VOL. XIX. TOPEKA, KANSAS, MARCH 16, 1889. NO. 49.

—BY THE—

KANSAS NEWS CO,

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A report says: "The situation in Oklahoma is critical. It is a national necessity to have action at once in Oklahoma. If the thousands of actual honest settlers clamoring for admission are deprived of the right to settlement till too late to make crops, it will be a severe disappointment and will cause actual starvation on the border."

Wichita Journal: The Lawrence flambeau boys were received with open arms and a brass band on their return from Washington. The girls furnished the arms and the boys the brass band.

Judge John M. Thurston of Omaha who was temporary chairman of the national convention which nominated General Harrison said yestesday:

"I am not disappointed in not being made a member of the cabinet. For a while I was inclined to think that I could be of service to the northwest as secretary of the interior, and if I had been made anything, that is what I would have liked, but I suppose, if for no other reason, my connection with railway interests was sufficient to prevent my selection."

Judge Thurston added that there was no office which General Harrison can now offer him that would be any inducement for him to leave his present business, and that after all he is rather glad he was not made a member of the cabinet.

☐Do WHAT you can when you cannot do what you would.

Warner's Log Cabin PLASTERS will immediately relieve the pain in your back; then look for the cause of it. Try it.

Justice Matthews has had another of the relapses which has marked the progress of his illness.

The window glass factory of Stewart, Estep & Co., at Marion, Ind., was burned. Loss about $50,000; insurance, $37,000.

A fire at Newman, Ga., destroyed the leading business square of the town. Loss, $54,000; insurance, $15,000. The public library was burned.

At Flint Creek, Mont., T. C. Milroy shot and killed Pat Dooley on account of an old feud resulting from a dispute about a fence. Both men were wealthy cattle raisers.

Mr M. E. Decosta of New York, has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the board of directors of the Illinois Central railroad caused by the resignation of Levi P. Morton, vice president of the United States.

The entire Topeka delegation voted for Captain Henry Booth for commander.

Great mistakes are often made in trying to economise. It is a safe rule to follow that the BEST is always the CHEAPEST. A cheap physician may cost you your life. If you have Malaria in your system, you will not only be miserable, but unfit for work. Lost time is money lost. One dollar spent for Shallenberger's Antidote will cure you in twenty-four hours. Sold by Druggists.

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JAMES NUNN, TICKET AGT. NORTH TOPEKA.
JOHN SEBASTAIN, GEN'L. TICKET & PASSENGER AGT.

In his late charge to the grand jury Judge Guthrie among other good things, said: The people of this state have learned better. We have learned that the saloon destroys human industry, breeds crime, beggars society, degrades public morals and is the enemy of the family, the school and the church. We have learned that when we banished the saloon, our wage-workers were able to earn more money for their families; that all degrees of society were better fed, clothed and housed, and that they pay their coal, butcher and grocery bills with greater promptitude. We could maintain better schools and give our children better education; that the morals of society were improved, vice and crime decreased, and it is a thought now worth observing that there are now hundreds of boys in this state 10 or 12 years of age who have never seen a saloon.

The common expression "by hook or by crook" is said to have originated in the old-time custom of permitting the woodgatherer to take with his hook all the wood that lay on the ground and all that he could reach by his crook from the trees.

The singular anecdote comes from Portsmouth, Va., by which it appears that a dog was run over by a train. His companion watch dog at the railway station went to the place where he was buried, dug him up, laid a piece of meat beside him, and then went away.

The center of population in the United States is steadily moving westward. The Esterorook Steel Pens are moving steadily in every direction.

The April Number of FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE is unusually rich in illutrated articles of present interest. Among them may be mentioned "American Engineers in Angola,' by David Ker; 'Duluth and Environs," by William H. Ballou; "Through the Alleghanies on a Locomotive," by H. W. De Long; "Eels," by W. F. Nelson, and "Hernan Cortes and the Conquest of Mexico." In addition to the solid articles, the story, "Genevieve; or, The Children of Port Royal," is continued, and Stephen Bonsall contributes a short story," Tessa: A Tale of Two Bachelors." Easter coming in April, there are some poems referring to that festival, and an article and illustration "Lily-culture in Bermuda." John B. Wood contributes a thoughtful essay on "The Study of the History of the Israelitish Monarchies," and J. Bowles Daly, LL. D., relates some entertaining "Stories of St. Patrick." Dr. Talmage's sermon is on "Easter Blossoms," and the music page is devoted to an "Easter Carol" by Arthur Henry Brown. The number also contains much interesting miscellany.

The officers of the Buffalo Athletic club received a brief letter from ex-president Cleveland in which he states that the signature to his supposed application for membership was a blundering forgery.

Hesper academy closed its term of school on Friday. A large number of visitors were present at the closing exercises. The term has been a successful one, both in attendance and interest. This institution is one of our growing schools and is developing quite a local reputation.

"To EITHER hold the plow or drive" requires strength. To secure and keep strength a good stomach is required and it must be kept im strong and healthy action.

Warner's Log Cabin HOPS AND BUCHU REMEDY will put your weak stomach in good working order.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

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☞ Sold by Druggists, price 72c. per bottle.

AN OPEN QUESTION.

Is Harrison a Descendant of Pocahontas?

It is popularly believed that President Harrison is descended from Pocahontas and from the Parliamentary soldier and regicide General Thomas Harrison, who was executed in 1660.

Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, manifested a friendliness for the early white settlers of Virginia when she was but a girl. The story of how she saved the life of Captain John Smith, who had been captured and condemed to death by her father—how she, on several occasions, made known to the settlers their danger when about to be attacked—is well known to all acquainted with the early history of America. Her subsequent marriage with John Rolfe, an Englishman—her removal to England where a son was born, from whom numerous wealthy families of Virginia claim descent—is the basis of the opinion that President Harrison is one of her descendants.

Whether this be true or not it is, however well known that President Harrison is a descendant of a noted family, distinguished alike in peace and war. The name of Harrison is already indelibly written upon the pages of American history, for General Wm Henry Harrison—the ninth President of the United States—was the grandfather of Gen. Ben. Harrison.

The election of another member of the Harrison family is but another proof of the prevailing disposition of the public to return to healthy administration of public affairs so characteristic of the earlier years of government. A similar desire has been manifested for a revival of early manners and customs in many various ways, of which mention in particular can be made of the prevailing demand for those old time preparations which were so successfully employed in the prevention and cure of the ills and ailments which frequented the early log cabin homes.

After much inquiry and research a noted manufacturer has procured the original methods used in their preparation and again under the name of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, the public is possessed of those well-known preparations for the cure of coughs, colds, consumption in its early stages, blood disorders, catarrh, dyspepsia, debility, and other common disorders.

Notwithstanding the large amount of time, attention and expense which the manufacture of Warner's Safe Cure demands—its well known reputation as the only remedy for the prevention and cure of kidney diseases being world wide—the manufacturer is resolved to push the merit of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla to the front because of its splendid blood-purifying properties and great value as a household remedy and spring time system renovator.

Pocahontas, during her life-long friendship for the white settlers of Virginia, besides her many acts of kindness, is said to have contributed much valuable information to the log cabin home concerning the successful methods employed by the Indians in the treatment of disease and it matters little whether the alleged relationship between herself and the President be true or not for the name of Pocahontas, is already immortal.

Virgil Jackson was hanged on Thursday at Utica, N. Y., for the murder of Norton Metcalf.

Congressman Morrill has returned to his home, and Farmer Funston will come next week.

CONTENTMENT passes wealth. You are sure to be contented with the use of

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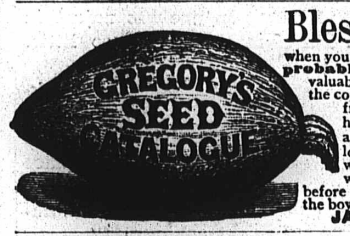

Bless Your Souls! My brother farmers, when you can receive one containing Just as many and very probably more varieties and all new vegetables that are really valuable, for just NOTHING? It may have less paint about the covers, but, great Scott! we are not after paint, but seed, fresh and true to name, such as will make with a master's hand its own picture all over our farms and gardens; seed I am not afraid to WARRANT on the cover of my catalogue. Come, my fellow farmers, and join the thousands, who for thirty years have been users of my seed; why, we were a goodly company and having pleasant times together before the great majority of the present race of seedsmen (bless the boys!) had left their nurse's arms! Send for a catalogue.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass. My brother farmers, why pay 10 or 20 cts. for a seed catalogue,

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ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ANTHMALINE CURED never fails to Cure. Any one who wants to be cured can send us their address and we will mail trial bottle FREE. DR. TAFT BROS., Rochester, N. Y.

TIM THE BLACKSMITH.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Timothy Hooper, or Tim the blacksmith, as he was generally called, was an honest hard-working man, and by means of these qualities was enabled to maintain his family frugally indeed, yet not without happiness and comfort. He was respected by his neighbors for his sturdy independence, and esteemed for his neighborly kindness. His family consisted of a wife and four children, varying in age from seventeen to two. They formed a happy and united household—at least, until a certain event, which I am now about to describe, disturbed their tranquility.

There had recently moved into the neighborhood a wealthy man, named Norcross, who forthwith proceeded to make himself a home by buying a large lot of valuable land, and building thereon a house, which exceeded in cost and splendor anything that had ever been known in the village.

One morning, Tim received information that Squire Norcross, for such was the title which his wealth had obtained for him, was desirous of seeing him—that is, the blacksmith—about some work in his line.

Acordingly, Timothy went up to the squire's new house.

It was furnished beyond anything which Timothy had ever seen. The rich, soft carpets, which sank beneath the pressure of his foot, the rosewood funiture, the long mirrows which reflected his entire figure, with his whole, but rough clothing, making him feel as if, somehow, he were out of place; the beautiful engravings—gems of art—which adorned the walls—all these made up a scene of elegance and luxury, which aroused in the breast of Tim the Blacksmith feelings of which he had never before been conscious.

These feelings were a sense of discontent with his own situation, envy directed toward the fortunate possessor of so much beauty, and a spirit of repining which led him to charge Providence—he called it fortune—with so unequal a distribution of its gifts.

It was in such a room as has been described above that he found Squire Norcross. The latter was clad in dressing gown and slippers, and was leaning back in a luxurious arm chair.

His foot rested upon a cricket, and appeared bandaged. This, however, did not specially attract Timothy's notice.

He did observe, however, that the squire wore a peevish, discontented look; in fact, looked anything but pleasant, which surprised him somewhat. He did not look as if he was in the enjoyment of very robust health, and his form looked puny and insignificant beside that of the stout and vigorous blacksmith.

The squire received him politely, and explained to him with some detail what it was that he desired done.

After these preliminaries were over, Tim was about to go, when the squire stopped him.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Hooper," said he. "I am sure you must be hungry. Let me order a little refreshments. "Will you just pull the bell-rope?"

This was done and a servant made her appearance.

"Some cake and wine," said Squire Norcross, shortly.

It was brought, and glasses were poured out for the squire and his guest.

"I drink your health," said the squire, politely, for he could be courteous when he chose.

"Thank you, sir," said Tim, awkwardly, as, with a little feeling of embarrassment, he placed the glass to his lips and quaffed its contents.

He smacked his lips after it. He could not help it, for to him it seemed delicious. What, then, was his astonishment to see the squire put down his own glass scarcely tasted, with an expression of disgust, and exclaim with a frown and in a harsh tone to the servant, who was just leaving the room:

"What do you mean by bringing me such stuff?"

"Isn't it right?" faltered the servant.

"Right! Have you the face to ask me if it is? Why, it can't be more than a year old. No wine is fit to drink till it has at least five years' age. Go back and bring me some from a different bin."

"These servants are so careless,' he exclaimed; "but she must take care not to serve me such a trick again."

Tim marveled at the superior delicacy of taste which found that disgusting, which to his own untutored taste, seemed delicious.

"However," thought he, and a spice of envy was in the thought, "I suppose these rich folks are differently constituted from what we are. Well, I only wish I was sure of getting every day as good wine as this. However, its no use wishing. There's some folks that's born to be rich, and can have pictures and fine houses and all sorts of beautiful furniture, and can pass their lives without doing anything; and there's others, we, for example, that have to work hard all their lives and put up with the plainest food, and the roughest accommodations, and don't have any time to rest. Well, I suppose it's all right, but it does seem to me as if things weren't ordered so justly as they might be."

So it was that the demons of envy and discontent took possession of the hitherto contented and happy blacksmith. While in this discontented frame of mind he did not observe an individual with dark complexion and hair of raven blackness, who appeared to be following him. At length, the latter overtook him and accosted him with a familiar "Good-morning."

"Good-morning," responded Tim' too discontented to be curious.

"It appears to me," said the stranger, "that you are in trouble. You look sober."

"I suppose I have a right to look so," said Tim, with an absense of his usual politeness.

"I do not mean any impertinence, be assured," said the other. "I thought I might possibly be of service."

"I don't mind telling you what troubled me," said Tim, after a moment's pause. "I've just been up to the house of Squire Norcross, and when I saw his handsome house and costly furniture, and thought of my own humble home—"

"You felt that fortune was unjust in giving him so much and you so little. That is it, is it not?"

"You are right," said the blacksmith.

"You felt, perhaps, that you would be a good deal happier in his place than in your own."

"Of course I should. He has nothing to do but to enjoy himself."

"Perhaps you would like to make the exchange?"

"It is no use wishing that."

"On the contrary, I can affect the change for you."

"You!" exclaimed Tim, looking at his companion in astonishment.

"Yes," said the other, composedly.

"And give me the fine house and all the wealth of Squire Norcross?"

"Yes; but only on condition that you actually renounce your identity and become Squire Norcross himself."

"And what will become of him?"

"Oh, he will be changed into Tim the Blacksmith."

"Well," said Tim, his eyes gleaming with delight at the prospects of becoming a millionaire straightway, "I agree."

"But to affect the change, let me say one thing. It is to continue for a week. If, at the end of that time, you wish it to be made permanent, it shall be so. If not, you have only to say 'Presto, change!' and you at once become Tim the Blacksmith again."

"No fear of that," said Tim.

"That we shall see," said the stranger.

Thereupon, he waved his hand, and Tim immediately found himself sitting in the arm chair of Squire Norcross, in the splendid apartment which had kindled his admiration and discontent.

"And I am master of all this wealth," thought Tim, exultingly. He looked about him with complacency.

His exultation was a little dashed when he happened to catch his own figure reflected in the mirror opposite, for be it known that Tim, in his own person, was quite comely, while Squire Norcross was at least fifteen years older, and not at all prepossessing in appearance. He was, besides, of a much smaller make, and Tim was somewhat dismayed, when, in place of his stout and muscular arm, he recognized the thin and shrunken member which he had inherited with the squire's property.

"However," thought he, recovering himself, "it doesn't make much difference about being stout and vigorous, as long as I shan't have to work any more."

The table containing the wine and refreshments had not yet been removed. Remembering the delicious taste of the latter, Tim poured out a glass and quaffed it. It was very singular, but it did not taste nearly as good as before.

"They have changed the wine," thought he.

He was mistaken; it was only his taste that had changed. It struck him that he would like to walk around and survey his new property and its extent. He accordingly put his foot upon the carpet and essayed to step on it, when a terrible twinge siezed him. He thought at first he had been bitten by a snake, or something of this kind, and roared with pain. A servant came running into the room in great alarm.

"What's the matter with my foot?" exclaimed Tim, querulously. "It feels as if pins were being stuck in it."

"Isn't it the gout?" asked the servant, respectfully.

"The gout!" exclaimed Tim, in dismay. "You don't mean to say that I have the gout, do you?"

"You know, Squire Norcross," said the servant, a little surprised, "that Dr. Bolus said that was the matter with you."

"I don't remember anything of the kind," said Tim, irritated. "I should like to know how I'm going to go about, if that's the case."

He looked at the servant with an injured air, as if the latter were personally to blame for his infirmity.

"Dick and I will wheel your chair around," said the servant.

"Very well," said Tim, after a moment's reflection, "you may do it."

Accordingly, he was wheeled from room to room, each of which he scrutinized carefully, and asked questions about the articles therein, which astonished the servants, who, supposing him to be Squire Norcross in reality, thought he must be playing some game upon them.

He was next carried out to survey the grounds, and felt, it must be acknowledged, not a little pride and pleasure in the thought that they were his. In this way he whiled away the time till dinner, which was, of course, a sumptuous banquet, compared with what he had been accustomed to. After dinner, he was a little at loss how to pass the time. He picked up a book and began to read, but, not being used to much exercise of the mental powers, he soon became weary of this. He began to miss the society of his wife and children. With them he could have made shift to enjoy himself better. Indeed, this was a point he had quite overlooked when he agreed to the transfer, though now he saw that he could not well have both.

But at any rate, he must see his children and his wife. A bright thought came to him. He could order the carriage and ride through the village and past his old residence. He accordingly summoned a servant, and ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately. His command was law, and the carriage was speedily driven round to the front gate. It was with some difficulty that he got in, for his gout was so severe that any unguarded movement gave him exquisite pain.

"Now, where shall I drive?" asked the coachman.

"To the village."

"By which road?"

"The one that passes the blacksmith's shop."

"Tim Hooper's?"

"Yes, you rascal, and mind you speak more respectfully of him. Call him Mr. Hooper, unless you want to quit my employ."

"What's got into the squire?" thought the wondering driver. "Seems to me he must think a mighty sight of that blacksmith. Why, everybody calls him Tim the Blacksmith, but I must call him Mr. Hooper, it seems."

The carriage rolled on easily and luxuriously. Tim really enjoyed it, and again his spirits rose.

"Well, it does seem good," thought he, "to be rich and ride in my carriage. I didn't think I should ever come to it. I wonder what my wife will say?"

Then the thought came over him that he had given up his wife, and a shade crept over his features. He soon drove it away, however, and now that the carriage was fairly in the village street, he could not help being gratified by the deferential bows which he received from all he encountered.

By this time he had reached his own smithy. It really did give him a peculiar feeling when he recognized the precise image of what he had been that morning, hammering sturdily away in the forge, and singing, meanwhile, a snatch of song.

"So that's Squire Norcross," thought he. "I wonder how he likes being Tim the Blacksmith? Mebbe he does not know that any change has taken place."

He ordered the carriage to stop, on some trifling pretense, and watched the smith at work. He could not but envy the strength which lifted the ponderous hammer, compared with his own powerless arm. Just then his youngest child, Ruth, came bounding into the smithy, and addressed the man at work as "Father." A sense of pain filled his heart, for Ruth was his favorite child, and the thought that she had transferred her childish love to another, was not pleasant. He could not help calling from the carriage, "Come here, my child."

"Go to the gentleman," said his double, from the shop.

Ruth advanced, hesitating, with her finger bashfully placed in her mouth.

"Don't you know me?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ruth, timidly.

"Who am I?"

"You're Squire Norcross."

"Won't you kiss me?"

The child drew back, and seemed about to run away. Evidently she did not wish to do so, and the real father's heart was filled with sorrow which he did not seek to analyze. He only knew that it was painful.

"Drive on," said he hastily.

That same night a couple of thieves broke into the squire's house, and, in spite of Tim's struggles, which availed little, for he had inherited the squire's febleness, carried off a box of money which was kept under his bed, Besides this, they beat the defender of the treasure in such a manner that he was compelled to keep his bed for the next two days. Left to the care of servants, he missed his wife's gentle administration not a little.

In brief, before the week was out, he was heartily sick of his bargain, and, as directed, was not slow in pronouncing the words which were to dissolve the spell.

"Presto! Change!"

Tim found himself lying on a bank by the roadside, where he had stretched himself for a few minutes, and a little reflection convinced him that this was all a dream. But it proved a useful dream, and convinced Tim once for all, that it takes something besides wealth to bring contentment, and that Providence is not altogether so partial as we imagine.—Yankee Blade.

Amended That Libel Law.

The representatives of the people at Albany seem to pass certain very necessary amendments to the present imperfect and unfair libel law.

The newspapers of that state have also taken the matter up with vigor and demand legislation, which will be in accord with the spirit of the age.

As the law now stands, an irresponsible party in conclusion with an irresponsible lawyer may put a newspaper to an expense of thousands of dollars to defend itself for telling the truth.

In the large majorfty of cases libel suits are simply a blackmailing threat by persons who have nothing to lose, but who hope to make a few dollars by a compromise. A newspaper is, therefore, a bone which every adventurer thinks he has a right to pick.

There is no reason why Albany should not give New York the most equitable libel law in this country, one which will afford the aggrieved every proper means of redress, and at the same time relieve the press of those suits which are not brought for the purpose of vindicating character, but are merely speculative frauds to make money.

Mr. Blumenthal has already offered one bill which is a step in the right direction. Mr. Saxton has another bill, somewhat broader in scope, in the hands of the judiciary committee.

What is needed, however, is a strong, fair, square bill which will include the following points:

First—That the man who sues for libel shall give securities for costs. If he has nothing to risk he rushes into court for what he can make out of his case. If he must pay the costs when the case goes against him he will sue only when he has a real grievance.

Second—That damages shall be restricted to actual damages and not be allowed to extend to imaginary or punitive damages. As the law now stands, a man whose feelings have been injured may estimate his damage at tens of thousands of dollars and sue practically for whatever amount he thinks his wounds are worth. The chances of getting excessive damages is a premium on libel suits and the ground on which he demands an extortionate sum for a compromise.

Third—That "privilege" shall be extended to include an accurate report of what is said at a public meeting. Today if a newspaper prints the publicly uttered speech of a politician containing a reflection on his opponent it may be sued for damages, while the utterer of the libel may go scot free.

Honest journalism deserves protection to at least this extent, and we hope that the contemplated bill will include these three important points.—New York Herald.

The Corpse in the Safe.

Any thing more distressing than the untimely death of a little boy of seven which is just reported from Paris it would be hard to imagine. The only son of a French tradesman was playin his father's room, when he perceived that the safe was open. In a spirit of boyish fun he got into it. Presently the father came into the room, and before leaving for his day's work locked the safe, the child keeping silence the while. Soon the little fellow was missed. The police were called in and a hue and cry raised. Next morning the father opened the safe—to find his son a corpse.

The man who always tells the exact truth in this world on every possible occasion, may have a clear conscience, but he will never be popular amongst his neighbors.—Somerville Journal.

JAPANESE YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY THOMAS STEVENS.

If one or two young people from each of the nations and tribes I traveled among on my bicycle ride around the world, were brought together, what a queer company they would make! I visited eighteen different countries, and in some of them I made the acquaintance of several distinct races. Why, bless my soul! come to figure them up, I must have seen thirty-five or forty different kinds of children.

I suppose the first question that will naturally suggest itself to the young readers of Sunshine, when they see this statement will be, "which ones did you like best?"

Now, that is a pretty hard question to answer. The young people of every nation have some good qualities, and some bad ones. But—excepting, of course, present company—I think I I should say that Japanese children are a little bit the nicest to have any dealings with. I don't remember of the children of any other country impressing me so favorably as the little Japs did.

The youthful Jap is a comical-looking fellow—just like the Japanese dolls you see in the shop windows. For the first two years of his life his head is kept shaved clean. When he gets old enough to run about, a little tuft is permitted to grow on top, another one above each year, and a narrow fringe behind. Finally the hair is allowed to grow all over. But the frequent shaving has caused it to grow stiff, so that it stands bolt upright upon his head, a thick black crop, like the bristles of a brush.

The hair of the little girls is allowed to grow, and when it gets long enough is done up in a curious bowknot behind.

The young Jap, whether boy or girl spends a good part of the first two years' of its life fastened to the back of its little sister. One of the most comical sights in Japan, and one of the commonest, are the swarms of little girls playing about the streets, each one with an infant securely tied to her back. Very often the poor infant is fast asleep, and its head rolls loosely about from side to side as the girls play about, looking very much as if it were going to fall off. The baby is settled down into a sort of a pocket so that it cannot fall out, and the girls race and play as merrily as if they had no live burden on their backs.

Very little girls who are too young to carry a baby, or whose mother has not got one for them to carry are very often seen with a big doll at their back. When they get bigger they hope to carry a baby like their older playmates.

An American little girl who never went out to play without the baby strapped to her back would hardly like it, I think; but the quaint little maidens of Japan offer no objections. On the contrary the tiny miss of two or three years, looks forward with ambition to the time when she too shall have grown up to a little woman of six or seven, big enough to carry the baby.

The children of Japan are undoubtedly the happiest and most contented little mortals under the sun. They are certainly the best natured, and the most polite. I traversed the country from one end to the other and saw thousands of children, but I never saw two of them quarreling nor heard a rude remark.

They are also extremely docile and obedient scholars, and seem to really like going to school and studying their lessons. I doubt very much if there are any truant-players, or unruly scholars in Japanese schools! They begin going to school at five or six years of age, and keep on about as long as an American does if a boy, but the girls quit school rather younger.

The children wear wooden clogs that raise them three inches off the ground. The sock has a place for the big toe like a thumb-stall, so that the clog can be held on by gripping a cord between the big and second toes. Upon entering the schoolroom, these clogs are all left at the door under a little porch, and the scholars go inside in their socks. In persuing their studies they use neither bench nor desk, but sit down on their heels in rows and classes on the floor. When reading their lessons out loud, they lay the book on the floor, or hold it very low, and bend over till their heads are very low down.

They are very bright and quick to learn, and industrious. Japanese students who have been sent to America to be educated at college have sometimes graduated ahead of American boys of the same age. When they get older, however, they are not so smart as American men. The American boy whom the Jap beat at college, will have caught up and gone right past him by and by.

It has been observed that White Caps flourish best in those communities where white shirts perish of solitude.—Burdette.

FARM AND HOME.

Importance of Windbreaks.

The west was once comparatively treeless. There were fringes of timbered lands along the rivers and creeks, but everywhere else the annual burning of prairie grass checked any larger vegetation. But the west has been so tormented by blizzards sweeping over its treeless plains, that farmers have in self-defence been obliged to plant trees for the protection of their barns and dwelling-houses from these terrible storms. A true cyclone fairly started on its career may not be stopped by a piece of timber. But trees can and do check the storm at its start, and prevent much damage. When the farms are not too large and each has its clump of trees around the dwelling and outbuildings, the county is so diversified with woodland as to greatly moderate the severity of winters.

A farmer living in southern Minnesota informs us that some of the earliest planted groves are now thirty to thirty-five years old, with trees sixteen to twenty inches in diameter, according to condition of soil and treatmemt. Many hard maples have thus been planted by farmers of eastern birth, anxious to make the delicious sugar that they have been familiar with in their eastern homes. With these for better protection some have planted hardy evergreens. In these localities the apple tree is not hardy without protection. Young trees set on the open prairie have all the snow swept from around them, and then in the intense cold of that climate the soil freezes down as deeply as the roots of the trees go, and they die. It is not the cold itself that kills, but rather deep freezing of the soil, which of itself is sufficient to kill almost anything, however hardy it may be.

Eastern farmers have generally given far too little attention to the planting of windbreaks. Occasionally some provident, careful farmer has preserved a few acres of the original woodland so situated as to be a protection to the remainder of his farm. Too often, however, the clearing has been made of land best adapted to cropping, while what is saved for woodland has been thought of little value for any other use. Thus saved, and its most valuable timber cut out, the woodland is of little profit to its owner. The natural growth is usually of undesirable varieties, irregularly planted, and often not yielding more than a third of what it should produce in annual growth. If the exposed windward side of every farm for a distance of two rods in width were closely planted with valuable timber trees, it is quite possible that the remainder of the farm will in most cases produce more than the whole does now. Snow could be made to lie evenly over the surface for a considerable distance on the lee side of these windbreaks.

In all the older sections of the country farmers have tried to cultivate too much land. They cannot seed down and keep stock mainly on pasture and hay, as farmers did forty years ago. The west has put its veto on any stock-keeping at the east, except by improved methods of feeding, and greater reliance on soiling and ensilage crops. Thus in farming, the great difficulty is in getting enough manure to feed these cultivated crops, which require even more manure than does grain for successful growing. With a larger share of eastern farms in woodland carefully planted, their value and productiveness would not only be greater than now, but also be increasing rather than decreasing. It is not best to leave this to nature, as generally done on long cultivated lands in the south, left to grow up with scrubby trees of little value. It will cost something at the start to make regular planting, but the result will well repay the extra expense.—American Cultivator.

The Farm as a Factory.

It should be considered by farmers that the farm is a factory, but the majority of farmers do not avil themselves of its advantages in that respect. The farm also produces its own raw material from which to manufacture articles of sale. Instead of the farm being adapted to a single occupation only it is really a combination of a great many pursuits. The implements and machinery are not limited to any particular article. It is because all the advantages of farming are not utilized that so many failures occur, for with proper management and judicious system no pursuit is surer, owing to the many available forms in which the farm produce may be marketed.

There is no advantage in selling the raw material off the farm, and by the term raw material is included all the vegetation produced. The farmer usually sells the first product (which brings the lowest price always), and its conversion into more salable matter is done through the agency of others. He can partially regulate the prices obtained by sending his produce to market only in such forms as will bring a profit, and his advantage lies in the unlimited time for doing this. The machinery for producing the raw material is constantly getting out of repair, but the machinery used for converting the products into different material is self-sustaining and self-repairing. To make it plainer, the cow is a machine for converting hay and grain into milk, butter, cheese and beef. As she gradually wears out she supplies her place with a newer machine. She is capable of appropriating and utilizing a vast amount of matter which could not find a market but for her assistance, while at the same time she returns a portion of the original cost in the shape of manure for the purpose of assisting to further increase the amount of raw material. The ewe furnishes wool, mutton and lambs, and unlike the cow, forages upon the barren waste places, gathering the herbage, and compelling even the weeds to furnish their quota. The sow, the most prolific of our animals, fills the family pork-barrel and furnishes progeny that mature quickly and reach the market in a short time, and on a variety of food which permits of the cultivation and utilization of many crops that are rarely salable, except at a low price. The mare gives us the power with which to perform the work required and adds her offspring to the revenue, and even the poultry, though but a small part of the whole, are effective and capable machines for the conversion of much waste material into ready selling carcasses and eggs. Thus it is seen that animals and birds are machines, performing their work by different methods and giving a variety of manufactured products which are salable at all seasons of the year.

If the farm is a factory it must be, to yield a profit, a first-class one. A poor machine will do inferior work only, and to get the best results the most perfect and labor-saving machinery alone should be employed. It is not good judgment in the farmer-manufacturer to use a machine that makes only ten quarts of milk from the material used when he can as readily use one that manufactures double that quantity, and even more. As factories are provided with the latest invention, in order to compete with rivals, so must the farmer begin to realize that he too is in competition with his fellow-farmers, and endeavor to secure the greatest profits by the efficiency of his machinery and the quality of its products. No business man is satisfied with the machinery of twenty years ago, and why should the farmer be less energetic? The old fashioned milking machine should give way to Holstein, Ayrshire and Jersey. The pork-barrel must be filled quickly and cheaply by Berkshire, Chester, Yorkshire and Poland China. The wool and mutton must come from the Merino, Cotswold and "Downs;" and the "old blue hen" must make room for the Brahma, the Leghorn and the Plymouth Rock. The factory must be worked to its fullest capacity, and nothing should be sold off the farm until it has been utilized by the machines.—Practical Farmer.

Farm Notes.

It is better to have a close, warm pen, excluding snow and cold, and not give the pigs too much bedding. If given the chance they will cover themselves with straw until they become steaming hot, and then go outside to the cold, thus making themselves sick from colds affecting their lungs.

In the very coldest weather water for fowls should be given warm, and taken away before ice forms in it. Fowls will live without drink when there is snow on the ground, but they lose weight rapidly, and of course can not produce eggs under such neglect. It is lack of water rather than that of food that keeps many farmers' hens from being profitable during the time when eggs are usually dearest.

Screenings consist not merely of cracked or imperfect grain, but contain also many heads of weed seeds that unfit them for feeding whole to any kind of stock. Small seeds are seldom digested, and some of the hardest of them grow even better after passing through the stomachs of horses and cattle. It is this that makes barnyard manure so prolific of weeds wherever it is applied. It is safer to grind screenings, though if they consist almost entirely of weed seeds, it may be even better economy to burn them.

While a ewe is bearing a lamb part of her nutrition goes to sustaining that. Her fleece is therefore not so heavy as that of the wether, that has no such demand and is equally well fed. In lambing time the ewe has usually some fever which injuriously affects the quality of the wool, by making a weak place in that grown at this period. But in practical selling the wool crop comparatively few buyers can make such distinctions. They buy low enough so that poor wool will pass muster and leave them a profitable commission.

In very many places in the west where wheat was once grown it now fails so persistently that its culture has to be abandoned. Some parts of Iowa and southern Minnesota are now in this condition. The winters are not quite so cold as formerly, but it is the summer heats that wither the plant. Some wheat is still occasionally grown by sowing the spring variety with oats and harvesting both together, separating the grains afterward. It is not poverty of soil that causes wheat failure, as the crop fails on land broken up for the first time, as well as on that long tilled.

A farmer recently related his experience with potatoes which he placed in the cellar in the fall, two years ago. He put in 156 bushels rather full measure, hoping to take out 150 bushels in spring. The shrinkage was less than expected. He had only half a bushel of waste, and the potatoes by weight lacked twelve pounds of being 154 bushels at sixty pounds per bushel. Ordinarily the shrinkage is much more than this indicates. The potatoes were kept cool enough not to sprout, and had developed no rot. It rarely pays to keep potatoes over winter for higher prices in the spring—American Cultivator.

The Household.

BOILED FROSTING. — One cup of granulated sugar and five tablespoonfuls of milk, boil four or five minutes, then stir till cold and put on a cool cake.

DOUGHNUTS. — Two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one quart of flour, two eggs, one cup sugar, one cup milk and one teaspoonful of butter.

BAKED APPLES.—Pare and core and fill the apples with sugar, butter and candied lemon peel. Brush all over with sweetened water and sprinkle with bread crumbs browned in hot butter. Bake.

JELLY CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, four cups of sifted flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers, put tart jelly between them, and ice the top.

THIN BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, one tablespoon of lard and butter mixed, and one tablespoon of salt; make into stiff paste, with cold water; beat dough until it blisters, roll thin, prick with a fork and bake quickly.

BUTTERMILK MUFFINS.—Beat hard two eggs into a quart of buttermilk, and stir in flour to make a thick batter (about one quart) stir in a teaspoonful of salt, add the same of soda; bake in a hot oven in well greased tins. Pull open with the fingers and butter.

CHICKEN POT PIE.—Wash and cut chicken, and boil for fifteen minutes, then take out and put in a kettle and with several slices of salt pork, and two or three pints of water, one tablespoon of butter, a sprinkling of pepper, and add dumplings. Let cook about an hour.

The Cashier's Little Game.

A stylish-looking man walked into a Paris bank, during the interval for lunch, the cashier alone having remained at his post to rectify an error in the books:

"Monsier," said the intruder, exhibiting a revolver, "I shall feel obliged by your handing me at once 500,000 francs."

The cashier obeyed, without saying a word, and the man walked out, unmolested. A quarter of an hour afterward, the clerks returned. The cashier uttered a wail of despair, and related what had happened, stating that a million francs had been stolen. In course of time, the thief was taken into custody, and in prison was visited by the cashier.

"My dear friend," he said, "you are charged with the robbery of a million of francs."

"Why it was only half that amount!"

"I am perfectly aware of that; I took the other half myself. Submit to the sentence for a million, and when you have served your time we will divide the money."

The strangest part of the business is, that the scheme was actually carried out."—Yankee Blade.

Her Frank Acceptance.

"Yes," said she, "I will accept your proposal this time, and we will be married before winter."

"Oh, delight!" exclaimed he. "Yonr sudden change bewilders me."

"I know it must," continued the sweet thing, "but the fact is, I have just learned that I didn't pass in my examination last spring, and, rather than go back to the seminary and stand the disgrace of being put down, I'll—I'll even marry you."

No cards.—Chicago Tribune.

When a crook advises a pal to skip does he put a flee in his ear?—Birmingham Republican.

The Skin in Winter.

What a curious organ the human skin is, to be sure! I know that almost every one looks on it with contempt, as a sort of well-fitting wrapper for more precious goods beneath. That is, unless ache or some other disfigurer comes along and sets up business with the skin as sole backer. Really there is no organ of the body so long suffering and so abused as this same flexible covering of ours, that has so much to do. In summer, when not oppressed by heavy, ill-ventilated clothing, it is always perceptibly busy; in cold weather excretion continues, but being in form of vapor, is not noticed. Few persons are aware how much work this organ does. In cool seasons the average amount of sweat exhaled from an adult is two pounds; this amount increasing to four pounds an hour, the latter enormous quantity having been measured upon workmen exposed to the intense heat of gas-works furnaces. Night and day, every hour of our lives this wonderful slave is at work, taking from the blood useless and poisonous debris, its labor so vital that twenty-four hours' complete suspension means death.

Now in winter, while its functions are least and its openings liable to be clogged by pressure, by plugging from lack of care, or by some disease, it is plain that much, aye, extreme pains should be bestowed upon it. Every one cannot take regular daily baths of water, but every one can upon getting out of bed have a hearty, thorough rub-down with a rough towel—not one that is harsh enough to scratch and hurt, but a Turkish web, that will stimulate and be pleasant. This friction will open skin pores in good shape, set capillary circulation of blood and surface nerve flow in full motion, and be the very best possible preparation for a winter day.

Avoid too frequent plunge baths in winter. Few men, still fewer women, of our nervous Americans, have stamina enough to waste any upon cold water, as is done when a plunge is made into the morning tub at ordinary temperature.

In hospitals such baths are used to reduce heat in fever cases, and it is easy to bring it down three or four degrees in a few minutes by this means. This fall that seems so trifling is in reality something very great, compared with the narrow range within whose limits life is possible, and such shocks are inimical to health. The dry rubbing spoken of before is far better.—Dr. W. F. Hutchison in American Magazine.

A Crazy Idea.

A gentleman wished to visit a hospital for the insane. He saw the medical superintendent, and said:

"I don't wish to go over the asylum in the usual way, but to mingle with the patients as if I were a—an officer, a surgeon, or even one of themselves. By so doing, I shall be better enabled to judge of their intellectual state, and of their progress in the direction of sanity."

"With pleasure," said the doctor. "It is Saturday, and we usually have a dance on Saturday night. If you go into the ball room, as we call it, you will see them dancing and talking without reserve."

"Would it be objectionable if I—a—danced with them?" asked the visitor.

"Not at all," was the reply.

The stranger walked into the ball room, and, selecting the prettiest girl he saw for a partner, was soon keeping up a very animated conversation with her. In the course of the evening, he said to the doctor:

"Do you know, that girl in the white dress with blue spots on it, is a very curious case? I've been talking to her, aud I cannot, for the life and soul of me, discover in what direction her mental malady lies. Of course I saw at once she was mad—saw it in the odd look of her eyes. She kept looking at me so oddly I asked her if she did not think she was the Queen of England or whether she had not been robbed of a large fortune by the volunteer movement, or jilted by the Prince of Wales, and tried to find out the cause of her lunacy; but I could not, she was too artful."

"Very like," said the doctor; "you see she is not a patient; she is one of the house-maids, and as sane as you are."

Meantime the pretty housemaid went to her fellow-servant, and said:

"Have you seen the new patient? He's been dancing with me. A fine, tall man with beautiful whiskers, but as mad as a March hare. He asked me if I wasn't the Queen of England, it a volunteer hadn't robbed me of a large fortune, and whether the Prince of Wales didn't want to marry me. He is mad. Isn't it a pity? — such a fine young man!"—Yankee Blade.

The only gems that are a drug in the market—gems of thought.—Detroit Free Press

MILITARY DUELS IN FRANCE.

Insults Which Render It Absolutely Necessary that a Soldier Should Fight.

The death of a young soldier of the Sixteenth Dragoons from wounds received in a duel has led to a lively discussion in the French papers on the practice of dueling in the army. On this subject the Petit Parisien has an interesting article. In some regiments, it appears, duels are rare, owing to the firmness of the colonels, but in others affairs of honor are a matter of daily occurrence. In the cavalry regiments especially this practice flourishes. When two soldiers have a dispute, so long as they do not come to blows, they need not fight unless they wish to; but a box settles the matter, and, whether they like it or not, they must meet sword in hand the next morning in the riding school. The captain, often without consulting the parties interested, asks permission from the colonel for the rencontre, and the latter nine times out of ten grants it. Nothing then can prevent the duel. The adversaries may be only too glad to be reconciled, but it is all to no purpose; fight they must. The fencing master is notified. He has the sabres sharpened. Then each unlucky soldier spends the evening in the salle d'armes, where he receives counsel and advice from the prevots, each one of whom has an infallible secret stroke or botte to teach him.

It is always in the riding school that the affair takes place. About 8 o'clock in the morning the combatants arrive, accompanied by their seconds. Then comes the fencing master, followed by a prevot, who carries the two sabres. This fellow always takes delight in informing the two adversaries that the sabres are sharpened with equal care, so that one will cut just as well as the other. Then comes the lieutenant charged with the duty of conducting the affair. He never fails to make light of the situation for the purpose of encouraging the heroes. The surgeon then comes upon the scene. He appears with an air of ill-humor, as if he was plagued by the scene. He is followed by a hospital steward bearing a lot of bandages and lint, a big dish of water with a sponge in the middle, and a set of surgical instruments—enough altogether to scare the bravest of the brave.

"Can we begin?" asks the officer.

"Begin," replies the doctor.

Then the gladiators take off their tunics and shirts and appear naked to the waist, no matter how cold the weather is. They are placed in position. The officer says: "Go it!" Then the fight begins, superintended by the fencing master, whose duty it is to parry the dangerous blows. At last one of the men is hit and the affair is finished.

In the majority of cases the duel ends by the defeated party's treating all hands at the canteen. But when old soldiers are engaged, or non-commissioned officers skilled in fencing, the military duels too often terminate otherwise.

A Submerged Forest.

During the late violent storms in the channel the sea washed through a high and hard sand bank near the Isle of St. Malo, France, nearly four meters thick, laying bare a portion of an ancient forest which was already passing into the condition of coal. This forest at the begining of our era covered an extensive tract of the coast; but with the sinking of the land it became submerged and covered up by the drifting sand. Mont Saint Michel stood once in the middle of it. The forest had quite disappeared by the middle of the tenth century. Occasionally, at very low tides after storms, remains of it are disclosed, just as at present. It is believed that some centuries ago the highest tides rose about 12 meters above the level of the lowest ebb. Now the high water level is 15.5 meters above the lowest.

The Signal Service.

Chicago coal man—"Go up the street and look at the weather signal."

Office boy—"Just saw it as I came back from the bank. Fair and milder weather."

"Good! That means a cold wave and blizzard. We'll mark up price half a dollar all round."—Chicago Herald.

He Dropped.

"Did any one in this car drop any money?" called the conductor, as he opened the door.

There was a painful silence for half a minute, and then a man held up his hand.

"How much was it?" asked the conductor.

"I dropped $45 at faro last night, but I can't expect to get it back. Give me $35 and let the rest go to experience."—Detroit Free Press.

The Kansas News Company, with headquarters at Topeka, is now publishing ten weekly newspapers. Of these, three are in the first congressional district, two in the second, and five in the fourth.

It is not surprising that the penitentiary report, made a rather dark showing for the coal contractors.

Mary Anderson has turned her pretty back upon St Louis and Kansas City, and will never play there any more. It is not probable that they can stand it.

Sedalia republicans met and parcelled out the officers to be distributed, and then selected the late, defeated, candidate for congress to go to Washington to see that the argreements were all carried out. If each community would do this, it would save a good deal of squabbling, and relieve President Harrion of much unprofitable responsibility. and enable him to give attention to more profitable matters.

Grover Cleveland leaves the president chair with a reputation that will not diminish.

I. T. Hopkins of Rossville, is feeding 200 head of cattle on the banks of the Kaw.

The season is near when many farmers will wish they had taken better care of their implements than to leave them exposed to winter weather

E. V. Holmden of Maple Hill, spent nearly $500 to capture two horse thieves, but he got them, and they are close in jail. He believes the county should help bear the expenses in such cases, and he is about right.

The farmers are organizing granges and alliances in all parts of the state. Alliances in particular have been organized in nearly every county. The move is an excellent one, and if they can be kept under judicious management they will be the means of doing an immense good.

If President Harrison lives up to his idea that Congressman who have control of official patronage must be held strictly responsible for the conduct of those whom they recommend, it will have a very healthy effect. It will be at least one reform measure. Heretofore persons have been recommended for office because of their political influence, often without regard to fitness or honesty, for the reason that the member of Congress could secure the influence of the small demagogue, without assuming the least responsibility. We hope President Harrison will stand squarely by the rule.

The Topeka Democrat is perhaps a little off when it says that Congressman Ryan will not hold his seat in Congress four years longer, and would therefore gain largely by accepting the mission to Chilli. We would gladly see Mr. Ryan promoted, if that would be promotion, but certainly he never before stood better with the people than he does to day, and Kansas has already learned the wisdom of keeping good men in Congress without change.

The sugar industry is coming to the fore in Nebraska. An immense sugar manufactory is to be established at Grand Island, which, when ready to run, will represent an outlay of about $500,000. Beets will be used exclusively there in the manufacture of sugar. At first 350 tons will be manufactured daily, but its capacity can be easily increased to 600 tons. The company establishing this industry there are satisfied that the soil and climate there are better suited for the industry than is the case in any of the great sugar manufacturing regions of Europe. Samples sent abroad are pronounced superior. Well cultivated land is said to produce 15 to 20 tons an acre, for which they receive $5 a ton at the factory. Nebraska farmers are jubilant, and the result is awaited with great interest.

Wellhouse & Son of Leavenworth are famed through Kansas for their product of apples, which are shipped all over the West, and especially to Colorado. They have 50,000 trees bearing, and shipped this fall 20,000 bushels, or about 7,000 barrels at $1.80 a barrel. None of these last year went to Colorado, the market there being glutted for the first time. All of Mr. Wellhouse's product went to Leavenworth and Kansas City. This was a slight falling off from 1886 and 1887. In 1885, he sold 15,373 bushels, in 1887, 33,890, and this last fall 50,057. Peter Wellhouse of Wakarusa will plant this spring, in grafts from his brother's orchard in Leavenworth, a half section of land, and another half section in the spring of 1890 The orchard at Leavenworth covers 437 acres. The apples chiefly raised are the Ben Davis, Missouri Pippin, Jonathan, and Winesap. Mr. Wellhouse's success in apple culture has led to the planting of a large acreage in various portion of the State, and the apple product of Kansas will soon be an important feature of the State's production.

After rain follows sunshine. Stop that cough and cure consumption by using
Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY
and you will find the sunshine of health soon following. Two sizes, $1.00 and 50 cents.

Laws Passed.

The following is a list of the most important measures which were passed at the late session of the legislature:

An act to cede jurisdiction to the United States over the territory of the Fort Riley military reservation.

An act to authorise Mutual Fire Insurance companies to provide for a guaranty fund to increase the security of its policy holders.

An act preventing persons from unlawfully wearing the badge of the G. A. R. and the Loyal Legion.

An act to prohibit the mortgaging of exempt personal property without joint consent of husband and wife.

An act accepting a memorial gift from Jane C. Stormont of Topeka for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a state medical library.

Regulating the rate of interest [6 and 10 per cent] prohibiting usury and providing penalties.

Declaring unlawful trusts and combinations a restraint of trade.

Providing for a state inspector of oils.

Enabling irrigation companies to condemn right of way and to take water from any stream in the state.

Dividing the county of Wyandotte into three commissioner districts.

Amending the laws of 1885 providing for the organization and control of mutual fire insurance companies.

An act creating the state soldiers' home.

Establishing a State Industrial School for girls at Beloit.

Providing for the government and maintenance of the State University of Kansas.

Changing the name of Meade Center to Meade.

Making appropriations to pay the several counties of the state the expenses incurred in the maintenance of destitute insane persons for 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, and 1891.

Creating a court of common pleas of Sedgwick county.

An act to provide for and regulate the enforcement of liens for labor and materials and repealing sections of the laws of 1887 and 1872.

Prohibiting the selling, giving or furnishing of tobacco, opium, or other narcotics in any form to minors under 16 years of age.

For the submission of a proposition to amend the constitution of the state of Kansas.

To authorize the city of Holton to issue bonds for aiding Campbell University.

Changing the name of Davis county to Geary.

Making appropriation to pay bounty on sugar manufactured in the state in 1887 and 1888.

Making appropriation for paying Wichita for services in Stevens and Gray counties.

For the relief of destitute soldiers and sailors and their wives, widows and children.

To encourage the erection of mills and the manufacture of sugar, a syrup from sorghum cane, and authorizing township aid and subscription to stock.

Making appropriation for the erection of buildings at Ellsworth for G. A. R. and charitable purposes.

An act relating to mortgages on real property and providing a penalty for commiting waste by removing buildings or other improvements therefrom.

An act providing for the appointment of a state commissioner to the Paris exposition.

The committee of the Illinois State Grange on Co-operation said in their report: "In order to correctly apply co-operative methods, the principles must be practically understood. Hence the great necessity that it be more thoroughly taught in the Subordinate Granges, and the membership impressed with the fact that upon the co-operative work of the members depends the future destiny of our Order, and, to a great extent, the future welfare of American farmers. If we expect to collect the farmers and their families into the Grange organization, to be therein educated to greater usefulness, and to be directed to higher aims and objects in life, members must co-operate and work together in every community for this special object; if we desire to relieve ourselves from unjust burdens, discriminations and errors of any kind it must be done upon this same co-operative principle. Bound together by the same ties, and seeking to accomplish the same end, it is essential that perfect peace and united action exist in our Order."

Shawnee Railroad Taxes.

The following taxes, including Pullman car taxes, are paid by railroad companies having property in Shawnee county:

A., T. & S. F.	$15,096.70
K. C., Topeka & Western	2,643.29
C. K. & N. (Rock Island)	5,619.54
K., N. & D. (Missouri Pacific)	2,393.70
Lawrence, Emporia & Southern	247.00
Union Pacific	5,696.35
Total	$31,696.58

Wm. Roberts, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "Gradual failure of strength, increased pallor or sallowness, and disinclination for exercise is one of the prominent symptoms of kidney disease." Warners Safe Cure is the only remedy that is guaranteed to cure kidney disease.

In discussing the use of Paris green on the Plum Curculio, The American Rural Home says:

Little remains to be said except to congratulate the fruit growers that at last we have at our command an easy means of destroying this very troublesome insect. We will add, however, for the sake of those who are not familiar with the use of Paris-green upon fruit-trees, that the poison is mixed with water in the proportion one pound to one hundred gallons of water, and applied by means of a force-pump furnished with a spray nozzle. The application should be made early in the season, soon after the appearance of the leaves and blossoms, and should be repeated if the poison is soon washed away by rains. Careful experiments have shown that there is practically no danger in the use of poison on fruit-trees in this way, as it is all removed by the summer rains before the fruit matures.

A Missouri Tree Peddler.

The Missouri tree peddler is abroad seeking verdant fields to ply his artful dodges. He finds a green pasture in Lawrence in the winter season. Have you seen him to day?

"Yes, he was at my house," said neighbor G.

"He had a dandy strawberry in a bottle that was as large as the bottom of a glass tumbler and he only asked $3 per dozon for the plants. Think of it, only 25 cents each for strawberry plants."

"But," replied neighbor S, "it is low compared to $2 each for perpetual, ever bearing raspberry plants, that is what a Missouri man sold perpetual fruit for two years ago."

"Hush! you astonish me! What, here in Lawrence, the Athens of Kansas?"

"Yes, sales made all over the city, even on Tennessee street. This latter type of the Missouri raider told his victims that his was the perpetual everbearing red raspberry, that would even bear in the winter season if kept in a green house. One anxious lady carried her precious treasure to Whitcomb, the florist, to grow her some perpetual raspberries, so she could enjoy this lucious fruit in mid winter."

"Well, did it bear any fruit?" "No, it was only the old Turner red raspberry that Smith and all the nurserymen sell for $1.00 per 100."

Go it Missouri, you have been bleeding Kansas in some way or other these many years; but the city is the better place for you to sell paradisical fruits than among the well read farmers, whose agricultural papers keep them posted on the latest dodges of the tree peddling fraternity.

B. F. Smith.

Eat Mutton.

There are three good reasons to be urged in favor of mutton being more largely used.

First, cheapness. If you are not convinced that mutton is cheaper than beef or pork, lay out equal amounts in each and carefully note which give the most food.

Second, quality. It is hard to make this plain in one paragraph, for much of the mutton marketed is of a very inferior quality. But it has been abundantly demonstrated that the same breeding, feeding and care will produce a higher quality of mutton than of pork or beef, reference being had to a single standard. The sheep has a finer, tender carcass than either the hog or the ox, other things being equal.

Third, healthfulness. There is so much disease among swine that he who eats pork must often eat diseased meat. The recent investigations of bovine tuberculosis have shown that the most dreadful disease of the human being is often contracted from the eating of beef. No such charges as these can be brought against mutton. In wholesomeness mutton is without a peer among all the meats. Physicians often prescribe mutton for the sick to whom all other forms of animal food are denied.—[Farmers Call.

Dr. T. Heman Brehmer, an eminent German authority, says: "Consumption is always due to deficient nutrition of the lungs, caused by bad blood." At the Brompton Hospital for consumptives, London, England, a statement has been published that 52 per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. This explains why the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure claim that they have received many testimonials which they have not published, because of the incredulity with which they would be received were it claimed that Warner's Safe Cure cures consumption. But the fact is that if your kidneys be cured and put in a healthy condition they expel the uric acid and poisonous waste matter, and prevent the irritation of the delicate substances of the lungs, thereby removing the cause. When the effect is removed the symptom of kidney disease, which is called consumption, disappears, and with the irriration, which caused it.

Hail and Farewell.

Ex-President Cleveland may be sure that he bears with him into private life an earnest assurance of public respect for the honesty of his purposes, for the patriotism of his impulses and for the cleanliness of his administration. It would be unjust in this hour to deny that his record as president has been courageous, selfrespecting and possessed of a dignity beyond the level of his party. Hail and farewell to you, Mr. Cleveland.

Philadelphia Press.

Read and Run.

Another big find of gold is reported at Michigan.

Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazaar, died March 6th.

A white man is in jail at Buena Vista, Ga., for stealing a bible.

5,000 men are thrown out of work by the dullness of the coal trade.

The great flume at San Diego, Cal., has been completed at a cost of $900,000.

The lace-making industry in France keeps nearly 200,000 women employed.

Mrs. Bradshaw, a woman near Watkinsville, Georgia, is said to be 106 years old.

A burning tunnel on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad caused the loss of $300,000.

The Fall River weavers have decided unanimously to strike unless their wages are advanced.

The chair and bible used at Washington's inauguration will be brought into use again on the celebration at New York, April 30.

Winifred, daughter and eldest child of W. D. Howells, the novelist, died at Merchantville, near Philadelphia, Saturday.

Mrs. E. B. Foster of Waterville, Maine, went out to secure a physician for her husband, was taken ill and died at the doctor's door.

In former years squashes have sold for $25 a ton. They are now sellihg for $85 a ton in Boston.

The great expense incurred in the Parnell investigation has made it compulsory for the London Times to pass its dividends this year.

An owl at Weare, N. H., recently attacked and killed a cat. The bird was afterwards captured, and measured six feet from tip to tip.

In places in Vermont where snow is plentiful instead of breaking up the roads with a snow plough, they roll the snow down solid with a heavy roller.

A sheep on a farm at Tuscola, Ill., was imprisoned beneath a straw stack for sixty-six days, and, though compelled to fast during this time, is still thriving.

More electric lights are said to be used in John Wanamaker's great store at Philadelphia, than any other building in the world. There are more than 400 arc lights.

It is probable that, while Massachusetts is the first state to adopt the Australian ballot system, because of its earlier election, Rhode Island will be the first to practice it.

"There is one point in this Oklahoma matter that has not been sufficiently emphasized," said a wealthy farmer from southern Kansas who happened to be in the city yesterday. "The opening of the Oklahoma country will be of immense benefit to Kansas, just as the cultivation of Kansas was of benefit to Nebraska. When Kansas began to be generally cultivated the hot winds that had been such a curse in Kansas almost ceased. Now, in my opinion, the settlement of Oklahoma will have a similar effect on Kansas, and as the country grows, droughts and hot winds will become less frequent.—Exchange.

Gilt-Edge Butter.

The writer, having made and handled a good deal of what is termed gilt-edged butter, gives below a description of the process of making this desirable but very scarce article of food. The milk is taken, immediately after being drawn from the cow, to the creamery. Here the cream is separated by means of a centrifugal separator while it still contains the animal heat, and immediately cooled down to 60 degrees and left to ripen. This usually takes about twenty-four hours. It is then churned in a revolving six-sided churn. When the butter separates from the buttermilk and collects in granules about the size of wheat grains, the churn is stopped and the buttermilk is drawn off, and water enough put in to float the butter nicely. The churn is again started. After it is run a few minutes it is again stopped, the water drawn off and more applied. This is done three times. The last time the water will remain perfectly clear. The salt is then applied—an ounce of salt to the pound of butter—and the churn is allowed to revolve slowly for fifteen minutes. The butter is then taken out and packed ready for market. In winter about ten pounds of best granulated sugar is mixed with the salt for every hundred pounds of butter, to help the flavor. —[C. B. C. Dunlap, in Indiana Farmer.

The Brompton Hospital for consumptives, London, England, published a statement that 52 per cent. of the patients in that institution had unsuspected kidney disease Every drop of blood in the system passes thousands of times through the lungs in each 24 hours. The same blood passes through the kidneys for purification. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition or able to expel the poisonous or waste matter the acids return to the delicate tissues of the lungs and produce irritation, which results in the symptoms of what is known as consumption. This explains why 52 per cent. of the consumptive patients have unsuspected kidney disorder. Warner's Safe Cure puts the kidneys in a healthy condition taking the acids from the blood which vitiate the lungs and cause consumption.

Extraordinary License.

"It seems to me," remarked one of our citizens the other day, "that physicians are allowed extraordinary license in the manner in which they juggle with the welfare of their patients."

"Now here is Dr.——who was attending Mr.——up to the time of his death, and if he treated him for one thing he treated him for a dozen different disorders. First the doctor said pneumonia was the trouble; then it was consumption. Then the patient was dosed for heart trouble, and so on until just before he died it was ascertained that disease of the kidneys was the real trouble, and that which had been at first treated as pneumonia, consumption, heart disease, etc., were but the symptoms of kidney disease.

"But then it was too late.

"This is only one case in a hundred, and I am beginning to lose faith in the doctors altogether. In fact I haven't had any need for their services since I began to keep Warner's Safe Cure in my house, a little over three years ago. Whenever I feel a little out of sorts I take a few doses of it, confident that the source of all disease is in the kidneys, which I know Warner's Safe Cure will keep in good order, and will eradicate any disease that may be lurking there. Had Mr.——followed a similar course, I have no doubt that he would be alive today; but of course all people don't think alike.

"One thing is certain, however, and that is the doctors are allowed a little too much freedom in the way they have of pretending to know that which they really know nothing about. If they don't know what is the real trouble with the patient, they should admit it and not go on and experiment at the cost of the patient's life."

Twenty-three thousand seven hundred and sixteen pensioners were paid at the Topeka agency last week, and $806,553.81 was disbursed. There yet remain about 12,000 pensioners to be paid this month, who will receive nearly half a million dollars more.

Indiana has enacted the so called Australian system of voting, which makes it the third state on that line, Massachusetts having been the first and Rhode Island second. Indiana has also a law which provides for the purchase of school books from the lowest and best bidder, these books to be supplied to pupils at cost.

The Black Walnut.

An exchange has fallen in love with the black walnut and urges the people to plant young trees of this variety. It says:

Every land owner should plant the black walnut. It is the most valuable of trees. No tree can nearly approach it in yearly future. Professor Brown, of Ontario, estimates from an experience of his own that an acre planted with this tree may in fifty years produce a value of $13,350. Professor Beale from his experience thought this estimate too low. Think of a mean annual income of $325 from an acre of trees the planting of which could be done for less than $50. At least every waste piece, especially if the soil is rich, should be planted with black walnut. It is a sturdy handsome, vigorous tree, easily grown, because no animal and only one insect feed on it. The white walnut, or butternut, is also a good thing to plant. The black walnut has a transcendent value but little known, which is that the fine European walnut grows finely on it, either stock or top grafted. The hardier varieties of this finest of all nuts from the north of Europe should succeed top grafted on this hardy stock in the middle and western States.

Women may practice as physicians in Russia, but they are allowed to attend only on adults of their own sex and children of both sexes. Little by little the doors are opening.

A law recently passed by the Connecticut legislature provides the owner of tresspassing hens and chickens, after written warning, shall, upon complaint, in each case of tresspass, be fined not more than $7.

West Virginia has three governors until the court settles the disputes. Gov. Wilson is the present incumbent, and Nathan Goff, Republican, and R. H. Fair, Union Labor, both took the oath of office of governor, March 4th.

People who live in the famine districts of China subsist on a mixture of grain, chaff, and wheat sprouts, and sometimes upon the fresh blades of the grain planted last autumn. The destitute number more than a million.

Warner's Log Cabin Remedies—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise
Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

Western Farm News.

Cattle and horses require more than usual care in this month of high winds and sudden changes; they are just as likely to suffer in these trying seasons as men, and must be sheltered and protected, and fed rather more generously in order to carry them through in good shape.

To rid hens of lice, make a box 4 x 2 feet by 10 inches deep; fill about three-fourths full of wood-ashes, and then add one gallon of dry salt and a pint of sulphur powder, and mix thoroughly. If the fowls have much vermin, it will be necessary to replenish the box every few days, but they will soon rid themselves of the lice, and the box will not need to be supp ied with ashes more than once a month. A few handfuls of the mixture scattered in the nests, will greatly aid the extermination of the vermin.

Every paper in the United States ought to keep the fact before its readers that burnt corn is a cure for hog cholera. The best way is to take a pile of corn and effectually scorch it and give the hogs free access to it. This remedy was discovered by E. E. Dake, at the time his distillery was burnt in Lewiston, Ills., together with a lot of stored corn, which was so badly injured as to be unfit for use. It was greedily eaten by the hogs, several of which were dying daily. After the second day not a single hog was lost, and the disease entirely disappeared. The remedy has been tried in a number of cases since, and has never failed.—Ex.

Kansas Poultry Association.

The Kansas Poultry Association was organized at Wichita, on the 20 th of last month.

Representatives of the poultry and pet stock breeders from all parts of the state were present, and a permanent organization was effected with the following officers: President John C. Snyder, Constant; Vice-Presidents, C. T. Mulky, Garden plain N. R. Nye, Leavenworth; James Elliot, Enterprise; Secretary, Horace J. Newberry, Topeka; Treasurer, H. M. Keagy, Wellington; Executive Committee, T. W. Hithcock, Greenleaf; W. G. M. Connell, Wichita; S. L. Barrier, Eureka: and the officers above named.

The matter of a place for holding the annual exhibition for 1889, will be decided by the executive committee.

The interest in the breeding of high grades of poultry throughout the state of Kansas, was never greater than at present, and it is the determination of this association to make Kansas the leading poultry state of the Union. There are over two hundred breeders of fine poultry in Kansas.

All breeders and others interested in Kansas and other adjoining states are invited to join the association by sending one dollar to the secretary.

We are told by expert buttermakers to stop the churn when the butter is in the granulary form, while cream of said churning has been gathered from two or three dozen patrons, and perhaps not two of them have cream exactly alike. In the first place, milk must differ according to the different kind of cows, their feed, care, length of time they have been milked, etc. Then, again, cream differs according to the different temperatures at which it is raised, and according to the temperatures at which it is kept in the cream pail waiting for the cream-gatherer. How this mixed mass can be ripened so as all to break at exactly the same time is not clear to me. And if we stop the churn while the butter is at its first stage of the granulary form, is it not more than likely that a portion of the cream passes off with the buttermilk, which only wanted a little more churning to make it break?

R. S. ROSS, WILMONT, D. T.

[Mr. Ross has touched the weak point in the cream-gathering system—a point which we have drawn attention to several times; yet the trouble is not so bad as it may appear at first sight. Experiments have shown that though the butter-yield may be increased by churning the cream of individual cows, that the increase is not enough to pay for the extra trouble; and as to the other varying conditions of the cows, a 12 or 18 hours, ripening of the cream "in one mass" before churning seems to practically solve the problem. But in order to get the chance of giving this ripening and yet retain the necessary freshness, it is highly important that the creamery should receive the cream as sweet and as uniform as possible, and this is done by all the patrons using the same cans and the same temperatures in the water. The latter can be done with ice, and until our gathered creameries insist on their patrons using ice their butter will, with very few exceptions, be sold lower than gathered milk factories. But even as it is, with cream received in varying conditions and quality, 12 hours ripening in one vat will put it in condition to churn out pretty clean.]—DAIRY WORLD.

A Prominent physician was seen buying a barrel of onions, and being guyed about his purchase, said: "I always have boiled onions for dinner for the benefit of my children. I like onions, too. They are the best medicine I know of for preventing colds. Feed onions, raw, boiled or baked, to the children, three or four times a week, and they'll grow up healthy and strong. No worms, no scarlatina, no diphtheria, where children eat plenty of onions every day.—Buffalo Express.

Intelligent Fruit Growing.

Western Rural and American Stockman.

Fruit will not grow and achieve the best success any more than other crops will grow unless given intelligent attention. It requires thought, and as one prominent practical writer puts it, it requires common sense to begin with. Every man who owns a fruit tree should make the growing of that kind of fruit something of a study. It is in accordance with this that we so often urge farmers to attend the horticultural meetings. Every farmer ought to be a successful fruit grower, to some extent. He can find some varieties that he can cultivate with success, if he will try. But it will not do to shut his eyes and go it blind. Often an orchard is planted where it never would be planted if the work was done intelligently. The land for an orchard site ought to be either naturally or artificially drained. The vast majority of people know this. Yet how many orchardists are planting on wet lands. Sometimes this is the result of ignorance, but oftner of carelessness. It may be that a farmer has no suitable site for an orchard, or at least not one that is naturally suited.

Under such cirucmstances it is certainly not wise to embark in fruit growing to any great extent, and in fact to no extent, unless the land can be prepared for the purpose. Clay land is better for orchards than land that is very rich in vegetable matter. Sometimes flat wet lands are prepared for orchards with reputed success in the following way: The ground is plowed in narrow lands, and is back furrowed where the trees are to be planted. The earth is rigged as much as possible. The trees are planted on the plowed land, and the earth from the dead furrows is thrown up around the roots, making a mound. This makes the tree firm. Every time the ground is cultivated the earth is worked toward the trees, and the dead furrows are kept open. When the trees reach a bearing age they stand several feet above the bottom of the dead furrows. Some of the most successful orchards to the country have been planted in this way. It is a simple way of surface drainage.

Prevent Horns.

Suppose a way should be discovered to make any calf grow hornless at an expense say one per cent for 100 calves? That is what we are coming to, and it seems to be here even now. Mr. C. H. Kelley, of Bremer, Iowa, reports to us that a single application of caustic potash prevents the growth of the horn. Caustic potash is simply the pure potash. Get a nickel stick at the drug-store and keep it in a bottle so that it will not air slack. When the calf makes its arrival determine whether you want it to be horned or hornless. If you have no use for horns (the calf itself will never have any use for horns) then take your stick of potash (wrapped up in paper) in one hand, take the calf between your knees, wet the hair of the horn spot, rub the end of the potash well on these spots, let the bossy go, and it will grow up a polled Jersey, polled Shorthorn, polled whatever it is.—Bennett, in Bremer Republican.

WHEW! Creamery butter forty one cents, [41.] per poumd, last Monday, in Elgin, and active at that:—and what is worse, more than half the cows of the country dry or drying, fast; and a big world full of stupid, faithless dairymen looking at the cow's empty dugs, and wondering whether there is anything in this "craze," for winter dairying?

HOARD'S DAIRYMAN.

The above was written when the Elgin market was unnaturally excited at 41 cents, but we think that even 35 cents should be enough to make those Dairymen who neglected to "keep up the flow of milk," feel like kicking themselves.

Learning by Experience.

Much as we admire the farmer who has succeeded by dint of earnest effort and a constant adversity, and valuable as his experience is to him, he is too often the very man who scoffs at every attempt that is made in a different direction than that by which he reached his present position. Too often is he heard to express himself thus: "I got my experience by hard knocks, and it is the only way to learn. What I know I know, and you must learn in the same way I did." Not infrequently a review of his experience shows that with all his boasted wisdom he has been more blind than the much-talked-of colt that jumped the fence when the gate was open. Instead of learning by experience of others, he has spent years of time and labor in expensive experiments upon matters that had been decided before he began. Had he only opened his eyes to the success and failures of others, had he only been willing to acknowledge that other people's experience was valuable, he could have avoided much waste of useful time and material. It is right to learn by experience, but do not fail to profit by the experience of others.—National Stockman.

To preserve eggs try the following: To each pailful of water add two pints of fresh slacked lime and one pint of common salt; mix well. Fill your barrels half full with this fluid, put your eggs down in it any time after June, and they will keep two years if desired.

An old farmer who has lived in Leavenworth county for nearly a century says that as soon as spring comes his advice to farmers is to get ground ready for planting at the earliest possible moment and get planting done quickly in order that harvest may be over before the hot winds that will surely follow the present open winter. He said: "all crops that are not early will be burned as sure as they are late."—

THE JERSEY farmers are meeting with much opposition from the retailer and other dealers in carrying out their plan to build a public market in Newark, and dispose of their produce themselves without the aid of middlemen. They must have expected this trouble, but it should not deter them from carrying out their scheme, which is a good one, if properly conducted. If they succeed in this plan, other farmers in other states will undoubtedly follow in the same line, and good be reaped. They have a right that cannot be disputed to dispose of their products in whatever place and manner will secure to them the most profit and, by direct dealing, both producer and consumer should be benefited.

Prof. Blake says that Kansas will raise about 65,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1889, and it will bring nearly $1.50 per bushel. The total acreage is five times that of last year, and the warm weather of fall and winter has been conducive of an excellent stand. "Kansas," says he, "will raise more crops and get more money for them in 1889 than any previous year of its history." He predicts a wet season and a bountiful crop of corn and oats in addition to an immense yield of wheat.

The friends of Oklahoma in Caldwell have presented Congressman Perkins with a gold-headed cane. They would like to cane Senator Plumb too, but not in that way.

Corn Planting.

There has been much said in newspapers about planting 90 day corn for a crop. It is my opinion that 90 day corn will do very well if you want a patch of early feed, or to plant late in June for fodder. For the latter purpose, however, I prefer sweet corn, as it comes on earlier, produces more foliage and is much richer both for early and late feed.

The "several plantings" plan has also found many advocates. I think the better plan is to begin planting as early as the ground becomes warm enough. Select seed corn that will mature in about 110 days and to every bushel add one quart of corn of a variety that will mature about 10 days later. This gives you two chances for a crop. If perchance the first tassles that come out are killed and the first silk dries up by the time the latter variety throws out its tassles, and there falls a shower, the earlier variety will trhow out new silk and be ready to receive pollen from the fresh tassles of the later variety. I sometimes plant three varieties at the same time and have always succeeded in raising some corn.

As for listing, I think it is all right You get your corn down deep into the ground and can tend it without disturbing the roots and when the ground is worked down to a level you may call your corn "laid by." What rain falls will go to the roots of the corn, just where it is needed, every time. List your corn east and west, for by so doing you make it self-protecting, while if you list it north and south the wind will drive through the rows and injure the whole field, but if planted east and west only a few rows will be damaged by the wind.

The above are a few views of a practical farmer. A. HOLLINGSWORTH.

The Farmers' Institute of Sumner county is not in favor of the "northern 90 day" corn. Experience is the best guide in these matters, if farmers can only be induced to make public what they know. Would it not be well for the farmers of Cowley county to meet again, compare notes and let the public have their views on the question of early and late corn? We are satisfied there are many things yet to be learned about Kansas farming.—Winfield Tribune.

Night Flowers.

There are some flowers that never see the sun. One of the most curious is the evening primrose. About six o'clock it suddenly bursts open, with a slight popping sound.

If you watch that pretty flower, and listen, you can hear this strange performance.

This is why it does so. The little calyx holds the petals in such a way that the moment it turns back they are let loose. At once it bursts out into a full flower, with this funny noise, like a pop-gun.

So the night-blooming cereus blossoms in the night, giving out its sweet fragrance, and then dies. Just think of never seeing the sun at all.

In a far Eastern country there is a kind of jasmine called the "sorrowful tree." It droops as if sick in the daytime, and at night grows fresh and bright. It opens its lovely flowers with a very pleasant odor till morning, and then wilts and looks wretched again.—Our Little Ones.

How to Build a House.

We have just received from the publisher a neat, new book, with the above title, containing plans and specifications for twenty-five houses of all sizes, from two rooms up; also, engravings showing the appearance of houses built from the plans given.

In addition, it has valuble information of permanent and practical value on subjects relative to building and building contracts, that cannot fail to be of value to those who intend to build, and it will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE, the Publisher, 57 Rose Street, New York.

From Pig to Pork.

F. H. Zimmerman before the Chester County Farmers' Institute.

I cannot find words strong enough to inpress upon your minds the profit of hauling your grain to market in a different form from the one most of you use at present; and I know of no better, easier or more profitable way than in hogs.

The raising and fattening of hogs is the best paying live stock investment in the world. This is not only so in the United States, but in all other countries. There is no country blessed with a better climate or soil for the production of corn—the cereal that makes the hog—than the United States. What the farmers of Custer county want is a good stock of hogs, and after that you want to stay with them. No matter what the price of corn is, or the price of hogs, stay with them and they will stay with you.

Don't get disgusted with corn raising because prices are low at present, but stay with the corn and hogs. Do more chores and less and better farming, and you cannot help but prosper in the great corn county of Custer.

From the time a pig is four weeks old it needs, wants and must have something better than the mother's milk if you want it to do well. It is not only an advantage to the pig itself, but to its mother, as the food and care you give it is a great relief to the mother and tends to keep her in a more vigorous and stronger condition.

I raised over 300 pigs last year—April pigs. From the time they were 4 weeks old I fed as follows: Ground corn, or ground oats and corn, mixed with milk and water, and I fed them in a pen where the larger ones could not get. When they were 10 weeks old I weaned them and fed them, as before, on the ground food, also giving them soaked corn until sweet corn was fit to feed then I fed it, also boiled pumpkins, squashes, potatoes, etc. In September, October and November I boiled feed but once a week, but fed them all the corn they could eat, and kept them in a lot by themselves, with plenty of shade, shelter and fresh water. I weighed one with the following results: October 5, 155 pounds; October 19, 182 pounds, a gain of 27 pounds in 15 days; October 26, 197 pounds, a gain of 15 pounds in 7 days; November 3, 213 pounds, a gain of 16 pounds in 6 days; November 18, 245 pounds, a gain of 32 pounds in 15 days; December 2, 267 pounds, a gain of 22 pounds in 14 days; January 1, 306 pounds, a gain of 38 pounds in 30 days; January 20, 321 pounds, a gain of 15 pounds in 19 days. I also weighed two August pigs January 30, one weighed 114 pounds and the other 120 pounds.

By keeping account I found that one bushel of corn made thirteen pounds of meat.

I have 160 September, October and November and December pigs that I feed as follows: Every morning I make about two-thirds of a barrel of mush out of ground corn. I stir the meal in boiling water, and then let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes. I also put in one and one-half pints of ground flax seed, and a bucketful of mashed potatoes. After putting it in the barrel I mix two or three buckets of milk and what swill we have with it. I feed it to them warm and in a place where the larger pigs cannot go.

I teach small pigs to eat when 3 or 4 weeks old, by putting a low trough near where their mother's camping ground is. There I fix a pen so larger pigs cannot get in. It is some trouble to teach them, but it is of short duration, as they soon learn and then follow you wherever you go with the bucket. It is time well spent.

I have a warm place for my pigs to sleep, and have it fixed so the larges ones cannot lie upon the smaller ones. This winter I have lost but two pigs in this way, and that was my own fault, because I did not give them sufficient bedding. Give all your hogs, as well as your pigs, plenty of bedding, so that they can put their noses under it and they will not pile up enough to kill any. But you should clean out their sleeping places at least twice a month.

Feed your pigs, as well as your larger hogs, plenty of salt and ashes; also mix ashes and sulphur and feed it to them at least once a month. Be sure and throw your ashes in your hog lot or pen, no difference what you burn.

Should your pigs get to coughing give them three or four spoonsful of sulphuric acid to a bucket of swill, which will stop the cough in a few days.

Crowd your pigs "from the word go," or from the time you commence feeding them, when they are three or four weeks old, until you can turn them off for pork, and you cannot help but make money on them.

Care and Treatment of Brood Sows—Never breed a sow until she is nine months old, and twelve is better. A sow well cared for from the time she is four weeks old until she attains the age of nine months, can be bred with a considerable degree of success at that age; yet it would be better if she was not bred until she was twelve months old. One not well cared for should not be bred until she is fourteen months old. Those bred at six, eight, or even nine months, get more or less stunted, and the result is that the pigs, as well as herself, will not mature so early. A sow only nine months old has attained only two-thirds of her natural growth. That being the case, how can you expect her to give you a litter of strong and well developed pigs?

The general result of breeding so young I have been found to be as follows:

First—The sow never gets as large, almost invariably will be found harder to keep, and it takes her two months to regain what she lost by suckling five or six pigs.

Second—The pigs will not have as strong constitution and take longer to mature.

Third—When you sell your sow and pigs you will find that they fall short in weight, in spite of the fact that you have fed them two or three months longer than you would have been required had your sow been from two to four months older.

Select only the best, and stand by them, and you will find that you are the possessor of a herd of hogs that will make you money, let corn and hogs be high or low.

There are only two things that can prevent you from making money, and they are an utter neglect on your part to properly care for your hogs, or disease among your herd.

Keep sows in good condition, especially while they are suckling pigs. In the spring and summer see that they have something better than corn, such as grass, clover or oats. Fix a pasture of some kind for them if you haven't one already. Buffalo grass is much better for them than blue joint, and they like it better. See that they have a good wallowing place. Do not shut them up in a dirty little pen and leave them for hours without food and water, because you have no time as you say or think. Take time, for you have nothing on your place that pays you better to look after than your brood of sows. Do less farming and you will prosper better. I know it to be so. I am speaking from experience.

Do not pen your pigs when you wean them. A better plan is to pen up the sows and let the pigs run at large, after they know their feeding place as they can do very little damage.

The coyote is the worst enemy we have to contend with. I think the best way to prevent the coyotes from carrying off pigs is to put all your sows and pigs in a lot together. Then they seem to be too much for Mr. Coyote.

When the pigs are from three to four weeks old I feed the sows all the corn they can eat. I also feed them oats and see that they have plenty of green food, but in autumn I feed them slop and boiled pumpkins, squashes and watermelons, etc. I mix ground corn and oats with the boiled stuff, and about a handful of ground flax seed to the bucketful of slop. Do not fail to keep flax seed on hand to feed your pigs, both young and old. If you have no way to grind it, or cannot buy it already ground boil it into a jelly and put a half pint of it into a bucketful of slop. If a sow has fever you cannot feed her anything better than flax seed prepared as I have said. I use flax seed because it is about as cheap as oil cake would be shipped here from Omaha, and much better.

Boston Cooking School.

Veal Pie.

Wipe a knuckle of veal, cover with hot water, and cook until tender. To the broth add 1 small onion cut fine, 2 slices of carrot, 1 bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, and 1 teaspoon of salt. Boil until reduced to 1 qt. Cut the meat into small pieces, and put into a baking dish. Melt 4 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour, and pour on slowly the hot liquor. Add ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ saltspoon pepper. Strain and pour over the meat. When cold cover with crust and bake 1 hour.

The juice should be cold, if hot it will soak into the crust. Put the crust on thick, and full it on as it is liable to slip. The crust may be decorated in any preferred way. It should bake in rather a slow oven. Beefsteak pie can be made in the same way, substituting cheap beef for the veal.

Chopped Paste.

Chop 1 pt. flour and 1 cup butter and ½ teaspoon salt together. Add enough cold water to make a stiff dough. Roll out and roll up' and keep in a cold place until ready to use.

If this paste is wrapped in a napkin when made, it will keep well several days without becoming crusty on the outside.

Peach Pie.

Line a plate with paste. Fill with peaches. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in a hot oven ½ hour. When cold cover with whipped cream.

Instead of cream, meringue may be used with top crust. Canned peaches are sometimes stewed and sifted before using.

Raised Waffles.

Scald 1¾ cups milk, add ½ teaspoonful salt and ½ tablespoonful butter. When cool add ¼ cup yeast and 1 pint flour. Beat well and rise. Then add 2 eggs beaten separately. Bake in waffle irons. Raise over night. The waffle irons are usually hot enough to turn at once. The irons must be kept perfectly clean. Pastry flour should be used, and the waffles served as soon as cooked. Those who prefer waffles made of baking powder should follow this rule.

Never Strike At A Bee.

About thirty-eight or forty years ago, when I was eight to ten years old I have been used to bees from childhood), I held up a leafy bush for the swarm to cluster on, while tin pans, bells and two sea-shell horns were making the sweet music of bygone days to induce the bees to cluster. After circling around about the usual time, a prime swarm began to light on the stem of my bush, on a level with my head, and as the cluster call sounded the bees poured in all over my shoulders. Then my hat brim dropped down over my face. I dropped my bush, took off my hat and laid it on the bush, and moved out pretty quickly with a pint or so of bees on my arms and shoulders. I do not think I got a sting, but the swarm clustered on my old hat. Moral: Never strike a bee.—PACIFIC FARMER.

Keep A Record.

It is certainly much to be regretted that so few farmers keep accurate records of their operations. A double loss results to themselves and to the public. It is an absolute loss to any man to have no actual knowledge of his business affairs, based upon recorded facts. And it is a public loss to have no accurate record of the results of the most important industry of the country, being that upon which the prosperity of all others is found to depend.

No eggs need be expected if the poultry house is not made comfortably warm for the winter.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subcriber 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 uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

SECRETARIES WHITNEY and Fairchild. Senator Gray, and Representative Sowden were classmates at Harvard.

PRINCE AZEXANDER of Battenburg has been principally occupied during the last two years in writing an elaborte history of his seven years reign in Bulgaria.

CORA LEE, Mrs. Molloy's adopted daughter, did not commit suicide as was reported some time ago. She is alive and well and employed in the telephone exchange at Omaha.

RECORD was recently made of the death of Senorita Castelar, sister of the well-known Spanish statesman. She was 73 years old and had presided over her brother's home for many years.

SIR MOREL MACKENZIE has been offered £6,000, with £500 additional for his son, to go out to America for the purpose of selecting a spot for a sanitarium. This offer was declined.

THE noted rifle shot, Dr. Carver, said in a recent interview that he began killing buffalo for the market in 1867, and during 1874 his record was 5,500 head, the greatest number he ever killed in one year.

CONCERNING the report that he had given a big slice of his fortune to the Baptist university project John D. Rockefeller says: "The story is false. I have not given $20,000, or $100,000,000, or $100,000, or any sum for that purpose."

SINCE J. Q. A. Brackett became lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts he has only been once present at a session of the legislature and that was when he was showing a friend through the state house and stumbled into the senate chamber before adjournment by mistake.

LE CARON, the Irish informer, is guarded by five detectives. A bystander said to him the other day: "You will take a good deal of guarding." "I have carried my life in my hands for twenty-five years," was the reply. "Do you suppose I am afraid of these fellows now?"

MRS. LIVERMORE says her husband is a republican while she is a prohibitionist; he is a protectionist a she a free-trader; he has a pew in one church she in another; he is a doctor, she another; and yet they are happy and harmonious and never dream of quarreling.

FAIRLY well settled in life. Valerie, archduchess of Austria, and Franz Salvator, archduke and half-brother of the grand duke of Tuscany, will be when they get married. The bride's fortune is a round $1,000,000; parliament adds $250,000, and papa Francis Joseph gives $50,000 a year as long as they live.

SARAH BERNHARDT has one great claim to celebrity aside from her fame as an actress. Women owe to her the introduction of thirty-two button gloves, of empire dresses, directoire sashes, and the revival of the long boa, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. She has set the fashion for Theodoria hairpins and Tosca hats and has, in fact, wielding an influence over the world of dress beyond that exercised by any other woman in the world since the days of the Empress Eugenie.

J. B. HAGGIN of California, the owner of the Anaconda copper mine, owns a number of other mines—the Homestake gold mine at Deadwood, the Tip-Top silver mine in Arizona and the Standard and Noonday mines at Bodie, Cal. He is also the chief stockholder in the Wells, Fargo & Co. Express Company, and of the bank in the same name. He likewise owns immense ranches in California and is the greatest of American race-horse owners. He is a lawyer by profession. His nativity is not known.

BY the will of the late Henry Mott of Arlington, the following public bequests are made: To the superintendent of the Arlington Orthodox Sunday school, $500 in trust, to be used for the best interests of the school; to the town of Arlington $5,000 for the use of the public library; $1,000 in trust to be paid over one year after death to the treasurer of the Home Missionary Society of New York; to the American Missionary Association, $1,000; to the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, $500; to the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society all the residue of the estate after paying the other bequests made. Mr. Edwin B. Lane of Arlington is named as the executor of the will.

A BATTLE ON CANVAS.

PAINTING A PANORAMA—HOW A GREAT PICTURE IS CONCEIVED AND MADE.

Brilliant Work of a Corps of German Artists—An Historical Painting—The Storming of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

Panoramas are popularly presumed to have originated in Itally in representing views from mountain peaks, drawn as if projected on a cylinder, afterward cut open and unrolled. One of the first exhibited in America was "The Ascent of Mt. Blanc," brought from England by Albert Smith. The late John E. Owens formed a great fancy for Smith and traveled with him during his first tour through this country over forty years ago. Smith then leaving the country, Owens, having memorized the descriptive lecture, had a panorama constructed to fit it, just as a modern playright builds about a farmyard ("Little Sinner"), a fire engine ("Still alarm") or a water tank ("A Dark Secret"). That accomplished artist, Joseph Jefferson, is the possessor of a panorama of "The Holy Land" painted by Telbin, an English artist, that has for years been concealed with his other antiquities, Bauvard's "Panorama of the Mississippi" was first unrolled to the public over thirty-five years ago and it covered three miles of canvas and took hours to reel off the beauties of the queen of rivers and the picturesqueness and novelty of rather a flat scene met the hearty approval of the public. R. E. J. Miles, the well known theatrical manager, once deserted his "Mazeppa" to lecture with a panorama of the war. Sam Gulick, a Bohemian, whose studio was for years located at Cincinnati, was the author of the panoramic productions: "The Zones," "Dante's Inferno," "Rhineland" and others. David porter, now in San Francisco, stocked the country with "Hibernicons" that with song and dance attachment was popular and profitable in the rural districts in calling attention to suffering Ireland. The spectacular paintings, "The Fall of Babylon" and "Rome Under Nero" were the works of Rettig.

The roller panorama is comparatively modern but its career was destined to be brief. It gave rise to or revived an infinitely better and more instructive and valuable exemplar in the present cyclorama. History credits Robert Barker, a Scotch artist, with the invention of the circular panorama, he having exhibited in Edinburgh that city's panoramic reflection in 1788, it being followed in sucession with a view of London, sea fights, etc. The old roller panorama carried the spectator upon a long voyage, and from the steamer's deck on which the audience were supposed to view a succession of scenes, something like a Phillips or Stoddard lecture. The present cyclorama provides the spectator with an elevated position in the center of a fixed landscape that has been made memorable by some historical event. At the first view of the spectator the cyclorama seems to be a mystery. Surely he thinks there must be some wonderful secret known only to the painter in this illusion.

In the autumn of 1884 the distinguished German artist, Eugene Bracht, with a corps of artists from Berlin, Germany, visited this country with a view of placing on canvas the memorable and fiercely fought battles of Missionary ridge and Lookout mountain. Accompanied by a corps of photographers secured in New York they went directly to Chattanooga, Tenn., where a studio some forty feet in length was erected on Orchard knob, a hill overlooking the entire field where General Grant had established his headquarters to observe the assault on the ridge. Here several weeks were spent gathering material, making sketches of the landscape and using the information to be derived from local surveys on file in Chattanooga. Reports and maps of both union and confederate generals were examined and compared and a hundred accounts of the battle analyzed, the scenic possibilities studied, the spirit of the scene twenty-one years before being caught in the imaginations of the artists and the foundation laid for a composition in which the actors and elements of that historic battle could be fitted to the valleys, slopes, ridges, ravines and summit of that matchless spot.

While Prof. Bracht was thus planning the grand ensemble and studying the landscape other artists were working in a different field. Carl Roechling and George Koch, figure painters, were traveling about the country, one in the north and the other in the south, studying types of soldier faces from both armies and gathering garments of blue and gray which had been worn in the line of battle. The preliminary arrangements having all been completed the artists assembled at Washington to consult the maps and plans of this ever memorable campaign on file in the war department, and after this was completed they left for Berlin, Germany, where was to be put on canvas the finest and most realistic battle painting ever exhibited to the public.

During the absence of the artists in America workmen had been engaged in erecting an immense building of iron at Berlin in which was to be put up the canvas ready for the artists' brush. The requirements for perfect work in this direction are various. There must be, first, what is called in Germany a campaign painter—a painter of battle pictures—who must be able to make a composition that will harmonize; who can bring the sketches together so there is no break in the harmony at any point of the circle. There must be a landscape painter who is not only skillful with the brush, but who must especially be the master of perspective. There must be a man fond of detail to put the elaborate work on guns and accountrements. There must be an artist to make special portraits. An animal painter is another requirement, one who is master of action and attitude of the horse.

The cyclorama must first be planned. The artist in chief makes a rough sketch showing how the various portions of the battle field are to be brought and blended together; this is followed by a more careful drawing of the outlines of the whole painting in India ind, these sketches being fastened together inside of a cylinder, forming a miniature but complete image of the cyclorama. Careful attention must be paid to the topography of the country, the positions of the various commands of troops, the relations of the assaulting lines, camps, etc. This design having been completed it is divided into 100 squares, each of which is exactly one-tenth the space its contents are to occupy upon the canvas. These squares are then numbered and photographed and at night the negatives placed in a camera obscura and their outlines thrown upon a stretcher, enlarged to fill the allotted space. The artist then with charcoal crayons fixes upon the canvas the lines which there appear in bold relief. In two weeks' time these 100 squares have been transferred to the 22,000 square yards of canvas. The artist then fills out the squares in landscape and then begins the scenes of action, the life of the battlefield, its spirit and its death. Lookout mountain grows under the artists brush and the straggling village of Chattanooga is painted from an old sketch. Orchard Knob, the ridge, the river are painted as it were from life The foliage of the trees, the setting sun and the tints of autumn of the mountainous Tennessee. For months the artist in figures, faces and animals has been busy. There are wooden models of cannon and horses, uniforms, saddles, tattered flags, swards, muskets and all the paraphernalia of war scattered about the studio to aid him in his work. Thus the work goes on for weeks and finally all the squares are filled and at last the monster canvas seems to hold upon its surface a living scene.

The painting completed, which required the service of three leading artists and ten assistants, a little over ten months to complete it ready for shipment.

And what an excellent work! The simple covering of such a piece of canvas with landscape is an arduous task to perform in itself, but animate this immense space with thousands of busy figures, some apparently but a hundred feet distant, others miles away; some below the line of vision, others high above, and all producing an harmonious life like representation, is a labor which to be appreciated must be understood.

The actors and the action are those of the memorable days, November 24 and 25, 1863. Grant is there, Sheridan is there, Sherman is there, Howard, Hooker, Hazen, Turchin, Martin, Boynton, Wood, the Smiths, McClurg, Loomis, Davis, McCook, Crook, Carl Schurz, Williams, Geary, Osterhause, Ewing, are all there, just where they were with their commands.

The canvas being completed in its entirety, the nobility and prominent personages, residents of Berlin, were, on invitations of Prof. Bracht, invited to a private view of the canvas as it hung in the studio and many were the commendations of praise given the work by both the press and nobility of the German capital.

Then commenced the work of preparing the canvas for shipment to Kansas City. A roller fifty-five feet long and three feet in diameter was attached perpendicularly to the tallest of the movable structures and the canvas slowly rolled upon it by means of block and tackle and a crank, the car supporting it being moved upon the rails of an improvised railway as fast as was necessary. The picture was safely incased in a strong water proof box four feet square and sixty feet in length, lined with zinc and hermetically sealed to preserve it from ocean moisture. Then being transported to the seaboard, it was shipped on the fast sailing steamer Idle July 10, 1886, arrived in New York July 22, and a special permit was issued by the secretary of war to have the same shipped to Kansas City in open cars from port of entry. The duty paid on the canvas was over $10,000. The painting is 50 by 400 feet in size, contains 20,000 superficial feet and weighs over seven tons.

During the progress of the work on the painting the building at Broadway and Eighth streets, where the painting has been on exhibition since September 12, 1886, was being constructed by an incorporated company, among which were Messrs. Henry W. Hill, Andrew McNally, Loeb Bros., Francis Lackner and others of Chicago; Colonel Kersey Coates, D. Bowes, Captain Ed H. Webster, W. A. Bunker, Senator Vest and others of Kansas City.

The building completed, the canvas placed in position, the first public view was given Saturday afternoon, September 12, 1886. A number of guests having been invited by the board of directors, Hon. William Warner delivered the opening address. After congratulating Kansas City on the acquistion of such a painting he spoke in commendation of the gentlemen whose enterprise brought it here.

While it is pleasing to commend American artistic enterprises it is a matter of regret to note the number of cities that have been imposed upon by panoramas of cheap caliber whose only glory is a popular title. A. P. C.

In My Dreams.

It is only in my dreams
That I know you, Friend of Mine,
Only in my dreams
That across the border line
Of the actual and real
To the realms of the ideal,
Where the veil of masks is rent,
That in something like content,
Thoughts of grief cannot dispel,
I seem to see and know you well,
Friend of Mine.

It is only in my dreams
That you know me, Friend of Mine,
Only in my dreams
That a spirit rare, divine,
Seems to hold us both in thrall,
As we list its holy call
Unafraid, to reach, aspire,
Over self, to something higher;
Something both can understand,
Beckoning us with eager hand,
Friend of Mine.

It is only in my dreams
That we wander, Friend of Mine,
Only in my dreams
That your fancies intertwine
Wreaths of song, to which I list,
Dumb, entranced, because I missed
Long ago the voice to thrill,
Chords that now are hushed and still,
Slain, alas! by tyrant pain,
Nevermore to wake again!
Friend of Mine.

It is only in my dreams
I am happy, Friend of Mine;
Only in my dreams
That across the border line
I should dare to seek you so;
Dare to feel that I might know
Clasp of hand and glance of eye;
Lightsome moments flitting by,
As the thought waves round us roll,
Each a message soul to soul,
Friend of Mine.

It is better that in dreams
Only wandering, Friend of Mine,
Only in my dreams,
Hand with hand should intertwine;
Life is cruel, sordid, cold,
Small its cup and hard to hold;
Evermore its drop of sweet
Eludes the lips and incomplete,
Hurt with stops, discordant, vain,
Its music ends in a wail of pain,
Friend of Mine.

—Birch Arnold.

Transferring Prints to Glass.

To transfer prints to glass, first coat the glass with varnish, or Canada balsam dissolved in an equal volume of turpentine, and let it dry until it is very sticky, which takes half a day or more. The printed paper to be transferred should be well soaked in soft water, and carefully laid upon the prepared glass, after removing the surplus water, with blotting paper, and pressed upon it, so that no air bubbles or drops of water are seen underneath. This should dry a whole day before it is touched; then, with wetted fingers, begin to rub off the paper at the back. If this be skillfully done, almost the whole of the paper can be removed, leaving simply the ink upon the varnish. When the paper has been removed, another coat of varnish will serve to make the whole transparent. This recipe is sold at from three dollars to five dollars by itinerants.

Shakspeare says there's good in everything; but the man who has taken a five-dollar counterfeit bill cannot rise to the level of the poet's insight.—Detroit Free Press.

The grocer's right of weigh is one of the most important adjuncts of his business.—Merchant Traveler.

ANECDOTES OF JOHN MATTOCKS.

How He Collected Some Hard Accounts and Secured a Good Client.

The following anecdotes of the late John Mattocks are illustrative of his characteristics and were born of that same ingenuity that was ever his in emergencies and are illustrative of the fertility of that inventive genius which came to his rescue when the exigencies of his surroundings demanded prompt action and determination. A large New York wholesale drug house had great difficulty in collecting a bill from a certain retail druggist in Chicago. In fact the drug man here had repeatedly refused to pay and boasted of his insolvency to the lawyers who presented the bill. The firm sent the bill to young Mattocks, with a statement of the former failures of the other attorneys, and saying they did not expect to get it, but asking him to take anything and close it up and stop the annoyance. John Mattocks went to that druggist the same day he received the account and presented it. The young attorney was smarting under the threats of his landlady to put him out unless he paid some on a large and long overdue board bill, and when the druggist laughed at him and began to defy him to get the money Mattocks was mad. Here was a man who could pay honest debts but would not, while he wanted to pay his but could not. And the fees from the collection of this account would pay the board bill of the poor lawyer. Spurred on this by these reflections John Mattocks told the druggist that he would give him just half an hour to pay the account in full or he would give him the worst thrashing he ever got. The fellow saw that Mattocks was in earnest and that the young athlete could do it and paid the bill. Mattocks deducted his commissions and remitted to the house the same day. The head of the New York drug house was Mr. Kitchen, who was soon after made president of the National Park bank of that city, and this promptness on the part of Mattocks pleased him so that he sent him an account of several thousand dollars due the National Park bank from a bank in Dubuque, Iowa. Mattocks went over to Dubuque in person, as Mr. Kitchen wrote him payment had been refused. He presented the claim to the cashier of the Dubuque bank and it was refused. Mattocks walked out of the cashier's office and stationed himself at the teller's window. Every time a customer came in to deposit or cash a check or get a draft Mattocks would stick that account in to the teller and give a rapid history of its justness, and the repeated refusals of the bank to pay, and demand its payment. He kept this up all day. When the bank closed the cashier said:

"Now, you have not gained anything by this. You had as well go back and report that we will not settle except on a compromise."

"O, I'm not tired," said Mattocks.

"What are you going to do?" asked the cashier.

"Why, keep this up every day until you pay every cent of this honest debt or these people see just on what principles you conduct your bank. I've not really begun yet."

The bank officials called him in and tried to agree to a settlement for a larger per cent than they had yet offered. But Mattocks was firm. He must have the entire amount, together with costs of his trip, or he would stick to the teller's window until everybody knew what he was there for. Of course the officers knew this would mean a run on the bank in a short time and they paid the entire claim with costs. From that hour John Mattocks got all the business of the National Park bank of New York as long as Kitchen was president.

What a Wind is Like.

Charles Bannister, the inveterate punster, coming into a coffee house one stormy night said he never saw such a wind!

"Saw a wind," replied a friend; "what was it like?"

"Like," answered Charles, "to have blown my hat off."—Ex.

Miseries of Trade.

Druggist (awakened at 2 A. M.)—"What do you wish?"

Voice (at the door) "If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy the postage stamp of you."—New York Weekly.

A Long-Felt Want.

Dr. Mary Walker is said to be at work on a device to prevent trousers from bagging at the knees. We would not object so much to the misfit if Mary would only devise some means by which we could obtain a new pair of trousers and also prevent them from wearing out.—Ellisville (Miss.) Eagle.

THE ARIZONA MUSTANG.

His Playful Ways.

On invitation of a friend I went to Arizona to get an idea of ranch life and to regain my health.

At last I reached my station and alighted at a future metropolis consisting of one hotel, four bar-rooms, and half a dozen dwelling houses. My destination, the ranch, was, I discovered, fifteen miles out of town, just a step a tall, bony-looking man with one eye assured me. I have often wondered since what kind of a giant that man had at his command.

A horse was evidentally necessary, so my new-found acquaintance undertook to aid me in acquiring one.

We marched up to the hotel and I announced in a haughty and commanding tone that I desired to obtain possession of a first-rate animal. The group of cowboys, miners and prospectors stopped discussing the relative merits of "Wild Bob" and "Arizona Jake" at draw and turned towards me. I felt that my impressive dignity was leaving me, but boldly restated my errand.

A wicked looking man in a red shirt and portentous whiskers of sanguinary hue confidently assured me that he had the very thing that I was looking after. No one contradicted him and I didn't feel like doing so either. He didn't look like a safe man to contradict. His animal was soon brought up to the door, and he said that as I was a stranger I might have him for $50.

It was a demure, sleepy-looking mustang with a hide that looked as if it might once have been used for parchment by the ancient Egyptians and it hadn't kept well either. I mustered up courage enough to say that I feared it wasn't spirited enough to suit me, as I wanted something that could scour the prairies. But the red whiskered man winked wickedly at the crowd and said as how he allowed he weren't lacking. I was cowed and submissively paid my money and prepared to mount. Intending to impress the crowd with my horsemanship, I laid my hand on the pommel and sprang into the saddle. I haven't forgotten that spring yet. It wasn't an unqualified success. As I sprang a change came over the spirit of that beast, his sleepiness was gone and so was I. I have never jumped so high before nor since, and I don't want to. As I was revolving in the air I began to lose faith in human nature, and when I at length struck the ground and looked to see if the horse had blown himself up with dynamite and found that he was still standing demurely, I began to lose faith in the horse. I picked myself up slowly and made sure that I was all there. Some one said I had been bucked. The same idea had occurred to me. If I had consulted my own feelings I would have walked and led the beast, but that would have brought ridicule from the crowd and I had amused them enough already, so I tried again. This time I was more cautious. I grasped the mane firmly and landed all right, but alas I soon had reason to regret my rightness. The beast's hind legs arose with the regularity of clock-work and the force of a trip-hammer. At every rise I flew into the air and descended with a grievously painful thud, but I had a tight hold around his neck and held on like a crab onto a boy's toe.

Then he changed his mind and started for the hotel. There was a wild scurrying as we flashed in at the door, leaped the bar amid a smashing of bottles and went through a window, carrying the sash with us. One fat man who had been holding his sides for laughter was unable to roll out of the way quickly enough, and I felt a sort of savage joy as I looked down on his scared face when the horse jumped over him. But I didn't have time to ask him how he liked it, for my revitalized relic of the dark ages was off across the prairie at a frightful rate. My legs flew out straight behind me, and the pommel dug its way further into my stomach at every leap. My "Plymonth Rocks" soon shed their buttons, and I feared that I would lose them.

For some time I had been vaguely wondering why the horse wanted to go so fast but I saw the reason when we reached a grove of trees and brushwood. With a subtle vindicativeness peculiar to the Arizona mustang he had comprehended that I would not enjoy a trip through that particlar spot. And he was right. I have not felt anything like it since I was switched at school, and that was a pleasant recollection in comparison. But worse was to come; for just as my Mephistophelean beast gave an unusually vicious jump that caused my infernal legs to mount almost perpendicularly into the air, a big cactus took hold of my nether garment and, in spite of my hurried expostulations, retained them. I could not bear to leave them, and was on the point of sliding off and taking the consequences, when an overhanging branch saved me the trouble by hooking itself into my coat collar, and in an instant I was dangling in the air.

When that wretched mustag felt that I had left him he stopped and looked back with a sort of "girl I left behind me" expression in his sinister eyes and then loped slowly back to the settlement, while I would have given what clothes I had left to have had him strung up by his wretched stump of a tail to a tree beside me.

My situation began to be uncomfortable. The branch was sticking to my back and I felt that spinal curative was commencing. Then, too, several bumble bees which happened along seemed disposed to investigate me too closely. I kicked frantically and they left, singing, "In the sweet bye-and-bye." I didn't encore. A turkey buzzard was sailing over my head, glaring at me with a frightfully cannibalistic look, and between the yells which I periodically gave forth I wondered how long my clothes would hold me up and and what the verdict of the coroner's jury would be if I was ever found.

I believe that I would have been hanging there yet had not a native Arizonian, who was hunting in that vicinity, heard my cries and thinking that a fight was in progress joyfully hastened toward me. When he saw what it was he was so disgusted that I with difficulty persuaded him to assist me to mother earth again. He finally consented, but insisted that the easiest way to get me down was to cut off by successive rifle shots the branch that held me. This he proceeded to do in spite of my protestations, roaring with laughter the while at my frantic endeavors to get as far as possible from the bullets. When at last branch and I fell to the ground together I picked myself up and without stopping to express my gratitude, rescued my pants from the embrace of the cactus and struck off in the direction of my ranch.

The Arizonian yelled after me, "Ef I'd knowd yer hadn't no more perliteness I'd hev let yer swing," but I heeded him not.

I have been in Arizona for some time now, but I am still of the opinion that the best and safest way to ride the real Arizona mustang is to walk and lead him.--Detroit Free Press.

Virtues of Celery.

New discoveries—or what claim to be discoveries—of the healing virtues of plants are continually being made. One of the latest is that celery is a cure for rheumatism; indeed, it is asserted that the disease is impossible if the vegetable be cooked and freely eaten. The fact that it is always put on the table raw prevents its therapeutic powers from being known. The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft, and the water drank by the patient. Put new milk, with flour and nutmeg, into a saucepan with the boiled celery, serve it warm with pieces of toast, eat it with potatoes and the painful ailment will soon yield. Such is the declaration of a physician, who has again and again tried the experiment, and with uniform success. He adds that cold or damp never produces, but simply develops the disease, of which acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause, and that, while the blood is alkaline, there can be neither rheumatism nor gout.

Statistics show that in one year—1876—2,650 persons died of rheumatism in this country, it is claimed, who might have been cured or prevented by the adoption of the remedy mentioned. At least two-thirds of the cases named heart disease are ascribed to rheumatism and its agonizing ally, gout. Smallpox, so much dreaded, is not so destructive as rheumatism, which it is maintained by many physicians, can be prevented by obeying nature's laws in diet. But if you have incurred it, boiled celery is pronounced unhesitatingly to be specific. The proper way to eat celery is to have it cooked as a vegetable after the manner above described. The writer makes constant use of it in this way. Try it once, and you would sooner do without any vegetables, with the single exception of the potato, rather than celery. Cooked celery is a delicious dish for the table, and the most conducive to the health of any vegetable that can be mentioned. —Leeds Mercury.

The Corpse in the Safe.

Any thing more distressing than the untimely death of a little boy of seven which is just reported from Paris it would be hard to imagine. The only son of a French tradesman was playin his father's room, when he perceived that the safe was open. In a spirit of boyish fun he got into it. Presently the father came into the room, and before leaving for his day's work locked the safe, the child keeping silence the while. Soon the little fellow was missed. The police were called in and a hue and cry raised. Next morning the father opened the safe—to find his son a corpse.

AN EDITOR'S LIFE 1,000 YEARS HENCE.

A Vocal Newspaper—Travel Across the Atlantic—The Telephote.

This morning Mr. Fritz Napoleon Smith, editor of the Earth Chronicle, awoke in a bad humor. His wife having left for France eight days ago he was feeling disconsolate. In all the ten years since their marriage this is the first time that Mrs. Edith Smith, the professional beauty, has been so long absent from home; two or three days usually suffice for her frequent trips to Europe. The first thing that Mr. Smith does is to connect his phonotelophote, the wires of which connect with his Paris mansion. The telephote! Here is another of the great triumphs of science in our time. The transmission of speech is an old story, the transmission of images by means of sensitive mirrors connected by wires is a thing but of yesterday. By its aid Smith was able to see his wife, notwithstanding the distance that separated him from her. Mrs. Smith, weary after the ball or the visit to the theatre the preceeding night, is still abed, though it is near noontide at Paris. She is asleep, her head sunk in the lace-covered pillows. And now, at the call of imperative duty, light-hearted he springs from bed and enters his mechanical dresser. Two minutes later the machine deposited him all dressed at the threshold of his office. The round of journalistic work was now bugun. First he enters the hall of novel writers. In one corner there is a telephone, through which a hundred Earth Chronicle literateurs in turn recount to the public in daily installments a hundred novels. Addressing one of these authors who was waiting his turn: "Keep on my dear Archibald, keep on!" said he. "Since yesterday, thanks to you, there is a gain of 5,000 subscribers."

Mr. Smith continues his round and enters the reporters' hall. Here 1500 reporters, in their respective places, having an equal number of telephones, are communicating to the subscribers the news of the world as gathered during the night. Besides his telephone each reporter, as the reader is aware, has in front of him a set of commutators, which enable him to communicate with any desired telephotic line. Thus the subscribers not only hear the news but see the occurrences. When an incident is described that is already past, photographs of its main features are transmitted with the narrative. And there is no confusion withal. The reporters' items, just like the different stories and all the other component parts of the journal, are classified automatically according to an ingenious system and reach the hearer in due succession. Furthermore, the hearers are free to listen only to what specially concerns them. They may at pleasure give attention to one editor and refuse it to another.—Jules Verne in Forum.

A Peculiar Winter.

The winter which we have been enjoying for some time past is not the old-fashioned kind to which the old inhabitants are accustomed.

This year the snow storm has not materialized, except on a few special occasions. The man who expects to catch cold from sitting near a snow storm with his coat off has to go to the Academy of Design, where a snowstorm is painted so naturally as to produce that effect, so we are told—by Eli Perkins.

Carl Pretzel is somewhat an enthusiast on the subject of winter, that is when the winter is of the old-fashioned kind. He says: "Der vinter he vas a pully feller to have fun mit. Vat ish so good enuff ven you don't could go ter dore oud, on account of Schack Frost, to sthop in your house mit der loving frau, und lock der sthove dore so dat der fire couldn't vent oud, und drink cider made from leedle red apples.

"Of ever der vash a man mitout such dings on his mind, und such good brincibles in his head, he vas mit me choost der same like some bostage stamps vat I have seen, a poody pad shdick."

The misanthrope, who wants to write about "the cold, cold world," will have to watch his chance, unless the weather changes materially from what it has been up to the beginning of February. In fact the early part of this winter may be a freak. It does not seem to have any backbone. Last winter was certainly a freak. It had at least two backbones.—Texas Siftings.

Didn't Suit.

Mother—"Well, did you get that situation as office boy?"

Little Son—"Nope."

"What was the matter?"

"Don't know. The gent is a lawyer and he asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I was the best whistler on our street, and he said I wouldn't do. Guess he must want a reg'lar professional."—New York Weekly.

Love at the Wash-Tub.

Marriageable young women are in great demand in this part of the queen's dominions, writes a correspondent from Rockhampton, Queensland Australia. The sexes in this colony are in the proportion of one hundred and twenty-five males to eighty-eight females. The towns, however, retain more than their share of the fair sex, and in the sugar planting districts there is a deplorable dearth of women. Nearly all the land-owners and large planters are married, but most of the whites in their employ are bachelors, and, what is worse, many of the poor fellows haven't a chance to change their condition if they wish to. The result is that whenever a nice white girl goes into the interior on the plantations she has to get married in self protection or else she is so pestered with attentions as almost to drive her out of the country.

A remarkable case of sudden and almost unpremeditated matrimony occurred on a plantation near Winton a few weeks ago. A planter had been to Rockhampton, and had here engaged a strapping good-looking girl to assist his wife in her household duties. After she had been in her new home several days she took her wash-tub out of doors one morning to do the family washing. While hard at work, with soap-suds up to her elbows, along came a squatter who kept a small herd of cattle in the neighborhood. He didn't intend to lose this chance to make the acquaintance of a woman. So he sidled up to the wash-tub and began to talk, and it wasn't long before she was giving him more than half her attention.

After awhile the young man owned up that it was a case of love at first sight as far as he was concerned and he popped the question without any ado. The girl said she was willing if her mistress would indorse him as a worthy young man. That lady thought it would be a good match, and said so, and a quarter of an hour later the brand-new lovers, in their work-day clothes, were footing it three miles away to the house of a magistrate, where the knot was legally tied in short order. The bride finished her washing in the afternoon and that evening she transferred herself to the home of the squatter, which she now adorns, apparently as happy a woman as there is in Queensland.

A great many people do not like this climate, for we are twenty degrees nearer the equator than the residents of New York. But those who do not object to our super-abundant sunshine, which makes most of our days pretty warm, though not unhealthful, are doing well; and any presentable young woman who ventures into this colony is apt to have her name changed before she knows it.

Insect Pests.

Dr. J. A. Lintner, the well-known entomologist, of New York, says there are in the world 320,000 species of insects; 25,000 of these belong to the United States, and about 25,000 prey upon the productions of man; 7,000 or 8,000 of these could be considered as being fruit pests. On the apple alone 210 species are known, and probably more extended investigation will increase the number to 300. The future successful fruit-grower should study entomology and be acquainted with insects and their habits, so as to be able to tell friends from foes. Prof. Lintner recommends the study of feeding and habits as a guide to the use of insecticides, which should also receive notice.

Norman Colman's Song of Praise.

A humble farmer, I
Have risen to the station
Of cabinet officer in
This grand administration.

'Tis true I am not in
For long continuation,
But that has nothing to do
With the loftiness of the station.

It an't so much the job
That renders my condition
A pleasure to me, as
It is just recognition.

For every farmer boy
In all this glorious nation
Will look upon me as
The land's idealization.

Nor will they, when they tell me
In after years my story,
Make mention of the fact that I
Had but two weeks of glory.

—Washington Critic.

It Adds a New Terror to Death.

Tom—"I dreamed last night that I had died."

Harry—"That was certainly a most horrible dream."

"But there was a still more horrible experience connected with it."

"Indeed. What was it?"

"I had to read the obituary poetry that some well meaning but unpoetical friend wrote about me."—Yankee Blade.

"GOVERNMENT" OPIUM DENS.

What a British M. P. Saw in the City of Lucknow, China.

"I have been in East-end gin palaces on Saturday nights, I have seen men in various stages of delirium tremens, I have visited many idiot and lunatic asylums," writes Mr. Caine, M. P., from Lucknow, "but I have never seen such horrible destruction of God's image in the face of man as I saw in the 'government' opium dens of Lucknow. To my dying day I shall carry the recollection of the face of a handsome young woman of 18 or 19 years, sprawling on the senseless bodies of men, her fine brown eyes flattened and dulled with coming stupor, and her lips drawn back from her glittering white teeth. Another girl of the same age was sitting in a group of newly arrived smokers, singing some lewd romance as they handed round the pipe. I went from room to room and counted ninety-seven persons of both sexes in various stages of opium stupor. Green hands could get drunk for a penny or less, but by degrees more and more opium is needed, and the callous keeper of this hideous den showed us men whom 180 drops of thick opium, mixed with tobacco, hardly sufficed to intoxicate. I came out staggering and faint with the poison-laden atmosphere.

"After a few minutes' walk my guide said, "Here is another opium shop; will you go in?" I could not believe there was more than one such abomination in Lucknow, and, mastering my disgust, I entered a second. It was even worse and more squalidly beastly than the first. Again I went from room to room, and counted on the ground floor alone 117 human swine of both sexes, noticing among them a bonny little lad of 6 or seven watching his father's changing face with a dreadful indifference. Having counted 117, I was asked to go up-stairs, where there were many more customers; I had had even more than my strong stomach could stand, but I was told that there would be probably fifty more. It was 3 in the afternoon when I visited these places, and I am told that after dark the attendance is doubled. I have felt the effects of the fumes ever since, and the slight headache produced will probably last for two or three days. In the city of Lucknow there are thirty distilleries of native spirits, 201 liquor shops, twenty-four opium shops, and ninety-two for bhang and other intoxicating drugs. An opium sot is the most hopeless of all drunkards—once he is well into the clutches of this fiend, everything gives way to his fierce promptings. He only works to get more money for opium. Wife, children, and home are all sacrificed to this horrible lust.

"The receipts of the government of the Northwest Province and Oude from opium, bhang, and other intoxicating drugs is no less than £67,000, and is steadily on the increase. It will give your readers some idea of the way in which this horrible traffic in intoxicants is being stimulated if I give the average revenue for the Northwest Province and Oude from all intoxicants for the three years 1878-9-80, as compared with 1885-6-7. In the former case its yearly average was £284,000. In the latter it had run up to £546,000, showing a doubled consumption within seven years. Every day I spend in India brings fresh proof that the government is stimulating the sale of intoxicants to the verge of indecency for the sake of the cheaply collected and rapidly increasing revenue which it furnishes.

An Intelligent Pig.

A pig is not generally remarkable for its intelligence, although educated pigs have been exhibited. Charles Burdick, of Brookfield, says the Danbury News, has a pig of natural intelligence and no knowledge that has been acquired from teaching. This is a wonderful pig. She knows as much as some folks. She has been favored with the name of "Jennie." One of her peculiarities is that she follows her master to the store, the postoffice, to the mill, and, in fact, wherever he goes, like a dog. If he wishes to leave her home he has to steal away from her. The most cunning thing she does is to go to the pasture after the cows. The pig runs to the bars and roots down one of the lower ones and crawls through into the lot, and then goes to each cow and nudges it along. If the cows refuse to go she bites their heels and continues working in this manner until she has driven them to the bars, and then quietly waits for her master to come and let them down to take home the cattle. Nor is this all; she knows where the corn-crib is, and will take a basket in her mouth and carry it and place it down by the door. This intelligent pig is very timid, and when frightened at any thing will not run for her pen but directly to her master. Upon calling her name, she always answers with a grunt. If it were not for her great timidity Mr. Burdick would show some of her tricks at the fair, but she is very shy of strangers.

HUNTER'S PARADISE.

Trees Black With Wild Turkeys in the Verde River (A. T.) Country.

D. J. Chadwick, the Los Angeles attorney, and a party of other prominent gentlemen, were at the Grand, telling hunting stories, says the San Francisco Examiner. One of them told how numerous the wild turkeys were on the Pecos river, and that he had killed as many as forty turkeys in a two days' search.

"I want to tell you of a strange experience I had with wild turkeys at the head of the Verde river in the White mountains of Arizona," said Mr. Chadwick. "One day in 1885, while I was a special agent of the land department at Washington, I was riding on horseback alone on the Verde. It was approaching nightfall, and I was pushing on to reach Joe Kingman's ranch, which is high up the river. I entered a scattered grove of pine trees, when, happening to look up, I saw what appeared to me to be thousands of turkeys. The trees were black with them, and many of the limbs were bent down. There was a flapping of wings and a clucking while the turkeys were getting adjusted.

"It was the prettiest sight I ever saw—great magnificent birds. I could have taken a stick and knocked off all I wanted to. I didn't, though, but whipped out my revolver and killed a couple of them, and rode up to old Joe's with them. Maybe those turkeys were not fine eating for the next day or two.

"In many places in Yavapai and Graham counties in those days the turkeys were so plentiful that nobody knew what to do with them. They used to go in bands of two or three hundred, and thus traverse a large region. October is the time for migrating.

"They are then leaving the Brazos and Pecos river regions in Texas and pushing forward to the more congenial climate of Arizonia. They walk almost altogether, rarely flying except to cross a river or to get on a tree, and they move along just like an army, making from fifteen to twenty miles a day. They live on pine nuts and various kinds of grain when they can get it.

"It is in October that they move in on the Verde, and there are some old-timers there who have got the business of catching them down fine. It is a novel contrivance, and I never heard of its use any where else. They build a pine pole pen in the heart of the rendezvous of the turkeys. This pen is about four feet wide, eight feet long and three high. A small hole just large enough to admit the body of the turkey is cut in the side of the pen near the ground. Wheat is then scattered for many feet away from the pen, and trails of the wheat lead into this hole.

"The turkeys coming along get into these trails and follow them up, one by one, and enter the hole. Once in, then they look up, and immediately begin walking around, looking high, and craning their necks trying to get out. They never think of looking down. That is not their habit.

"Thus I have seen a trap full of perhaps fifteen turkeys, and not one of them knew how to get out. It is a very curious thing, but there are men in Arizona who do little else than thus capture wild turkeys and market them on the railroad and in the out-lying mining camps. They make a good living at it, too. Some make as much as $100 or $200 a month in this easy way.

"The wild turkey of the Verde and other parts of Arizona is about four feet long and has a sixty-inch stretch of wings Its color is copper-bronze, with copper and green reflections. Each feather has a black margin. The heads are blue and the legs red. The males usually weigh from fifteen to eighteen pounds each, but I have known them to reach thirty and even forty pounds. The females usually weigh about nine pounds. The wild turkey of this country is the origin of all the domestic varieties of both hemispheres.

"As late as '67 I saw as many as 200 or 300 wild turkeys in a band in Crittenden county, Ky. This county is the famous game county of Kentucky, but the turkeys I saw there are not so big as I saw in Yavapai county.

A Young Woman With Gall.

The daughters of Henry W. Longfellow tell the story of a remarkable request once sent to their father. Mr. Longfellow, as is well known, was a very kind-hearted, generous man, and when he received a letter from a young woman in a distant part of the country, who said she wanted a piano, and felt sure that Mr. Longfellow would be glad to encourage youthful talent and send her one, the family were really afraid that he would respond; but he decided not to do so, on the ground that a girl who was so lacking in delicacy and self-respect could not appreciate music.

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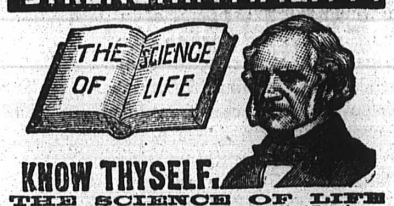

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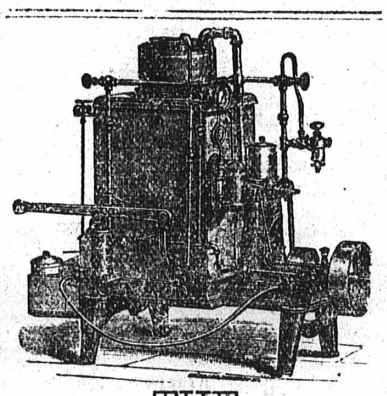
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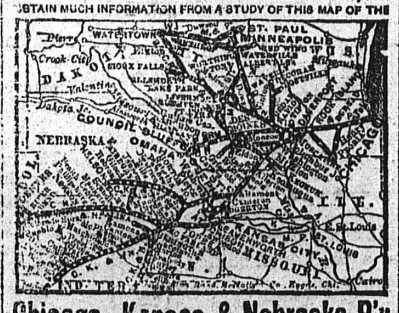

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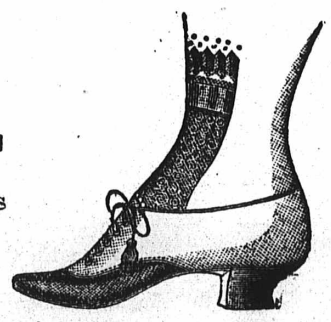
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