

Deer's

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XIX,

TOPEKA, KANSAS, DECEMBER 22, 1888.

NO. 35

TWELVE PAGES.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

John Myers Doremus was hanged yesterday morning in the corridor of the Gergen County jail, Hackensack, N. J., for the murder of his son, John Robert Doremus, on June 16 last.

Mr. Gladstone started yesterday from London for Naples. A great crowd had gathered at the railway station and the ex-premier was enthusiastically cheered when he departed for Dover.

Joe Mitchell, a tailor of Marshall, Mo., was badly shot by Mick Montague. Both were hunting, and M.ck, in shooting at a partridge, got Joe in range, and planted twelve shot in his face.

Mrs. Waite, widow of the late chief justice, is lying ill with pneumonia, at her home in Washington. The attending physicians assure the family and friends that danger is past.

Ed McCullough, brakeman on the Chicago & Indiana Coal road, fell from a loaded flat while his train was going at full speed near Coal Bluff, Ind. He sustained injuries that may prove fatal.

Charles S. Cutting, a master in chancery, and a member of the county board of education of Chicago, was arrested yesterday morning charged with being an accessory to a burglary of \$2,100 worth of bonds.

For several months a party of desperate characters have been terrorizing the citizens along Red river in Texas. They have been going armed, threatening violence to peaceable citizens and defying the officers.

Later advices from Damaraland received at Berlin shows that the southwest Africa company is in a plight. Kamerer has expelled the German protection.

The brig Ononalska, loaded with logwood, bound from Flamouth, Jamaica, for Philadelphia, went ashore during a heavy gale a half mile south of Cold Spring bar. The crew is safe, but the vessel will probably be a total loss.

Emperor William has entirely recovered from his recent cold. He has decided to remain in Berlin until spring. He has directed that a number of orders and medals be issued to officers and sailors of the squadron in East African waters for meritorious service.

Railroad communication with Colon is still interrupted by the effects of the storm. Several miles of the road have been in ruins. The river Chagres rose Saturday, but although still high, it is subsiding.

Mal's for the New York and English steamers are transported in boats. The canal works have been considerably damaged. Great anxiety still prevails regarding the affairs of the canal.

A dense fog prevails throughout England. The queen was delayed for two hours while on her way from Windsor to Osborne.

The Haytian acting consul in New York stated up to noon yesterday no official information had been received from Hayti.

The Rev. Isaac Eluret of the Christian church at Cincinnati, one of the oldest and best known divines died Wednesday morning.

The elections in Serbia for members of the Skupstchina have resulted in the return of 450 radicals, 150 liberals and two progressists.

Captains of coasting vessels report the recent storm along the Pacific coast from Cape Mendocino to Cape Flattery as the worst in their experience.

The supreme court of Connecticut has refused a new trial in the case of John H. Swift, sentenced to be hanged in April next for the murder of his wife.

About three hundred members of the Loyal Legion from Chicago and other points in the northwest, left yesterday morning on a special train for Indianapolis.

Mrs. Kirby telegraphs to Arch bishop Walsh from Rome that the story that the pope refused to bless reliquaries sent to him by an Irish priest is an impudent fabrication.

The hall of representatives is undergoing a thorough course of house cleaning just now and by the end of this week will present a better appearance than it has for a long time. The new carpet is being put down, the speaker's desk and all the wood work in the room receiving a fresh coat of varnish, and the committee rooms recarpeted with the best portions of the old carpet laid six years ago.

There is satisfaction in a good article by Gold Coin, sold by Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

A dispatch from Montreal regarding the blizzard of Monday and yesterday, says:

Train service in the province is greatly delayed by the fall of snow. Monday afternoon, six trains started from Boucherville for this city with wagon loads of produce. They had to cross the river on the ice, in the height of the storm, and as nothing has been seen of them since their departure from the village, it is feared they broke through the ice and were drowned.

Two brothers, Hugh and Michael Walsh, who arrived exhausted at Carrillon last evening, tell a terrible story of suffering. They had traveled with a team on the ice from that place to Point Fortune; the hurricane overtook them and the ice broke up. The team was swept away and they only escaped death by jumping on a large ice floe. The remainder of the night was spent in terrible agony, drifting aimlessly on their frail support upon the tempest tossed river. At daylight the ice floe grounded on a small island and their sad plight being seen from the shore a boat was put off and they were rescued.

Reports of more serious loss of life and damage are expected when the telegraph is once more in working order.

A dispatch from Quebec says that the storm which has been raging there since Sunday rose to a blizzard yesterday and the wind and snow are sweeping the almost deserted streets with blinding violence. The thoroughfares are terribly drifted. All communication is out off between town and country. Farmers from the surrounding districts here say that the roads are almost impassable and fences and buildings have been blown down, which will result in enormous damage. It was difficult for them to go to their barns to care for their stock.

A shock of earthquake was felt in Washington and Warren counties, N. Y., at 4:45 yesterday morning. The vibration lasted about four seconds. Buildings were violently shaken.

James Sullivan, of Social Hill, Ark., was fatally injured by the falling of a tree upon him. He was in the woods, felling trees for fire wood, when one chopped fell upon him.

There are rumors in Quenemo, that both oil and natural gas have been discovered at the salt springs, near that place. There is considerable excitement over the matter. The Ochre company have an order for 100 tons of the prepared ochre, per day. They are pushing matters as rapidly as possible, and will soon be ready to fill all orders made upon them.

Experiments are being made with a view to the manufacture of fine pottery, queensware and fire bricks. Quenemo is having a boom, and the outlook is auspicious.

Hon. E. B. Allen, secretary of state and J. B. Farquhar, superintendent of work on the State house, have gone to Wichita to participate in the ceremony of placing in position the memorial tablet of Garfield university. Mr. Farquhar purchased the tablet for the university and it is thought to be the largest in the world, being thirteen feet long, five feet wide and ten inches thick. It is of Massachusetts granite and bears the following inscription: "The state of Kansas honors the memory of James A. Garfield, the student, teacher, Christian statesman, patriot, soldier, and martyred president. God reigns and the government at Washington still lives. Strangulate no republic."

Best heating stoves, The Gold Coin T. W. Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

During the trial of a trademark suit in the law courts at London a phonograph was introduced to reproduce a letter and other papers. The instrument worked successfully, and Judge Kay, who presided at the trial, was surprised and pleased.

Jack Hickey, alias Fetch, a notorious burglar and counterfeiter, was arrested at the door of the Joliet, Ill., prison by an officer who bore a requisition upon the state of Illinois from the governor of Tennessee.

Gold Coin stoves, Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka. This is what you want and that's the place.

Another terrible tragedy in the Chickasaw nation is reported. Jim Sacra, one of the most prominent cattlemen in the territory, was shot and killed at his home near Oshtand by Milton Overton and Charles Wilson.

The death at Ft. Supply, Indian territory, of Colonel Robert Lamotte, thirtieth infantry, is announced.

The president sent the name of Alphonse Bickett to the senate for postmaster at Florence, Kansas.

Abilene is to have a double wedding on Christmas evening.

The Paola Times advertises for a boy to learn the "trade." Another mystery.

The Ellsworth Democrat has been enlarged.

Salina is clamoring for a union depot. A vein of mineral paint, twelve inches thick, has been discovered near Arlington.

Wellington grows more and more jubilant over her salt works and wants several more plants.

The youngest editor in Kansas is Mark Heynes of the Pawnee Rock Leader, who is but 16 years of age.

Coyotes are still numerous in Lane county, a Dighton hunter seeing seven in one bunch not long since.

The Abilene people are complaining because the postoffice remains closed all day Sunday.

Mike Welsh, near Weir City, had about forty tons of hay destroyed last week by a fire started by some careless boys.

Dr. James Scott, author of the famous Scott liquor law, died at his home at Lebanon, Ohio, Sunday, aged 73.

It is possible that the District of Columbia appropriation bill be reported to the senate before the end of the week.

An organization has been formed by the Stamford county farmers for the purpose of promoting the sorghum industry.

Husking bees are the rage in Lane county this fall. George Murphy had 500 bushels husked at his "bee."

Chicken potpie suppers are given by the churches in Kerwin and are reported to be successful affairs.

The students of the college at Winfield will give an art exhibition soon.

The German National Gazette denies that the German government has the slightest concern with the Russo-Persian dispute.

Mr. Tarsney of Michigan, who favored free wool and the Mills bill, and was defeated for re-election, says he "died in the wool."

Representative McShane of Nebraska has returned to Washington from Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he has been recuperating.

One of the latest cabinet rumors is to the effect that Mr. Blaine has written a letter favoring General Goff for a place in the cabinet.

Nathaniel J. Bradlee, a well known architect of Boston, died on a railroad train while on his way to Keene, N. H.

The steamer Jasper, Workinton for Glasgow, has foundered off the Wigtown coast. Her crew, numbering eleven persons, was drowned.

However democratic senators may disagree with Mr. Ingalls in his personal and political views, they have no fault to find with him as a presiding officer.

DeLesseps, when informed that the Panama Canal bill has been rejected by the chamber of deputies, suddenly became speechless, and simply said "Impossible!"

One of Mr. Cleveland's friends says the president desires to appoint a southern democrat, who is a civil service reformer, to the vacancy on the civil service commission.

Dr. G. W. Williams of Omaha, committed suicide Sunday morning, by taking arsenic. He left a letter addressed to the coroner giving directions as to the disposition of his body.

It is stated that German embassies and consulates possessing copies of the "cryptograph" lost after Emperor Frederick's death, have burned them, by order of the government.

The sod cabin built by the inhabitants of Long City, Neb., as a gift for General Harrison, arrived at Indianapolis Sunday night. It occupied an entire flat car, being eighteen feet long and nine feet high.

Most of the Paris papers consider the rejection of the Panama canal bill a mistake. Some describe the vote in the chamber of deputies as pusillanimous, while others declare that it will prove fatal to the republic.

The Cologne Gazette, of Berlin, accuses Sir R. D. Morrier, the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, of having anti-German leanings, and asserts that while at Darmstadt, in 1870, he sent the first news of the advance of the Germans across the Moselle to London, whence the news reached Bismarck. This leaked out during the Gaffcken inquiry.

Those who take an agency for a reliable enterprising house, learn their business and stick to it, "go on" in the world. People who have any idea of engaging in any canvassing business will do well to write George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine—the great art and general publishers. They offer the most exceptional advantages to those who are sufficiently enterprising to be willing to make a push in order to better their condition. It costs nothing to try. Women make successful canvassers, as well as men. Full particulars will be sent to those who address the firm; their full address is given above.

A Journal for the Farmer.

The Western Rural, published at Chicago by Milton George, a practical Western farmer, is the largest farm, family and reform journal published in the United States. It has proficently edited departments for every branch of farming and is a faithful record of every step of progress that is being made in agriculture. It indulges in no theories, but deals only in plain, practical facts and methods that will aid the farmer in making the farm more profitable. A large part of its matter is composed of practical questions asked by farmers and answered by practical men. It answers all questions and prescribes for sick animals, free of charge. It exposes all swindlers who seek to prey upon the farming community, and admits to its advertising columns none but reliable advertisements. For thirteen years it has been an unflinching champion of the farmer in his conflict with the rings and monopolies that have been robbing him.

It started the Farmers Alliance, and is the friend of all organizations that are for the farming community. It was the first journal to agitate the question of government supervision of railroads and the first to demand legislation to protect the dairy from the unscrupulous bogus butter manufacturers. In a word, it is a paper for the farmer, his wife and children, for the man who believes in justice between class and class and for all who believe that a pure, practical farm literature and advocate of farmers' rights should be encouraged. Write Milton George, editor and publisher, Chicago, Ill., for sample copy.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—Every week this most valuable periodical presents the latest information in the world of science, art, and manufactures. Full of practical information, it discloses the latest discoveries and inventions. For over forty years Munn & Co. have conducted this paper in connection with the procuring of patents for new inventions.

The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is authoritative on all scientific and mechanical subjects, and should be in every household. Copies of the paper may be secured at this office and subscriptions received.

Clay Kelley, a 5-year old boy was run over and instantly killed by a cable car at Kansas City last night.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Lake Superior Copper company held in London it was decided to voluntarily wind up the affairs of the concern.

The steamer Jasper, from Workinton for Glasgow, Scotland, has foundered off the Wigtown coast. Her crew, numbering eleven persons, were drowned.

Jim O'Rourke, of the New York "Giants," is practicing law at his home in Bridgeport, Conn. He says he has settled with President Day and will be one of the champion "giants" in 1889.

The bursting of a steam pipe in the engine room of the Cincinnati Spring works, caused a horrible accident. Several workmen were close by and three of them were badly and one fatally scalded.

Porter & Co. are about to organize a stock company with a Capital of \$25,000, the object of which is to give annually a horse show modeled after the New York horse show.

The wife of a mariner about to sail on a distant voyage, sent a note to the clergyman of the parish, expressing the following meaning: "A husband going to sea; his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." Unfortunately the good parson was not skilled in punctuation, nor the minister quick of vision. He read the note as it was written: "A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

The manufacture of paper bottles is to be begun on a very extensive scale.

A company has been organized at Kinsley to work the salt and coal interests of that section.

Morton county is to have a new court house.

The outside work on the main building of the Garfield university, at Wichita is now completed.

An Indian camp is to be one of the attractions at a church fair at Emporia.

One of the hose companies at Wichita owns a cunning little squirrel. The JOURNAL says it spends its time "knawing" various articles.

Hutchinson is to have a city market.

The Hugoton HERMES says that the farmers of Stevens county found broom corn a very satisfactory crop this year, and will plant a large acreage of it next spring.

The Nickerson salt block is nearing completion.

Rush county will have a contest over its member of the legislature.

The Cherryvale CENT is no more, the good will and subscription list having been sold to a rival paper, the GLOBE and TORCH.

Allie Smith of Hill City killed a snake, a blue racer, recently that measured four feet in length.

The small town of Bogue, now has a newspaper.

The Concordia Critic will suspend the first of the year.

Cloud county hunters killed a fine deer on Saturday.

The spiritualists of New York have commenced receiving spirit messages by telegraph.

The first melting of iron by the Manhattan stove foundry commenced on Friday. An invitation was extended to the people of Manhattan and the students of the agricultural college to be present.

It estimated that one-half of all the drugs imported into the United States are consumed in the manufacture of patent medicine.

1841 —THE— 1889
Prairie Farmer
A Weekly Journal for the Farm, Orchard and Fireside.
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THE BEST AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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HALF A CENTURY,
During which period it has never missed an issue, nor failed to appear promptly. It is acknowledged to-day that **The Prairie Farmer** STANDS AT THE HEAD of Agricultural Journalism in this country. All the Departments of

The Prairie Farmer
Are in charge of persons of practical experience and national reputation in their particular professions, and the best minds among Agricultural writers are frequent contributors to its columns. No other so completely and carefully covers the ground in all matters relating to

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Is copiously illustrated with original and suggestive engravings. All questions of general interest in Agriculture and Farm topics are discussed in its columns.

The Prairie Farmer
Is most carefully edited, and not only its Editorial but also its Advertising columns, are carefully scrutinized, so that nothing questionable shall be published. It is clean, wholesome, and fully abreast of the times in all Farm matters.

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PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD.
Washington, D. C.

The twenty-second annual session of the National Grange lately held at Topeka, Kansas, was largely attended. Thirty-eight States were represented by delegates, besides a large attendance of visitors, some coming from the most distant States. The gain in new Granges amounted to forty per cent. more than the previous year, while a net gain of several thousand in membership in the United States was shown by the official reports. The finances were found in good condition. The receipts showing a gain of some twenty five per cent. over the year before.

The reports of the different Masters of State Granges generally told of progress and improvement in the work of the order, in the attainment of its practical objects in the way of business and legislation. A better knowledge of the real purposes of the Order by its membership, and a greater confidence in and respect for its objects by the people at large.

Among the lines of work marked out by the National Grange and which indicate its policy for the coming year, were,

1. That its bill so long advocated making the Commissioner of Agriculture a member of the President's Cabinet shall become a law.
2. That steps be taken by Congress looking to the election of U. S. Senators by a direct vote of the people.
3. Sustaining the Interstate Commerce law, and favoring only such amendments as would prevent the Commission from suspending the operations of the fourth section.
4. Asking immediate and adequate legislation to control "trusts" in the interest of all classes who unfairly suffer through their exactions.
5. Reasserting its former requests for laws preventing dealing in "futures," "cornering markets" and gambling in the food of the American people.
6. Favoring legislation to prevent the purchase or holding lands in the United States for foreign syndicates or aliens.
7. Asking a still further reduction in postage upon seeds, plants, etc., in the interest of agriculture.
8. Again requests the issue of fractional currency for use in the mails, especially to accommodate dwellers in the rural districts, who are away from money order offices.
9. Asking for such changes in the immigration laws as will require from each new comer a certificate of health and good character, endorsed by the U. S. Consul in the country whence he comes.
10. That stringent national laws be passed to prevent all food adulterations in the interest of producers and consumers and the health of all the people.
11. Favoring legislation to still more encourage the production of sugar and silk in this country.
12. Insisting that in all matters of tariff legislation farm products shall have equal protection with those of manufactures and all other industries.
13. Favoring the Agricultural Experiment Stations, and their active support by members of the Grange farmers generally.
14. Urging the Commissioner of Agriculture to inquire through U. S. Consuls as to the imports of agricultural products into foreign countries, and, as far as possible, open up foreign markets for our surplus crops.

To assist in carrying out its policy in matters of legislation the National Grange instructed its Executive Committee to appoint a special committee of three in Washington to look after the interests of agriculture in Congress. And the following resolution of instruction was passed:

Resolved, That the Master of the National Grange be and is hereby instructed to lay before Congress when in session such matters of legislation as have been acted upon by the Grange at this session; also, by advice and consent of the Executive Committee, such other matters as are of importance to our agricultural interests, and that the Patrons of the country are fairly well united upon.

Stockmen from the ranges in New Mexico, state that grass is now shorter at this season than for the past five years. They also claim that should the winter be a hard one many head of cattle will die from actual starvation.

The secretary of War reports that the army, at the date of the last consolidated returns, consisted of 2,189 officers and 24,549 enlisted men. The actual expenditures of the War Department for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1888, amounted to \$41,165,100.00.

Shallenberg's Antidote for Malaria destroys the cause of disease, which Quinine and other remedies do not pretend to do. It effectually neutralizes the poison in the system and thus prevents the chill. It contains no arsenic or poisonous ingredient of any kind, and may safely be given to an infant. Sold by Druggists.

Good Coffee.

The following excellent and trustworthy remarks, gleaned from the Messrs. Thurbers' address to the trade and to customers on the subject of coffee, have a value that makes them worthy of presentation to the readers of the department of Texas Farm and Ranch:

"Consumers should always buy of a reliable dealer, who will not represent an inferior article as 'Java'; buy in small quantities, and buy often; keep it dry and in a tightly closed tin can, or in a glass or earthen jar. Have a small hand coffee mill and grind only when ready to use it; and during the rainy weather, if the kernels become damp and tough, warm them up in a clean pot or skillet, but do not scorch them; this drives off the moisture, restores the flavor, and makes the coffee grind better. The grinding is an important feature, if ground too coarse you lose much of the strength and aroma of the coffee; if too fine, it is hard to make it clear, but of the two the latter is the less objectionable; both the strength and flavor is a necessity, and if a little of the finely produced coffee flows out with the liquid extract, it is clean and will hurt nobody. It is better, however, to grind it just right, which is so that the largest pieces will be no larger than pin-heads.

"We now come to the important part of making coffee. For this there are many receipts and formulae, including a large number of new and so-called improved coffee-pots; but we have never seen any of the new methods which in the long run gave as satisfactory results as the following old-fashioned receipt:

"Grind moderately fine a large cup of coffee; break into it one egg with shell; mix well, adding just enough cold water to thoroughly wet the grounds; upon this pour one pint of boiling water; let it boil slowly for ten or fifteen minutes and then stand three minutes to settle. Pour through a fine sieve into the coffee-pot, which should first be rinsed with hot water; this will make enough for four persons.

Coffee should be served as soon as made. At the table first rinse the cup with hot water, put in the sugar, then fill half full of hot milk, and your coffee, and you have a delicious beverage that will be a revelation to many poor mortals who have an indistinct remembrance of and an intense longing for an ideal cup of coffee. If you have cream, so much the better.

Horticultural Notes.

Until the ground freezes very hard grapes or other running vines may be covered. The better plan is to prune into proper shape and then lay down carefully and cover.

If the winter mulch has not been applied to the strawberry plants a good plan is to first make an application of good wood ashes and then over this apply the mulch.

When trees are grown from seed it is quite an important item to have a strong, vigorous growth the first year. To do this a strong soil and thorough cultivation is necessary.

On account of the dry weather we so often have during the summer, it requires more attention with trees to secure a strong, vigorous growth than in the East where there is less danger of drought.

By this time the pits of potatoes, turnips, apples, and other fruits or vegetables that may be stored out will need an extra covering of straw or other coarse litter. It should be applied while the ground is frozen.

While, as a rule, the best results may be obtained by applying wood ashes as a top-dressing, it will be better to apply broadcast as they are taken up, rather than to go to waste as is too often done.

Dakota is one grand mass meeting at present, and will so remain until she becomes a state. Every town and city in the territory is holding meetings and buying torches, and every orator is giving his lungs an abundance of exercise.

The legislature will convene January 8, and it is expected that one of its first acts will be to call a constitutional convention, and take other preliminary steps toward statehood. In nearly every legislative district the members have been instructed in favor of the division of the territory, and there will be virtually no opposition to calling a constitutional convention for North Dakota.

A map of Dakota shows that within its limits, on the same scale, can be placed the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Indiana and South Carolina, and have a great many unfiled corners and waste places to spare. South Dakota alone would be twice the size of Ohio.

A sewing machine agent, who was very ill, being told that he must pay the debt of nature, wanted to know if he couldn't do it on the instalment plan.

Electric News.

Congressman Warner, of Kansas City, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, is to be the guest of Ransom Post at St. Louis on the evening of the 24th.

The president has received the resignation of United States District Attorney Emory B. Sellers, of Indianapolis district, but has not yet accepted it and does not wish to do so.

Representative William H. Martin, of Texas, charged with assault on George H. Harris, a reporter on the Evening Star, appeared in the Washington, D. C., police court pleaded guilty and was fined \$15. It is reported that the American friends of the King of Wurtemberg, Hendry and Woodcock, will return to royal favor, or at least to residence in the kingdom, after the change in the ministry which is expected to take place almost immediately.

Mr. Butterworth of Ohio has introduced in the house for reference a joint resolution authorizing the president to negotiate with reference to unity and assimilation with the United States of the Dominion of Canada, or of one or more of the provinces thereof. It is understood that the republican senators have agreed to "hold up" certain nominations sent to the senate by the president at the present session of congress, until March 4, when there will be vacancies in the offices for President Harrison to fill without the necessity of removing any one.

H. F. Howe, an old expressman, was arrested at Denton, Tex., for robbing the Pacific Express company of \$5,000 last September. This is money that was alleged to belong to the national republican committee and disappeared mysteriously. When arrested Howe broke down and confessed the crime.

I dropped my pen and listened to the wordworth.

The maker's name engraved on it (found Esterbrook.

The Publishing and Patent Offices of the Scientific American.

Perhaps some of our readers have visited the extensive offices of the Scientific American, at 351 Broadway, New York, but many have not, and to such the following account may be of interest. A correspondent who recently had this pleasure informs us that he was greatly surprised at the magnitude of the establishment. It suggested to his mind an enormous insurance company or banking house. At the main office, which is principally devoted to the patent business of the establishment—may be seen the maps of the title and their corresponding examinations, ready access to the papers is afforded to every one; and here may be seen inventors from all parts of the country showing their models and drawings, and explaining their inventions. The models left by inventors form a large and interesting collection, and are kept in a room by themselves. The large corps of draughtsmen who prepare the patent drawings are for the most part experienced mechanics, electricians, or engineers, some of them having been associated with the U. S. Patent Office. Most of the correspondence is carried on by type writers, and this necessitates a separate department, where a number of experienced female type writers and stenographers are constantly employed. The dark room, where the photographs of the patent drawings are copied, and where the photographs for the architectural department are developed, is also on this floor. On the floor above may be found the editorial rooms, compositors' and subscription room and the engravers' department.

The Architectural Department occupies the top floor, and here may be seen the manager of this department, and also a number of draughtsmen at work preparing the plans and general designs for the Architect and Builder edition of the Scientific American, which is published monthly, and has attained a wide-spread circulation. The printing of the papers is carried on in a separate building. At the entrance of the main office, which alone occupies a floor space of 60 by 165 feet, may be seen one of Prof. Draper's remarkable recording barometers, with which instrument a complete record is kept of the atmospheric changes. This barometer was built specially for the Scientific American, and it is a remarkably fine and sensitive as well as a very expensive instrument.

Some idea may be had of the extent of the business done at the office of the Scientific American when we state that over one hundred persons are employed by Mun & Co., on their several publications and in their extensive patent departments.

"I am surprised, Horace," said the Boston girl on deck to her brother, "that you have on your tropical litigation this cool day." "My tropical what?"—"O, your summer suit."

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 by their firm.

Went & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. 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.

State Charitable Institutions.

The reports of the various charitable institutions of the state for the years 1887-'88, ended last June, have been received. Their general condition is most satisfactory.

INSANE ASYLUMS.

The average number of patients maintained in the asylums for the insane at Topeka and Osawatimie for the two years was 1,058, at an average annual expense of \$202.78 for all purposes. The number of patients in both asylums June 30, 1888 was 1,179—which exhausts the capacity of the accommodations. There are in the state over 400 insane for whom accommodations are needed, making 1,650 insane or one to every 960 of population.

The trustees recommended: 1) the location and purchase of a site for a new asylum, and the erection of such part of the buildings thereon as will accommodate 200 patients; 2) the erection of two detached buildings in connection with the Osawatimie asylum as will accommodate forty patients each at a total cost, including furniture, of not over \$250 per capita, and the purchase of the Bowen farm; 3) the erection of another ward building at Topeka to accommodate 100 patients.

THE REFORM SCHOOL.

The average number of boys in the school during the biennial year was 143, and the annual cost of maintaining the same was \$181.24. The trustees have been compelled, for lack of room, to suspend the admission of boys for incorrigibility to furnish room for those convicted for offences of the law. They recommend the building of two cottages to accommodate thirty five boys each. They also urge the legislature to make provision for the industrial training of the boys. During the past year military drill has been introduced.

DEAF AND DUMB.

The organization and discipline of the institution for the education of the deaf and dumb is in a satisfactory condition. A building, for which \$51,000 was appropriated, was nearing completion when the report was made. This institution is located at Olmsted.

THE BLIND.

The institution for the education of the blind is located at Wyandotte. The building has been enlarged during the year. The average attendance during the two years was eighty-four. The work of the institution has been satisfactory.

THE ASYLUM FOR IDIOTIC YOUTHS.

This institution is located at Winfield and the building was first occupied in March, 1887. The average number of idiotic and imbecile children cared for has been fifty at an average annual cost of \$238.22 per capita. At the close of the year June 30, 1888, 102 children were at the institution from fifty one counties. More room and land is needed.

SOLDIERS' ORPHANS HOME.

This institution is in Atchison and was opened July 1, 1887, since which date 105 children have been received from twenty-six counties. The board has been forced to reject children over 10 years of age because of the bad sanitary conditions. Only 115 can be received. More room is very much needed to make the institution what it should be.

FINANCIAL.

During the biennial period \$61,549.14 of unexpended appropriations for the current support of the institutions were covered into the state treasury.

Nothing tries the soul of a man more than a shoe peg.

Policeman (to tired citizen): "Do you think you can get home alone, Mr. Smith?" Tired Citizen: "Yesh I can (hic) get 'fron' door 'lone, but after that I guess I'll have company."

A little four year-old created a ripple in the Sunday school class: "Our dog's dead. I'll bet the angles were scared when they saw him coming up the walk. He's awful cross to strangers."

"Can I see the mayor?" inquired a member of the city council of the former servant. "Not at present; he's at dinner."—"But my business is very important."—"I can't help it, sir; his honor is at steak."

Conductor (on Georgia railroad): "Do you mean to tell me, madam, that this child is not 12 years old?" Madam (shortly): "Well, she wasn't when this train started, but, land alive! there's no telling how old she may be now!"

At last we know why "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." A newly arrived chiropodist from the old country announces himself as late corn doctor to the court of Germany, and tells us he has removed corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe.

One who thinks he knows all about farming says the best way to raise strawberries is with a spoon. First Tramp: "I say, have you taken a bath?" Second Tramp: (anxiously); "No? is there one missing?"

North Topeka Pick Ups.

George Mohler was down from St. Marys yesterday.

L. F. Lowden, of St. Joseph, is visiting his cousin, A. A. Pfluef of 110 Gordon street.

Harvey Fowler of Silver Lake, spent yesterday on the North side.

Dennis, Melvin and Emmet Wood, were in from Silver Lake yesterday.

Mrs. Danvers is entertaining her sister who will spend the winter in Topeka. L. S. Dolman will entertain a progressive euchre party at his residence on Quincey street, this evening.

A. A. Townsend, of Wamego, was in town yesterday.

There were more farmers and other visitors on business in town yesterday, than any day, for a month.

Hattie Holman who has been managing the Holman branch house at Hoyt, during the last week has returned to Topeka.

We have just received a large and elegant line of silk handkerchiefs and muffers for the holiday trade. Also a splendid stock of linen handkerchiefs at prices to please all. N. F. CONKLE, 811 Kansas avenue, North Topeka.

I. K. Lapp left Thursday evening, for Los Angeles, where he expects to establish a dry goods house, his stock having been shipped from Topeka last week.

Don't fail to go to A. W. Lacey's Drug Store, Opera House block for Holiday Goods. He has a fine assortment of elegant Flush Albums, Card Cases, Dressing & Traveling Cases, &c. All the very finest quality, equal to any in the city, and at very low prices.

Miss Baird left yesterday for Kansas City, for a winter's vacation with her parents, having resigned her position of telegraph operator at the Union Pacific station.

Millinery at reduced prices during the holiday to close out fall and winter stock. N. F. CONKLE, 811 Kan. Ave. North Topeka.

The Union Pacific hotel put in yesterday the handsome sign in the First ward. It is a glass transparency lettered with green and gold on a wooden frame of white, with gold border and acorn embellishments.

We are making low prices table linens and towels to reduce the stock. Large stock to select from. N. F. CONKLE, 811 Kansas Ave., North Topeka.

Joe. Watkins was arrested yesterday afternoon on Kansas avenue by Marshall Allen for being drunk. This is the first arrest for drunkenness on the north side, for more than a month. Watkins is a farmer from Menoken.

N. F. Conkle has a good assortment of lice fitting winter cloaks, including plush saques, plush modjeska's, stylish newmarkets, ladies' jackets and children's cloaks, and is selling them at greatly reduced prices during the holidays to close them out. No 811 Kansas avenue, North Topeka.

The Old Men's Whist club was entertained Thursday evening by Dr. L. A. Ryder at his office on Kansas avenue. Good cigars and the utter silence of the game among adept whist fiends caused the evening to pass pleasantly to all the gentlemen present.

All our blankets at reduced prices to close them out. N. F. CONKLE, 811 Kan. Ave. North Topeka.

Several of the leading young men of the First ward are at work preliminary to organizing a branch of the Knights of the Golden Eagle on the north side. The objects of the organization are well known, being mainly benevolent, social, and mutually protective. Among the qualifications for membership are that the candidate must be white and a believer in the Christian religion.

Ladies' and gents' underwear at astonishingly low prices, to close out at N. F. Conkle's, 811 Kansas avenue, North Topeka.

Charles P. Staub, a prominent business man and capitalist of Terre Haute, Ind., was in the city yesterday with an eye to establishing in Topeka a packing house of poultry and game. Mr. Staub is a man of large experience and considerable means and is among the most energetic citizens of Terre Haute. Besides large interests in that city he possesses property in Hutchinson, a section of land near Garden City and several smaller interests in this state. His object in coming to Kansas at present is, as aforesaid, to establish a poultry packing house which he will locate either in Topeka or Hutchinson, where he now is, looking over the town. Mr. Staub will return to Topeka on Monday and if he meets with the requisite aid and encouragement he will make this city the point for his business. It is an industry which would be of value to the town and no doubt Mr. Staub will find ready encouragement to establish it here.

The Holton Recorder says that George Griffith of Leavenworth lost a building worth \$600 by fire in Whiting on which there was no insurance. His building was not burned but it was pulled down to stop the spread of the fire.

There will be two prizes given at the grand ball New Year's eve at Lukens' opera house, North Topeka. A fine gold watch and chain to the best lady waltzer and a beautiful gold headed cane to the best gentleman waltzer. Remember the date New Year's eve.

Telegraphic Briefs.

The Santa Fe company is prepared to do snow plowing. It will be necessary on some parts of their line if not about here.

Clay Kelley, a 5-year old boy was run over and instantly killed by a cable car at Kansas City last night.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Lake Superior Copper company held in London it was decided to voluntarily wind up the affairs of the concern.

The steamer Jasper, from Workington for Glasgow, Scotland, has foundered off the Wigtown coast. Her crew, numbering eleven persons, were drowned.

Jim O'Rourke, of the New York "Giants," is practicing law at his home in Bridgeport, Conn. He says he has settled with President Day and will be one of the champion "Giants" in 1899.

There is satisfaction in a good stove. Try cold coin, sold by Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

The bursting of a steam pipe in the engine room of the Cincinnati Spring works, caused a horrible accident. Several employees were close by and three of them were badly and one fatally scalded.

Potter Farmer and other wealthy Chicago turfites are about to organize a stock company with a Capital of \$25,000, the object of which is to give annually a horse show modeled after the New York horse show.

Jack Hickey, alias Fetch, a notorious burglar and counterfeiter, was arrested at the door of the Joliet, Ill., prison by an officer who bore a requisition upon the state of Illinois from the governor of Tennessee.

Gold Coin stove, Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka. This is what you want and that's the place.

Another terrible tragedy in the Chickasaw nation is reported. Jim Sacra, one of the most prominent cattlemen in the territory, was shot and killed at his home near Oakland by Milton Overton and Charles Wilson.

Best heating stoves. The Gold Coin T. W. Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

During the trial of a trademark suit in the law courts at London a phonograph was introduced to reproduce a letter and other papers. The instrument worked successfully, and Judge Kay, who presided at the trial, was surprised and pleased.

Governor Lowry, of Mississippi, has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$500 for the capture of the Duck Hill train robbers of Saturday night. No pains or expense is being spared by the Illinois Central railroad and Southern Express company to effect their capture.

In many of the Catholic churches throughout Ireland the action and words of the pope, in refusing to bless medals and relics for distribution among Irish Catholics, is freely commented upon, and it is quite evident that the ill-feeling which the incident has engendered is spreading and becoming intensified.

The inventor Edison, has invented a talking doll, but that is nothing compared to a good heating stove, like the Gold Coin, sold by Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

A party of young men were out hunting near Earlington, Ky., when William Sanders was shot and instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of Tom Harrington, a friend. Harrington was climbing a fence, when the hammer of his gun struck a plank, causing it to go off.

As two miners, named Fritchard and George Millman, were descending the shaft of the Plymouth Consolidated, at Elymouth, Colo., the wire cable broke. Two hundred feet of water is still in the mine, and the men must have fallen into the water with 1,200 feet of cable on top of them. It is not likely that the bodies can be recovered until the mine is drained.

Take solid comfort by getting a Gold Coin stove of Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

A peddler who put up for the night at Maquoketa, Ia., was so frightened at the threats and boisterous talk of some men who were stopping at the same house that he fled in his stocking feet, halose, coatless and clothed only in shirt and pants. For two nights and two days he remained in the woods. When he ventured to return, his feet were frozen, and he was almost dead with cold and exhaustion. The man who had frightened him so was Talbot Streets, who was on his way home from Maquoketa, under the influence of liquor. The latter proceeded on his way after the peddler left, and his team running away he was thrown out and killed.

Captain Grozier, a ranchman, got caught in a snow storm while on his way from his ranch on Diamond creek to Cherokee, a small mining camp in New Mexico. He was mounted, but soon lost his horse. He had neither a gun with him to discharge and thus attract attention and help, nor matches to start a fire. When he found he was fast getting benumbed he killed his horse, took out the entrails and crawled into the warm carcass, leaving only the liver inside. Completely covered up with snow he remained in this retreat for three days, eating meanwhile a portion of the horse's liver. When he was missed a party went out to hunt for him and was successful in its search.

FARMERS.

Buy your Hardware, Stoves, Fence Wire, Nails and Farm Machinery at the New Hardware and Stove Store of

Ferguson & Myers,

No. 111 E. 6th street, Where you can save 20 to 30 per cent. New Store, New Prices. TOPEKA, KANS.

"All Things in Order."

"Life," said Mr. Beecher on one occasion, "is a sparing of great events and great occasions and opportunities; it is the little things that make up the sum total."

So it is in housekeeping. The business of conducting a household with comfort and success depends upon a vast number of "little things." Let these little things be in order, and there will be far less of the friction, fault-finding and complaining that banish happiness quite as completely as some great sorrow.

To begin with. Let no housewife tolerate dull knives. Who has not seen the head of a household struggle and fret and perspire over the carving of a joint, not because the meat was abnormally tough, but because the knife was too dull? Let us take a lesson from our butchers. No vendor of roasts and joints would dream of conducting his business without having his hatchets, saws and knives thoroughly overhauled, and their edges renewed at regular intervals. The housekeeper sees the tradesman run his steel between bones, separating joints, removing rinds, reducing steaks to their proper proportions, and then wonders why the meat that seemed so tender at the stall appears so tough upon the table. It is so simply because the butcher takes care that his knives are sharp, and yours madam, have never had their edges renewed, perhaps, since the day you bought them.

Why is the coffee so muddy? Have you examined the sieve in the coffee-pot? It is not the cook's "business." She does the work; it is your part to provide her with the proper implements. Why does the toast taste of fish? Have you made sure that there is a broiler distinctly kept for the fish, and a toaster provided for the toast?

Do the glasses on your table show the signs of grease and sport the lint of rough towelling? Have you made sure that the kitchen is supplied with towelling to be used for glass and silver and nothing else? If the cat has stolen the cream, and the mice have appropriated your cheese, have you examined the latch on the closet door? If the flies have rendered your food unfit to use, and a leg on of ants have chosen your larder as a parade ground, have you provided yourself with wire screens, nettings, and those luxuries ants most love, but which destroy them most certainly?

Be sure that each department of household labor is well supplied with ways and means. If you want your linen fresh and sweet, procure the best quality of soap and see that there is an airy place to dry it in. Use no chemical compounds for bleaching, etc., but see that nature's agents, sun and air, have a fair chance at them. Let each vegetable have its own utensil, and cook no onions in the pot that must afterwards furnish forth sweet peas or potatoes. Let your baking tins shine and the bread pans be sacred to bread alone. Have a spice box with the labels upon each division, and permit no social intercourse between allspice and nutmegs. Be sure that your brushes are clean and new enough to retain a firm hold upon each particular hair.

In short, attend to the little things. What servant can collect dust in a dust-pan whose edges has a series of uneven and unequal curves? A scrubbing brush so worn as to have no tufts of hair within an inch of its edges should be relieved from further service. A broom with its straw bent and worn down till it is little more than a harsh stub may do for a sidewalk, but has no business with a carpet. It is said that a good workman never quarrels with his tools. Precisely because he takes the best of care to have them in order. Housewives, if you want your work well done, see that you provide the proper implements. Select them with care, and be sure of their efficiency. What could the genius of Raphael or Michael Angelo have achieved with a ragged paint brush or a blunt chisel?—Examiner.

A Pointer for the Parson.

An amusing typographical blunder was perpetrated in Carson, Nev., recently. Rev. Van Doventer sent to the Tribune his theme for the following Sunday's discourse, "Receipt for the Cure of Hoodlumism." This appeared in print as "Receipt for the cure of Rheumatism," and it had the effect of crowding the church with people, many of whom had not attended divine worship for a quarter of a century, and a considerable number of whom were stiffened more or less with rheumatism.—Omaha Bee.

Judge Lacombe says he has no jurisdiction over Ives. Nobody else seems to have. Ives beautifully illustrates the fact that this is a free country.—New York Tribune.

The supreme court of Illinois appears to be waiting for bouquets and cold quail.—Chicago Daily Enquirer.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

PUDDING SACCE.

Beat together four teaspoonfuls of sugar and two ounces of butter; stir in a teaspoon of boiling water; flavor to taste.

SUP-OVERS.

One thoroughly beaten egg, one cup sweet milk, a little salt, one cup sifted flour. Drop in hot gum irons and bake quickly.

DOUGHNUTS.

One cup sugar, one heaping tablespoonful butter, one egg, one cup sweet milk, half a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one quart flour.

CORN-STARCH CUSTARD.

Put a pint of milk in a frying pan, let it come to the boiling point, then add a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch. Serve with sugar and cream.

SUGAR COOKIES.

One cup butter, two cups of sugar and three eggs. Flour enough to make a soft dough. Flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg and bake in a moderate oven.

JELLY CUSTARD PIE.

Four eggs, whites beaten separately, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter; beat well; add one cup nearly full of jelly; last thing add the whites of the eggs; bake on thin pastry.

FRUIT CAKE.

The yolks of ten eggs, ten ounces butter, one pound flour, one pound citron, one pound raisins, two pounds currants, one teaspoonful cinnamon, cloves, mace, nutmeg.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

One cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of baking powder, 3/4 cups of flour. Bake about forty minutes. Eat with sauce while warm.

GINGERSNAPS.

Boil slowly for fifteen minutes two cups of molasses; add one-half cup of butter, cool and add two spoonfuls of cold water, one heaping teaspoonful of ginger and flour to roll.

BLACKBERRY JAM.

Take four pounds of fruit, put into a kettle with two pounds of good coarse sugar and set over a slow fire, gently boiling it for one hour, occasionally stirring it to prevent burning. When done put in jars and seal.

GOOD CAKE.

One cup each of butter, brown sugar, molasses and coffee, one teaspoonful each, oven full, of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg grated, three teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the coffee, flour to make a stiff dough; add the last thing two cups of raisins chopped. Bake in a moderate oven.

FRIED ONIONS.

Have frying pan hot, put in a good sized piece of butter (or meat fryings after frying meat), put in the onions sliced; sprinkle with pepper and salt and pour in just a little hot water cover closely, let cook twenty minutes; add a teaspoonful of flour in a little milk and when it boils it is ready to serve.

SPONGE JELLY ROLL.

Four eggs, 1/2 cups of sugar, one teaspoonful baking powder; beat the whites separately, and the sugar and the yolks together till very light; then add part of the whites, then a cup of flour, then beat good, then a little more flour, then the rest of the whites, and stir easy, put it in and bake. Spread and roll as quick as you can.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.

Two eggs and their weight in butter, sugar and flour. Have the butter soft and mix it with the sugar. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, and mix with the butter and sugar; add the grated peel of half a lemon, and stir in the sifted flour. Pour into a buttered pan, filling a little over half full, and bake in a moderate oven.

A Tiresome Evening.

Omaha Girl.—Isn't Mr. De Blank funny?
Omaha Youth.—I noticed you seemed to think so.
"Why, he has kept us laughing half the evening. Didn't you enjoy his wit?"
"I found it very tiresome."
"Tiresome? O you don't mean it. I know you have a keen appreciation of humor. Why didn't you enjoy Mr. De Blank's jokes?"
"Well, the fact is, he takes the same funny paper that I do."

"It Might Have Been."

Pat.—Moike, th' tells me as yez have quit worrukin in the powder factory. Was it too dangerous?
Mike.—Dangerous? Well, be gobl I believe if I had worruked there till now I'd a be'n dead a year ago.—Life.

Even So.

The man who blows into the muzzle of a gun to see whether it's loaded is not generally found out, but he doesn't seem to remember it long.—Washington Chronicle.

Take Care of the Hair.

No careful observer fails to notice as he looks over assemblies of men past thirty years of age, that a very large proportion are bald, or in a stage of partial baldness, which indicates the speedy loss of the hair appendage. The percentage of men of all ages who show signs of baldness has been put at thirty per cent., and by some observers as high even as forty per cent. From careful observations in churches, theatres, lecture-rooms, and political assemblies, we are satisfied that these estimates are too high, and that twenty-four per cent is a more exact estimate.

This exhibit is alarming, as it indicates that the time is near when we shall be a nation of bald heads, and that alopecia as a disease will afflict the youth in our schools, as through hereditary physical deformities and illnesses are multiplied and extended to an enormous extent.

What is the cause of this early loss of hair? It is not due to the hats or caps we wear, not to living in hot rooms; it is not due to the forms of foods we consume, but, in our view, it is largely due to modern methods of treatment of the hair and scalp. The erroneous view prevails that the skin which holds the hair follicles and the delicate secretory organs of the scalp must be kept as "clean, so to speak, as the face or hands; consequently young men patronize barbers or hairdressers, and once or twice a week they have what is called a "shampoo" operation performed; and this consists in a thorough scouring of the hair and scalp with dilute ammonia water and soap, so that a heavy "lather" is produced, and the glandular secretions, which are the natural protection of the hair, and promotive of its growth, are saponified and removed. No act could be more directly destructive of a healthy growth of hair than this, and no one is more common.

The practice of frequently washing the head in warm or cold water, at home, with or without the adjuncts of soap, alcohol, ammonia, or perfume, is deleterious and promotive of early loss of the hair. Men in active indoor business—clerks, bankers, shop-keepers in cities—are continually washing the head. Many do this at night and morning, under the false notion that it is necessary to cleanliness, and promotive of a vigorous growth of hair, and when alarmed at its rapid disappearance in early life they are at a loss to understand the reason. The secretion of wax in the ear passages is nature's method of protecting the delicate machinery upon which hearing depends. It closes the organ to the entrance of insects and dust; and fortunately the secretion is, to a considerable extent, placed beyond easy interference, and thus the sense of hearing is protected from injurious "washouts."

The waxy secretion which is poured out from the glandular organs which are found in connection with the follicles of the hair is nature's product and is designed to preserve and protect the wonderful and beautiful head-covering. If we persist in removing it altogether we must march with the bald-pates before the frosts of age come along to change its color. Women do not shampoo or wash the hair as often as the other sex, and consequently they are in a large degree exempt from baldness in middle life. It is true, however, that many women in cities make frequent visits to the hair-dressers, and subject their tresses to the "scouring" process. If this becomes common, it will not be long before baldness will overtake the young mothers as well as the fathers, and the time will be hastened when children even will have no hair to destroy with ammonia or other caustic cosmetics.

The advice we have to offer to young men and maidens is, let your hair alone; keep at a safe distance from hair dressing rooms and drug-shops, where are sold oils, alkaline substances, alcoholic mixtures, etc., for use upon the hair. They are all pernicious, and will do you harm. The head and hair may be washed occasionally with soft, tepid water, without soap of any kind. As a rule, the only appliances needed in the care of the hair are good combs and brushes; and they should not be used harshly, so as to wound the scalp. Avoid all "electric" and wire-made brushes. No electricity can be stored in a hair-brush; if it could be, it is not needed. The hair is a beautiful gift of nature, and it must not be destroyed.—Popular Science News.

A Mean Wife.

"John," she said, through the key-hole of the front door: "Is that you?"
"Yesh, m' dear," replied John.
"Well, 'truly rural' is the counter-sign to-night."
"Tooly looyal!"
So John slept in a hotel that night.—Puck.

Historical Briefs.

The first British writers were Gildas, Nennius and Bede, in the seventh century.

Amarath I. was the founder of the power of Turke, and reigned from 1357 till killed in 1390.

The London Gazette, the earliest English newspaper, was commenced at Oxford, Nov. 7, 1665 where the Court was then residing on account of the plague.

The star chamber tribunal in England was instituted in the third year of the reign of Henry VII., and abolished in the sixteenth year of the reign of Charles I.

There is a difference of eighty-one years in the time which the Jews spent in Egypt in the account of Exodus and that of Josephus, the former making it a period of 430 years, and the latter 511.

Cicero relates that the Chaldeans and Bactrians claimed celestial observations for 470,000 years; but, taking a day as an astronomical period, it becomes 1300 solar years, or, taking a moon lunar, 52,000 years.

Julius Cæsar was born 100 B. C.; became a member of the Triumvirate with Crassus and Pompey the Great in 60; in 45 assumed the title of imperator or perpetual dictator, and was assassinated in March of the following year.

King John of England was forced to grant the Magna Charta, June 15, 1215, when the great seal was affixed thereto at Runnemede, a meadow between Staines and Windsor. The original Magna Charta is preserved in the British Museum.

Till the fifteenth century no Christians were allowed to receive interest of money, and Jews were the only usurers, and therefore often banished and persecuted. In England, under Edward VI., interest was forbidden entirely from religious motives.

A Crazy Old Hunter.

Col. Bob Patterson, who has just returned from a sojourn in the Sierra, brings news that Abe Ritchie, the old mountain trapper, has gone crazy and has been sent to Stockton. Abe was well known to all old Comstockers. Some years ago he came to this city quite frequently with the dressed skins of foxes and other animals, queer stuffed beasts and queer yarns. He had a complete suit of furs, in which he was wont to parade the streets, to the delight of the rising generation and the amusement of our ladies of fashion. As Abe was his own tailor, when dressed in his ill-fitted and angular suit he looked just like Robinson Crusoe. He and R. M. Daggett had a good scheme for the acquisition of a large share of the filthy lucre floating about in the world, which was nothing less than the starting of a fox ranch up in the high Sierras, somewhere near the Calaveras Big Tree Grove. They were going into the breeding of silver gray foxes. They would get about \$60 for each skin. With a stub of a pencil, and a small bit of paper Mr. Daggett could easily show that there were millions in a fox ranch. But Daggett was appointed Minister to the Hawaiian islands and went away, leaving the arithmetic conundrum—on the back of envelopes and other stray scraps of paper—with old Abe, and we fear the study of these may have been what at last landed the poor old fellow in Stockton.—Virginia (New) Enterprise.

He Had Seen no Stray Horse.

A morning or two ago a certain grammarian of this city, of whom it is said that his refined and sensitive ear the braying of a donkey is melody compared with an uncouth expression, was met on the street corner by a countryman, when the following conversation was commenced by the latter:

"Mister, you haven't seen no stray horse pass this way within a short time?"
"You are mistaken, sir; I have."
"Which way was he going?"
"Which way was who going?"
"The horse."
"What horse?"
"The horse you saw pass here."
"I have seen no horse pass here."
"You just said you had."
"Well, I say so still."
"I asked you a civil question, I believe," said the countryman.
"You asked me no question at all," replied the pedant. "You scooted me by saying I hadn't seen no stray horse, and you must allow me to persist in my declaration—that I have seen no stray-horse pass this way."

After scanning the scholastic individual for a moment with a look that seemed to say "There's something wrong about that fellow's upper story," the rural gentleman walked off to make further search for the straggle.—Louisville Courier.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

BY P. M. A.

Dear, eager little boy,
With many an earnest plan
For the slowly coming years,
When you shall be a man.
Do you wish the years to fly
As you are growing tall?
Feet and inches only make
A big boy, after all.
It is not strength of muscle,
It is not man's attire;
No! 'tis something nobler far
That brings what you desire.
'Tis firm and loyal purpose
To stand by what is right—
'The gentleness that helps the weak,
'True mark of noble knight—
'The courage when the truth demands
To take the losing side—
'The kindness to defend the oppressed
And see them justified—
'The will to serve your brother's need
In whatever way you can—
'Tis this, my boy, that you desire,
For 'tis this to be a man.
And so my New Year's wish shall be,
May you the time employ
To form a character that makes
A noble, manly boy.

Written for the Western Newspaper Union.

HERMAN AND HERTHA.

MRS. H. T. HOLLANDS.

The great German steamship was fastened to the long pier. The front passage way was thrown open, and the poor emigrants came swarming through, wan and weary. The voyage had been a stormy one, and the dark quarters in the steerage, crowded and uncomfortable. When the great waves had tossed the ship, and threatened to swallow her up, Herman and Hertha had crept into the dark corner near their bundle, and holding each other by the hand, had whispered the prayer the good mother had taught them. When they were hungry they ate from the lunch she had prepared for them, and when they grew tired and sleepy, their brown heads would nestle close together on the bundle. When the rough linen sack rubbed against their cheeks, their thoughts went back to the little German home they had left; and they would talk in low tones of the making of the bundle, and of the long winter evenings when the mother had spun the flax, and woven the cloth. How she had fashioned the brown blouses and wide trousers for Herman, and the striped gowns and aprons for Hertha. They laughed when they recalled the day they drove the geese into the pen, that she might pluck the feathers to fill the striped tick that was in the coarse linen sack, and was serving them for a pillow while they talked. "Do you remember," said Hertha, "how the old gray gander caught you by the stocking leg, and would not let you go, and how you cried aloud, until the mother came and pulled him away?" And then they would talk of the bright future, and of the great America which they were slowly approaching, where they would earn the money to buy the ticket which they had promised to send back to the good mother. Their hearts grew light when they talked of the little red chair, and pretty doll, they would buy for sister Annie. Their voices would grow fainter and fainter until, forgetting the roaring storm and the uncomfortable cabin, they would fall asleep.



HERMAN AND HERTHA.

They awoke one morning to hear the tired emigrants repeating the word they themselves had so often repeated—America. America—as if hardly realizing that their long journey was ended. Herman and Hertha took the bundle between them and went with the crowd. They were pushed and jostled, and carried along, but they clung to the treasure which held them together. When they could slip out from the struggling crowd, they sat down on a box and looked around. Everything was strange and new to them. The light seemed so bright after the dingy darkness of the cabin they had left that they wondered if the sun above their heads was the one they had seen in Germany. They heard loud angry voices talking in a strange language, and they saw men, wearing blue coats trimmed with many brass buttons, who they thought must be soldiers. But when they saw the poor bewildered emigrants jerked here and there by these blue-coated men; fathers dragged one way and mothers another,

while the little Peterkins and Gretchens were left crying in the midst of the noisy crowd, they became frightened.

Hertha felt along the bundle until she could touch Herman's hand, and looked up in his face as if for protection, but the look she found there was not at all re-assuring.

Just then she felt a heavy hand on her shoulder; the bundle slipped from her grasp, and she lost sight of Herman's face.

She called his name as she felt herself being dragged through the crowd, but before she could repeat the cry, a rough hand was placed over her mouth.

She grew dizzy and the bright sun turned black.



HERTHA'S NEW FRIEND.

When she opened her eyes again she found herself on a seat in a corner of a dusty emigrant car, with many of her fellow passengers near her. Some were laughing and some were crying, and all appeared to be talking at the same time.

She was too confused to understand what they were saying at first, but after listening awhile, the terrible meaning of it all broke through her mind.

She learned that two rival railroad companies had their agents at the landing when the steamer arrived, and these men, in their efforts to secure passengers for their respective roads, had made sad havoc with the poor emigrant families.

Fathers were talking of missing wives and children, wives mourning lost husbands, and children crying for their parents.

Hertha looked on the sad scene from her seat in the corner. Her grief was too new for thought or tears.

How sad she looked, with her clasped hands lying in her lap in that listless way. Her brown woolen hood, with its tassled strings of twisted yarn, had been pushed from her head during the struggle, and hung down on her shoulders, forming a good resting place for her heavy plait of brown hair. A button had been wrenched from the checked woolen cloak and hung by a thread.

Her great blue eyes had a lost look in them, but sorrow is selfish and her companions were so entirely absorbed in their own grief that they had no thoughts for her.

The train started with a sudden jerk which nearly threw her from the seat, and then went rolling out into that new world of which she had heard and talked so much.

She shuddered when she saw the man in the brass-buttoned coat come through the door.

She watched his face, as he talked to the excited passengers, and expected every moment to see him reach out his long arm and drag them away.

Instead of this, however, his words seemed to quiet them, and they talked to each other in a more hopeful manner after he left them.

She watched him until he had spoken to them all, then she saw him looking at her with a smile on his face, and Oh! how her heart beat when he spoke to her in her own dear language.

"Well my little lonely one, and what is the trouble here? Where is the father and the mother?"

The tears came into her eyes, and the sobs nearly choked her, but she forced them back, and told her story in so simple and affecting a manner, that the kind hearted man drew the blue sleeve across his eyes.

He noticed the look of intelligence and refinement on her face, and then his thoughts wandered to the little one in his own home.

Hertha followed him with her sad eyes as he went out through the door. In a short time he returned, and then she found some cake and fruit in her lap.

When the train rolled into the great western city, Hertha's kind friend took her by the hand, and led her to his own home.

And here she began life in the new world, caring for the little Galla—the sweet baby, who seemed to take the place of sister Annie.

But there was a great empty space in her heart, that the child could not fill.

"Herman, Herman," was the plaint that rang through her thoughts when awake, and through her dreams when sleeping; and, "Please, God, send Herman to me to-day," was her morning prayer.

The city was in its holiday dress. The streets were filled with happy

children, who looked at the great Santa Claus in the window, and wondered what he had for them. The shops were crowded with purchasers, and errand boys were hurrying here and there laden with the precious gifts.

And with the joyous Christmas Eve there came a shower of great snowflakes which deadened the sound of the foot-falls and made the scene look like a real fairy land.

Hertha's kind friends were among the busy shoppers. The Christmas-tree was planted in the square block of wood, awaiting its precious fruit.

Baby Galla was fast asleep in her crib, and Hertha stood by the window with her face pressed against the cold glass. She saw the moving crowds, and heard the merry voices of the glad children.

She thought of the last Christmas, when the two long black woolen stockings and the one little red one hung above the fireplace.

"The little red one hangs alone to-night," she said to herself, and the silent tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on her clasped hands as she whispered:

"Please, God, send Herman to me to-night."

She dried her eyes on her white apron, when she heard the stamping of feet on the door-step. She did not expect them just yet, and wondered if they would notice the tear-stains on her face.

She opened the door and met a boy, his arms filled with parcels. He was covered with great flakes of snow, and she thought of Santa Claus at first.

"Does Mr. Hunt live here?" he asked. She looked at him a moment—the dear old home language—was that why his voice sounded so familiar?

She led the way and he followed her into the lighted room.

The next moment the parcels were scattered over the floor, and the snow-covered errand boy was embracing Hertha, while she, poor child, could only say, "Herman! Herman!"

When Mr. and Mrs. Hunt returned they found the brother and sister seated in the big arm-chair by the stove and little Galla laughing and crowing in their arms.

The flying months brought another Christmas.



THE RE-UNITED FAMILY.

In a little home not far from Mr. Hunt's house the Christmas tree was lighted. Sister Annie sat in the new red chair, and rocked the flaxen-haired doll in the pretty willow cradle.

Herman and Hertha bent over and kissed her, and then what do you think they did?

They threw their arms around the good mother's neck and cried for joy.

Children and the Church.

A few years ago a great deal was written about the children's attendance at church, and plans were proposed to secure it. There is no proof like success, and in our church we have succeeded. It is a fairly large church in country town, and on Sunday morning you will see rows of little heads, of all sizes, with the older brothers and sisters, and parents in the pews. Yes, in some cases, overflowing into the second pew. The older children do not congregate in the back pews, but sit with the family, even the young men. It is a lovely sight.

What is the reason? Simply this—that it has been the custom always to take the children from their early years to church. Our fathers did it, the elders did it; the children, not always liking it, never dreamed of anything else, and grew up in this way.

When we go to a city church, and see the meagre attendance of the children, the pews filled, or not filled, with grown people, only here and there a child, we are struck with the contrast, and thankful for the good old ways. Habit is strong, a little self denial is wholesome and does not hurt a child, and many sweet and hallowed influences come into its young life as it worships with godly parents in God's house.—Anon.

The man who travels about on foot with a pack on his back is called a peddler. The one who rides in the cars with a pack in his pocket is designated as a commercial traveler. Duties on foreign cereals may be removed in France. Some people here would like to see a prohibitive duty put upon American serials. There is too much shotgun to the square inch in the average idea of justice.

Making the Best of Things.

Anthony Butler is a poor man, as the world counts poverty, for he has neither silver nor gold laid up in store. But he has a happy family of children growing up about him and a loving wife, and he manages to keep a roof over their heads, and bread enough in their mouths to keep them from perishing.

Two weeks ago he thought of the approaching Christmas, and wished that he had money enough to give his little ones a Christmas festival, with gifts and dainties, such as he knew the other children about them would enjoy.

He talked of the matter with his wife, saying, over and over again, "I have the will to make the children happy if I only had the means."

And she, wise woman that she was, said in reply, "Ah, Anthony, if the will is in our hearts to do this, it will surely be done; for where there is a real will for good, God always helps to provide a way."

So the parents talked and devised, but for a time no light came upon the Christmas plan.

At length Anthony said: "Well, wife, I can at least go to the forest, and bring a tree, and you can hang some cakes of your own baking upon it, and we will light it with some rush-lights. That will seem better than no Christmas to the children."

"Indeed it will," the loving mother replied, "and while you are in the forest for our tree, could you not bring one for each of our poor neighbors, that the Christmas blessing may come also to their homes?"

"Yes, my dear," said Anthony, "I can, and will do this. It will be a pleasure to me if I may add a little to the Christmas joy of the world."

So, on the Monday before Christmas Anthony harnessed his donkey to the little cart, and went away to the forest after the Christmas trees. His heart was very light and happy, for he felt that he was doing some good for others, and that always makes happy the heart of the doer.

When he had loaded his cart with as much weight as the donkey could well draw he went back to the town to distribute the trees among his poor neighbors.

Before he had reached the street where his giving was to begin, a wealthy woman saw his treasures, and sent her servant to stop the cart; while she herself came out and bought one of the trees, for which she cheerfully paid Anthony five dollars.

If a mine had opened at his feet the poor man could not have been more surprised and delighted.

Here was money enough to bring many Christmas blessings to his own poor home, which had come unexpectedly while he was trying to bless others.

His heart was full of gladness. He walked as if he was on air the remainder of the way to his cottage, and greeted his wife with these words as he held the money toward her in his open hand:

"See what the Lord has done for us," and then followed the whole story of his good fortune, while joyful tears ran down his cheeks.

Mary's eyes too were brimming with tears as she listened and she said:

"Ah, Anthony, it is once more that God has taught His children the lesson, that He will help those who are cheerfully trying to help themselves, and at the same time striving to make others about them happy."

Honor the Dear Old Mother.

Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but these are lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheek, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world.

The eye is dim, yet it glows with the rapt radiance of a holy love, which can never fade.

Oh, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of time are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, they will go further, and reach down lower for you than any other on earth.

You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars shall keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you.

In evidence of her deathless love, when the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms, carry you home and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

The Elder Harrison's Cabinet.

While there is so much speculation about President-elect Harrison's cabinet, it is of interest to recall the names of his grandfather's official family. Here they are: Secretary of state, Daniel Webster, Massachusetts; secretary of treasury, Thomas Ewing, Ohio; secretary of war, John Bell, Tennessee; secretary of navy, George E. Badger, North Carolina; attorney general, John J. Crittenden, Kentucky; postmaster general, Francis Granger, New York.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

Women have taken out 2,000 patents. Michigan's population is now about 2,195,000.

Bismarck is now said to be "thin and bony."

A Xenia man stole crape from the door of a friend.

David Dudley Field will spend the winter in the south of France.

Mayor-elect Grant and Gov. Hill, of New York, are both wifeless.

Krupp is erecting a large gun foundry at Jekaterinostaw, in Russia.

Senator Beck's health continues to be in a very precarious condition.

A "ghost" which steals cotton has aroused inhabitants of Monticello, Fla.

Zola's "L'Attaque du Moulin" is used as a text book in English schools.

The salary of the English attorney general is £7,000, with £5,000 perquisites.

It is rumored in Paris that M. Gounod, the composer, is losing his mind.

"If you believe in protection buy a lung pad," is the way a druggist puts it.

Mme. Trebelli, the contralto, is recovering from what was a critical illness.

Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Boston, has returned to his educational work in the South.

Mrs. Curenol is the name of a trained nurse advertising in a New York paper.

Apple dumplings boiled in a bag, an almost forgotten dessert, has been revived.

Warner's earliest opera, "Die Feen," is now being given at Munich with great success.

Potter Palmer, the Chicago hotel magnate, is credited with having a rent roll of \$3,000 a day.

"Robert Elsmere" has been dramatized, and will be produced in Chicago next month.

Dr. Sketchly, who planted an ostrich farm in California, clears \$40,000 a year from the plumes.

It is said Tade offers to pay one-half his defalcation if his bondsmen will pay the other half.

A case for playing cards is made in imitation of a prayer book, with cedar wood, plush back and silver clasp.

P. T. Harnum has written to President-elect Harrison, offering to relieve him of his collection of unsolicited animals.

Mr. Watts is painting a portrait of Miss Mary Anderson; the last portrait he will paint, he is reported to have said.

Maria Tietjens, a niece of the distinguished prima donna, Therese Tietjens, is a rising young concert singer in London.

George F. Spinney has been made managing editor of the New York Times in consequence of the retirement of John C. Reid.

The committee appointed to arrange for Gen. Harrison's inauguration are calculating upon entertaining 250,000 guests at Washington.

Gen. Butler and Mayor O'Brien have both recently posed for what they have declared will be the last photographs they will ever have taken.

Lord Lucan, who recently died in London, was the man who gave the order for the famous charge at Balaklava—the charge of the Light Brigade.

It is said that the gold fields of Grand parish, La., furnish ore that assays all the way from \$20 to \$10,000 a ton. Thus far no systematic working has been made in them.

A correspondent sends the New York World the following problem, and asks if it can be worked out: A man has twenty-seven turkeys to kill in six days; he is to kill an odd number every day.

The Duke of Sutherland is the greatest land owner in Great Britain, where his possessions embrace 1,358,545 acres. He also owns large tracts of land in this country, aggregating, it is said \$25,000 acres.

Alexander Dumas has returned to Paris from Puy, near Dieppe, and is revising his father's famous drama, "Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," which is to be played this winter at the Porte Saint Martin.

Mrs. Harlan, wife of Judge Harlan, who has taken Mrs. Logan's place at the head of the Washington ladies who have charge of the Garfield Hospital, is tall, quiet stout, and a lady of commanding presence.

A man in New Brunswick has displayed a strange taste about dying. He dug his grave, lowered his coffin, got in and took a dose of poison, then pulled the string to a landslide, which descended upon him.

The little princess of the Netherlands, when she comes to be queen of Holland, will be one of the richest sovereigns of Europe. The civil list of Holland amounts, it is stated, to about \$15,000,000 per annum.

Coralie Cohen, the Florence Nightingale of the Franco-German war, who has been elected president of the Association Des Dames Francaises, is said by a London Jewish journal to belong to the Hebrew race.

J. L. Hudson, formerly with the late C. R. Mabley, of Detroit, has bought the largest clothing house in St. Louis for \$100,000. Hudson has eleven stores now and is said to be doing a business of \$3,000,000 annually.

A Persian cat was able to spread scarlet fever amidst a large community of children in Chicago. The animal had been petted by a sick child, and in its visits to several neighbor's houses it carried the disease with it.

The inventor of the railway ticket, Robt. Savill, has just died. Formerly receipts were given for traveling fares, as in the case of mail coaches. Savill, a clerk in the Birmingham railway company, hit upon the ticket.

President Angell, of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., has arranged for a prize to the students of American colleges and universities for the best essay on "The Influence of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime."

The car's railway carriage is absolutely iron-clad. Its great weight is said to be one of the causes of the late wreck when His Majesty, being of great strength, distinguished himself by holding up the roof that threatened to crush himself and wife.

The House of a Traitor.

As you leave Porte Vecchio, and northward toward the interior of Corsica, the land rises rapidly, and after three hours' traveling through winding paths, obstructed by huge rocks and often cut by deep ravines, you find yourself on the edge of an extensive maquis. The maquis is the country of the Corsican shepherds and those who are at enmity with justice. You must know that the Corsican laborer, in order to spare himself the trouble of manuring his fields, sets fire to a certain extent of wooded land. So much the worse if the flames spread further than necessary, but then he is sure to have a fine harvest, when he sows his seed in this soil, fertilized by the ashes of the trees that once bore. The grain reaped and carried away (for they leave the straw which it would be troublesome to gather), the old roots, which have remained in the earth, unconsumed by the flames, shoot forth in the following spring very thick branches, which in a few years attain the height of seven or eight feet. It is this kind of heavy underbrush that goes by the name of maquis. It is composed of different kinds of trees and shrubs, mixed and confounded as the good God pleases. A man can only open a passage through it axe in hand, and maquis has been known so thick and bushy that the mountain sheep themselves cannot get through.

If you have killed a man, fly to the maquis of Porte Vecchio, and you will lie there in safety, provided with a good gun, powder and ball—do not forget a brown cowled cloak, which will serve as both mattress and covering. The shepherds will give you milk and cheese and chestnuts, and you will have nothing to fear from justice, or the relations of the defunct except when you will be obliged to go to the town to renew your ammunition.

Mateo Falcone, when I was in Corsica, fived about a half a league from this maquis. He was quite rich for that country, living "nobly" in Corsican phrase (that is to say, without working himself), from the produce of his flocks, which the shepherds, a kind of nomadic race, pastured here and there in the mountains. When I saw him, about two years after the events I am about to relate, he appeared about fifty years old, at the most. Imagine a small, but robust man, with crisp, curly hair, black as jet, an aquiline nose, thin lips, large bright eyes, and a skin of deep tan color. His skill in shooting passed for something extraordinary, even in his country, where there are so many good shots. For instance, Mateo would never shoot at moffin with a gun loaded with buck-shot, but at a hundred and twenty paces he would kill it, by a ball in the head or shoulders as he chose. He used his gun as well at night as in the daytime—and they related the following evidence of his skill, which might appear incredible to one who has not traveled in Corsica. At eighty paces distant, a lighted candle was placed behind a transparent paper, as large as a plate. He took aim, then the light was extinguished, and at the end of a moment's time, in the uttermost darkness, he shot and pierced the paper three times out of four! Endowed with such transient merit, Falcone had attained a great reputation. He was said to be as good a friend as he was a dangerous enemy, and, besides being neighborly and charitable, he lived in peace with all the world, in the district of Porte Vecchio.

But it was also told of him when he was at Corte, where he had married his wife, he had rid himself in a vigorous manner of a rival, who was as dreaded in war as in love—at least, a certain shot which much surprised this rival, as he was shaving before a little mirror hung to his window was attributed to Mateo. The affair having died out, Mateo married. His wife having brought him at first three daughters (to his great rage), and finally a son whom he named Fortunato. He was the hope of the family, and heir to his name. The girls were all well married; the father could reckon, when needed, upon the daggers and carbines of his sons-in-law. The boy was only ten years old but of a promising character.

One fine day in autumn, Mateo went early with his wife to visit one of his flocks in a clearing in the maquis. The little Fortunato desired to go with him, but the clearing was too far off, and, besides, some one must remain to guard the house—so the father refused.

He had been gone some hours, and little Fortunato was lying quietly in the sun, gazing at the blue mountains and thinking how he was going to dine next Sunday in the town with his uncle, when his meditations were suddenly interrupted by a gunshot. He jumped up and turned toward the side of the plain, whence proceeded this noise. Several shots followed at irregular intervals, approaching nearer and nearer, till suddenly, in the path which led from the plain to Mateo's house, appeared a man wearing a long beard and a pointed cap, such as the mountaineers wore; he was covered with rage, dragged himself painfully along, leaning on his gun. He had just been shot in the thigh.

This man was an outlaw, who, having gone during the night to buy powder in the town, had on his way fell into an ambushade of Corsican police. After a vigorous defense, he had succeeded in making good his retreat, hotly pursued and firing good rock to rock. But he was not far in advance of the soldiers, and his wound made it impossible for him to reach the maquis before being caught.

He approached Fortunato and said to him: "You are the son of Mateo Falcone?" "Yes," said the boy.

"I am Giannetto Sanpiero. The soldiers are after me. Hide me, for I can go no further."

"And what will my father say if I hide you without his permission?" "He will say you have done well."

"Who knows?" "Hide me quickly! they are coming!" "Wait until my father comes back."

"Wait! Curses on you! They will be here in five minutes. Come! hide me, or I will kill you!"

Fortunato replied with the greatest coolness: "Your gun is not loaded, and there are no more cartridges in your belt."

"I have my stiletto—"

"But can you run as fast as I can!" and

the boy darted off, and placed himself out of the bandit's reach.

"You are not Mateo Falcone's son! Will you let me be arrested before the door of your house?"

The child appeared moved with compassion. "What will you give me if I hide you?" he said, drawing nearer.

The outlaw fumbled in a leathern pocket, which hung from his belt, and drew from it a five-franc piece, which he had doubtless saved for the purchase of powder. Fortunato smiled at the sight of the money, and, seizing it, said to Giannetto:

"Fear nothing. I will hide you well."

Then he made a great hole in a heap of straw, or hay, near the house. Giannetto crawled in, and the child covered him up so as to leave him a little air to breathe, without it being possible to suspect, at a casual glance, that this heap of hay could hide a man. Moreover, with a cunning ingenuity worthy of a savage, he caught a cat and her kittens, and placed them on top of the straw, as if it had not been moved for some time. Finally, noticing traces of blood on the path, he carefully covered them with dust, and then calmly lay down again in the sun.

A few moments after, six men in brown uniforms, with yellow collars, and commanded by an adjutant, were before Mateo's door. The adjutant was a distant relative of Falcone. He was called Teodoro Gamba, an active man, much feared by the outlaws, of whom he had already captured several.

"How do you do, little cousin?" said he, smiling, to Fortunato. "How you have grown! Have you seen a man pass here, lately?"

"Oh! I am not as big as you, my cousin," said the child, with an air of simplicity.

"That will come by-and-by. But have you not seen a man pass here? Tell me."

"Have I seen a man pass?" "Yes, a man with a pointed cap of black velvet, and a vest embroidered with red and yellow."

"A man with a black velvet pointed cap, and a vest embroidered in red and yellow?" "Yes, yes!—answer quickly, and don't repeat my questions."

"This morning M. Le Cure rode by our door on his horse, Piero. He asked me how papa was, and I told him—"

"Ha! little villain; you are playing the rogue. Tell me quickly, which way Giannetto went, for it is he I am after, and I am certain he took this path."

"Who knows?" roared the adjutant. "I know that you have seen him!"

"Can one see all the passers-by when one is asleep?" "You were not asleep, good-for-nothing little wretch; the gun-shots must have wakened you."

"You think, then, my cousin, that your guns make a great noise! My father's carbine makes a much louder one."

"May the devil confound you! I am very sure you have seen Giannetto. Perhaps you have even hidden him. Comrades, go into the house and see if our man is not there. He was dragging along on one foot, and he knows too much, the rogue, to try and reach the maquis while limping in that manner. Besides, the marks of blood stop here."

"And what will papa say?" asked Fortunato, "when he knows people have entered his house when he was absent?"

"Rascal!" said the adjutant, seizing him by the ear, "do you know that I can make you sing another tune! After I have given you twenty blows with the flat of a sword, you will speak."

"My father is Mateo Falcone," said Fortunato, with emphasis.

"Do you know, you little scoundrel, that I can take you away to Corte, or Bastia; that I can put you in a dungeon on straw, with chains on your ankles, and I will have you gillotined, if you do not tell me where Giannetto Sanpiero is!"

The boy burst out laughing at this absurd threat, and repeated: "My father is Mateo Falcone."

"Adjutant," said one of the soldiers, in a low tone, "beware of quarreling with Mateo."

Gamba was evidently embarrassed. He talked in a low voice with his men, who had already searched the house. It was not a lengthy operation, for the cabin of a Corsican contains but a single square room. The furniture consists of a table, some benches, a chest or two, and hunting and cooking utensils. Meanwhile, the little boy played with the kittens, and seemed to take a malicious joy in the evident confusion of his cousin and the soldiers.

One of the latter approached the heap of straw, and he saw the cat and carelessly thrust his bayonet into the straw, shattering his shoulders, as if he felt the precaution was ridiculous. Nothing stirred, and the child's face betrayed not the slightest emotion. The adjutant and his troop were in despair. Already they looked seriously at the plain as if disposed to return whence they came, when their chief, convinced that threats produced no impression on Falcone's son, resolved to make a last effort, and try the effect of caresses and bribery.

"Little cousin," said he, "you seem a very wide-awake fellow; you'll make your mark; but you are playing an ugly game with me, and if I was not afraid of giving pain to my cousin Mateo, may the devil catch me! but I would carry you off with me."

"Bah!" said the child.

"But when my cousin Mateo returns, I shall relate the whole affair to him, and he will whip you till the blood comes for having lied to me."

"Really!"

"You will see—but hold—you are a fine boy, and I will give you something."

"And I, my cousin, will give you a piece of advice, which is, if you wait much longer, Giannetto will be in the maquis, and then I will need more than one strong fellow like you to go and find him."

The adjutant drew from his pocket a silver watch, worth about ten crowns, and, observing that the eyes of the child sparkled as he looked at it, he said to him, holding the watch dangling by its steel chain:

"Would you not be delighted to have a watch like that, hanging from your neck? You would walk the streets of Porte Vecchio as proud as a peacock, and when people would ask you, 'What's o'clock?' then you could say, 'Look at my watch and find out!'"

"When I am a big boy my uncle will give me a watch."

"Yes, but your uncle's son already has one; not as handsome as this, to be sure, but then he is younger than you."

The child sighed.

"Well, do you want this watch little cousin?"

Fortunato, glancing at the watch from the corner of his eye, resembled a cat, to whom you offer a chicken. As it feels you are joking, it dares not put its paw on the fowl, and from time to time turns away its eyes, so as not to yield to the temptation, but locks its chops every minute, and seems to say to its master, "your joke is a very cruel one!"

However, the adjutant seemed sincere in offering his watch. Fortunato did not stretch out his hand, but said, with a bitter smile, "Why do you joke with me?"

"By heavens! I am not joking, only tell me where Giannetto is, and the watch is yours."

Fortunato smiled incredulously, and fixed his black eyes on those of the adjutant, he tried to read there how much to believe of what he said.

"May I lose my epaulettes!" cried the adjutant, "if I do not give you this watch, provided you do not ask. My men are witnesses, and I cannot retract my promise."

As he spoke he held the watch nearer, so that it almost touched the child's face. Fortunato smiled plainly in his face the struggle in his soul between covetousness and the respect due to hospitality. His naked breast heaved violently, and he seemed half-suffocated. However, the watch continued to turn and twist about, and sometimes struck the end of his nose. Finally, little by little, his right hand rose slowly toward the watch, the ends of his fingers touched it and he felt its weight before the adjutant dropped the end of the chain. The dial-plate was sky-blue, the case newly polished, and, in the sun, it shone like fire. The temptation was too strong?

Fortunato raised his left hand slowly, and pointed with his left thumb over his shoulder, at the heap of straw. The adjutant instantly understood his gesture. He let go the end of the chain, and Fortunato felt himself whole possessor of the watch. He arose from the heap of hay, which the soldiers immediately began to overturn. It was not long before a man, covered with blood, pained in hand, crawled out, but as he tried to raise to his feet his wounded thigh did not allow him to stand erect. He fell, and the adjutant threw himself upon him and seized his stiletto, and he was soon securely tied, despite his struggles. Lying on the ground, and bound up like a faggot, Giannetto turned his head toward Fortunato and hissed: "Son of a dog!" The child tossed back the five-franc piece Gamba had given him, feeling that he had ceased to deserve it, but the outlaw paid no attention to this movement. He said coolly to the adjutant:

"My dear Gamba, I cannot walk; you will be forced to carry me to town."

"You ran quicker than a squirrel awhile ago," replied the cruel conqueror; "but be easy; I am so glad to have caught you that I could carry you for a league on my back without fatigue. As for the rest, comrade, we will make you a litter out of some branches and your cloak, and at Crespole's farm we shall find horses."

"All right," said the prisoner, "put also a little straw on the litter that I may lie easier."

While the soldiers were employed, some in making a kind of litter out of branches, and the others in dressing Giannetto's wound, Mateo Falcone and his wife suddenly appeared at the turn of a path which led to the maquis. The woman, bending painfully under the weight of an enormous sack of chestnuts, while her husband strolled by her side, carrying only his two guns, one in his hand, the other in his shoulder-belt, for it is unworthy of a Corsican to carry any burden but his arms.

As he caught sight of the soldiers, his first idea was that they came to arrest him. But why? Had Mateo any trouble with the law? No; he enjoyed a good reputation, and he was also a Corsican and a mountaineer, and there was a few such who, in searching their memory, cannot recall some peccadilloes, such as gun-shots, dagger-thrusts and other like trifles. Mateo, more than most men, had a clear conscience in this respect, for more than ten years he had aimed his gun at no man. But he was, however, prudent, and he took a position to make a brave defense, if necessary.

"Wife," said he to Giuseppa, "put down your sack and be ready."

She obeyed immediately. He gave her the gun from his shoulder-belt, which might cramp his movements. He then loaded the one he held, and advanced slowly toward his house, skirting the trees which bordered the road, ready, at the least hostile demonstration of the soldiers, to throw himself behind the largest trunk, whence he could fire under shelter. His wife followed his tracks, holding the spare gun and its cartridge-box—the business of a good housewife is to load her husband's gun in case of a combat.

On the other side of the field, the adjutant was much troubled at seeing Mateo advance in this manner, with measured steps, gun in hand, and his finger on the trigger. "If, perchance," thought he, "Mateo should be a relative of Giannetto, or his friend, and he wished to defend him, the contents of his two guns could reach us, one after the other, as sure as a letter by the post, if he aimed at me, notwithstanding our relationship." In this perplexity, he took a brave resolution, to advance alone toward Mateo, and relate the whole affair to him, accosting him as an old friend, but the short distance that separated him from Mateo appeared terribly long.

"Ah, my brave comrade," cried he, "how goes it? It is I, Gamba, your cousin."

Mateo, without replying, had stopped, and, while the other spoke, slowly raised the barrel of his gun, so that it pointed to the sky, at the instant the adjutant reached him.

"Good-day, comrade," said the adjutant, holding out his hand; "it is a long time since I last saw you."

"Good-day, comrade"

"I came to say how do you do, as I passed, to you and my good cousin, Pepa. We have made a long journey to-day, but we must

no complain of fatigue, for we have made a famous capture. We have just seized Giannetto Sanpiero."

"God be praised!" cried Giuseppa; "he stole a milk-goat from us last week."

These words rejoiced Gamba.

"Poor devil!" said Mateo; "he was hungry."

"The knave fought like a lion," continued the adjutant, somewhat mortified: "he killed two of my men, and, not content with that, broke Corporal Charden's arm—but that is no great harm; he is only a Frenchman. Afterward, he was hidden so finely that the devil himself could not have found him. I should never have discovered him, had it not been for my little cousin, Fortunato."

"Fortunato!" exclaimed Mateo.

"Fortunato," said Gamba; "Yes, Giannetto was hidden under that heap of straw yonder. But my little cousin showed me his hiding-place. So I will tell his uncle in town, and he can send him a fine present for his trouble. And his name and yours will appear in the report that I shall send to the attorney-general."

"Damnation!" said Mateo, in a thick and husky voice.

They had reached the detachment by this time. Giannetto was already lying on a litter, ready to depart. When he saw Mateo in Gamba's company he smiled strangely, then, turning his head toward the door of the house, he spat savagely on the sill, crying: "The house of a traitor!"

Only a man who had resolved to die would have dared to use the word "traitor" in connection with Falcone. A stab from a stiletto would have immediately avenged the insult. But Mateo made no other gesture than carrying his hand to his head, as if overcome with grief. Fortunato had gone into the house when he saw his father arrive, but he soon reappeared, carrying a bowl of milk, which he offered to the prisoner, his head hanging down.

"Away, cur!" cried the outlaw to him. Then, turning to one of the guard, "Comrade," said he, "give me a drink."

The soldier handed him his gourd, and Giannetto drank the water given him by a man with whom he had just exchanged shots. Afterward, he begged that they would tie his hands so that they were crossed on his breast, instead of having them bound behind his back.

"I like," said he, "to lie at my ease." They hastened to satisfy him; then the adjutant gave the signal of departure, bade adieu to Mateo, who did not reply, and they descended, with rapid steps, toward the plain.

Ten minutes passed before Mateo opened his mouth. The child looked, uneasily, sometimes at his mother, then at his father, who, leaning on his gun, looked at him with an expression of furious anger.

"You begin well," said Mateo, finally, in a calm voice; but a terrible one to whoever knew the man thoroughly.

"My father!" cried the child, advancing, tears in his eyes, as if to throw himself on his knees. But Mateo cried: "Back!" and he stopped, sobbing and motionless, a few steps from his father.

Giuseppa drew near. She had just perceived the chain of the watch, one end of which hung from Fortunato's shirt.

"Who gave you that watch?" she asked, in a severe tone.

"My cousin, the adjutant."

Falcone seized the watch, and throwing it violently against a stone, broke it into a thousand pieces.

"Woman," said he, "is this my child?" The brown cheeks of Giuseppa turned a vivid scarlet. "Have a care what you say, Mateo. Do you remember to whom you speak?"

"I ask your pardon, wife. This child, then, is the first one of the race of Falcone who has been guilty of treachery."

The sobs and tears of Fortunato redoubled, and Mateo kept his lynx eyes sternly fixed upon him. Finally, he struck the butt end of his gun on the ground, threw it over his shoulder, and took his way toward the maquis, bidding Fortunato follow him. The child obeyed.

Giuseppa ran after Mateo, and seized his arm. "He is your son," said she, in a trembling voice, fixing her black eyes on those of her husband, as if to read there what was passing in his soul.

"Leave me," said Mateo, "I am his father."

The mother embraced her son, and entered the house weeping; throwing herself on her knees before an image of the Virgin, she prayed fervently.

Meanwhile, Falcone walked down the path some two hundred paces, and stopped on reaching a little ravine. He sounded the earth, and found it soft and easy for digging. The spot appeared a favorable one.

"Fortunato," said he, "stand yonder near that great stone."

The child obeyed, and fell on his knees.

"Say your prayers," said Falcone.

"My father, my father, do not kill me!"

"Say your prayers!" repeated Mateo, in a voice which less than the child's flesh creep.

The child, sobbing and stammering repeated the "Pater Noster" and the "Credo."

At the end of each prayer the stern father responded "Amen."

"Are those all the prayers you know?" he asked.

"My father, I also know the 'Ave Maria,' and the litany my aunt taught me."

"Repeat them!"

The child finished the litany, in a sinking voice.

"Have you finished?"

"Oh! my father, forgive me. Mercy! I will never do so any more! I will beg my cousin, the adjutant, so hard, he will release Giannetto!"

He was still speaking—Mateo raised his gun and took aim, saying: "May God pardon you!"

The child made a desperate effort to rise and embrace his father's knees, but it was too late; Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell, stone dead.

Without casting a glance at the body, Mateo took his way back to the house to get a spade to dig his son's grave. He had gone but a few steps when he met Giuseppa, who was running toward him, alarmed at the noise of the shot.

"What have you done?" she shrieked.

"Where is he?"

"In the ravine. I am going to bury him. He died like a Christian. I made him recite his prayers. God rest his soul!"

Translating for the Argonaut, from the French of Prosper Merimee.—I. S.

BRIEFLETS.

Portsmouth, Ohio, is to have a corn fair.

The Turkish budget shows a deficit of \$7,500,000.

Serious election riots have occurred in Belgrade.

The cost of collecting the tenth census was \$4,833,350.

Maryland's oyster navy costs about \$30,000 per year.

The Brotherhood of Railway Brakemen numbers 14,000.

A man died in Accomac county, Va., last week, aged 112 years.

Reading, Eng., has a cracker factory that employs 5,000 persons.

Louisiana sugar planters pay their men from \$10 to \$20 per month.

An order for 75,000 orange boxes is being filled by a Seville (Fla.) firm.

A Jackson, Mich., firm is successfully using crude petroleum for fuel.

The world's gold product for the current year is estimated at \$100,000,000.

The Exposition at Richmond, Va., was a success, financially and otherwise.

The United States has 683 street railways, Great Britain 117 and Germany 47.

Wild cats are getting quite numerous in the hills of Litchfield county, Conn.

A wealthy farmer at Lancaster, Pa., was fined last week for watering his milk.

The Canadian legislature will be asked to abolish the existing immigration laws.

An auction sale of real estate in New York city last week realized \$1,840,000.

The blast furnace of the Wheeling Iron and Nail Company is in operation again.

Chicago workmen of socialistic tendencies are agitating an eight-hour movement.

The Portuguese government has further reduced the duty on imported wheat and flour.

There is a larger yield of cotton per acre in Missouri than in any other state.

A company with a capital of \$10,000,000 has been organized to develop iron property in Alabama.

A plan is on foot in Cleveland to supply the cities and towns of Ohio with water from Lake Erie.

Large numbers of Austrian, Turkish and Roumanian Jews are being expelled from Odessa, Russia.

The Bryden Horse Shoe Company, Catawissa, Pa., last month shipped 102 tons of horse shoes to different points.

Rolling mill owners through the Mahoning Valley report the demand for muck bar largely in excess of the supply.

There are over a thousand women and girls in Pittsburgh who work in the iron mills engaged in making barbed wire.

Mark, Hanna & Co., of Cleveland, have completed arrangements for building a large blast furnace at Sharpsville, Pa.

Detroit river, Mich., is to be tunneled. The work will be done by two companies, one American and the other Canadian.

Nearly 20,000 Norwegians migrated from their country last year, and the immigration this year is reported to be considerably greater.

A cablegram states that the first railway in China has been officially opened. Eighty-one miles have been completed from Tientsin to Lutia and Tong Shan, with five miles of sidings and branches.

Do not be in too much of a hurry to get rid of your gold dollars. The pieces command a premium from collectors, as their coinage has been stopped, and all that come back to the mint are melted over for larger pieces.

The number of hogs packed from Nov. 1 to Nov. 21 at the principal western points is as follows: Chicago, 255,000; Kansas City, 188,000; Omaha, 50,000; St. Louis, 47,000; Indianapolis, 47,000; Cincinnati, 55,000; Milwaukee, 35,000.

The natives of India are complaining that the immense number of cattle slaughtered to make food for the British soldiers is seriously affecting their welfare. It is said to be difficult for the people of the Indian villages to get milk even for their babies.

The animal body may be less like the steam engine in its operation than we are accustomed to think. M. W. Mattieu Williams mentions recent experiments of A. Monori, an Italian physiologist, as tending to show that muscle is used up by the exertions of the body, and thus to establish Liebig's theory of the physiology of nutrition, in place of the more modern one that life-work is generated by the combustion of food. If Liebig was right, as Mr. Williams believes, the work is done by the combustion of living tissue—the engine itself—which the food renews.

Report says that the wheat crop of Russia, exclusive of Poland, is estimated at 246,240,000 bushels, or 22,760,000 bushels less than last year, with a rye crop of 683,200,000, or about 17,000,000 less than last year. It is calculated that Russia may be able to export from 96,000,000 to 115,000,000 bushels of wheat, of which Spain will take 12,000,000. Italy 40,000,000, Switzerland 12,000,000, Germany 28,000,000 to 30,000,000, Belgium 16,000,000 to 20,000,000, and Holland 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 bushels. No allowance appears to be made in this estimate for the large English demand and it is thought that the figures for the countries named are in several instances too large.

Why is it that a glass chimney makes such a difference to the light given by a lamp? Because it increases the supply of oxygen to the flame by producing a draught, and concentrates and reflects the heat of the flame; in consequence of which the combustion of the carbon is more perfect, and very little escapes uncombusted. Lamp glasses were invented by Alme Argand, the inventor of the famous lamp which bears his name. He had been experimenting for some time in trying to increase the light, but without purpose. On the table before him lay the broken neck of an oil flask. This he took up carelessly, and placed it almost without thought over the wick. A brilliant flame rewarded this act, and the hint was not lost upon the experimentalist, who proceeded to put his discovery into practical operation at once.

Kansas Notes.

Garden City is afflicted by chicken pox. Hutchinson is to have a planting mill. Abilene is to have a double wedding on Christmas evening.

The Paola Times advertises for a boy to learn the "trade." Another mystery. The Ellsworth Democrat has been enlarged.

Salina is clamoring for a union depot. A vein of mineral paint, twelve inches thick, has been discovered near Arlington.

Wellington grows more and more jubilant over her salt works and wants several more plants.

The youngest editor in Kansas is Mark Heynes of the Pawnee Rock Leader, who is but 16 years of age.

Coyotes are still numerous in Lane county, a Dighton hunter seeing seven in one bunch not long since.

The Abilene people are complaining because the postoffice remains closed all day Sunday.

Mike Welsh, near Weir City, had about forty tons of hay destroyed last week by a fire started by some careless boys.

An organization has been formed by the Stafford county farmers for the purpose of promoting the sorghum industry.

Husking bees are the rage in Lane county this fall. George Murphy had 500 bushels husked at his "bee."

Chicken turtle suppers are given by the churches in Kerwin and are reported to be successful affairs.

The students of the college at Winfield will give an art exhibition soon.

A Garfield county farmer is going to try the experiment of salting down a barrel of rabbits for summer use.

The good people of Morton county are much agitated over the elopement of a romantic young couple one dark night recently.

Larned citizens have no excuse for not giving heed to the maxim about "Cleanliness is next," etc., as her soap factory now turns out about 2,000 bars daily.

A herd of buffalo was seen along the Coldwater recently, a few of them being killed by the settlers. "Buffalo" Jones should have been there. He might have captured some.

Those of our people who think that no wheat was raised in Pawnee county are decidedly mistaken. Over fifteen hundred bushels were brought into one of our mills last Saturday.

William North of Cherokee has an apple tree which is bearing its second crop of apples for this season. The tree is full and apples growing nicely.

Mike and John Strobel, aged respectively 12 and 13 years, have just arrived in Seward from Bavaria, making the trip alone. They can not speak a word of English.

The Winfield courier waxed poetic over a recent wedding at that place calling the groom a "sunflower" and bride the "fairest flower of a beautiful bouquet," etc.

The latest craze in Wichita is kissing parties, usually given under the auspices of a religious society. The kisses are sold to the highest bidder, ranging in price from 5 cents to \$1 each.

The butchers of Richfield were arrested the other day on suspicion of having caused the death of several valuable dogs during the past few weeks. Sausage is a tabooed dish in that town just now.

H. Smith of Wamego should become a professional acrobat. While out driving recently he was thrown from the buggy and turned a double somersault over a fence without sustaining any injuries.

Two young men of Seneca ran a race on Sunday to see who would first reach the home of a charming young lady. The smiling observers discovered that the race is not always to the swift, for the young lady was not at home.

There are sixteen daily and weekly papers published in Douglas county, and over 200 school houses that have an attendance of 4,723.

A Journal for the Farmer.

The Western Rural, published at Chicago by Milton George, a practical Western farmer, is the largest farm, family and reform journal published in the United States. It has profusely edited departments for every branch of farming and is a faithful record of every step of progress that is being made in agriculture. It indulges in no theories, but deals only in plain, practical facts and methods that will aid the farmer in making the farm more profitable. A large part of its matter is composed of practical questions asked by farmers and answered by practical men. It answers all questions and prescribes for sick animals, free of charge. It exposes all swindlers who seek to prey upon the farming community, and admits to its advertising columns none but reliable advertisements. For thirteen years it has been an unflinching champion of the farmer in his conflict with the rings and monopolies that have been robbing him. It started the Farmers Alliance and is the friend of all organizations that are for the farming community. It was the first journal to agitate the question of government supervision of railroads and the first to demand legislation to protect the dairy from the unscrupulous bogus butter manufacturers. In a word, it is a paper for the farmer, his wife and children, for the man who believes in justice between class and class and for all who believe that a pure, practical farm literature and advocate of farmers' rights should be encouraged. Write Milton George, editor and publisher, Chicago, Ill., for sample copy.

Commercial Points.

It is probable that Chicago has hopelessly passed its maximum as a hog-packing point, but she bids fair to compensate for the fact by a continuous increase in the killing of cattle.

Broom-makers seem to be short in the supplies of long or hurl broom-corn. It might be well to state that corn of this grade has been pretty well all taken in the country as is now centered in the Chicago market.

Advices from different points in the west, received by the Drover's Journal show that the supply of hogs will not be increased during this month and next. In February, farmers will begin selling their spring pigs.

The grain receivers and shippers at Chicago object to the demurrage charge of \$2 per day made by several railroads for all cars held over 24 hours, and have appointed a committee of five to confer with the roads and secure at least 48 hours, and more time if possible.

It is claimed that there is no particular demand for meats, but the shipments at Chicago during November, compared with the corresponding month of 1887, show a decrease of 16 per cent, while the packing decreased 17 1/2 per cent.

The Philadelphia Record claims that Philadelphians could save \$10,000,000 per year by baking their own bread. They consume 25,000 barrels of flour per week, or 1,300,000 barrels of flour per year, at an annual cost of \$18,200,000, and only \$7,800,000 is expended in the purchase of the flour.

Private advices from Louisiana predict a decided curtailment in the crop of straight molasses this season, some estimates placing the shortage at 100,000 barrels. This is not attributed so much to serious disappointment in the crop of cane as to the improved methods and machinery now in vogue, that result in a larger yield of sugar and more satisfactory returns to the planter.

A writer in the American Miller has this to say: "It is undoubtedly true that should flour command a high price all the winter and spring, as it bids fair to at the present time, the consumption of corn-meal will be largely increased. Americans know the value of corn-meal as a food product, and to those who know what good corn-bread is, it is no hardship to change over to it from a diet of wheat-bread. The people on the other side, however, do not seem to take kindly to corn-bread, or anything made of maize, as a substitute for their daily ration of wheat bread."

In families where a 10-lb. pail of butter can be used in a week or two at the highest, the system of packing for the market may be all right, but in small families there is a tendency to buy only by the pound. We have often wondered why the 1-lb. prints, such as are sold in New York and Philadelphia, are not more popular in Chicago. The only objection is the slightly higher express charges. We can think of only one neater way, which we have seen in Germany, and that is neat, round china boxes holding just one pound, and with the name of the dairy in gold letters on the lid, though the cost in breakage and in extra weight for transportation is against it. It pays the dairy-men to pack their butter in neat inviting packages; and it justifies an extra expense of 2 or 3 cents per pound. —Dairy World.

The winter quarters of Forepaugh's circus at Philadelphia were on Sunday the scene of an execution not ordered by the courts. Chief, the big elephant, was condemned to die. He had become entirely unmanageable and it was found difficult to keep the strong bridle chained up. He tried to kill his keeper Saturday, and it was decided that he should be destroyed. Sunday afternoon the noose was placed around his neck. It was made in the middle of a piece of rope half an inch thick and ten yards long. It was a ticklish thing to get the noose on the elephant's neck, but it was finally pulled over his trunk and placed close behind his ears. Then Basyon and Bismarck, two powerful elephants, were attached to the ends of the rope. At young Adam Forepaugh's command the two elephant executioners were prodded and the line was drawn tight around Chief's throat. Another signal was given and the elephants applied all their power. Chief tottered and fell and was dead in twenty seconds. Chief was an elephant ten and a half feet high and weighing 10,000 pounds.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—Every week this most valuable periodical presents the latest information in the world of science, art, and manufactures. Full of practical information, it discloses the latest discoveries and inventions. For over forty years Munn & Co. have conducted this paper in connection with the procuring of patents for new inventions. The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is authoritative on all scientific and mechanical subjects, and should be in every household. Copies of the paper may be seen at this office and subscriptions received.

Telegraphic Briefs.

John Bright has suffered a relapse. Mrs. Cleveland left Washington, for a short visit to Philadelphia.

The death at Ft. Supply, Indian territory, of Colonel Robert Lamotte, Thirtieth infantry, is announced.

The president sent the name of Alphonse Bickett to the senate for postmaster at Florence, Kansas.

Dr. James Scott, author of the famous Scott liquor law, died at his home at Lebanon, Ohio, Sunday, aged 73.

It is possible that the District of Columbia appropriation bill be reported to the senate before the end of the week.

The German National Gazette denies that the German government has the slightest concern with the Russo-Persian dispute.

Mr. Taraney of Michigan, who favored free wool and the Mills bill, and was defeated for re-election, says he "died in the wool."

Representative McShane of Nebraska has returned to Washington from Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he has been recuperating.

One of the latest cabinet rumors is to the effect that Mr. Blaine has written a letter favoring General Goff for a place in the cabinet.

Nathaniel J. Bradley, a well known architect of Boston, died on a railroad train while on his way to Keene, N. H.

The steamer Jasper, working for Glasgow, has foundered off the Wigton coast. Her crew, numbering eleven persons, was drowned.

However democratic senators may disagree with Mr. Ingalls in his personal and political views, they have no fault to find with him as a presiding officer.

DeLesseps, when informed that the Panama Canal bill has been rejected by the chamber of deputies, suddenly became speechless, and simply said "Impossible!"

One of Mr. Cleveland's friends says the president desires to appoint a southern democrat, who is a civil service reformer, to the vacancy on the civil service commission.

Dr. G. W. Williams of Omaha, committed suicide Sunday morning, by taking arsenic. He left a letter addressed to the coroner giving directions as to the disposition of his body.

It is stated that German embassies in consulates possessing copies of the "Cryptograph" lost after Emperor Frederick's death, have burned them, by order of the government.

The shed cabin built by the inhabitants of Loup City, Neb., as a gift for General Harrison, arrived at Indianapolis Sunday night. It occupied an entire flat car, being eighteen feet long and nine feet high.

Most of the Paris papers consider the rejection of the Panama canal bill a mistake. Some describe the vote in the chamber of deputies as pusillanimous, while others declare that it will prove fatal to the republic.

The Cologne Gazette, of Berlin, accuses Sir R. D. Morrier, the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, of having anti-German leanings, and asserts that while at Darmstadt, in 1870, he sent the first news of the advance of the Germans across the Moselle to London, whence the news reached Bazaine. This leaked out during the Gefcken inquiry.

Twenty men engaged in a desperate fight near Findlay, O., during which revolvers, stones, knives and clubs were freely used. Nearly every participant in the row was more or less seriously injured. Leon de Comba, a Frenchman, was shot in the head and will die. A young man named Campbell, it is believed, was fatally stabbed.

Twenty-four suits have been entered in the United States district court at Davenport, Ia., against the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad, by Attorney General Baker, in the name of the state of Iowa. The charge is extortionate freight rates. The allegation asks \$5,000 damages on each of the twenty-four suits, amounting in the aggregate to \$125,000.

The "Australian Ballot System."

The "Australian ballot system" is the subject of several inquiries from correspondents, and the plan is likely next winter to be before enough legislatures, including that of this state, to make its general knowledge important. The ballot system in force in this country does not guarantee secrecy, and it requires ballots to be prepared by private or party enterprise and served at every poll. The latter requisite makes it practically impossible to run a candidate unless he is backed by an organization large enough or with money enough to have a man at each polling place with his ballots. Under the Australian system the ballots are printed by the state, and all candidates, nominated a certain time before the election, appear on these ballots, and no other can be used. Instead of having a separate ballot for each candidate, all candidates for one office are on the same ballot, and each voter marks his choice in a room by himself. The result is that no one can know how he votes, and in some election laws under this system the voter is prohibited from telling how he voted under penalty, so as to relieve him from pressure he might not be able to resist. The practical result of the Australian system is far more freedom of action, collectively and individually for voters, and greater opportunity for intelligent voting. In order to run a candidate an expensive organization is not needed, and at the election men in the evil trade of buying votes cannot tell whether the vote is delivered and have no way of finding out.

Anent Mr. Morton's alleged sudden departure from Indianapolis, it is learned from an unquestioned authority that Mr. and Mrs. Norton made as long a visit as they originally intended, and that Mr. Morton stated the very evening of his arrival that they should return Saturday, so there could have been no curtailment of the visit, as a number of people seem to think.

O. H. Coulter, assistant adjutant general of the department of Kansas, G. A. R., was down from Emporia yesterday and brought the information that on the occasion of the reception to Commander-in-Chief Warner, in Representative hall on the 29th inst., the Knight Templar band of Emporia, together with at least 100 persons, will be in attendance from that place.

It is said they have just struck a rich lead of gold in Judge Guthrie's mine and the indications are that it will prove a bonanza. Sunnyside mine, which has attracted so much attention recently is in the same locality. A year or two ago it could hardly have been sold for anything, but it is now valued at \$800,000 and has already been bonded for \$400,000.

There is talk in a number of counties of western Kansas of establishing sugar factories the coming season. It is believed that sorghum is one of the best crops that can be grown in that section of the state. The only thing that will prevent the establishment of a dozen or more sugar plants in western Kansas next spring is the lack of capital.

Bonds to the amount of \$40,000 will be due the Santa Fe company from the city of Leavenworth within thirty days. They were given to help construct the Leavenworth, Northern & Southern railroad. There is good legal authority for the statement that they were illegally issued. The holders do not gainsay this, but stand on the ground of being innocent purchasers. The delivery of these bonds will probably be enjoined to test their validity.

The Home Bakery.

The place to get good bread, pies, cakes, cookies etc., is the Home Bakery just south of the Post Office. Most tempting is the array spread out there, and every thing is so delicately and daintily clean. For a good lunch it is the very place to go. Every thing is so well cooked, and only the best articles are used in the composition of their goods. You can get your Holiday cakes well made at less than they can be made at home. Try it and see.

The Leading Farm Paper.

The Kansas Farmer, now in its 26th year, improves with age. It contains 20 pages and stands at the head of western farm journals. It is in the hands of men who graduated in the school of the farm; old Kansans who believe in the state and who believe in developing all our possibilities. The Kansas Farmer is a broad-gauged journal which aims at the education of farmers and their families from the plow to the platform, from the parlour to the parlor. The perfect farmer is an educated gentleman, and his wife and children are graceful companions of the good and pure. This stalwart old friend of the people believes in building up everywhere the best and the strongest men and women, and in making the farm a fountain of good things. It is not only a teacher of farm work and farm methods, but it is an educator in state-craft.

Published weekly at Topeka, Kansas at the reduced price of \$1.00 a year. Sample copy free. Address Kansas Farmer Co.

By special arrangements the Kansas Farmer is clubbed together with this paper, both for \$1.70.

New York has been severely pinched in its cheese trade, and this year the State legislature voted \$5,000 for the employment of itinerant instructors to educate the dairymen and butter-makers in the production of better goods. Besides this vote, the State Dairy Association receives \$2,500, and \$80,000 a year is appropriated for the Dairy Commissioner's work. Wisconsin spends \$12,000 a year on farm institute work, besides a liberal grant to regular dairy tuition through the State organization.

There seems to be a difference of opinion in the West as to the advisability of opening to settlement the proposed territory of Oklahoma. Arkansas City, Caldwell and Wichita are anxious for the passage of the Springer bill, while Hutchinson, Kingman and other Western towns as earnestly oppose it. The result is there are two contending forces in the Washington lobby working for and against the bill. It is generally conceded, however, that a supposed Indian title should no longer keep as desolate a desert, a country that can easily support hundreds of thousands of people. There also begins to be a suspicion that back of the lobbies are immense interests, that in either case, whether the bill is passed or not, the people at large will prevent the people receiving benefits from these lands.

The color of French linen may be preserved by a bath in a strong tea of common hay. Calicoes with pink or green colors will be brightened if vinegar is put in the rinsing water, while soda is used for purple and blue. If it is desired to set colors previous to washing, put a spoonful of oxgall to a gallon of water and soak the fabrics in the liquid. Colored napkins are put in lye before washing, to set the color. The color of black cloth is freshened if it is put in a pail of water containing a teaspoonful of lye. Good Housekeeping.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

It is rumored in Paris that M. Gounod, the composer, is losing his mind.

The Emperor of Japan devotes a deal of his time to pipe-smoking, and is fond of fishing and duck-shooting.

RIDER HAGGARD wears a queer velvet coat, cut short behind, which gives him tall, lank figure a peculiar appearance.

The Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of Columbus, makes a fortune as a breeder of bulls for the Madrid arena.

The baby German Prince is in feeble health, and is rumored to have inherited his father's malformation of the left arm.

It is said that Mr. Chamberlain, on account of his marriage, will sever his local connection with Birmingham and go to live in London.

PJETUR PJETURSSON, Bishop of Iceland, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. He is still vigorous, in spite of the long period during which he has borne his name.

MISS CATHERINE T. SIMONDS has just retired from the position of teacher in the Franklin Grammar School, Boston, which she has held for fifty years. Her pupils cover four generations.

Mlle. d'HAUSSONVILLE, who is a grand-daughter of Mmc. de Stael, has founded at Paris a home for the Sisters of Mercy, whom the government will presently expel from the hospital of that city.

A CINCINNATI man suggests that Mr. Harrison form his cabinet of the sons of Presidents. Robert T. Lincoln, Fred Grant, Burchard Hayes, Harry Garfield, Allan Arthur and others are considered available.

Mrs. O. C. CONVERSE, who is now living in Waterbury, Conn., at the age of seventy-eight, says she taught President Garfield for awhile in her school at South Bend, and also had General Harrison for a pupil.

Du MAURIER, the London caricaturist, has a little grandson who is the most beautiful youngster in Great Britain. At least so say artists who have had the privilege of looking at his ideal face crowned with locks of golden hair.

MISSIONARY WALKER, describing his bill of fare in Central Africa, says he occasionally has white ants as a delicacy, and likes them very much, though it takes some time to get over the feeling of repugnance which ants at first excite as an article of diet.

BARON HUDDLESTON, the famous English judge, recently observed that such was the intricacy of the lunacy laws that they had a tendency to reduce persons who gave an abstruse study to them into persons for whose benefits they were intended.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN holds that flesh-eating is shortening human life. He has only contempt for people who dine upon the carcasses of animals and birds. He confines his diet to oatmeal and baked beans, and this, together with abundant fresh air, promises to carry him through 200 years of pleasant-existence.

A PAPER called the Accident News, published in New York, is filled with columns of such disheartening matter about hundreds of people hurt in horrible ways all over the world that readers naturally desire to kill themselves to be freed from terrible mangling and maiming that no one can escape without he has an accident policy in his pocket.

Says the St. Stephen's Review, of London, England: "An American correspondent tells me that the richest woman in the states, so far as jewels are concerned, is Mrs. Leland Stanford, whose precious stones are valued at \$1,000,000. She possesses sufficient diamonds, rubies and other valuable stones to fill a quart measure. One of her necklaces cost \$74,000."

In a preface of the forthcoming publication of "The Quick or the Dead?" in book form Amelia Rives-Chandler assures her critics that it is because they are not pure-minded that they find her book evil. She may be right. Whatever men and women may be when they begin the book, it is hard to believe that they will be thoroughly innocent when they finish it. The novel is a leaf from the tree of knowledge.

THE SMITH FAMILY.
A Plausible Theory Advanced by One of Its Number.

The glory, present and prospective, of the Smith family, formed the topic of conversation at the Attic Club the other night, writes the Boston Transcript listener. "The earth," said Plantagenet Smith, one of the charter members of the club, "is the Smiths and the fullness thereof. You have heard, perhaps, how all the people in the world will eventually become Smiths? No? That is surprising, for the fact has long been perfectly patent. I will explain how it is to be. It is evident that, at the outset, when surnames were first adopted, there were no more Smiths than there were Bakers, or Butchers, or Tinkers, or Weavers, or any of the rest of the families that took up a surname from their occupation. But the Smiths presently began, through superior vitality, or some other natural cause, to multiply more rapidly than any other family. That early start was the turning-point of their career. Their numerical superiority once established, it became inevitable that they should absorb all the rest of the community; and that that absorption is now going on we have only to look about us to see. Note the fact that all of the small families tend to become smaller until they are extinct, while the large families grow larger in arithmetical progression. One hundred years ago there were honored families in New England whose names are found no more in the public registers. They have died out. Every year still marks the extinction of some family. But the Smith family not only does not become extinct but it absorbs all these dying families, aggrandizing itself from year to year by accretions from without, as the sun swallows up the meteorites, and will some day swallow up the planets. In the early records of the New England colonies you find any such preponderance of Smiths in the population as you find now? Certainly not. There were many Smiths, indeed, and the principle of universal Smithification was already at work; but they had not, by any means, attained the proportionate strength that they have now."

"Let me illustrate," Plantagenet went on, "how the principle works all about us, and then I will go on and prove that the Smith family must inevitably swallow up, mother's name, as you know, was Plantagenet. She was the only child of the last surviving male of that name left in New England. The family, always small, had dwindled down to this sole male member. His only child was a daughter, and she married a Smith. One more family had been engulfed in the Smiths. It was destiny. The blood of all of them inevitably flows into the Smith family. But, perhaps, you will say that this female Plantagenet might, save for the mere matter of choice, have married a Brown, or a Jones, or a Robinson. So she might; but the probability that any given woman will choose a Smith for a husband is relatively greater than the probability of her marrying a man of any other name, for the simple reason that there are more Smiths. And if she had married a Brown or a Jones, it would simply have been a postponement of absorption of the Plantagenet blood in the Smith family. All roads lead to Rome. The Browns and Joneses are simply helping the Smiths to conquer the world. They are soaking up the small families just as the Smiths are, but in less proportion, and at last their turn will come. The Smiths will begin with the smallest family of these large ones—the Robinsons, say. It will be found when there are no longer any more families remaining than the Smiths, the Joneses, the Browns and the Robinsons, that the Robinsons are gradually diminishing in number. At last they will all be gone. And then the Browns will begin to waste away before the all-devouring Smiths, and finally a day will come when only the Smiths and the Joneses will remain. We may well imagine that the struggle of the Joneses will be long and desperate. Their vitality has been proved through many centuries. But the simplest operation of this natural rule, that many more Jones girls will marry Smiths than Smith girls will marry Joneses, will at last send them the way that all the rest have gone, and they will take their place with the long-extinguished Plantagenets, and St. Clairs, and the Montmorency's, in the broad, placid all-embracing bosom of the mighty race of Smiths.

"The world is then," Grigson, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "a sort of generic Nancy Brig, in which we non-Smiths represent the cook and the captain bold, and the mate, and the bo's'n tight and midshipmite, and you the able seaman who will eventually stand for all the rest of us? I like you, Plantagenet, but I'll be hanged if I like the prospect of being eaten up by you."

"I regret it myself," said Smith. "The name of Smith has never had any fascination for me. I should have preferred to be a Plantagenet, or even a Grigson. But I can see a design in it all. It is the purpose of Providence, by the absorption of all humanity in the Smith family, to teach mankind the vanity of all self-applied designations. We may give ourselves high-sounding names; we may call ourselves Kings and Princes and Lords and Barons, and style ourselves Great and Good and Fair, and that sort of thing, but the humble designation of the sooty artisan of the forge will conquer all others at length, so that there shall be, in a world of vain-glorying, none but Smiths to be found. It is the retributive justice of fate."

"But what shall we do when we are all Smiths?" asked Grigson.

"Ah, my dear boy, then the glory of the Smith family itself will end in confusion! Having conquered all the rest of the world, it, in its turn, will be conquered by anarchy of nomenclature. As the name of Smith will no longer serve as a separate designation, every body will adopt a new surname. And then the thing will be begun over again. Assuming that the name of Smith will not be retained by a sufficient number to keep it at the head in the new evolution; it is to be supposed that some new family—no one can imagine what its name will be—will develop the same tendency to leadership that the Smith family has under this naming. And then the cycle will be taken up again until the next numerical absorption and the next confusion. So runs the world away. In the meantime, let us drink to the prosperity of the Smiths!"

Merely out of courtesy to Plantagenet, the club men filled their glasses. But there was a kind of pall over the little group; a sort of

"Here's a cup to the dead already, Hurrah for the next to die!" feeling, that left a tomblike chill when the toast had been drunk.

A Word on Realism.

The literary artist may not contradict the facts of observation, but surely he should transcend them if he is to give us the truth of human nature and life; for truth is a universal, and the actual fact of observation is always a particular, a part which exists only as related to other particulars or portions of the whole. A keen eye and a good memory alone do not arrive at truth. The imagination lifts to a plane whence facts are seen to group and arrange themselves in rational relations, and on the discoverer's mind there flashes the light of a great induction, such as that in which Newton saw the law or truth of gravitation. How shall we name the greatest artists the world has known? Was Shakespeare a realist or an idealist? Was he not both? Does not the question seem a futile one with regard to any of the highest matters in art? The theory a writer holds of his art may have a certain effect upon his production, to make or mar it, but I am disposed to think that his theory is rather the outcome of his faculty, and that he works more independently of theory than he himself is aware, and according to his native gift—in short, not as he will, but as he must work. The homely proverb about the proof of the pudding comes to my mind very often: if the productions of some of our most convinced realists, those who proclaim and maintain their faith most loudly, are the result of their theory, for the novels of these gentlemen are the most insipid pudding ever offered us. George Sand avowed herself an idealist, and so does Mr. Stevenson; George Eliot never gave out any theory of her art, and neither does Thomas Hardy. Let us have such work as theirs, different in style, but alike unmistakable in quality and worth, and it may be labeled with any adjective the critics choose to give.—December Atlantic.

The Prison Baby.

Little Pauline, the pet of the prison at Chester, Ill., is an unusually beautiful child, with a sweet disposition, and is now about 2 years old. Pauline's mother, Julia Hobbs, was sent here from Carmi, Ill., to serve a two years' term. Four months after her arrival the child was born. Pauline is never content unless she is behind the bars in her mother's arms. The warden has often taken the little one out for a drive, but she does not appear to enjoy the outside world, and is never so happy as when in a cell or romping among other female convicts.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Another Issue Pooled.

Every industry is being formed into trusts. There is the whisky trust, the oil trust, the sugar trust, the milk trust, and now there has been formed a laundry trust. At least we suppose it is a trust, for a Chicago Chinaman has married an Irish washerwoman.

UMBRELLA STUDIES.

A New Way of Studying the Character of Your Friends.

There is a curious thing which one may notice on a rainy day. It is the way in which the manner of carrying an umbrella reflects the character of the individual. Most men, indeed, have a stereotyped common-place way of bearing the emblem of our civilization; they grasp the umbrella by the lowermost extremity of its handle, extending the thumb upward on the inner side, and tipping the umbrella backward a little so that a considerable portion of its weight bears upon his thumb. This is a very good way to carry an umbrella, and the Boston Transcript Listener, in the course of a tolerably long walk in the rain, noticed about four out of five men carry it that way. The fifth is apt to seize it squarely about the handle, without any upturned thumb; and what is a rather unaccountable thing, four out of five women carry it in this way.

Why should men tend to stick up their thumbs on umbrella handles, while women do not? The Listener will not undertake to account for it any more than he will for the fact, which he had also noticed, that the male sex, which ordinarily is in all things less perceptive and sagacious than the female sex, tends to project an umbrella in the direction from which the rain or the sun comes, and thus get the maximum of protection for the body, while women have a tendency to hold an umbrella or parasol in a fixed direction always, either straight up or over one shoulder, permitting access to a good deal of storm and sun which might be excluded.

The actual idiosyncracies of individuals in the matter of carrying umbrellas, however, are more easily accounted for. Some individuals are bound to be very individual, and such have a strictly individual way of carrying an umbrella, as well as of doing everything else. Some hold it with a grasp well toward the top of their heads. Some put it over their shoulders, and march through a crowd regardless of consequent collisions. Others run to the opposite extreme, and carry it edgewise, in order not to incommode anybody, and so manage to get the ribs of their umbrellas tangled with umbrellas and clothes of half the passers-by, and others put it away up in the air, in a lordly way, above the tops of all other umbrellas.

Drove Him Away.

Mark Twain, during his early days, did not stand well among boarding housekeepers. The drawing youth was too lazy to pay board. Once, while working on the St. Louis Republican, Twain, after many boarding hardships, cast his hungry lot with a hard featured widow named Perkins. The printers had told him that she was a woman of gentle nature. They gleefully awaited the end of the first week. Monday morning when Mark came to the office his face wore an anxious expression.

"How are you, Clemens?" said the foreman.

"Slow."

"That's a fact. Glad to see that you have entered upon the week in so truthful a way. How is your landlady?"

"Bad."

"Did you pay her Saturday night?"

"No."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing but she looked as though she were chiseled out of stone."

"I should think," a tramp printer rejoined, "that she looked as though she were chiseled out of board."

Twain cast a quick glance at the speaker, and, lazily reaching for his coat, said: "My immortal soul is too tender to stand the cruel shafts of sarcasm. Good bye."

He dragged himself out of the office. His career as a printer was at an end.—Arkansas Traveler.

Singular Fatality.

A sad and singular accident occurred at Deseret, Utah, a few days ago. A 23-year-old girl, daughter of Albert Dunford, was playing with a beer bottle which she had improvised into a doll. It appears that the little one dropped the bottle, breaking the neck, and afterward fell upon it. It striking her in the region of the heart, severing an artery and causing death instantly. The little innocent was in the doorway at the time the accident happened. The mother picked her child up, but she never opened her eyes or spoke.

His Objection.

Miss Jellyby—And now that I have said "Yes," my dear Claude, I wish you would ask papa at once; and while you are about it you might say a word to mamma, and—er—Aunt Mary has been so kind, you know; just mention it to her and ask if she is willing; and then Uncle George might—

Claude—Pardon me, Miss Jellyby; isn't it a little rough on a fellow to make him secure a wife on the installment plan?—Judge.

A VERY CONTENTED MAN.

He Differed with His Wife on Religion, but Still Was Happy.

A physician while strolling through the woods near Jacksonville heard a peculiar noise, and looking about him discovered an old negro sitting on a log, humming a tune. The physician approached the negro and said:

"You seem to be happy, old man."

"Wall, sah, I ain't got nuthin' ter 'plain erbout."

"Do you know that yellow fever is raging all around you?"

"Ought ter know it, sah, when I dun buried my wife yistidy."

"Then how can you sit around here and sing?"

"Dis yer is God's worl', ain't it?"

"I suppose so."

"An' I b'longs to God, doan' I?"

"Yes."

"Well, ef de Lawd put it in my heart ter sing, I doan' see why I oughter keep my mouf shet."

"Are you not afraid of taking the fever?"

"What's de use'n bein' erfeared? Ef de Lawd wants me ter take it, I will, an' if he doan' I ain't, dat's all; an', sides that, I ain't goin' ter take it no quicker ef I sings. I lay you may go round dat town now, and you'll fin' mos' o' de folks what's got de feber didn't sing er tall."

"I don't see," said the amused physician, "how you can feel disposed to sing when your wife was buried only yesterday."

"No, sah; case you didn't know dat lady like I did."

"Didn't you get along well together?"

"Didn't get erlong ter godder ez well z we did erpart, sah."

"Old man, do you want a job of work?"

"No, sah, I kain' say dat I does."

"Isn't your name Reuben White?"

"Dat's my nomination, sah."

"Didn't I see you some time ago going around asking for work?"

"Yon mouf, yes sah."

"Why did you want work then?"

"Had to work den to git suthin' to eat."

"Well, but don't you have to eat now?"

"Yes, but I doan' wuck for it. Look yere, you reckon Ise gwine to wuck wen de folks all ober de country is sendin' ham and flour and all sorts o' provisions down here? Is er cat gwine to war herself out scratchin' roun' after mice wen dar's er big piece er meat lyin' side her? Look yere, man, what sorter flosopher is you, nowhow?"—Jacksonville (Fla.) Metropolis.

How a Boy Began His Career.

Some five years ago many people who happened to pass a certain newspaper office might have noticed a bright-faced lad of about 12 years of age, who kept his eyes fixed on the entrance to the counting-room. Whenever any one issued from the office, if a grown person, the boy would address him, with an eager glance: "Are you lookin' for a boy, sir?"

He came on duty every morning early, fresh, bright cheerful, and apparently undismayed by the unbroken current of "noes" that flowed by him. In a week he disappeared. Last week, while the writer was chatting with the manager of one of the largest wholesale establishments in the west, a bright active young fellow, with cheeks full of color and eyes shining with good nature and eagerness, came up and handed the manager a paper. It was the lad who had stood before the newspaper office in search of a man who wanted a boy.

"Who is that lad? He seems above the average."

"I picked him off the sidewalk in front of a newspaper office. He is one of the brightest, quickest and most faithful of the boys in this establishment. Some day he will be at the head of some big business. He is of Irish parentage, and supports a widowed mother and a brother and sister."—Chicago Globe.

A Pleasant Programme.

Mamma—"Mercy me! Don't take so much candy."

Little Dot—"But you said I could have some candy for taking that medicine."

"Of course, but so much will make you sick again."

"Well, then I can take some more medicine and have some more candy, can't I?"—New York Weekly.

Military Obedience.

"Now, Bridget, when you've swept my room, be sure to lock the door."

"Yis, mum."

In a half hour Bridget comes down stairs.

"Bridget, did you lock my door?"

"Yis, mum."

"Where's the key?"

"In the door, mum. Do yez want it?"

—Time.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

SALLIE SPOTSWOOD SAMPSON

'Tis Christmas eve, and all the house
Is steeped in cozy, winter dreams
Save me and you adventurous mouse...

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

KATHERINE ELINOR MABLEY.

"Oh! the little more, and how much it is,
And the little less, and what worlds away...

unreal, stared steadily, rigidly at each
other. Then the woman in the glass
laughed a mocking laugh, turned
white, threw herself down upon the
cushions...

At last she knew that the greatest
of all good gifts had been denied her,
and that a child's head would never
rest upon her breast.



THE TWO WOMEN.

Year after year she had hoped, had
even prayed, that on the next Christmas
Eve a baby's stocking might hang be-
side the fireplace.

"The carriage h'awaits," and Brown
came very near adding "My Lady,"
for he had just finished a real "Heng-
lish story." Receiving no reply he
repeated "the carriage h'awaits."

"Very well, Brown."
And Mrs. Keith assumed the pain-
ful social mask again, and languidly
adjusted the velvet wrap.

"Turn down the gas."
"Certainly, certainly, ma'am," an-
swered the pompous Brown wondering
what his mistress was looking at, then
his curious little eyes following hers
rested upon the gorgeous mass of
Chrysanthemums, just inside of the
conservatory.

"How beautiful, how beautiful!"
"Yes ma'am, Jones he be h'extra
proud h'of e's Christmas posies."

But Mrs. Keith was ruthlessly
breaking off great sprays of the bloom-
ing beauties, red, yellow, purple and
white, until her arms were so laden
that she looked the very genius of the
Christmas-tide. Swiftly she passed
through the warm, brilliant hall out
into the crisp starry night.

"Drive to St. Lukes Hospital,"
was the astonishing order, as she step-
ped into the carriage.

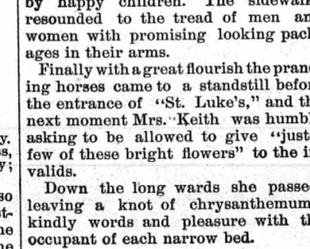
"Where be that, please ma'am?"
"I don't know, but I think it is down
near the docks somewhere."

"Sure an' I'll be a findin' it then,"
remarked the coachman, who began
to feel Christmasy himself.

Off the avenue, on to the streets of
humble homes, through whose win-
dows, now and then, could be seen
trees, festooned with popcorn and
ablaze with tiny candles, surrounded
by happy children. The sidewalks
resounded to the tread of men and
women with promising looking pack-
ages in their arms.

Finally with a great flourish the pranc-
ing horses came to a standstill before
the entrance of "St. Luke's," and the
next moment Mrs. Keith was humbly
asking to be allowed to give "just a
few of these bright flowers" to the in-
valids.

Down the long wards she passed,
leaving a knot of chrysanthemums,
kindly words and pleasure with the
occupant of each narrow bed.



TAKE MY BABY.

"What will become of my little one?"
was the cry of a dying woman. "Oh,
God send somebody—send somebody,
for Christ's sake!"

"If you will trust me, your little one
shall be my little one."

Then the glazing eyes of Death
looked into the pitying, living eyes.

"My baby, my baby; quick! quick!"
She murmured. And when the sleep-
ing child—sweet-faced and yellow-
haired—was brought from a distant
ward the mother kissed it, once, twice,
again and again, but at last faintly
whispered,

"I—do—trust—you take my—"

Laying the last of the chrysanthem-
ums on the heart of the sleeper—a
great snowy bunch—Mrs. Keith took
the child in her arms.

And as she stepped into the carriage
again she imagined she, too, saw a
bright star in the east.

"Sure, an' it's a merry Christmas
we'll be a-kapin'," chuckled the coach-
man.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND.

What tho' they toil through all the year,
With scarce a thought that heaven is near;
This for their Christmas prayer be said:
"Give us this day our daily bread!"

"For that we bend above the lamp
In noisome garrets, cellars damp;
No dainties ours to ask—instead,
Give us this day our daily bread!"

"We thank thee, Father, for the life
That gives us strength to urge the strife,
And blood to spend and tears to shed—
Give us this day our daily bread!"

"No man gives aught to us; the scourge
Of want must all our efforts urge;
'Twere sweet to rest 'ere we are dead—
Give us this day our daily bread!"

—John Paul Bocock.

CHRISTMAS.

The Day, and How it is Observed.

Leigh Hunt says: A Christmas day
to be perfect, should be clear and cold,
with holly branches in berry, a blaz-
ing fire, a dinner with mince pie, and
games and forfeits in the evening.

You cannot have it in perfection if you
are very fine and fashionable. Neither,
alas! can it be enjoyed by the very
poor; so that, in fact, a perfect Christ-
mas is impossible to be had till the
progress of things has distributed com-
fort more equally. But, when we do
our best, we are privileged to enjoy
our utmost; and charity gives us a
right to hope. The completest enjoy-
er of Christmas (next to a lover who
has to receive forfeits from his mis-
tress) is the holiday school boy who
springs up early like a bird darting
hither and thither out of
sheer delight, thinks of his mince pies
half the morning, has too much of
them when they come (pardon him
this once), roasts chestnuts and cuts
apples half the evening, is conscious
of his new silver in his pocket, and
laughs at every piece of mirth with a
loudness that rises above every other
noise. Next day what a peg-top will
he not buy! what strings, what nuts,
what gingerbread! And he will have
a new clasp-knife, and pay three times
too much for it. Sour oranges also
will he suck, squeezing their cheeks
into his own with staring eyes; and
his mother will tell him they are not
good for him—and let him go on.

A Christmas evening should, if pos-
sible, finish with music. It carries off
the excitement without abruptness,
and sheds a repose over the conclusion
of enjoyment.

Every nation has its own peculiar
way of celebrating this auspicious day.
Not the least jovial is the way the day
is enjoyed in Merry England.

CHRISTMAS CEREMONIES IN ENGLAND.

If some parts of the English Christ-
mas ceremonies were derived from
Saturnalia, another was evidently of
northern origin. In the evening the
yule-log, a Christmas stock, was burnt
in the principal apartments, and the
company gathered around the fire.
What remains to modern times of
Christmas gambols then commenced;
and ancient Christian plays are still to
be traced among them. Blind-man's-
buff, hunt the slipper, the game of the
goose, snap-dragon, push-pin, robins-
alive, etc., etc., together with forfeits,
dancing, etc., form the amusements of
the younger part of the assemblage.

In our land, also, appropriate festivi-
ties will not be wanting; and in many
a household this night blind-man's buff
and other festive games will speed the
evening—while the grandsire, seated
in his great arm-chair, with his grown
up sons and daughters around him,
will gaze with delight upon the spark-
ling eyes and merry faces of the young-
er groups—until the amusements of
the young, and the colloquies of the
old are brought to a close by the clock,
with its iron tongue and brazen voice
proclaiming the hour of retiring. We
are not aware, however, that anything
is known among our country people of
the yule-log or yule-song, but we can
look back with pleasure upon many a
Christmas festive scene, when the
largest log and the best maple and
hickory were selected for the Christ-
mas fire, which, when the evening
came,

"Went roaring up the chimney wide,"
while the lads and lasses were trip-
ping about with joyous faces, and the
tale, the dance, and the game, the
mince pie and the spice-bowl, render-
ed doubly sweet by the approving
smiles of delighted parents, completed
the general satisfaction.

CHRISTMAS IN YORKSHIRE.

The festivities in Yorkshire have a
decided English aspect. The nourish-
ment of the inner man is a peculiarity
always prominent in an Englishman's
view of enjoyment. They are not so
far wrong in this, for where happiness
consists mainly of material things,
what can as well promote it as plenty
of generous viands?

In Yorkshire the work of prepara-
tion commences some weeks before,
and its sports and festivities continue
during the first month of the new year.
The poor of the parish visit all the
neighboring farmers to beg corn,
which is invariably given them, to the
measure of a pint each. Poor old
women, called vessel-cup singers, go
about from house to house, with a
waxen or wooden doll, fantastically
dressed, and sometimes adorned with
an orange or rosy-tinged apple. With
this in their hands, they chant a carol,
invoke blessings upon the masters,
mistresses, and little children of

houses where they call. At eight
o'clock on Christmas eve, the bells
greet "Old Father Christmas" with a
merry peal, the children parade the
streets with drums, trumpets, bells,
kettles, warming-pans, and shovels
taken from their respective cottages.
The yule-candle is now lighted. Sup-
per is their served, of which one dish
is invariably frumenty, from the man-
sion to the cottage. Yule-cake, one of
which is always made for each indi-
vidual in the family, and other more
substantial viands, are likewise added.
The Christmas pie is still a regular
dish, and generally consists of a goose
sometimes two, with the addition of
half a dozen other fowls.

IN THE UNITED STATES FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Speaking of Christmas, the Niles
Register of January 17, 1818, says:
"The different manner in which the
anniversary of the Nativity is observ-
ed in different parts of the United
States is worthy of remark. In Boston
it seems to be partially observed on
the 25th, by a recommendation in the
public papers to abstain from business,
and by some concerts of sacred music
in the evening. In New York some
of the stores were shut up; but the
theatre was open in the evening, and
Mr. Cooper played George Barnwell.
In Philadelphia about one-half the
people paid some attention to the day;
but in Baltimore, and to the southward
of it, the stores were shut up, the banks
closed, and business suspended as on a
Sunday. The churches also were for
the most part opened in the morning,
and the afternoon was given to refresh-
ment and mirth, being an almost uni-
versal holiday. The only daily papers
published in the United States, north-
ward of New York, are two at Boston,
and they only, I believe, were publish-
ed on that day."

WHEN THE CUSTOM OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS ORIGINATED.

Christmas gifts had their origin in
the Roman Paganalia, which was in-
stituted by Servius Tullius, B. C. 550.
On these festivals, celebrated at the
beginning of the year, an altar was
erected in every village, and to the
box placed upon it every man, woman
and child was expected to contribute a
coin. Aubrey speaks of a pot in which
Roman coins were found, and supposed
to be one of these Paganalian vessels.
The Christmas box naturally arose
from this Pagan New Year's book. There
is an impressive propriety and tender
beauty, however, in thus commemo-
rating the event which gave a Divine
Redeemer to a lost world—the greatest
gift that is conceivable to mankind.
It is, moreover, an equally appropriate
custom which makes the season one
not only of composing and forgetting
old quarrels, and renewing and con-
firming friendships, but for a universal
manifestation of generosity and char-
ity from the rich to the poor, in olden
times this beneficence being extended
even to the lower animals, a practice
to which Burns alludes in "The Auld
Farmer's Address to his Mare."

THE GERMAN CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Christmas tree on Christmas Eve,
in Germany and the north of Europe,
is also very extensively in America,
is a splendor and delight to the eyes and
imaginings of all children, and, in
fact, forms the grandest feature in the
festal season of Christmas among the
northern European nations, being
often called the Children's Festival.
The Christmas tree seems to be a very
ancient custom in Germany—a rem-
nant, probably, of the splendid and
fanciful pageants of the middle ages.
The custom was early introduced into
this country by the German immi-
grants, but was hardly known to Eng-
land till within the present century.
The first forming of the Christmas
tree in England is believed to have
been done by a German in the house-
hold of Queen Caroline, wife of George
IV., who saw few happy Christmas
trees after her marriage in 1795. The
custom did not become general there
till prince Albert came over from Ger-
many to be the husband of Queen
Victoria, and since then it has become
almost universal in that country.

The beautiful custom of adorning
the house with evergreen during the
Christmas holidays is ascribed to vari-
ous causes. Those who have taken
the Christian view of the matter refer
to those expressions, so frequently met
with in the prophetic writings, where
green boughs are spoken of as orna-
ments of the sanctuary and signs of
rejoicing. Others have affirmed that
the custom had a Pagan origin, and
refer to the beautiful Druidical custom
of hanging up in the house boughs of
green, to which the wood-spirits might
resort to shelter them from the nip-
ping blasts of winter.

THE PROPER WAY TO CELEBRATE.

Let Christmas be consecrated to the
communion of religious worship and
to social festivity; to worship solemn,
not gloomy—but of hearts full of gra-
titude and love; to social festivity—
cheerful as becoming the day; let
friends be remembered, and the poor
feel that they are included in our sym-
pathies. In every heart let there be
peace and love; and over all, the bright
blue heaven of hope, radiant with the
golden sunshine of happiness.—Se-
lected.

People who live too long are not fit
to die.

WINGED MISSILES.

There's a 72-year-old student at Prince-
ton.
Georgia cotton pickers are paid forty cents
a day.

Jacksonville cigarmakers make \$18 to \$45
a week each.
Cornell has 1,174 students, 133 of whom are
young women.

Field hands in Mississippi receive \$10 per
month and board.

The flower trade of London is estimated
to amount to \$25,000 a day.

Cedar loggers on the Florida gulf coast
usually command \$2 a day.

The secret orders throughout the United
States are said to number over 200.

Mica miners and "trimmers" in North
Carolina average less than \$1 a day.

Girls employed to strip tobacco in Key
West factories earn \$6 to \$9 per week.

The Victory, Nelson's flagship at Trafal-
gar, has been renovated at a cost of \$50,000.

Some girls employed in the cotton factor-
ies of Macon, Ga., earn as high as \$9 per
week.

The Federal census of 1890 is just finished,
at a cost of nearly \$6,000,000. Much of it is
useless.

A seal was shot in Vancouver harbor
lately that weighed 130 pounds. What a
sacque its coat would make!

Gov. Swineford, of Alaska, thinks that
the territory is destined to become one of
the great cattle raising regions of the world.

A diamond trust is the next and most
magnificent combination to be formed by
a consolidation of the four great South Afri-
can diamond fields.

More than sixty per cent of adult English
women, married and unmarried, are work-
ing for daily subsistence, and the number
multiplies every year.

Every mansion in which a family of girls
is growing up should have a courtyard.
Young couples would soon less on front
steps and in beau windows.

A physician at the annual meeting of the
American academy of medicine made the
statement that the injection of morphine
in France to-day is almost a matter of
fashion.

The number of marriages is in the pro-
portion of seventy-two to every one thou-
sand individuals. Marriages are more fre-
quent after equinoxes—that is, during the
months of June and December.

The character of the annual awards of
literary prizes by the French academy may
be inferred from the fact that the gold
medal was given this year to "Carmel
Sylvia," queen of Roumania, for a poem.

Sir Richard Webster, the English attor-
ney general and leading counsel for the
London Times in its fight with Mr. Parnell,
was a noted athlete at Cambridge, and he
beat the Oxford men in one and two mile
races. He always knows his case.

General Harrison and his wife have writ-
ten forty-four letters to fond parents who
have named new born babies and prospective
voters Ben Harrison This or Benjamin That
and three to mothers of little girl infants
who are named after the next lady of the
White house.

Berlin and Paris papers simultaneously
announce that Victoria Claffin Woodhull is
going to make her permanent home in those
cities and build up a school for the education
of young girls. She gave the information
herself in a small German paper published
in London, and sent copies to the editors of
Berlin and Paris.

The trees planted by Alexander Hamilton
in 1803 in remembrance of the original thir-
teen states of the union on Washington
heights, New York, are to be destroyed by
contractors who are opening new streets in
that section of the city. There will be an
effort made to save the trees on account of
their historical interest.

School Commissioner William Wood has
resigned his position as member of the New
York board of education, with which he has
been connected for twenty years. Mr.
Wood was born in Scotland and is 30 years
of age, and although he has lived in this
country the greater part of his life he still
speaks with a strong Scotch "burr."

Fred Mather, the well known fish culturist,
has been making some very interesting ex-
periments with the microscope which prove
that there are 2,000,000 eggs in an eel. How
and when these egg are hatched has always
been, an still is, a mystery. All that is
known definitely is that the old eels run
down to salt water in October, and that in
the spring swarms of young ones the size of
a darning needle and about two inches long,
ascend the rivers.

A young man in Waltham, Me., broke his
right shoulder five weeks ago and has not
yet recovered the use of his right hand.
He became tired the other day from stay-
ing so closely in the house and so, with his
rifle under his left arm, he started out into
the woods, not thinking of course that he
was in any way to distinguish himself. But
he came across a splendid deer, and by
lying down and resting his gun between his
knees he fired and brought down his game.

Dr. Varioi of Paris is reported to have
discovered a method by which to remove
tattoo marks from the human skin. It has
been extensively tested, and with most en-
couraging results. His modus operandi is
to prick the marks or spots with needles
until the blood flows and then to inject
tannan, and finally to cauterize with nitrate
of silver. The wounds caused by the prick-
ing become black for a time, then turn red
and after a month or so the parts which
have been treated are almost indistinguish-
able from the adjoining flesh.

The United States geological survey
gives some mining statistics that show
something of the wonderful wealth of this
country, judged by the immense mineral
output of the past year. The total value
of all minerals mined in 1887 was \$538,600,-
000. This is \$70,000,000 more than the out-
put for 1886 and over \$100,000,000 greater
than that of 1885. The year's yield is not
only the greatest ever produced in this
country, but is at least \$100,000,000 greater
than the output of any other country and
leaving out England, is greater than that of
all Europe.

Congressman Ryan has already had three hundred applications for office.

The women of America, it is said, expend \$8,000,000 annually for paint and powder for their faces.

The practice of dehorning cattle is becoming universal among cattle men in this section of the country.

The manufacturers of tobacco in the United States consumed 84,706,088 lbs of tobacco for the year ending June 30, and made 3,661,680,422 cigars and 1,868,630,082 cigarettes.

A revival is now in progress in North Lawrence. Largely attended meetings are being held every evening. The evangelist, R. V. S. H. Johnson, has been compelled to cease his labors on account of sickness.

A speedy advance in the price of carpets may be looked for. It is understood that an agreement has been almost, if not quite, consummated among the manufacturers to compel an advance ranging from 2 1/2 to 5c per yard on super ingrain and brussels.

A pound of bread, which in Germany costs 21 pfennigs, can be had in a few minutes' journey over the Swiss border for 17 pfennigs. And of course everybody within easy distance patronizes the Swiss bakers, carrying back only the exact amount of import allowed to pass duty free.

A correspondent of the Holton Recorder complains of the burden of the people of this state the cost of school books is, particularly to those who move from one county to another. If the Kansas legislature desires to relieve the families of Kansas of a grievous burden, it will enact some law by which the cost of school books can be reduced.

Boston Corbett, the man who killed John Wilkes Booth, and who escaped several months ago from the Topeka insane asylum and mysteriously disappeared, has been heard from. He now makes his home in Old Mexico, believing he is safer there than within the United States. His farm in Cloud county is cared for at present by an administrator.

An exchange says: Be sure to ventilate the sheep sheds. Of all animals sheep are most susceptible to foul air. The best ventilation is through air shafts running up through the roof. This prevents drafts, to which sheep are also very susceptible. These air shafts must be watched to see that they do not get filled up with snow or ice, and so prevent the passage of air.

Brother Brooks, who imagined that he was a candidate for vice president prior to November 6, does not seem to be able to rid himself of that delusion but is traveling about the country making prohibition party speeches. At Holton the other night, says the Recorder, he asked if there was a man present who would not vote for him because he had been a rebel. A man in the audience responded that he was such a voter. Thinking that the man was a Republican, he asked him how he could support Longstreet and Mosby who were rebels. The voter replied that he would vote for neither for the simple reason that he "had fought them too hard during the war." The man who thus confused Brother Brooks is one of the leading Democrats in Jackson county.

A stooping position, maintained for any length of time, tends more to undermine the health than is generally supposed. An erect position should be observed whether sitting, standing or lying. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach or on one side, with the heels elevated on a level with the hands, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health; it cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motion of the chest, and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system.

In an investigation by the officer of the Board of Health some horrible discoveries have been made in Green Lawn cemetery, the oldest burying ground in Indianapolis. In the vaults coffins are piled on each other, and in some parts of the cemetery, particularly in one corner where 1,000 Confederates who died in the hospitals during the war, are buried, three layers of dead bodies have been interred. In some of the vaults the bodies of infants have been deposited in paper coffins, because their parents could afford no more expensive manner of burial. The City Council will take action upon the matter.

The Woman's Journal of Boston, price \$2.50 a year, three months and our weekly, for the same time, both for 50 cents. The Atlantic Monthly one year, for \$4.25. The Century the same. Democrats and the News both for \$2.50. Other magazines on similar terms.

The New York Tribune.

There was hard fighting all along the line in the Republican campaign for the Presidency this year; but we think it can safely be said that in the contest of ideas and popular education which has just ended, the New York Tribune fairly surpassed all competitors on the Republican side in the originality, force, and success of its work in behalf of the national ticket. The Tribune did not make a mistake. Every blow it struck made clearer to men of both parties the absolute impregnability of the Republican position. It certainly set people to thinking, by its broadsides on civil service reform, the tariff, the discriminations of the Cleveland Administration against Union soldiers, its revelation of the drift of wage-earners away from the free trade party, its admirable work for the farmers and for temperance, and the persistence with which it calumniated and proved that England desired the defeat of Protection in America. Over 2,300,000 copies of the Tribune's political leaflets were circulated during the campaign. If to any Republican newspaper must be awarded the merit of leadership, we doubt if there is one which will contest it with the Tribune. The paper has proved itself anew to be a practical force in national affairs, as well as a devoted champion of Republican ideas. For readers who want a national newspaper, in addition to their home journal (and every one does now), there is none more worthy their perusal than the Tribune.

During Gen. Harrison's administration, the Tribune will continue to advocate the great measures of public policy, with which its name is identified. Great responsibilities now rest, not only on the new administration, but on the Republican party and press, with reference to shaping legislation so as to give practical effect to the will of the people. It is no time now, for farmers, wage-earners, Union veterans, and others, whose interests have been imperiled by an administration of free traders and rebel brigadiers, to relax their interest in public affairs, and let things take their course. On the contrary, it would seem to be the duty of all voters to co-operate earnestly in the advancement of measures undertaken in their behalf, and to lend their support to great newspapers, which are doing original and aggressive work to promote their welfare.

Subscription Rates—Weekly, \$1. a year extra copy with every five. Semi-Weekly, \$2. a year; extra copy with every five. Daily, \$9.50 per year. Sunday Tribune \$2. Premiums—many and valuable. Send for circular. The Tribune, New York.

Hygiene Items.

Court the fresh air day and night. "O, if you knew what was in the air!"

The hot pastry and iced dainties of this country have much to do with the thinness of its people.

Sunlight is often the very best medicine, especially for children and elderly people, and the more hours of it they get the better are their chances for life and health.

Up to middle life most people are careless regarding their physical condition; hence persons who ought to live long lives have their days curtailed. The time to pay strict attention to the bodily health is during the vigorous portion of life.

Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cold your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapor.

Toasting bread destroys the yeast germs and converts the starch into a soluble substance which is incapable of fermentation. Dry toast will not sour the stomach nor produce any discomfort, and is, therefore, more agreeable to a weak digestion than any other bread.

John W. Bookwalter of Springfield, O., has been engaged in perfecting and introducing a new process for the manufacture of steel. Steel of all grades and even wrought iron can be produced from the pig iron in eight and one-half minutes and at a cost even less than by any process hitherto known. One great feature of the process is that it can be run with certainty into castings of all forms and sizes, producing castings true to the pattern, remarkably sound and free from bubbles, and possessed of extremely high tensile, strength and ductility.

Mrs. Morton, wife of the Vice-President elect, says that she has done nothing but keep house and raise a family since she has been married, and that her life fulfills her idea of complete happiness.

The people of Kansas are just beginning to comprehend that they have had a very imperfect idea of the resources of the state. Everywhere new and often startling developments are made daily.

Thomas Larkin, formerly preman at the Leavenworth coal shaft, was found wandering on the streets Friday morning half clothed, and in a demented condition. Reports give it that Mr. Larkin became engaged about a year ago to a North Leavenworth young lady, whose parents opposed the match, and the engagement was broken off in consequence.

Everything goes, only when you push it.

A fool friend can do you more harm than a shrewd enemy.

Industry and frugality will succeed while genius is starving.

Never throw a stone for mere amusement; you are liable to hit a friend.

True aristocracy never boasts of its superiority to the common herd.

A chicken is not considered dressed until it has nothing on.

There is nothing in the world as deep as the silence of an unsympathetic listener.

A great deal is said about the old woman who kept a tavern, but nobody rises to explain how she kept it.

Topeka is actively inquiring for its board of trade.

Topeka electric lights flicker like lightning.

The New Year will be ushered in with a total eclipse of the sun.

Mrs. J. W. Fridley is quite ill with malarial fever at her home on Quincy street.

Mrs. R. F. Morris has returned from the East, where she has been visiting.

In about two weeks the Kansas legislature will put its hand to the plow. It has work to do.

The Orange Judd Farmer and the News both one year for \$1.70. Or with Kansas Farmer the same.

Buy your railroad tickets of—well, buy your tickets before getting aboard the train.

Spend your money at home and help build up your own town, first, last and all the time.

North Topeka and Perry, are both advertising Grand Balls for New Year's eve.

The main street of Lawrence is paved, but the paving is so far down, that the horse has to dig for it. This is classic.

May we not ask you, dear reader, to do a little to extend the circulation of this paper? It will help you, and your neighborhood.

Do not forget the advantage we can give you in clubbing with any of the magazines or papers published.

For some reason unknown, the democrats seem to have the keenest new-born contempt for all magwumps, the ungrateful creatures.

Under the next apportionment Kansas will have twelve members of Congress. Kansas is looming up all along the line.

When the thermometer goes down you will wish you had the best heating stove up. That would be the Gold Coin, sold by Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

We hope that every one of our readers will determine to do a little to encourage the raising of more small fruit, if not the multiplication of orchards.

The prettiest girl in Topeka has light hair. She is just out of school, and is on a visit. Mouth, nose, teeth, eyes, complexion and form are perfect, and her hair is of a tint the poets rave about.

The fifth grade of the Grant school, Miss Hoskinson teacher, is preparing dialogues and recitations for the coming Friday. Their success heretofore has been so marked that those who visit that grade next Friday afternoon may look for a treat.

The Lawrence papers have opened their batteries against the cattle nuisance. It seems that while they are not opposed to the live stock interests of the state, they do object to having their streets and pastures. All this gives rise to the question, What then will they do with the grass?

Cold, bare and brown lie hillside, date and plain.

They rest from labor now; yet flower, fruit and grain.

Shall cover them again. Complain not that they sleep.

Sow worthy seed; a worthy harvest shall thou reap.

Care in the selection of seed is of prime importance in securing good results. Get worthy seed; seed that is pure and fresh; such seed as James J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, Mass., raises on his own farms, and has sold to the public for thirty years, and worthy harvests shall thou reap. Send for his 1889 catalogue, free to all.

To be convicted of man-slaughter does not afford occasion for man's laughter.

Lawrence officials have put on their war paint, and will put a stop to petty thieving.

You can do no better than to send your job printing to the News office. All new, late style material.

Perry is a great town for falls and parties, while Lecompton takes to lectures. For recreation they exchange courtesies.

The White Caps seem to be spreading their wings and are even reaching into Kansas. We can get along without White Caps and anarchists.

For the information of those who are curious on the point, it may be stated that the full name of the next mistress of the White House, as she signs it, is Jane Scott Harrison.

The oldest temperance paper in existence is said to be the Wisconsin Chief, published at Fort Atkinson. Miss Emma Brown has had charge of its publication for nearly forty years.

READY REFERENCE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Agricultural Implements, A. E. ROYD BROS., Dealers in Wagons, Buggies and all kinds of Agricultural Implements. Steel goods and nails. 818 E. 11th Ave. NORTH TOPEKA.

Drugs. ARNOLD & STANSFIELD, 817 Kas. Av. A large assortment of everything in this line of the best quality always on hand at the lowest prices.

Groceries, BERNSTEIN BROS., 834 Kansas Avenue. North Topeka, Kansas. Dealers in Staple & Fancy Groceries, Canned Goods, Produce, Etc.

Hardware, G. W. M. WHITE, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves and Tinware. 812 Kan. Ave. NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

Photographer, H. M. A'HERTON, 907 KANSAS AVENUE, NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

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California prunes will, under the new methods of preparation for market, undoubtedly drive out the French product, an exchange thinks. We hope the California packers will dispense with some of the dirt which largely diminishes the consumption of prunes by fastidious housekeepers.

Ina Drake, of Lake County, Dakota, is twelve years old, and during the past Fall she plowed forty acres of land with a sulky plow, working in the field alone and handling the team and plow as comfortably as most young ladies can handle a Shetland pony and phaeton.

The Soap Mines of Nevada.

The Virginia City Enterprise says: In Nevada are several deposits of mineral soap. One of these has been worked for three or four years. The soap is sometimes made up into cakes as it comes from the mine, but usually it is toned down by admixture with various other soaps. In Dakota and Wyoming are also deposits of natural soap. In regions where soda, borax and mineral oils abound it is only necessary to bring these ingredients together and a soap mine is the result. Hot springs assist materially in uniting and concentrating the materials provided by nature. The soap found about hot springs is, therefore, generally harder and more perfect than that produced in the dry way in and about the basins of extinct lakes. The waters of Owens and Mono Lakes are so thoroughly saturated with borax and soda in solution that the addition of oleaginous matter produces soap. The waters of Mono Lake produce myriads of grubs (which after a time become flies) which are washed ashore, and in some places form beaches a foot or two in depth. The oily matter contained in the grubs or flies uniting with the alkali in the water of the lake forms a deposit of soap an inch or two in thickness each year. Thus, in the course of ages, a deposit of natural soap of great depth has been built upon the east side of the alkali lakes, where the worms are stranded—the prevailing winds being from the west. These peculiar grubs are the only living things found in the waters of Mono and Owens Lakes. At certain seasons an insectivorous duck, called the spoonbill, frequents these lakes, and, feeding upon the aquatic flies and grubs, becomes so fat it can hardly fly. Hunters kill these spoonbill ducks for their oil, as the grub on which they feed imparts to them a fishy taste so strong that they cannot be eaten except by Indians, who eat both worms and ducks. Ducks killed by hunters and lost are sometimes found in the waters of the lake. All the feathers are eaten off the fowl by the alkaline solution, and the layer of fat beneath the skin, an inch in thickness, is found to be changed to soap, hard as the best castile and beautifully white.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery continues to be without a rival in all the world, as a magazine for the youngest readers. Its poems, stories, and sketches are selected with the greatest care, are amusing and instructive, and every one of them is illustrated by an artist of the best reputation. All the reading matter and every picture is original, prepared expressly for this work under the direction of Mr. George T. Andrew, whose specialty is the production of fine books and who has presented to the public some of the most elegant, artistic volumes on the counters of the booksellers. It is printed from handsome type, on fine paper. From the start it has been fully recognized as improving, in the highest degree, to the taste, as well as the mind and morals of little children. It contains no cheap borrow illustrations, and its pictures have long been considered an educational agency of the most elevating character. Published monthly by the Russell Publishing Co., Boston, at \$1.50 a year. A trial subscription of 3 months for 25 cents.

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Dr. N. B. Hughes, for several years editor of the Alma News, and one of the prominent newspaper men of the state, was arrested Saturday on the charge of embezzlement, preferred by Mrs. Rhoda Mowry, of Arkansas City, who claims that she was defrauded out of \$5,000. The case grows out of the Mowry murder a year ago at Arkansas City. Henry Mowry, a prominent young druggist, and son of Mrs. Mowry, who makes this complaint, became infatuated with a married woman in Arkansas City, and asked her to elope with him. His she refused to do, and Mowry became so enraged that he attempted to kill her by deliberately shooting through the window into the house in which she resided. The people in the neighborhood became very much excited, and a crowd followed Mowry. A mechanic, named Smith, was at the head of the crowd, and was deliberately shot down by young Mowry. He was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Mrs. Mowry charges that in March last, Dr. Hughes, the defendant in this case, came to Arkansas City and represented to her that he had influence with state officials, and that if he was furnished enough money he could secure her son a pardon. He told her that it would require \$5,000 to fix the matter with certain officials. She hesitated about the matter, and told him that whenever the pardon was secured she would pay him the money. He wrote to her that it would be necessary to have the money in advance, and assured her that it would be only a question of a short time when the pardon would be secured. She was willing to do anything to liberate her son, and, having faith in Hughes, she mortgaged her property for \$5,000, and handed over that amount in cash to the doctor. She alleges that the doctor assured her that he would have the pardon by a certain date, and so confident was she that he would fulfill his promise, that at the time set by Dr. Hughes, she came to Topeka and brought her son's clothing with her, believing that he would be here when she arrived. In all these transactions she was bound to secrecy by Dr. Hughes. Finally she came to the conclusion that she had been imposed upon and claims that the whole scheme was one to defraud her. She alleges that Dr. Hughes has done nothing toward securing a pardon for her son and that he still holds the money which she gave him.

An old lady ninety years of age died the other day, without a grey hair in her head. She had it dyed the night before.

Miss Nellie Gould, Jay Gould's daughter, probably the richest heiress in America, is a clever amateur artist, and both sketches and paints in water color. She is a very sensible and unpretentious young lady.

Congressman Hogg, of West Virginia, who was defeated for re-election, has not returned to Washington nor is he at home. He is off with a lot of important bills in his carpet bag, which the house wants to act upon. He seems to be true to name.

New York politicians are quarreling among themselves, and cannot agree upon a man for the cabinet. New York can go without a representative in the cabinet. It has the Vice President and that is enough. Does the state want the earth? Not a quarter of the states can get a cabinet office.

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