than paying expenses, running from North Topeka to Soldier township. The following is the proposed line of the road: From the city of Topeka to and through Soldier, Menoken, Silver Lake, Rossville, and thence to Havensville, where it may connect with the Kansas Central railroad, giving to the northwest a direct line to the capital (Topeka), and reducing the distance some twenty miles; also running to Westmoreland, county seat of Pottawatomie county, one of the largest and richest counties in the state. The length of the contemplated line is about sixty miles.

The Topeka Society of Natural History met at the rooms of the president, Dr. A. H. Thompson, 721 Kansas avenue.

Mr. Hale presented a trilobite from the Grafton quarries which was decided to belong to the carboniferous.

Professor Cragin exhibited a large portion of paddle of a fossil saurian different from anything heretofore known. It is supposed to resemble the plesiosaurus, but with a short firm neck and apparently intermediate in bone construction between the six fingered Baptonodon and five fingered Ichthyosaurus.

The specimen was exhumed near Downs. Captain W. H. Ward exhibited specimens of canal coal from Booneville, Missouri, and explained something of its construction. The discussion drifted into the general formation of coal, and ended with the formation of ammonia and sulphureted hydrogen.

A good specimen of caterpillar which was decided to be the caterpillar of the moth.

Mr. Cladwell said he had a fine specimen which had been destroyed. It was a hollow stone from South America containing water. A pleasant discussion followed concerning such specimens and geodes.

An article in the Scientist concerning a recently discovered boulder in the southern part of the state was informally discussed, but without coming to a conclusion concerning the stray.

The next regular meeting will be held at the president's rooms next Tuesday evening. All the members are expected to be present and the friends cordially invited to attend. The session will begin at 7:45 sharp.

He that knows nothing doubts of nothing. Do not let your doubts cause you to waver, for you may be assured that Warner's Log Cabin Liver Pills will cause the sluggish liver to resume its wonted functions and produce the results you desire. They are effective and harmless, being purely vegetable.

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TOPEKA, KANSAS.

October 13, 1888.

You have heard it said that we should fight the devil with fire, that is, the corporation monopoly devil, either by going on his own territory and taking the tongs and poker from him, as the farmers of Ontario did with the salt ring, or by uniting manhood and numbers at the ballot box and shutting the doors of the House of Commons against the parties to, the aiders and abettors of these unholy combinations. Farmers, mechanics and honest toilers of America will you sit dreaming while the rings of the wealth which you and your children have sweated to fill, the tills of these monopolists are now used to crush you out of existence? Every week brings news of some new trust being solemnly pledged to highland infamy and close combination while the farmers through some unaccountable fatality remain scattered, as if they, of all the people of Canada, did not need to unite. We are proud to be able to give credit to the farmers of the United States for their energy and manliness in defense of the laboring classes, as we find that farmers are organizing in a right lively manner from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to our national boundary, that new Granges are coming rapidly into existence, dormant ones are getting revived and their agricultural papers brim full and flowing over with patriotism and a national sentiment that will wither the life out of oppression and moneyed monopoly, and guarantee freedom and fair play to all.

David Overmyer, hitherto a republican, but now democratic candidate for Congress in this district, challenges any high or so-called protective tariff republican, to a joint debate. Judge Pepper does not specifically accept the challenge, but offers to discuss the question, one, two, or three evenings with any one opposed to his views of the tariff. It might be a good idea to have this joint discussion. It might bring out some hidden truths. The question as before the American people to-day is entirely artificial, and misleading. Moreover, the position assumed by the republican party is entirely different from the time honored principles persistently announced in its platforms for the past thirty years of its existence. Nor is the democracy any more consistent. Mr. Overmyer does not declare for the old democratic theory of free trade, but plants himself on the ground more early occupied by the republican party. The tariff question is one that is not easily comprehended by the common mind except in a general way. In practical adjustment by legislation the effect is distorted and twisted until black may readily be made to appear white by an astute stump orator, or editorial writer. The question is one that has been forced into this canvass for want of something else that can be made to appeal to passions of the people. Ordinarily it is one the least calculated to arouse enthusiasm, and it can never be made to do this when not entangled with other issues and made to do special partisan service.

For example there is no question but what American industries should be encouraged, not to be made monopolies, but to best serve the public good. This protection they should have, and no more. Free wool may benefit manufacturers, the entire people, the farmer as well the consumer of woolen goods, if it brings in a quality that we do not raise and that is needed to mix with such grades as we do raise. And so on indefinitely. Scarcely any one favors absolute free trade. Conditions control everything and it is the conditions that the politicians keep in the dark.

A Victory For The Ladies.

The Chicago Evening Law School has had a lively fight over the question of admitting women as students. The school is incorporated under a State law, and was opened a short time ago in the Appellate court room, with Judges Moran and Bailey of the Appellate Court as faculty and seventy young men as students. Miss Emma Baumann and Miss Baker applied for admission. Both are stenographers, and wished to perfect themselves in legal technicalities to enable them to do court reporting.

Strong opposition was made to their admission. Miss Myra Bradwell, of the Legal News, and other ladies took up because of the young lady applicants. The sentiment of the students is said to have been against their admission, but Judge Moran said: "Let the ladies be given equal privileges. If young gentlemen are mentally superior let them demonstrate it by proficiency in their studies." The directors were divided, but after some discussion, and a postponement or two, they have voted that women shall be admitted. This scores one more victory for justice and commonsense.

The New York State Senate has had a committee at work upon Trusts. In New York city testimony was taken concerning the Sugar Trust, the combination of milk dealers in the city, the Cottonseed Oil Trust, the envelope manufacturers' combination, the Warehouse Trust, the Standard Oil Cloth Association, the combination of butchers in the city, and two or three other "combinations." With reference to the "general effect" of such rings "upon the public interests" the committee said: "However different the influences which gave rise to these combinations in each particular case may be, the main purpose, management, and effect of all upon the public is the same, to wit: The aggregation of capital, the power of controlling the manufacture and output of various necessary commodities, the acquisition or destruction of competitive properties, all leading to the final and conclusive purpose of annihilating competition and enabling the industries represented in the combination to fix the price at which they would purchase the raw material from the producer and at which they would sell the refined product to the consumer. In any event, the public at each end of the industry (the producer and consumer) is, and is intended to be, in a certain sense, at the mercy of the syndicate, combination or Trust."

The "avowed object" of the Cottonseed Oil Trust, the committee said, was "to get control of the manufacture and sale of cottonseed oil, and to that end it buys up, destroys, or assimilates all individual industries of its own kind within its reach." The committee discovered that it had "many of the very worst features of the Trust kind," and the committee it seemed "not improbable that its authors have other, if possible, worse motives in its organization than the formation of a company to destroy competition." It is so obnoxious to the people of Louisiana that they have undertaken to break it down by a suit at law.

Concerning the Milk Exchange, limited, of New York city, the report said: "Its object is to destroy competition and it is a monopoly of the worst sort. The corporation was formed with the ostensible design of buying and selling milk. But the middlemen who have it in control wrest it from its original purpose and use it, by assuming through its authority to fix the price of milk, to oblige the farmer to sell his milk at 2 or 3 cents a quart to them, the members of the Milk Exchange, limited, and they are left free to charge the consumer in the city 7 or 8 cents, and at times 10 cents a quart in their discretion."

The Standard Oil Trust, said the committee, is "the type of a system which has spread like a disease." Having pointed out its vast accumulations and its absolute control of a great industry the committee added: "When it is remembered that all this vast wealth is the growth of about twenty years, that this property has more than doubled in value in six years, and that with this increase the Trust has made aggregate dividends during that period of over \$50,000,000, the people may well look with apprehension at such rapid development and centralization of wealth, wholly independent of legal control and anxiously seek out means to modify, if not to prevent, the natural consequences of the device producing it, a device of late invention, namely, the aggregation of great corporations into partnership with unbounded resources, and a field of operations quite as extended as those resources."

The report directs attention to the refusal of the Standard Oil Trust's counsel to produce the Trust agreement, counsel asserting that the committee was unwarrantably inquisitive as to "private matters."

In conclusion, the committee said: "The end, if not the purpose, of every combination is to destroy competition, and leave the people subject to the rule of a monopoly. And for these evils what is the remedy? A wise people will always find a remedy consistent with its own prosperity for every great vice of the State. And in this case capital should be subjected to the rule of which it has always claimed to be the strongest advocate, that no combination or conspiracy should be tolerated in the State which would interfere directly or indirectly with the exercise of the boldest competition in every industry and calling."

Let the farmers of America unite in their Granges upon this important matter. Let them work together, speak together, vote together where necessary, and thus secure law-makers that will give us protection from this new form of the giant monopoly.

Ill health modifies all possible goodness. Restores your health by using Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, regulates the liver. Try it—120 doses for \$1.00. Sold by your druggist. There is no Sarsaparilla "just-as-good." Get it.

The Youth's Companion.

I suppose the Youth's Companion, of this city, says a writer in the Record, makes for its owner, Mr. Ford, at least \$250,000 a year. That is a large sum for a little eight page weekly paper for young people to net its owner. Yet it is a bonanza fairly come by, and the result of good headwork. Mr. Ford is a man of 70 now, but how he came by the paper is interesting. Years ago he was half owner of our Baptist weekly, the Watchman. Associated with him was one Dr. Olmstead, a good man. Both were devout men, but Ford the better business head. He thought he saw his way to a big fortune, and so proposed to Olmstead to "buy or sell" at \$30,000. He had no idea that Olmstead would buy; but, when the day came, was surprised at the latter's paying down the money. The Watchman still lives. Well, Mr. Ford got his \$30,000 and the Youth's Companion thrown in. It was a sort of side show that had been run in connection with the Watchman, and was not accounted of much value. It is worth to day \$750,000 easily, and to keep it up Mr. Ford has taken in two young men as partners. He lives in a handsome house in the summer at Devereaux, keeps some fast horses, the fastest steam yacht of its size in the bay, and is one of the most liberal supporters of the Ruggels street church. A few years ago a friend took him down the harbor in his yacht. It was a pleasant trip and since then in pleasant weather his pretty craft makes the daily trip between Marblehead harbor and Long wharf. I am glad to say that Mr. Ford is both a good and a smart man. That sort always gets on. I do not know why Mr. Ford suggests John Stetson, but I am reminded of the way the latter started his paper. He used to carry sporting items into the Herald, and one night, he being then a drummer, City Editor Andrews suggested to him that he ought to start a sporting paper. He did so, and the result is that his venture, unlike the Youth's Companion in many respects, is like it in this, that the Police News makes for its owner a mint of money every year.—Boston Courier.

The farmers—there are more than seven millions of 'em in the country—appear to be waking up to appreciation of their political power and rights in the land. If the men who plow and dig, sow and reap, shall once take hold in earnest of the problems of government by the people, the scurvy politicians and scaly corporation attorneys, who have so long ridden on the backs of the masses, will have to take to the woods.—Phil. Record.

Kansas bonds are worth \$175 in the open market. Would it be out of place to inquire whether any state that has been democratic for twenty-seven years has as good credit?

CONFIRMED.

The appointment of C. K. Holliday, of this city, as secretary of Legation to Venezuela, was confirmed by the United States senate.

Upon this action by the senate, Mr. Ayers, the special Washington correspondent of the Kansas City Times, says:

Charles K. Holliday, jr., the recently appointed secretary of the American legation to Venezuela, is 27 years old and Kansas born and bred. He is a son of Hon. C. K. Holliday, one of the old "Free State Guards," and the founder of the city of Topeka. Young Mr. Holliday graduated at the "Knabens Institute" at Kornthal, Wurtemberg, Germany in 1875 and returning to Kansas entered Washburn college, Topeka, in 1876, graduating with the degree of A. B. In 1882 he made the tour of Europe. He entered the law department of Yale university in 1883 and took the degree of M. L. In 1886 Washburn college conferred the degree of M. A. upon him.

He has been a member of the Royal Geographical society of London for years; also of the University and Kansas City club, of Kansas City. He is proprietor and associate editor of the KANSAS DEMOCRAT, is a democrat from principle, and always has been. He was instrumental in rousing demonstrations for Cleveland on the part of Yale in 1884; left his classes at New Haven and traveled 1,400 miles to vote for Cleveland.

Mr. Holliday is a member of the bar in Connecticut and in Kansas, speaks German and French, is president of the Cleveland club of Topeka, vice president of the press club, and connected with nearly all social and business enterprises of the capital of the state.

Mr. Holliday was appointed by Cleveland as secretary of legation at Venezuela, with headquarters at Caracas, the loveliest city of South America, at the urgent and unanimous request of a number of democrats.

Willis & Hixson have opened a store at 209 Kansas avenue, Topeka, where you may buy the finest grades of Teas, Coffees, Spices, Extracts, etc., at the most reasonable prices. They also have a superior quality of Baking Powder which they offer at a low figure. Give them a call.

Messer Butler & Vanclve have purchased the Excelsior Bakery of J. M. Wiley, and will furnish Bread, Cakes, Pies, and everything kept in a first class Bakery. Give them a call and sample their goods. They are new candidates for patronage and hope to have a share of the North Topeka trade.

"DOCTORING OLD TIME"

A Striking Picture—A Revival of Old Time Simplicitities.

In one of Harper's issues is given a very fine illustration of Roberts' celebrated painting, known as "Doctoring Old Time." It represents a typical old-timer, with his bellows, blowing the dust from an ancient clock, with its cords and weights carefully secured. One of these clocks in this generation is appreciated only as a rare relic.

The suggestive name, "Doctoring Old Time," brings to our mind another version of the title, used for another purpose—"Old Time Doctoring." We learn, through a reliable source, that one of the enterprising proprietary medicine firms of the country, has been for years investigating the formulas and medical preparations used in the beginning of this century, and even before, with a view of ascertaining why people in our great-grandfathers' time enjoyed a health and physical vigor so seldom found in the present generation. They now think they have secured the secret or secrets. They find that the prevailing opinion that then existed, that "Nature has a remedy for every existing disorder," was true, and acting under this belief, our grandparents used the common herbs and plants. Continual trespass upon the forest domain, has made these herbs less abundant and has driven them further from civilization, until they have been discarded, as remedial agents because of the difficulty of obtaining them.

H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure and founder of the Warner observatory, Rochester, N. Y., has been pressing investigations in this direction, into the annals of old family histories, until he has secured some very valuable formulas, from which his firm is now preparing medicines, to be sold by all druggists.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin remedies." Among these medicines will be a "sarsaparilla," for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," "Log Cabin extract," for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for catarrh, called "Log Cabin rose cream." Among the list is also a "Log Cabin plaster," and a "Log Cabin liver pill."

From the number of remedies, it will be seen that they do not propose to cure all diseases with one preparation. It is believed by many that with these remedies a new era is to dawn upon suffering humanity and that the close of the nineteenth century will see these roots and herbs, as compounded under the title of Warner's Log Cabin remedies, as popular as they were at its beginning. Although they come in the form of proprietary medicines, yet they will be none the less welcome, for suffering humanity has become tired of modern doctoring and the public has great confidence in any remedies put up by the firm of which H. H. Warner is the head. The people have become suspicious of the effects of doctoring with poisonous drugs. Few realize the injurious effects following the prescriptions of many modern physicians. These effects of poisonous drugs, already prominent, will become more pronounced in coming generations. Therefore we can cordially wish the old-fashioned new remedies the best of success.

The judgment in the lower court in the case of James R. Hill vs. Mrs. N. J. Applegate, was affirmed. The plaintiff and defendant permitted their stock to run at large upon the unenclosed lands of others, and while the stock was so running at large the defendant's mule, which was known by the defendant to be vicious and inclined to kill young colts and calves, killed the plaintiff's mule colt. The court holds that the plaintiff may recover from the defendant for the loss of his colt, although the colt, with other stock, was technically trespassing upon the land of another person.

The October CENTURY closes the 18th year of that periodical. The frontispiece is a portrait of Emma Lazarus, the Jewish poet of New York. The opening article is by Richard Jefferies, on "An English Deer Park" with illustrations. Theodore Roosevelt closes his Ranch series. Another illustrated article is on "American Machine Cannon and Dynamite Guns." But the most interesting and important illustrated article will doubtless be George Kennan's description of "The Tomsk Forwarding Prison," in his series on the Siberian Exile System. This installment of the Lincoln series is on "Plans of Campaign," and is a full and authoritative statement of Lincoln's reasons for interference in the conduct of the war, in the early days of the McClellan regime. The fact that Lincoln took up the story of war scientifically is here brought out. "A Mexican Campaign" is concluded and there are two short stories. Other papers are on "The New Political Generation," "Christianity the Conservator of American Civilization," and "Songs of the Western Meadow Lark." In Topics are discussed "The American Volunteer," "General Sheridan," "The Amenities of Politics," "Who is the Genuine Party Man?" "Manual Training," and, in Open Letters, "Lincoln as a Military Man," "Lowell's Recent Writings," "Lectures on American History," "The Right Man for our Church," etc.

Before subscribing for your next years reading call and see us. We club with everything published and can save your money.

In cases where Quinine utterly fails to have any effect, and where the patient cannot take it by reason of it unpleasant influence, a cure is promptly obtained by Shallenberger's Antidote. It cures immediately. In no case will there be more than one chill after the first dose, and in the majority of cases not even that. Sold by Druggists.

It is reported that Barnum's show will winter on the fair grounds.

The democrats of Silver Lake township will hold a meeting on Saturday evening, October 13, in Sntsminger's hall, in Silver Lake for the purpose of making nominations for township officers. If it be deemed advisable, and for the purpose of considering other party matters.

The annual meeting of the Rochester Cemetery association will be held on Monday, October 15, at 2 p. m., at which time a new superintendent is to be elected. It is desired to further fix up and improve the grounds, and the present superintendent trusts that his successor will take good care of the cemetery and take pride in keeping it a sacred spot for all who have loved ones sleeping there.

The bank clearances for the week were \$361,907, as against \$315,219 last week, and \$289,998 for the corresponding week last year. This is an increase of 24.1 per cent over last year.

N. F. Conkle, proprietor of the Indiana dry goods store on Kansas avenue, will leave for Chicago in a few days, to purchase new winter goods.

Watt, Powell & Co., one of Topeka's leading boot and shoe firms, have removed their store from 416 Kansas avenue to the room formerly occupied by Levi & Sons, the clothiers, at 622 Kansas avenue. Their new room is a elegant store room and in a splendid location. The new firm which is one of the best known and most popular in Topeka, are getting in a new stock of goods and will rank as one of the first boot and shoe houses of the city.

The report of the secretary of the state board of agriculture for August and September will be issued in a week. The report will contain the more vital statistics of the biennial report and will be of inestimable value to the farmers.

From Meriden.

The Report says:—Five Topeka dudes cut quite a dash in Meriden, Saturday last. Well, we guess the boys had never been from home before and they actually thought they were smart.

Quite a number of our citizens attended the reunion. They report having a good time, notwithstanding the dust.

The sudden death of Mrs. A. McDaniel, on Saturday morning last, was a sad surprise to the people of this community.

H. P. Parker is intending to start for Rice county, in a few days, and settle on his farm there. Mr. Parker is one of our best citizens and we are sorry to lose him.

P. N. Gish has severed his connection with the Report, and is succeeded by John Groshong.

Corn husking is the principal gossip among the farmers at present; some have already begun husking and they find the yield fully as large as they expected.

R. E. Gillyly, one of our esteemed citizens, bought of Jas. Lawless, of Newman Station, his stock of general merchandise and moved there Thursday. Mr. Lawless was also postmaster and station agent which positions Mr. Gillyly will fill in the future.

St. Nicholas for October, 1888.

In this number "Two Little Confederates" ends, and there is a third instalment of "Little Ike Templin," telling of his sojourn in a well; Helen Grav Cone describes a "go-as-you-please" race between "The Civilized King and the Semi-barbarous Giant," and how it was won by the latter; Jessie C. Glasier sends a little missionary "From House to House." William O. Stoddard recounts a story of woodland experience. Thomas A. Janvier entertains us with the amusing circumstances which led to the "blighting" of "The Blighted Midshipman"; Emily H. Lealand, in "How a Little Boy Camped Out," has chronicled the brave but brief adventure of a boy in his own back yard.

Of a descriptive nature are, "Sea-gulls from the Light-house," by Louie Lyndon, and "A Floating Home," by Edmund Wilson, both full of that loving interpretation of animal life which is childhood's own; and "Tea," by E. H. Libby, a brief article giving all the facts which any one need care to know about tea and its history.

Of poems and verses there are plenty. Of course the number overflows with illustrations, but there are pictures besides. "The First Minute," a frontispiece by E. H. Langren; two delightfully amusing child-pictures from photographs. A portrait after Velasquez, and others perhaps as well worth mention. The number is a rich October harvest, with the departments in addition to make good measure.

From the Liberal Chronicle we glean the following:

A Stevens county farmer last season planted 160 acres in watermelons and sold the products to D. M. Ferry & Co., seedmen, Detroit, Mich. The yield was 300 pounds of seed to the acre, and he received eighteen cents per pound or fifty four dollars per acre, making a total of \$8, 640 for their crop. What's the matter with the melon industry being the most profitable in southwestern Kansas.

THE NEWS.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S silver jubilee was celebrated at New York.

The American Surgical association elected Dr. D. W. Cheever of Boston president.

The French council of ministers decided not to suspend the import duty of 5 francs on cereals.

The treasury department has refused to compromise the case against Gardner, the opium smuggler.

The fund subscribed to defray Farnell's expenses in his suit against the London Times amounts to £3,000.

The United Typothetae, in session in New York, elected Andrew McNally of Chicago president, and adjourned to meet in St. Louis Oct. 3, 1889.

WILLIAM BOHAN of Rockaway, Long Island, was sentenced to twenty-six years and eleven months' imprisonment for gouging out his wife's eyes.

The Society of the Army of the Cumberland elected General W. S. Rosecrans president and adjourned to meet in Chattanooga, Tennessee, next year.

A FREIGHT train loaded with whisky from the Peoria distilleries was completely demolished by collision with a passenger train at Hoopstow, Illinois.

LIBBY prison was sold at auction and purchased by Cincinnati parties, who will hold it for a new syndicate now being organized to remove it to Chicago.

Mrs. RACHEL STILLWAGGON of Flushing, Long Island, has just celebrated her 103d birthday. She is in good health and expects to live many years yet.

The circular offering \$20,000 reward for the arrest of Tascott, the murderer of Amos J. Snell, will be printed in all languages and sent to all parts of the world.

FIFTY locomotives will be shipped to South America by the Baldwin Locomotive works of Philadelphia for use on railroads in the Argentine republic.

STONE, Lytle, and Commiskey, the Ogdensburg officials implicated with Gardner in the opium smuggling conspiracy, have been indicted and held in \$10,000 bail each.

JAMES W. WIMAN and Mrs. Mary Plaster, both aged 75 years, were married in a buggy at Marshall, Illinois. The bride had been married three times before.

The Northern Pacific railroad stockholders elected T. F. Oakes president. The old directors were all re-elected except August Belmont, who is succeeded by J. C. Bullitt.

MISS VIRGINIA MAC TAVISH of Baltimore, a daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton and granddaughter of General Winfield Scott, is engaged to marry the duke of Norfolk, England.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany is showing an unhappy penchant for sham battles. If he did not take so much pleasure in mimic war he would be less likely to plunge into real war.

The title of Sir Morell Mackenzie's promised book on the Emperor Frederick will be "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble." It is likely to be ready about the end of this month.

Mrs. LUCY ELKINS, the widow of the artist whose death was caused by excessive drinking, has recovered \$5,000 from the saloon-keeper who sold her husband liquor despite her protest.

JUDGE TERRY and his wife, Sarah Althea, have been indicted by the grand jury at San Francisco for assault on the marshal and his deputies, who attempted to arrest Sarah for abusing Justice Field in the supreme court-room recently.

SPEAKING of M. Pasteur, a recent writer says: "He is of average height, has a large, high forehead, small gray eyes, soft and intelligent; short neck, broad shoulders and emaciated face; he wears a full gray beard and mustache cut close. He limps slightly. His health has been poor lately and he now speaks with great difficulty, but his two months' rest in the pine forests of the Juras will completely restore him."

VICTOR TREVIT'S DUEL.

A Half-Breed and a Nez Perce Fight for the Possession of a Squaw.

Victor Trevit, the founder of Lewis-town, I. T., was one of the most remarkable characters the history of the Northwest has ever known. He was a half-breed.

Among the Nez Percés was a beautiful squaw, the daughter of Tall Pine, a noted chief, says the Omaha Bee. She was known as the Blushing Rose. Trevit conceived a passionate love for her, and intimated to Tall Pine that he desired to make her his wife.

The proposition pleased the chief, but when the plan was laid before Blushing Rose she signified her displeasure by declaring that she would wed no man but Leaping Panther, a handsome young brave who had distinguished himself in the chase and whose intrepidity and skill in the use of the rifle were the wonder of the tribe.

The old chief, with an eye open to his personal interests, tried to laugh down the protests of his daughter, and coolly informed her that she must throw aside her silly infatuation and become Trevit's wife whether the prospect pleased her or not.

She threatened to kill herself if she was pressed into a distasteful union, and Trevit and Tall Pine were in a quandary as to what move to make, when the brave young warrior, Leaping Panther, offered a solution to the difficulty by suggesting that Trevit and he fight a duel with knives, the girl to become the wife of the winner.

Two warriors quickly tore the shirts from the men's bodies and strapped their left hand behind their backs. Thus, naked to the hips, with a gleaming knife in their hands, the men moved toward each other with the stealth of a tiger in their movements and the cunning of a fox in their eyes.

The combat was not of long duration. Trevit suddenly rose to the full limit of his splendid height and rushed upon his foe with a force and a yell that caused the young squaw by the bowlder to turn pale and tremble, but a smile of exultation lit up her face as she saw the massive form of Trevit reel and the blood gush from his side.

Leaping Panther's agility had served him well, and with a spring, he was on his wavering antagonist, who, with a wild sweep of his long arm, sent his glittering knife through the muscles and tendons of the young brave's shoulder, and the two men fell together in a helpless heap.

For many days Trevit lay at the point of death, but his powerful constitution pulled him through, and he became himself again. Leaping Panther never recovered the use of his right arm, and was obliged to relinquish Blushing Rose to Trevit, as the half-breed had been declared the winner in the fight, since he had rendered forever useless the fighting arm of his antagonist.

In due time the young squaw became the wife of Trevit, but she never forgot her first love, and two years after becoming the wife of the old pioneer, one morning her remains, together with those of Leaping Panther, were found at the bottom of the Snake river. They had deliberately gone to their death clasped in each other's arms.

The Vast Crop of Corn.

The Cincinnati Price Current (an authority in the grain and produce market) estimates the assured corn crop in the United States to be 559,000,000 bushels more than that of 1887—the aggregate for this year being 2,015,000,000 bushels.

If this estimate be verified by the actual harvest returns, it will be the first time in the history of corn-growing in the United States when the two-billion bushel point has been passed. The crop of 1882 was 1,624,917,000 bushels; of 1883, 1,551,066,895 bushels; of 1884, 1,795,528,432 bushels; of 1885, 1,936,176,000 bushels; of 1886, 1,665,441,000 bushels; and of 1887, 1,456,161,000 bushels.

The value of the corn crop of last year according to the tables of the government agricultural bureau, was \$746,106,770. Assuming the per bushel rate to average the same this year as last, and there is added to the wealth of the country, from corn, a sum exceeding \$200,000,000 more than was added by the corn crop of one year ago.

It is a season of average prosperity for the farmers of the whole land, wherein every man who sells labor or buys family supplies will in some degree share.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

A Woman Talks to The Knights.

In the Middle Ages, Knights Templar were a necessity. Women needed protection and these Knights gave it. Crusades were carried on, homes and property were protected. But

when I saw these "knight," pale and weary, returning from their crusade, their search for the holy sepulchre and their mighty conquests, along Erie, Prospect, Euclid, Superior streets, etc., I could not help thinking, "Great Caesar! How these men would absolutely 'hoot' should they see a body of women spending large amounts of money and going to war with feathers, swords and drum majors, all to perpetuate medieval ideas, the good in which must be perpetual anyway." Now, the Knights are all right, and look and appear like men worthy the highest respect, and it will not do them any harm, will not demolish a single feather, cross, crown, sword or drum major, to tell them what they would think of women who would do the same things. Then, too, about the vanity of women. If ever there is satisfaction shown in this world, it is seen in a man's face when he gets "toggled out" in regalia of some sort.

I beg your pardon, Sir Knight, for thus plainly speaking. It is only because I understand your chivalry that I have dared break the laws of medieval usage and custom, and give utterance to a woman's observations. Do you not think yourselves, that the spirit of love, and of truth, and of chivalry could be as well perpetuated in some more spiritual and less expensive, less wearisome, and less ridiculous manner?—*Marcia, in the Cleveland Sun and Voice.*

The New First Reader.

Lesson I.—"Let us go upon the street car and take a long ride. Do you see with what swiftness they move?"

"I do. The motion almost takes my breath away."

"You must hang on to your hat or you will lose it. Do you see the lady with pink strings on her bonnet?"

"Yes, I see her. She is very pale and nervous. Is she afraid that the car will run off the track?"

"Not exactly. She is worried about the conductor."

"Is he not a good man?"

"He is a noble fellow, with a wife and ten children to support; but she is afraid of his eyesight. Do you see that coin in her fingers?"

"Yes. It is a silver quarter."

"No my son, it is a lead quarter—one she has been trying to get rid of for a month. Now he comes along and she hands it out and smiles and sweetly exclaims: 'Tickets, please!'"

"And the conductor?"

"He smiles sweetly but sadly."

"And—"

"And returns it with the remark that she ought to have worked it off on circus day."

"And is she sorrowful?"

"Oh, no. She is as mad as a wet hen, and she takes the number of the car and will try to have the conductor bounced for incivility to passengers."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not the Ocean He Thought It.

He was an old man of sixty, says the Free Press, and had lived within fifty miles of the sea all his life without a look at that respectable body of water. He came down to Atlantic City on an excursion, accompanied by his son William, and a dozen of us were on the board walk as the pair came up and William said:

"There, father, that's the ocean."

"Reg'lar ocean?" inquired the old man.

"Yes."

"Three thousand miles across?"

"Yes."

"Bill, don't you lie to me, for I won't stand it! Is it salt?"

"Yes, father."

"I'll be gosh-darned if I believe it! Bill, you're lying to your poor old father."

"No, I ain't. I'll get you some."

Bill borrowed one of the sand-pails from the children and brought it back full of water. The old man tasted it and exclaimed:

"Bill, you salted it to deceive me!"

"No, father. That's just as I dipped it up."

"Well, where's the icebergs?"

"There are none here, father."

"What! Then it's a darned humbug!"

"This isn't the Arctic ocean, father; this is the Atlantic."

"Then you've all lied to me! What do I want of the Atlantic ocean, which is nothing but water with salt in it. Bill, you either p'int out them icebergs or I'll start for hum!"

William couldn't do it, even when we all lied to assist him, and the old man sat down on the sand, braced his back against a log, and pouted for three straight hours like a boy who had been refused sugar.

Taking Advantage of Friendship.

The average barbar does not hesitate to scrape an acquaintance.—*Duluth Paragon.*

RARE BIBLES.

Some Curious Editions Lately Acquired by the British Museum.

Among the most important acquisitions made by the trustees of the British museum during the year are the following works: A Bible in the Georgian language, in folio, printed at Moscow in 1743 at the expense of Prince Bakar, the son of King Vachang, who made use of materials collected by his uncle, King Artchyl. This book is excessively rare, as nearly the whole impression was destroyed in the burning of Moscow in 1812. Only ten copies are known to exist, and no other edition of the entire Bible has ever been printed in the Georgian language. Another rare Bible is the one in Armenian, printed at Amsterdam, in 1666, 4to, illustrated with numerous woodcuts, as also a psalter in Armenian, printed at Venice, in 1565, 8vo. This book was the first production of the Armenian press, established by Abgar at Venice, and is believed to be the first portion of the Bible printed in Armenian. To these should be added Archbishop Parker's rare work, entitled "De Antiquitate Ecclesie Britannice," printed in Lambeth Palace, by John Day, in 1572, folio, and intended for private distribution among the friends of the Archbishop. It is believed that no more than twenty-five copies of this work exist, and no two copies agree entirely in their contents. Four copies are now in the British museum. Finally, the Missal for the use of the Diocese of Seville, printed at Seville by Jacob Cromberger in 1507, folio; a Service book of the greatest rarity and was printed on vellum. It is a magnificent example of early Spanish typography and was issued from the press of the first of a family of German printers who worked at Seville until the middle of the sixteenth century. Only one other copy is known to exist and that is in the Casanati library at Rome.—*London News.*

"So Runs the World Away."

Three years ago to-night I visited Neilson's grave under vastly different circumstances—obtaining admission to the ground at a late hour, after the gates had been closed. The moon was shining then, and the white stones glimmering among the dusky trees seemed in some strange way sentient and watchful, keeping their vigil with the dead. It was a cold and still night—silent save when the leaves were stirred by an occasional faint gust of wind, or when the ground was jarred by the passage of a train on the neighboring district railway. What a contrast with the life and light and color and joy, the eager sympathetic multitude, the brilliant scenes of action and enjoyment, that used to surround that peerless woman only a few short years ago! To-day of all the gazers that looked upon her cross scarcely one seemed to have heard her name. Truly "man walketh in a vain shadow and disquitheth himself in vain." The patient little household drudge, the toiler in the factory, the nursery-maid, the vagrant gypsy girl, poring over her mother's play-books or speaking sonorous verses to her audience of dolls, becomes, in a few brief years, a princess in the art circles of the British capital, the admired associate of wits and nobles, the idol of the stage on both sides of the Atlantic, the most accomplished actress of her time in the juvenile heroines of Shakespeare; and then, at the summit of her prosperity and renown, before her youth has faded or yet the bubbles have ceased to sparkle in the golden goblet of life, she sinks suddenly into the tomb. And now, eight years later, of all that she was and all that she accomplished, nothing remains but a handful of roses withering on a piece of marble. "So runs the world away."—*London Cor. New York Tribune.*

Not in His Score.

The recent death of Parlow, the greatest of Prussian military band leaders, calls to mind a good anecdote about him. He was present at the first Paris exposition, and after playing before Napoleon, the latter, after chatting with him some time, asked him what he would do with the great bass instruments which curl all round the bodies of the players in case of defeat. "Your majesty," replied Parlow, "we never practice music for a retreat."—*New York World.*

Close at Hand.

Once, said Lawrence Oliphant, I was in a Cornish mine, some hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth. Crawling down a ladder, and feeling the temperature was every moment getting warmer, I said to a miner who was accompanying me: "It is getting very hot down here. How far do you think it is to the infernal regions?" "I don't know exactly," he replied, "but if you let go you will be there in two minutes."—*London Journal.*

DROWNING SWIMMERS.

What a Life-Saver Says to Them and What They Say to Him.

"Why do good swimmers drown in the sea?" was asked by an Atlantic City correspondent of life-saving young Ed O'Brien, who has become somewhat famous along the coast there.

"I will tell you," he answered. "The men who are good swimmers, and who drown while in bathing here, are freshwater swimmers. They are good swimmers in smooth water, but when they tackle the sea they are no good. A good many, when in the water, go out too far to show off. Then when it comes to swimming back they give out and go down. These freshwater swimmers have an idea that they must get back on a straight line. They know nothing about tides or currents, and they strike out to get back to shore by the shortest route instead of finding out the current and swimming with it. The first thing they know they get into a wave that twists them all up. They don't know when to cut through it, and all of a sudden they lose their head, get out of wind become scared and then comes the cry for help. A freshwater swimmer coming to any beach ought first to study the currents and tides before he ventures out. No one should venture out beyond the safety line unless he is thoroughly posted, no matter how good a swimmer he is in still water. If he knows the current and tide thoroughly he will find it an easy matter to get back to shore in his own good time."

"What do you first say to a drowning man when you reach him?"

"I sing out to him as loud as I can that I have him safe. If I am in a boat I first throw him a rope. When I go for a drowning man I always think of a life for a life. It is always best to keep a drowning man off from you until you have him quieted down. If an excited man gets the best of you in the water the chances are both of you will be lost."

"What is the first thing a saved man will generally say to you?"

"After he gets out and gets his wits back again, the first thing a man generally does is to smile, shake his head, and say 'that was a narrow escape, sure.' Then he'll thank me over and over again, and if he owned the world he'd give three-fourths of it to me. A good many I have saved rewarded me liberally, but I have helped out some men who promised me much, but never kept their promises."

Nice Little Folks.

"It is a fact of my observation," said a Pittsburg business man to a Dispatch reporter, "that people of small stature are far better natured than those of large size. Did you ever see a small man who wasn't good humored and inclined to take a rosy view of life? And did you ever know a little woman who wasn't jolly and full of fun? I've studied humanity a good deal, and I never yet have encountered a small person who was surly and misanthropic. Who are the pessimists? Lank, tall raw-boned, dyspeptic individuals almost invariably. Did you ever know a man of five feet six inches that was melancholy? No, and you are not likely to. I tell you the world would be a mighty lonesome place without the little grown-up people. They make more than half the fun there is in this vale of tears."

"Little men are invariably good story-tellers. They are hearty laughers, they are quick to see the humorous side of any question, and they relish a joke, even if it is at their own expense. They make the firmest friends, and adhere to those whom they like through thick and thin. They are seldom quarrelsome and never conceited. They are often sensitive, but quick-witted people generally are. Altogether they are the best folks in the world to get along with, whether in a business or social way."

No Clique Runs the White House.

There is no underground road between the house of any official in Washington and the white house today. There is not a senator who can say, even to himself, "The president and I." The white house, like the house of the Douglas, is open to all alike—manors, halls and towers. There are conferences with republicans and democrats alike, and no concealment thereof. In this respect there has never been more Jeffersonian simplicity in Washington. Democratic officials have as often been sat upon—to use the every day coinage of street and lobby—as have republicans. This is not strange when you know that the president is not even controlled by his cabinet. I am most credibly informed that the present cabinet has less influence with the president than any ever formed. Need I say that I am informed, "but if you let go you will be there in two minutes."—*Washington Letter Chicago Times.*

THE WAYS OF THIEVES.

Benevolent Care of Relatives of Those in Trouble.

There is among thieves a kindly feeling for each other which may have given rise to the saying that there's "honor" among them. Few people are prepared, perhaps, to learn that professional criminals are known, in many instances, to exercise genuine charity towards their victims as well as towards the families of less fortunate fellow-toilers in the thorny fields of crime. There are no benefit or protective associations among them, but they have their laws and, as a rule, abide by them. There is none more interesting to a student of human nature than the by-law governing a "mob" of pickpockets, one of whom has been "pinched." Four of these light-fingered gentrils, for example, start out to see the world and make their fortunes out of other people's pockets. They tour gaily through the provinces, and one of them is arrested, stopped in the midst of his career perhaps, at the most profitable period, when he was about to capture a farmer's fat wallet and a wealthy "wad." His three fellow-workers can, as a rule, do no more than engage for him the best legal talent available and send him, through that source, messages of condolence and cheer. Through the lawyer, however, they find out at once the address of the prisoner's wife or family. To her, regularly, or to them for the remainder of that trip, be the foray long or short, is remitted with scrupulous regularity the one fourth of all the booty they "touch," be it much or little. The wife may in such cases fare even better financially than if her husband were at large and working at his "trade."

This particular trip comes to an end sooner or later. If the prisoned partner is by this time at liberty well and good. If not, and another expedition into the bowels of the land and its breeches pockets is resolved on by the same partners, all the loose change, postage stamps and such individual trifles taken from their prey of portmanteaus is regularly put aside and dispatched to the family of the ex-partner, no longer entitled to share equally, but still deserving, in some degree, the sympathy and aid of his fellow-thieves.

But burglars are benevolent on a really magnificent scale. They are the princes among criminals in the extent of their operations as well as in the indifference with which they gather in or throw away great sums of money. Here are some notable instances of burglars' generosity:

THE RELIGIOUS BURGLAR'S REPENTANCE.

In October, 1869, the Beneficial Savings Fund of Philadelphia was robbed of \$1,800,000 worth of securities. Frank McCoy ("Big Frank"), now serving a ten years' sentence at New-castle, Del.; Jo Howard, doing five years, penance at present in Cold-water, Mich., and "Jimmy" Hope who is suffering durance vile for a six-year term at Auburn, N. Y., were the operators. Of the sum stolen a round half million was in unregistered 7.30 government bonds, which belonged to various Catholic beneficial institutions in Philadelphia. And no sooner had the burglars heard this than, being, as they said, Catholics themselves, they returned the half million intact to its deserving owners.

The Cortland National Bank, of Cortland, N. Y., was robbed in October, 1879, of some three hundred thousand dollars by "Jim" Ruins, "Rafe" Minor and Horace Hovan. In spite of their good deeds the first two of these gentlemen are now incarcerated, respectively, at Hamburg and in Sing Sing, while "Little Horace" is doing Europe as a man of means should. Ten thousand dollars of the sum removed from the care of the Cortland Bank was converted to current funds, but the remainder consisted of registered government bonds, which belonged in the main to small depositors. Among them were two poor old maids, and when it came to the burglars' ears, through their negotiator, that these two sisters had their whole fortune invested in \$16,000 worth of these securities, the bonds were mailed back to them at once. The venerable ladies were thus spared the expense and tedium of paying a reward, in the regular course of business, or of an appeal to the government for a duplication of the bonds.

As recently as in the spring of '83 \$70,000 in passenger railway securities were stolen from a Philadelphia trust company. Finding that they were not negotiable, and not wishing to worry either themselves or the trust company's depositors unnecessarily, the thieves immediately notified a detective who acted as a "go-between" for them that he might return the bonds at once. His crookedness in demanding

and receiving a reward of \$2,000 in no way impairs the merit of their praiseworthy proffer.

These negotiators, by the way, are thoroughly recognized members of a community. They have no ostensible occupation or profession. They are not lawyers, but deal through lawyers. They have offices which are well known to both thieves and the police, and they have a favorite lawyer to whom, after the victim of the robbery has answered their advertisement or notice by mail, they generally refer him as the "best man" to get his money back for him.

In December, 1872, a gang of representative bank burglars broke into the Bank of Jamestown N. Y. The immediate ringing of the burglar alarm aroused the cashier of the bank, who aroused the town and the "outside man" was soon surrounded by a crowd of determined citizens, armed with all manner of weapons, from a seven-shooter to the flint-lock of their forefathers. The "outside man's" duty is to stand concealed, outside the building which is being robbed, while his comrades are at work inside. He must control all the approaches. He now saw that escape for him was hopeless. Death at the hands of the infuriated householders, or a long term of imprisonment, at least, stared at him from the muzzles of a score of weapons. Something might at least be done for his comrade.

And so, instead of throwing up his hands or asking for mercy, he began frantically to yell in an outlandish manner and to jerk at a cord which lay along the ground from him to the bank, and which is known as the burglars "telegraph line." Through these signals, the "inside men" escaped, and the benevolent burglar outside came near having the top of his head blown off. He was taken to jail. His "partner's" watched, and one night when they thought the deputy jailer was away and the warden alone, they marched up to the jail door. Two of them were dressed as police officers, and between them struggled a drunken man who seemed particularly anxious to fall down. He rang the door bell, the warden came and admitted them very properly—as he thought—with the "prisoner." As soon as the "drunken man" got inside he fell over the warden and the "officers" came in and bound the warden's hands and feet and gagged him before he had time to remonstrate. Then the drunkard guarded the warden and the officer searched for his keys. Not finding them they began with a sledge to pound at the inner door and had almost reached the "outside man's cell" when the deputy jailer—who was in reality up stairs in the jail and not away as they had supposed—fired several shots and raised an alarm which scared the would-be rescuers off. But all during the "outside man's" confinement his comrades looked after the wants of his mother and his wife and children. He went to Trenton for ten years. Soon afterward he was seen one day to dive head first through what was supposed to be the barred window of one of the shops. In a moment he reappeared, unhurt, outside the wall and ran across the road to a handsome coupe which stood just opposite the shop. A handsome looking man on the box—who was no other than one of his old "pals"—drove away at once and to such good purpose that the "outside man" was never recaptured, but soon had an opportunity of going to work to repay his partners for their practical benevolence. They had during the night cut through the bars in the window, crawled into the shop, reversed the bolt in the lock, and bribed a prison official to give the prisoner a signal when the coupe moved up. The generosity of this gang went even farther. They never gave this prison official away.

A Phenomenal Memory.

A learned gentleman in Athens, Ga., recites an instance of a wonderful memory. While at college years ago a professor of his had often stated that he could read an article in a paper and then repeat it verbatim. The narrator was anxious to test him, one day, walking up said: "If you have no objection I should like to have you read this piece on Know-Nothingism and repeat it to me." The professor took the paper, read the article of a column and a half, in a few moments, and then repeated it without an error.

Cried Too Soon.

Mr. Popinjay (reading account of ocean collision): "Capt. Smith, remaining bravely at his post, went down with his ship." Mrs. Popinjay (beginning to weep): "The noble, devoted man! How few of us—" Mr. Popinjay (who has continued to scan the column): "Hold on, my dear! He came up again."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Log Cabin Success.

What ails the young men? Robert Garrett's father left him a fortune of twenty millions. He was from childhood reared in luxury; he received a splendid education with an especial training into a thorough knowledge of railroad management and was expected to succeed his father as a railroad king.

Within three years after the responsibilities which his father's death threw upon him were assumed, he is reported as a broken down man, with mind and health permanently shattered.

George Law is another young man left with millions of money, who is reported among the "wrecks." His father bred a stone mason, with commensurate brain power, so he became a great contractor, then a railroad king and left half a dozen millions for his son to dissipate. The young man is a success as a dissipator.

The founders of both of these great estates were born in the most humble walks of life, grew strong, mentally and physically, by simple living and honest labor and developed into financial giants. Their sons were reared in the lap of luxury and developed into intellectual pigmies.

The great men of our country have not, as a rule, come from the elegant mansions of the cities, but from the Log Cabins of the rural districts. Simple ways of living, freedom from dissipation and enervating pleasures, simple remedies for disease, effective and which leave no poison in the system, develop brawny, brainy men, who compel the world to recognize their strength and power.

The wholesome, old-fashioned Log Cabin remedies are the safest and surest for family use. Our grandmothers knew how to prepare the teas and scrubs of roots, herbs and balsams which drive disease out of the systems by natural methods and leave no after ill effects. The most potent of these old time remedies were, after long and searching investigation, secured by H. H. Warner of safe cure fame, and are now put out for the "healing of the nations" in the Warner's Log Cabin remedies.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla and with pure blood giving health, strength, mental and bodily vigor you may hope to cope successfully with the most gigantic financial problems of the age, without wrecking health and manhood.

Just Too Nice for Anything.

Aggie: "So your fiancé shot you?" Elsie: "Yes he fired twice without effect." Aggie: "You love him now?" Elsie: "No, before firing he paid me a beautiful compliment." Aggie: "A compliment?" Elsie: "He said, 'Elsie you are too pretty to live.'" Aggie: "Oh, the sweet darling!"—*Time.*

A Wise Patron.

[Chicago (Illa.) Occident, Aug. 24.] Among worthy Chicagoans a German-American citizen of this City is Mr. Peter Klein, doing business at No. 99 East Kinsey St., facing the C. N. W. R. Depot. Mr. Klein is in his 56th year, is married and enjoys a family of three interesting children. He is known among the Northsiders as a benevolent, frank and social friend. Like all old "Fatherlanders" he will invest a spare dollar in a lottery and has on a former occasion secured an \$8,000 prize in the Louisiana State Lottery in association with his brother-in-law. We interviewed Mr. Klein on his latest good luck, he being the possessor of one twentieth part of ticket (No. 8,894) which drew the \$300,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery drawing of August 7th. When the news reached him of his good fortune he was much elated and great joy prevailed in the Klein household. He collected the money (\$15,000) through the American Express Co. His present business place is a wooden-frame building for vending refreshments, cigars, etc. He has already let a contract to tear down the old building and will erect on the lot which he owns a modern brick block which he intends shall eclipse any building in the neighborhood. Since Klein has been so successful, many of his neighbors and friends are largely seeking similar investments. If many such prizes fall to Chicago citizens it will create a lively boom to the financial and real estate interests of our city.

If this is the best time to buy coal, as we are informed by an exchange, why shouldn't January be the best time to lay in fly paper and mosquito netting!—*Track.*

A Pill in Time, Saves Nine!

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are preventive as well as curative. A few of these "Little Giants," taken at the right time, with little expense and no inconveniences, will accomplish what many dollars and much sacrifice of time will fail to do after Disease once holds you with his iron grasp. Constipation relieved, the Liver regulated, the Blood purified, will fortify against fevers and all contagious diseases. Persons intending travel, changing diet, water and climate, will find invaluable, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In vials convenient to carry.

The damage by the recent frost to the Maine corn crop, it is now estimated, will approach nearly \$1,000,000.

ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION AND FAIR.

Reduced Rates Via the Burlington Route.

For the exposition, tickets will be on sale each Monday and Thursday until October 20, at a fare and a third for the round trip.

For the St. Louis fair, September 29 to October 6, at one fare for the round trip. The Burlington route is the only line running dining cars on the St. Louis train from Kansas City, and the only line running Pullman parlor cars on the evening train, arriving in St. Louis at 7:10 a. m., in time for all eastern connections. Ticket offices, 900 Main street, 1044 Union avenue and Union depot. For full information address H. C. Orr, Kansas City.

A HINT FOR OWNERS OF CANARIES.

The Cage should be of Brass and Kept Clean—Fresh Water and the Right Food Important.

"It is not every owner of canary birds who knows how to properly feed and care for one," said a Sixth avenue bird fancier to a *Mail and Express* reporter yesterday. "Their singing qualities, and even their lives, depend to a great extent on healthy surroundings. The first requisite is a suitable cage. Many will buy a painted one, and after the bird dies they will wonder at the cause. If they would look at the wires of the cage the paint would be found to have been pecked off. The white lead in it is sufficient to kill any bird. Nothing but plain brass or iron wire cages should be used, and in no case should paint be employed. The brass cage is only dangerous when not kept clean, as verdigris will collect in the crevices. The best article for cleaning this cage is a paste composed of ammonia and whiting, which must, after application, be thoroughly rubbed off with a soft dry cloth. The inside of any kind of bird cage should be kept as clean as possible, in no case allowed to go more than one day without being thoroughly renovated. Fresh drinking water should be given every day, taking care to keep the cup clean. Some birds at first evince a reluctance to bathe. They must be trained to do this by sprinkling water over them until a liking for it is acquired, for without a daily bath cleanliness and health cannot be had. In feeding a bird nothing is better than plain canary seed. Many people use mixed seed, but a too liberal use of this is likely to cause the bird to grow fat, and unless the cage is large enough to permit of free exercise death will result. Sugar, cake or other sweets are very injurious. Neither conduces to health, while everything of a saccharine character tends to weaken the voice. Almost anything green is excellent, besides delighting the bird. No cage is perfectly equipped without a piece of cuttlefish. If these simple requisites are faithfully observed and the cage kept in a dry corner of the room where no draft will ever strike it, the trouble will be amply repaid by having a healthy, songful bird."

How Geese Carry Water.

"When I was in Alabama, between Porter's Gap and Millerville," said a gentleman living in Atlanta, "I came to a country place where a man was driving ten or twelve geese from a branch toward a cotton patch. For Heaven's sake," said I, "what is it you have on the necks of those geese?" "Those are gourds full of water. I drive these geese into that cotton patch and keep them there all day weeding out the cotton. There is no water in the cotton patch, and I have to give them water in this way to keep them there." But how do they get the water out of those gourds under their necks? "They drink out of each other's gourds. Each gourd has an opening in the side so that another goose can put his bill into the gourd and drink. If you will stay here long enough you will see it yourself. I waited there half a day to see that performance, and finally I saw it. The geese did just as the man said they would. When a goose got thirsty he walked up to his neighbor and coolly drank out of the gourd on his neck."

LOG CABINS were strongholds of love, contentment, health and happiness. Coon skins were nailed to the door and they were the happy homes of strong, healthy, noble men and women. The simple but effective remedies which carried them to green old age are now reproduced in "Warner's Tippedance," and Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and other Log Cabin Remedies.

Saved.

Anxious mother—And so you are in love with the widow De Pink? Son—Desperately. "She has six children." "I know it." "All girls." "Yes." "And every one of those six girls will soon be old enough to practice two hours a day each on the piano." "Great snakes! I didn't think of that. Thanks, thanks, mother. Saved! Saved!"—*Philadelphia Record.*

The tobacco in Southampton, Ct., has been harvested, the growth being much larger than the average, of fine quality and freer than usual from damage by insects.

Among the people of to-day, there are few indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Frick's Ash Bark and Berber, as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for centuries, and in hundreds of families have formed the sole reliance in rheumatic and kidney diseases. Frick's Ash Bark now take the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature.

There are at present 3,200 barrels of grapes on the way to New York from Spain, and also 70,000 crates of onions.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Important.—All persons afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, pains in the back or limbs, sprains, bruises, etc., should know that Salvation Oil is what they need. Price 25 cents.

"Delays have dangerous ends," the immortal William doth declare. Have you a cold or cough, a hoarseness, or sore chest? Beware! Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; don't delay, and all the cough and soreness will soon pass away. Get it at once! You may be worse another day. Price 25 cents.

"I did not like the Americans," says Mr. Ruskin, "until recently. What made me think more of them was the character of those I met. I met and thoroughly enjoyed the society of Dr. Holmes. But my friend is Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, a charming man. Yes, I like the Americans now better than ever before—such youth, such energy!"

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Saxe's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Mrs. Wm. Astor has a burglar alarm on her diamond safe.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. Overwork, anxiety, disease, lay the foundation of nervous prostration and weakness, and experience has shown that the usual remedies do not meet the strain and paralysis of the nervous system.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for circulars.

Price \$1.00. Sold by druggists.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Ely's Cream Balm

Price 50 cents. WILL CURE

CATARRH

Apply Balm into each nostril.

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TOPEKA, KANSAS.
October 13, 1888.

The labor vote in the state will be much larger than was at first expected.

Secretary Mohler, of the state board of agriculture, expects to get out his final report for the season about Friday next. This will cover crops and weather for the months of August and September, giving statistics as to acreage planted, per cent of the yield, etc.

The only objection that we have seen urged against the law which makes of our Agricultural Bureau at Washington a regular department and elevates its chief to the rank and pay of a cabinet officer is that it will make it a part of the political machine. Well, it has been a part of the political machine ever since the office of Commissioner of Agriculture was created, and we doubt if it will be any more so under the new law—should it ever become a law. Everything with which the government has to do becomes a part of the political machine.

It appears as the result of carefully conducted experiments at the Pennsylvania Agricultural College, that at present prices cottonseed meal is one of the cheapest articles of food for fattening animals. After three winters of feeding experiments, it was found that if cottonseed meal is judiciously combined with corn meal it can take the place of more than its own weight of corn meal.

About the greatest permanent injury to the republican party that will be inflicted upon it during this campaign, is that which will result from the management of the German part of the canvass. This is under the special control of one, L. W. Habercorn—not Hobercorn as commonly printed, formerly of Illinois, a venal political adventurer, of unsavory reputation.

All of the old hens should have been sold in September, but if any are left that are not to be kept over they should be sent to market at once because but few eggs may be expected from them for the next three months.

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla Regulates the Regulator. Largest Sarsaparilla bottle in the market.

Manifold Cyclopedia—Eighth Volume

The eighth volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia extends from Ceylon to Club-Foot, and is fully equal to its predecessors—its handsome type, numerous illustrations, handy form, neat, substantial binding, and more than all, its skillful editing, which brings within such convenient limits such a vast amount of knowledge, so well adapted to popular needs, are a satisfaction and a delight to students.

The October St. Louis Magazine is a valuable one. Its illustrated papers are on "The Empress Josephine's Home" [by a traveler], "West Point Cadet Life," and "Harriet Beecher Stowe,"—the latter [by Alexander N. De Menil] is the most discriminating and finished criticism as yet published on Mrs. Stowe.

Beginning to-day the Santa Fe will run a vestibule train from Topeka direct to Chicago via Kansas City, without change of cars. Heretofore the only vestibule train out of Topeka [has gone by way of Atchison.

The malarial epidemic at the reform school is rapidly abating, there being now but six cases, and these convalescents. At one time more than forty persons were down with the disease.

A smoky chimney is just as good a thing as there is that smokes. Some parties who subscribed to the reunion fund are wanted to pay up.

A farmer out among the sand hills near Garden City has made \$50 per acre this year off his crop of alfalfa.

At Junction City the canning establishment is putting up squash and pumpkins.

The students in the state university at Lawrence are largely Republican. Salina has formed a company for the manufacture of stucco. The works will be located at Gypsum.

Farmers in North Kearney are sowing wheat in large quantities.

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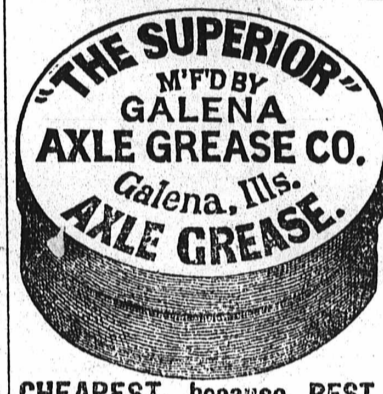
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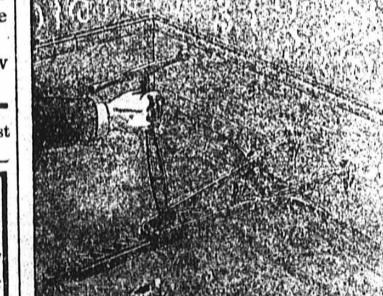


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FURNISHED with draw-heads, which drive to the floor at the base board, and a clamp by which a firm hold is taken on the carpet with out the least danger of tearing or marring. It is stretched to the desired place by using a key, the handle of a complete hammer, a resilient for all purposes in putting down a carpet. The only stretcher to stretch the carpet close to the base board and into the corners.

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ESTABLISHED 1842 J. J. CASEY'S Threshing Machine COMPANY HORSE STATIONARY AND TRACTION ENGINES, AGITATORS AND SAWMILLS, SEPARATORS, RACINE, WIS.

State of Kansas, County of Shawnee, vs. SARAH A. ESKREW, Deft. vs. THODEOR ESKREW, Pl't. In the District Court of Shawnee county, Kansas. Mrs. Sarah A. Eskrew: You are hereby notified that you have been sued in the District Court of Shawnee county, Kansas, by Theodore Eskrew, for divorce, and unless you answer on or before the eighth day of November, 1888, the petition of plaintiff will be taken as true, and said Theodore Eskrew will be divorced from the bonds of matrimony with you. F. S. STUMBAUGH, Attorney. Attest: W. E. STERNE, Clerk District Court.

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