

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XX.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, APRIL 20, 1886.

NO. 2.

We offer to send this paper six months, on trial, to the first ten members of any Alliance who will subscribe, at 25 cents each. Send in your orders, and we will do you good.

A Kansas farm, a Kansas wife and a Kansas paper are the three best things a man can have.

The binding twine trust has issued a long newspaper apology for its existence and is mailing it all over the country.

Congressman Springer advises, in the absence of the precedent and authority of the organization of a provisional state or territorial, country and town governments.

This will be a good year for eastern people to come to Kansas, see their friends, and eat peaches. The prospect for a peach crop was never better.

The prospect for a cherry crop and all kinds of small fruits and berries is exceedingly fine. Strawberries and cream are so near that we can almost taste them.

The outlook for Kansas crops was never so fine as at present. Travelers over all the through lines of railways unite in the assertion that the winter wheat crop will be unexcelled. The prospects are favorable for every kind of farm product and the average Kansan wears a broad smile of self-satisfaction not seen before for years.

Wonder if the Lawrence TRIBUNE thinks it is in the Fourth congressional district.

All of the many heavy rains this spring are reported as general throughout the state.

Moran, the great artist, despaired when he saw the Great Shoshone Falls—it was so far beyond his pencil's cunning. So there are wonderful dreams of beauty in the tempestuous loveliness of the grand "American Alps" in Colorado, which are at once the aspiration and the despair of painter and poet. Splendid beyond comparison is the superb scenery along the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado.

Mr. John Albert Bright, the candidate of the Liberal unionists, was elected to succeed his father, the late John Bright, as representative in parliament.

In a note to the Madrid government, Mr. Blaine states that the United States has no idea of purchasing Cuba, but that it is simply desirous of establishing better commercial relations with the Spanish West Indies.

The wife of W. O. Leeds, one of the richest men in Indiana, is about to have arrested nineteen saloonkeepers in Michigan City who sold her husband liquor after she had personally notified them not to.

The reports of high water in the Oklahoma country are greatly exaggerated.

Garden and Flower Seeds.

For all kinds of fresh garden and flower seeds, flowering bulbs and plants, cabbage, tomato, or sweet potato plants, send to Topeka Seed House.

304 Kansas Avenue,
Topeka, Kans.

Europe is all very well, but don't you think it is only fair as an American to know your own country thoroughly? Try the "American Alps" on the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado this summer. There's nothing like them in Switzerland.

An attempt will be made to keep whiskey out of the new territory, but a great deal will of course get there, and much of the crime and death that will be reported can be laid to its presence.

We are in receipt of the "official organ" of the G. A. R. of Milwaukee, whose great purpose seems to be to boom the brewers and whiskey dealers of that city; its chief advertising and some of its editorial paragraphs giving evidence to this effect. If the great attraction of the entertainment is to be of this nature, most respectable veterans will stay away, and will act wisely in so doing.

Neglect kills injuries, revenge increases them. A neglected cold increases its injurious effect on the system till consumption finally kills, unless cured by

Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY.

It is ye reliable remedy of ye olden time.

The undertakers in Oklahoma will strike a rich lead. Several carloads of coffins have already been sent down, and the work of filling has already begun. Four subjects who went off with their boots on were reported on Thursday of this week.

The splendor of the "American Alps" are beginning to be appreciated by our people, and a visit to Switzerland for gorgeous scenery is unnecessary. The picturesque mountain resorts on the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado are absolutely unrivaled on this continent.

The Meriden roller mills are almost ready for use, having been remodeled and when completed will have a capacity of 100 barrels of flour per day.

A colony of 200 colored people from Topeka leave Saturday the 20th inst. for Oklahoma.

The Y M C A convention was largely attended by delegates from all over the state. Great interest was manifested in the good work.

The Kansas News Co., has not, as the Lawrence Gazette states, established a paper in Linwood; but it has the matter under advisement. The company is now publishing ten successful papers in the state, and will establish more.

"For peculiarly soft yet penetrating shades of color, marvelous grouping in form, fantastic solemn and tender shaping of rugged cliff and mountain and valley," says a distinguished artist, "the wonderful empire of Colorado stands peerless." The Alpine scenery along the line of the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado is the most magnificent in the United States.

The funeral of the late Judge Usher was held on Thursday. Stores were closed, and for a time business was nearly suspended. At the Interior department in Washington where the deceased was once in charge, respect was had his memory by closing its doors, and draping in mourning. Lawrence was filled with strangers who came to attend the services which were conducted by Rev R H Vanbolt of the Presbyterian church. Judge Usher was born in New York, and early removed to Indiana; and after leaving his place in the cabinet after the death of Lincoln, went to Lawrence in the employ of the Pacific Railway. He died last Saturday in the hospital in Philadelphia, where he went to have a tumor in his throat removed.

Dr. J. R. Gyles of New York mixed a strychnine potion, told his wife it was magnesia, and asked her to drink some of it. She said she didn't need it and left the room. The doctor then drank the mixture and died. He had suffered from melancholia.

P. F. Lockwood, a well known real estate operator and capitalist of Minneapolis, Minn., committed suicide Sunday night by taking poison on his own cemetery lot. Lockwood was 65 years of age and quite wealthy. He formerly resided in New York city.

Oklahoma.

Kingfisher and Ft. Reno are the future great cities of the Indian Territory. Kingfisher is in the heart of the territory on the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, and the point where all who desire to enter land should go. The United States Land office is located at Kingfisher. Don't fail to visit Ft. Reno; from the extension of the Rock Island Route the fastest stage line on earth has been established direct to Kingfisher and Ft. Reno. This is the only route to either point where passengers can depend upon accommodations. We have about all the first-class Concord coaches in the west to be put into the service. If you want a homestead, if you want to speculate select the Great Indian Territory Route via Kansas City or St. Joseph to the new Promised Land. For complete information call on or address

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
General Ticket and Pass Agent,
Topeka, Kas.
Or JAMES NUNN, Agent, North Topeka
Post Office Building

It is un-American in the higher sense for our people to prate about Europe so glibly when so many of them are profoundly ignorant of the wondrous beauties of their native land. As a matter of fact there are hundreds of thousands of American citizens who are thoroughly familiar with Switzerland; who have idled away weeks at Lucerne, done Chamouni, and attempted the Matterhorn, and yet have never feasted on the lovely beauty, the wild weird majesty of any one of the Colorado Peaks. "More than Alpine glory" rewards visitors along the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado. There is no scenery like it in the new world.

Captain Ogden B. Read of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, shot and killed himself at his home in Plattsburg, N. Y., Saturday night. The cause is not known.

Commissioner Mitchell of the patent office has issued an order that all loans by attorneys and solicitors practicing before the office, to employes, must be paid before April 30.

W. P. Thompson, recently managing editor of the Kansas City TIMES, and for thirteen years connected with the New York TRIBUNE, has joined the Oklahoma cohorts and will locate at Guthrie.

Shawnee county defeated the bridge bond question. The Richland News strongly opposed it, and the township gave the largest majority against it. Probably the News defeated the proposition.

Next Sunday will be Easter.

A number of young men from East Topeka have gone to Oklahoma for the purpose of taking up claims or engaging in business.

Wheat never looked finer at this time of year, in the Kaw bottom, than it does this spring.

"The peerless empire of form and color, is found in Colorado," says a great artist. So are many other very wonderful effects. There is that grand triumph of engineering skill the Bow Knot Loop, famed all over the world; the pretty town of Graymont nestled against the base of Gray's Peak, the giant prince of the range; sunrise on Gray's Peak—a sight once witnessed never to be forgotten; Idaho Springs the beautiful, a restful spot blessed with the healing waters for all who come, within two hours ride of young Leighton Denver; the staid gold camp of Georgetown perched in the upper air of the mountains ever fresh and cool and clear—these are a few of the delightful spots in the "American Alps" reached by the Colorado Central Division of the Union Pacific Railway in Colorado.

Eastern capitalists have been looking about Douglas county with a view to establishing a cheese factory. Capital is looking west, and just such enterprises are needed here. When our people refuse to borrow money at eight to thirty per cent, there will be an abundance of it to come in to build up manufacturing industries that will be real value, and that will be content with a dividend of four or five per cent annum. Farmer's Alliances and similar organizations can hasten this, and materially.

He is idle that might be better employed. Dyspepsia is never idle, its tortures never cease. Better employ

Warner's Log Cabin Hops AND BUCHU REMEDY

put the stomach in healthy action, and be fitted to continue your regular employment. All druggists.

Government surveyors have gone to Oklahoma to assist settlers in locating claims.

Cavalry troops have been ordered to Oklahoma to assist in keeping the peace.

Several deputy United States marshals have started to Oklahoma and other officers will follow at once.

Three wagon loads of coffins left Wichita for the territory, and as an evidence that trouble is expected down there a number of wills have been made and deposited with bankers.

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

"EDITOR'S BACK STAIRS."

The Interesting Views of the Late Dr. J. G. Holland.

The columns of the newspapers appear to be flooded with proprietary medicine advertisements. As we cast our eye over them, it brings to mind an article that was published by the late Dr. Holland in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. He says: "Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them." Is not this absurd?

This great man appreciated the real merits of popular remedies, and the absurdity of those that derided them because public attention was called to the article and the evidence of their cures. If the most noted physician should announce that he had made a study of any certain organ or disease of the body, or make his sign larger than the code size, though he may have practiced medicine and been a leader in all medical councils, notwithstanding all this, if he should presume to advertise and decline to give his discovery to the public, he would be pronounced a quack and a humbug, although he may have spent his entire life and all his available funds in perfecting his investigations. Again we say, "absurd."

If an ulcer is found upon one's arm, and is cured by some dear old grand mother, outside of the code, it will be pronounced by the medical profession an ulcer of little importance. But if treated under the code, causing sleepless nights for a month, with the scientific treatment, viz., plasters, washes, dosing with morphia, arsenic and other vile substances, given to prevent blood poisoning or deaden pain, and yet the ulcer becomes malignant, and amputation is made necessary at last, to save life, yet all done according to the "isms" of the medical code, this is much more gratifying to the medical profession, and adds more dignity to that distinguished order than to be cured by the dear old grandmother's remedy.

This appears like a severe arraignment, yet we believe that it expresses the true standing of the medical profession in regard to remedies discovered outside of their special "isms." One of the most perplexing things of the day is the popularity of certain remedies, especially Warner's Safe Cure, which we find for sale everywhere. The physician of the highest standing is ready to concede its merits and sustain the theories the proprietors have made—that is, that it benefits in most of the ailments of the human system because it assists in putting the kidneys in proper condition, thereby aiding in throwing off the impurities of the blood, while others with less honesty and experience decide, and are willing to see their patient die scientifically, and according to the code, rather than have him cured by this great remedy.

Yet we notice that the popularity of the medicine continues to grow year by year. The discoverer comes boldly before the people with its merits, and proclaims them from door to door in our opinion much more honorably than the physician who, perchance, may secure a patient from some catastrophe, and is permitted to set a bone of an arm or of a finger, which he does with great dignity, yet very soon after takes the liberty to climb the editor's back stairs at 2 o'clock in the morning to have it announced in the morning paper that "Dr. So-and-so was in attendance," thus securing for his benefit a beautiful and free advertisement.

We shall leave it to our readers to say which is the wiser and more honorable.

ESTEY
PIANOS & ORGANS
are the best and cheapest because they excel and outwear all others.
Sold at low prices on time or for cash. Fully warranted. Send for illustrated catalogue.
ESTEY & CAMP,
916 & 918 Olive St., - ST. LOUIS.
MENTION THIS PAPER

MRS. LAUBE'S
DOUBLE STEAM BAKER AND MEAT ROASTER.
(NO BASTING REQUIRED.)
Desirable for roasting all kinds of meats, game, fish, coffee, etc., and for baking breads and cakes it has no equal. Saves 30 per cent in baking and 25 per cent in roasting. Agents Wanted. Send for Circular giving full information to
THE LAUBE COOKER CO., Park Ridge, Illinois.

OVERSEERS
WANTED
to employ a private person in your country to look up advertisements in all papers of Electric Goods. Advertisements to be taken up where on street, fence and telegraph, in convenient places in town and country in all parts of the United States. Steady employment; wages \$3.50 per day; 1 cent advanced; no taking required. Local work for all or part of the time. ADDRESS WITH STAMP
J. C. EMORY & CO., Editors and Printers,
Bradford Building, CINCINNATI, OHIO.
\$2.00 MENTION THIS PAPER

HUMPHREYS'
HOMOEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFIC
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep,
Dogs, Hogs, Poultry.
500 PAGE BOOK on Treatment of Animals and
Chart Sent Free.
Cures—Fever, Congestions, Inflammation,
Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever,
Scurf, Lameness, Swellings, Colic,
Distemper, Nasal Discharges,
Bain or Grain, Worms, Anthrax,
Gangra, Hooves, Papule, etc.,
Colic or Gripes, Bolls, etc.,
Hemorrhages, Hemorrhoids,
Gonorrhoea and Kidney Diseases,
Bovine Tuberculosis, etc.,
Rapidly Dispenses Manual
of Diseases of Domestic Animals.
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual,
Which Binds Oil and Medicator, \$7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses) . . . \$6.00
Sold by Druggists, or
Sent Prepaid on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

FREE
Sewing-Machine
To at once establish
made in all parts, by
placing our machine
and goods where the people
need them, we will send free to one
person in each locality the very
best sewing-machine made in
the world, with all the attachments.
We will also send free a complete
line of our county and valuable
samples. In return we ask that you
show what we send, to those who
may call at your home, and after 30
months all shall become your own
property. This grand machine is
made after the Singer pattern,
which have run out before patents
run out for \$50.00, with the
best attachments, and now sells for
\$25.00. Best, strongest, most useful
machine in the world. All to
live. No capital required. Fails,
breaks, rusts, or wears out. Write
today for the best sewing-machine in the world, and the
true line of works of high art now shown together in America.
TRUE & CO., Block 760, A, Singapore, Malacca.

FREE
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To at once establish
made in all parts, by
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and goods where the people
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today for the best sewing-machine in the world, and the
true line of works of high art now shown together in America.
TRUE & CO., Block 760, A, Singapore, Malacca.

"They rested there—escaped awhile
From cares which wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Carhay."—
And every American business man is beginning to find that his summer vacation is more and more of a necessity; the money making machine won't stand the strain without an occasional rest. The "American Alps" of Colorado offers the highest conditions for perfect relaxation, pure vital air, comfortable hotels and the most scenery in the country, and may be reached on the South Park Division of the Union Pacific Railway.

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

EX-SENATOR TAYLOR of Colorado began life under Secretary Proctor, working for some time in his marble quarries in Vermont.

COUNT VON MOLTKE is very old, deaf, and a martyr to a bad liver. Yet he carries himself easily and seems a well-preserved man.

ONE of the youngest men now in Washington is Hannibal Hamlin, who is not yet ninety years old by considerable. His face has a ruddy hue, and he is having a high old time "with the boys." He wears an overcoat nowadays.

The empress of Austria carries a traveling basket fitted up so that she is able to make soup on the cars. It has silver sauce-pans with gold handles, and the empress declares that she can make in it better broth than any chef can concoct.

WHAT purports to be the skull of Jarnley, the husband whose violent oath history charges upon Mary Queen of Scots, has been found in an English museum. It indicates that Jarnley was a coarse libertine and afflicted with a loathsome disease.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES complains of the persecutions inflicted upon him by volunteer correspondents. Twenty or twenty-five letters in his morning's mail is considered a light delivery, and nearly all are upon subjects of interest to the writers alone.

Two English servants—Ann Warden and Eliza Wyld—went to a Salvation Army meeting on a Sunday evening, overstayed the time when they should have been home, and for fear of a scolding tied themselves together with a woolen scarf and drowned themselves in a canal.

SENATOR COKE, of Texas, is a firm believer in spiritualism. He is a large fine-looking man in vigorous health, and not in appearance a person given to tampering with the other world. But he attends a great many seances, and is fully convinced that the dead and the living cannot communicate with each other.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon receives fifty letters a day and employs three secretaries to answer them. They are from all parts of the world. The enormous revenues of his church are entirely devoted to philanthropic movements, as the ample income derived from his books and sermons is sufficient for his own needs.

The much-discussed portrait of Mrs. Hayes in the green-room of the white house recently drew from Senator Evarts a clever criticism. "Time may do a good deal for the pictures," he said, "but there was a mistake made at first which can never be corrected. The artist painted the portrait in oils. Mrs. Hayes should always be painted in water-colors."

The rumor that the poet Whittier intended to take a trip to Europe is set at rest by the following note sent to a friend: "As these rightfully says, it is scarcely necessary for me to stamp the rumor of an intended visit to Europe as utterly without foundation. The time has long passed when such a trip would have been practicable or desirable. At my age one travels easier by proxy."

The bazaar in the old palace at Berlin, over which Princess Bismarck annually presides, has just been held and the chancellor has not disappointed the ladies, who hoped that he would grace the occasion with his presence. For a whole hour he remained every afternoon while the bazaar was open, delighting everybody by his gallantry and suavity. Next to Prince Bismarck his tiny granddaughter, age 3, was the persona grata of the bazaar, and a golden harvest was poured into the lap of the graceful little flower girl.

THOMAS A. EDISON, the famous inventor, is only forty-two years of age. His birthday has just been celebrated by his employees—ninety in number—who presented him with a handsome set of library furniture made expressly for him. The set comprises thirty-five pieces, each with his monogram engraved upon it. A miniature phonograph made of gold and silver was one of his presents. Mr. Edison is one of the few inventors who have reaped the reward of their labors. As a rule, the inventor gets nothing but the glory, and that after his death, while the man who bought him out for a few dollars reaps the reward.

DUTIES OF MASONRY.
A Nice Old Lady Inquires About Her Husband's Degrees.

The middle-aged lady with the black alpaca dress, worn shiny at the elbows, and a cheap shawl and a clean bonnet, and her hands all puckered up and blue, although she had just got her washing out went into the office of a prominent Mason a few days ago and took a chair, says the Scottish Rite Bulletin. She wiped her nose and the perspiration from her face on a blue checkered apron, and when the Mason looked at her with an interested, brotherly look, as though she were troubled, she said:

"Are you the boss Mason?"

He blushed, told her he was a Mason, but not the highest in the land. She hesitated a moment, fingered the corner of her apron, and curled it up like a boy speaking a piece in school, and asked:

"Have you taken the two hundred and twenty-three degrees of Masonry?"

The man assured her that there were only thirty-three degrees and that he had only taken thirty-two. The other degrees could only be taken by a few who were recommended to the grand body. The lady studied a minute, unpinned the safety pin that fastened her shawl together and put it in her mouth, drew a breath, and said:

"Where does my husband get the two hundred degrees, then?"

The prominent Mason said he guessed her husband never got two hundred degrees unless he had a degree factory. He said he didn't understand the lady.

"Does my husband have to sit up with a dead corpse three nights in a week?" she asked, her eyes flashing fire. "Do you keep a lot of sick Masons on tap for my husband to sit up with the other three nights?"

The prominent Mason said he was so thankful that so many Masons died and only occasionally was one sick enough to call for Masonic assistance. When a Mason took sick away from home, or when his family desired it, the brethren were only too glad to sit up with him; but there were so many Masons and so few sick that it is only once in two or three months that a brother was called upon to sit up with anybody. "But why do you ask these questions, madam?" said the prominent Mason.

The woman picked the fringe off her shawl, hung her head down, and said: "Well, my husband began to join the Masons about two years ago, and he has been taken degrees of sitting up with people ever since, and he comes home all hours of the night, smelling of beer and cheese. I thought at first the morgan to help carry brother Masons home after they had been found in the river. I have kept a little track of it, and I figure that he has taken two hundred and thirty-three degrees, including the Grand Sky Fugie degree, which he took the night he came with his lip cut and his ear hanging by a piece of skin."

"O, madam," said the prominent Mason, "there is no Sky Fugie degree in Masonry; your husband has lied to you."

"That's what I think," said she, as a baleful light appeared in her eye. "He said he was taking the Sky Fugie degree and fell through the skylight. I had him sewed up, and he was ready for more degrees. After he had taken, I should think, about a hundred and fifty degrees, I told him I should think he would let up on it, and put some potatoes in the cellar for winter; but he said when a man once got started he had to take them all, or he didn't amount to anything. One time I wanted a new hat to wear to church with a feather on, and he said feathers were all nonsense, and the next day he brought home a leather case with a felt coal-skuttle in it, and a feather on it that couldn't have cost less than ten dollars, the way that I reckon millinery. And when he put it on and I laughed at his ridiculous appearance he began to throw his arms around, and I asked him what was the matter, and he said it was the grand hailing sign of distress, and if I didn't look out an avenger would appear from a dark closet and run a load-sticker through me for a scoffer. He must have spent a fortune on the last one hundred and fifty degrees."

"One morning he came home with his coat-tails split right up the back and his pants torn just as though a dog had chewed them, and one eye closed up and a wad of hair pulled right out of his head, and he said he had been taking the two hundredth degree, but he wouldn't tell how it happened because it was a dead secret. Sometimes a brother Mason comes home with him early in the morning and they talk about a full flush, and they act full as they stand on the steps and talk about pat hands, and 'raising 'em out,' and 'calling,' and 'bobtail flush.' One night, when he was asleep, I heard him whisper: 'I raise you ten dollars,' and when I asked him what it meant he said they had been raising a purse for a poor widow. Another time he raised up in bed and shouted: 'I stand pat,' and when I asked him what he meant he said he was ruined if I told it. He said he had spoken the password, and if his brethren heard of it they would put him out of the way, even as Morgan was put out of the way. Mister, is 'I stand pat,' your password?"

The Mason told her it was not. That the words he had spoken was an expression used by men when playing draw poker, and he added he didn't believe her husband was a Mason at all, but he had been lying to her these many years.

She sighed and said: "That's what I

thought when he came home with a lot of ivory chips in his pockets. He said they used them at the lodges to vote on candidates, and that a white chip elects and a blue rejects a candidate. If you will look the matter up and see if he has joined the Masons I will be obliged to you. He says he has taken all the two hundred and twenty-three degrees, and now the boys want him to join the Knights of Pythias and Odd-Fellows. I want to get out an injunction to prevent him from joining any thing else until we get some underclothing for winter. I'll tell you what I'll do. The next time he says any thing about Sky Fugie degrees and Consistory nonsense I will take a washboard and make him think there is one degree in Masonry that he has skipped, and now good-bye."

CHECKING BABIES.
John Rogers' Story of the Theatrical Nursery at Indianapolis.

The other day, says a writer in the New York World, I met John R. Rogers, theatrical manager. He says that at Park theater in Indianapolis there is a large room filled with toys of every conceivable variety and size. It is in charge of several nurses, who are supposed to be adepts in the art of keeping children quiet, and their mission is to receive and entertain for the afternoon the infants of persons attending the matinees. A baby check is given in every instance to the mother or guardian, numbered so as to facilitate identification after the performance. During the play the babies amuse themselves with rattles, dolls, balls, Noah's arks, and the thousand and one things that are dear to the infant mind, until the curtain drops and the respective owners come and present their checks and receive back their property, just as they would a hat, cloak, or umbrella.

It is a grand idea, but Rogers says it has its drawbacks. He says it not infrequently happens that a nurse will walk hurriedly down the aisle, calling out in a stage whisper, "Fifty-eight! Fifty-eight! Your baby has swallowed a doll's leg!" or, "One ninety-five, that infant of yours is yelling for its papa!" Or perhaps the anxious whisper will be heard across three rows of seats, "Say, you are quite sure that your child hasn't got the measles?"

Sometimes one of the nurses has to go to the mother and betray the sad news that her darling has just destroyed 75 cents worth of toys, a piece of intelligence which usually dampens the parent's enjoyment of the play.

Manager Rogers thus describes a brief and pithy dialogue between a nurse and a fond mother, who finds herself touched on the elbow by one of the attendants in the middle of the performance:

"Beg pardon; is your baby's check No. 43?"

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"A girl, ain't it, about 10 months old?"

"Yes, oh, yes. Pray tell—"

"Blonde hair and blue eyes?"

"Yes, yes. Tell me for heaven's sake—"

"Dressed in blue and white?"

"The same. But don't keep me in suspense! She is not dead, oh, say she is not dead!"

"No, madam," replied the nurse coldly, "she is not dead or likely to die, but I think you might have told us she took castor oil this morning."

Here is a possibly frequent scene after the show is over and the various human items of property are being claimed:

Indignant mother to nurse:

"Say, young woman, this ain't my child!"

"How's that; your check's No. 19?"

"Yes, the number is all right, but the baby ain't."

"Why not?"

"This is a girl."

"Well, my Tommy was a boy when I left him!"

"Can't understand it, then," says the nurse, scratching her head. "The duplicate 19 was pinned to the child's dress, but I'll—"

"Here young woman!" cries another female, hastening to the front, "you've given me the wrong kid! This fellow is a boy and my Jennie is a girl! Sides, my check number's 61 and this boy had 19 on him, but I thought it was upside down. Where's my child?"

The two women swap infants and are satisfied.

An Editor Draws the Line.

"We greatly dislike to find fault with any of the customs of our beautiful little city," says a Dakota editor, "but we must nevertheless insist that people keep their swine out from under the office of the Tribune and Palladium. While engaged at our desk writing our leader on 'The Stability of Our Territorial Institutions,' for our paper this week, one of Senator McBride's razor-backed hogs humped up its spine and began scratching its back on the beams under the floor, jarring the whole building and making it necessary for us to stop our work on the editorial, crawl under our office, and welt the critter along the side with a column rule. This interrupted our train of thought, and the editorial is not what we could wish."

Exempt from Taxation.

Nearly \$300,000,000 worth of property in New York city is exempt from taxation, including the following: City property, \$185,224,828; United States property, \$16,658,000; church property, \$38,013,500; miscellaneous property, mostly charitable institutions, \$46,270,445.

SPONGING A TIGER.
A Wonderful Tale of a Cossack's Narrow Escape.

When Pezon, the lion tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie he had occasion to employ a moujik, a fine specimen of Cossack, to clean out the cages of the wild beasts. The Cossack did not understand a word of French, and the terms of the contract were settled in dumb show. By way of instructing him in his new duties, Pezon went through a sort of pantomime with the broom, sponge and bucket. The moujik watched him closely and appeared fully to understand the details of the lesson given.

Next morning armed with a broom, a bucket and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to and quietly stepped in, as he had seen his master step on the day previous into two cages of harmless brutes, but this one happened to be tenanted by a splendid but untamed tiger that lay stretched on the floor fast asleep. At the noise made by opening and closing the door the creature raised its head and turned its green eyes full on the man, who, all unconscious of his danger, stood dipping his big sponge into the bucket.

At that moment Pezon came out of his caravan and was struck dumb by the terrible sight that met his gaze. What could he do to warn the man of his danger? A sound, a movement on his part might enrage the great beast and hasten its attack on the defenseless Cossack. So Pezon stood awaiting developments, ready to rush to the scene when the crisis came. The moujik, sponge in hand, coolly approached the tiger, and made ready to rub him down with the stolidity of a military bootblack polishing his captain's boots. The sudden application of cold water to its hide evidently produced a very agreeable effect on the tiger, for it began to purr, stretched out its paws, rolled over on its back and complacently offered every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the moujik, who went on scrubbing with might and main.

All the while Pezon stood there with his eyes wide open and as if nailed to the spot. When he had finished his job the Cossack left the cage as quietly as he had entered it, and it required the most energetic and expressive gestures on the part of the lion-tamer to prevent his repeating the experiment on a second wild beast.—London Times.

Jealousy of Birds.

Professor Frescaud cites a number of well authenticated incidents illustrating the jealousy that exists among the lower order of animals—jealousy involving a train of thought and processes of reasoning. One of the most curious of the practical experiments he himself made was in the case of a family of storks at Constantinople. Having obtained permission of the caliph to investigate the social and domestic economy of these historic birds, Professor Frescaud introduced into one of the nests on the roof of a mosque eleven duck eggs, and took away the eggs which the mother stork had laid. The birds did not seem to notice the exchange, and the male and female stork took turns (as is the custom with most birds) at sitting upon the eggs. In due time the eggs were hatched and nine plump ducklings made their appearance. The mother stork was apparently fully satisfied, and she brooded over her callow infants with great tenderness. But when the father stork got a glimpse of the ducklings he became terribly agitated and evinced his displeasure by shrill cries and violent gesticulations with his wings and legs. As if, however, to have the scandal properly if not legally ventilated, this enraged husband flew away and presently returned with an immense number of neighbors of both sexes. The strange company expelled the mother bird from her nest and for a long time inspected the young ducklings, keeping up meanwhile an incessant chattering as if, forsooth, they were discussing among themselves the probability of the female stork's infidelity. At last, seeming to have agreed upon a verdict, they fell upon the female and killed her, after which they put the young ducklings to death and destroyed the nest and every vestige thereof. Professor Frescaud says that soon after this judicial murder the father stork, seemingly overcome by mortification at the supposed faithlessness of his wife, committed suicide by drowning in the Bosphorus.—Chicago Times.

Emotional Prodigality.

Something has been wisely said of late about the danger of overpressure in our schools. The time spent in study that ought to be spent in out door play or in exercise in gymnasia is worse than wasted. But the overpressure of intellectual work would not be so bad were it not for the emotional prodigality of many children both at home and at school. Teachers are spurred to strain pupils to the utmost that they may meet the coming tests for promotion. The healthy spontaneous emotions that make it the delight of childhood to learn are crushed, and factitious emotions of fear and dread are substituted. At home the emotional excitement is often greater than at school. Prizes, the expectations of parents, piano practice, company, parties, dances, petting and reproofs are the stimuli, culminating often in late hours spent in preparing a half dozen lessons for the next day. The tasks at school, hard as they are, often are less injurious to the children than the emotional dissipation at home.—William H. Burnham, in Scribner's Magazine.

THE "ARIZONA KICKER."
A Few Incidents of Editorial Life in the Far Southwest.

The Detroit Free Press takes the following extracts from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker:

"EXPLANATORY.—Last week we announced that we were on the trail of J. C. Davis, the Apache avenue grocer, and that this week's issue would contain an expose calculated to startle the community. We had over a column of it in type when Mr. Davis called at the Kicker office and subscribed for the paper and gave us a column ad. for a year.

"Mr. Davis is not only a genial, whole-souled gentleman, worthy of a place in our best society, but an enterprising, go-ahead citizen who is a credit to the whole state. When you want the best of goods at the lowest prices call on him."

"REFORMING SLOWLY.—When we struck this town the chief of police lay drunk on the sidewalk in front of the postoffice, and the six patrolmen were playing pool or poker. Any of the crowd could be bought for half a dollar. We have been pegging away for reform with each issue of the Kicker, and we are pleased to note an improvement. The chief hasn't been drunk for the last fortnight, and yesterday we counted four patrolmen on their beats at one time."

"All reforms move slowly, but patience and perseverance will accomplish much. We shall keep at it, and we predict that the day will yet come when we shall have a police force which will not fear a drunken Indian nor sell out to a gambler for less than \$2 a sell."

"NOT THIS YEAR.—Considerable anxiety has been expressed by our many friends and well-wishers over the fact that the Kicker did not get the city printing again this year. In answer to all inquiries we reply that we did not want it. The total income last year was 96 cents, while we lent over \$15 to the mayor and aldermen and never expect to get a cent of it back. We can't stand that kind of a racket more than one year."

"SOME OTHER EVE.—We have received several communications from leading citizens asking the Kicker to "go" for Judge of Probate Smith, who has been too befuddled with bad whiskey for the last month to attend to business. There is no doubt that the judge ought to be raked fore and aft, but we can't do it just now. We are his creditor for about \$20, and if we opened on him he'd tell us to whistle for our loan. As soon as we get our money back we promise to make the fur fly, not only in the case of the judge himself, but from the coat of his brother Bill, who is also daily steeped in liquor and rendering himself a public nuisance. Have patience, gentlemen."

Training for Girls.

When a girl is ten years old she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as the mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision she will soon learn to trade with judgement and economy. Of course the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labor, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should be increased, with the proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know of a lady who divided the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labor, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl or with a daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage and stimulate her in the work.—Practical Farmer.

Clarinda Takes the Air.

Oh wot ye how fair Mistress Prue
Doth purse her lips and frown,
To see one fleet along the street
All in a trim new gown!
Sing louder, robin, pipe, O wren,
And, thrush, your quavers dare;
Let every throat be vocal when
Clarinda "takes the air."
She hath a smile that would beguile
A monk in robe and cowl,
And yet her eyes can look as wise
As grave Minerva's owl.
Lo when she speaks, across her cheeks
The chasing dimples fare,
Oh, young again I would be when
Clarinda takes the air."
Nor left nor right her glances light;
Demurely on she goes;
In all the wide, wide country-side
There's not so sweet a rose.
And ye, my gallant gentlemen—
Tut! tut! ye should not stare;
And yet how may ye help it when
Clarinda takes the air!"
—Clinton Soillard, Harper's Magazine.

Graphically Descriptive.

Winks (discussing Mrs. W., who has a temper)—She is a woman of the most ardent temperament, I assure you, dear boy. Why, last summer, down at Quogue, she sat down for ten minutes on a pile of new-mown grass, and when she got up it was hay!—New York Times.

CELESTIAL HOMES.

Mongolians with White Wives as Observed in Their Cellar Parlors.

The Number of Such Marriages Increasing Rapidly, Owing to the Lack of Women of Their Own Race.

Domestic Infelicity Rare, but the Husband Rules with an Iron Hand and Permits No Frivolity.

A good Chinaman is not necessarily a dead Chinaman in Chicago. While Milwaukee is struggling with the yellow perpetrators of most serious crimes a canvass of the Chinese population of Chicago discovers no similar offense. That is to say, the female children of the whites suffer no standing menace of ruin, the miscellaneous public has offered no secret resort for drug debauching, nor are there the irrepressible lotteries here that other cities experience from the presence of Chinese.

Chicago's Mongol population is growing very rapidly. The increase of number in the past two years is marked upon South Clark street, between Van Buren and Twelfth streets, by the presence of over fifty Chinese laundries, shops, and places of habitation. The danger that before long South Clark street within these designated boundaries may be surrendered wholly to the Chinese may not be regarded as dangerous. San Francisco has experienced even a stranger and more extensive spread of its so-called "Chinatown" in the very heart of the corporate precinct. So numerous and closely located have Chinese abodes already grown not only upon South Clark street but upon Third and Fourth avenues and all the streets of that quarter of the city variously known as "Cheyenne" and "the Levies," that Chicago may be said to already have, in fact, her "Chinatown."

It was for the purpose of touring this select locality that a Times reporter last evening sought the guidance of Police Officer John Cox of the Harrison street station. The feature of Chinese life that first attracted the would-be student is the domestic relationship, and the first fact encountered is the astonishing absence of the female.

Among the more than 3,000 Chinamen in and about Chicago there is not one woman of the race. Moreover, there is not one full-caste Chinese babe or youth here. The entire element is composed of laboring coolies. Here, as in most eastern cities, their commonest occupation is that of clothes-washing, but there are along South Clark street and here and there in scattered sections a few groceries, clothing, drug, tobacco, and provision stores. As the Chinese population increases the men withdraw from laundering and enter more extensively into merchandise and the trades.

Dr. Wong Pak, the New York priest and the distinguished minko, or archcommander, of the Masonic order of the Bo Lin Leer, said upon a recent visit to the city that the laundry trade was an odious but necessary living expedient to the scattered Chinamen and that they eagerly abandoned it when the growth of the community of their kind made it possible to profitably enter other occupations. It was thus that the reporter found his rounds conducted through an almost unbroken series of wash-shops. These and the several "restaurants," shops, and habitations also visited were with few exceptions situated in basements or in the rear of buildings unto cleanliness in that degree that a greasy may be less filthy than a sewer. Neat of person and apparel is the Chinaman. He is disgustingly slovenly of surroundings, and his den is always stifling with fecal odors. It is said that upon finding a new smell the Chicago Chinamen assemble his neighbors at a feast to enjoy the discovery.

It is said that Chicago as yet boasts no Chinawoman, so it happens that the coolie, pluming in his chamber laundry of 303 Clark street. This documentary evidence of the double state of somebody within is found to have been issued at Fort Wayne, Ind., and legalizes the union of Lam Tong and Mary Meyer, penetrating the laundry to the rear the reporter and his guide found a woman seated in a rocking-chair by a stove, with a fat and wide-awake baby upon her knee. Lam Tong was out but a full-length cabinet photograph of a mild and smooth young Chinaman upon a shelf was pointed out as his likeness. The woman was Mrs. Meyer, and she proved both gracious and communicative. The baby was the infant heir of both. Mrs. Meyer is 21 years old, although, ungallant as it is to say it, she looks older. She is of goodly proportions, neither stout nor lean, is blond of hair, blue of eye, and has truly beautiful teeth. Her countenance is plain but kindly. She can neither read nor write, but is probably all she looks—a simple, earnest woman and a good wife, one of the characteristic northern country poor. The baby—not yet a year old—can be safely called a bouncing boy. His skin is creamy white, his hair fine and light, and his eyes a hazel compromise between the Mongol brown and the Saxon blue. There is something of the "diamond" about the eyes, but not sufficient to excite a doubt if seen elsewhere that the youngster was aught but a big, blooming white baby.

"I married my husband in Fort Wayne Dec. 21, 1885," said Mrs. Meyer in reply to a question. "We came here a year ago and the baby was born here. I was working out in a place over Tong's laundry. He was a good fellow and I fell in love with him. He wanted to marry me and I returned the compliment. So we got married, and I am glad of it for I love him still. There is of goodly domestic life always been pleasant" was asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied with a smile. "No squalls!" urged the reporter.

"Well, just what come to everybody. Once he gave me a beating and once he gave him a beating, but that was before baby came," and she hugged young Wonder Eye to her breast with a glance of pride. "The only discomfort I suffer is that he won't let me go out. He has a crazy notion that I will run away with the baby. I would like to go out once in a while, but I wouldn't run away."

"You do not mean to say that you never go out of this collar?"

"Never. Not once for the shortest minute—not even as far as the top of the stairs running up to the street."

This was certain evidence of the stringent character of Chinese marital discipline, but the woman continued to state that in the main she was happy and that her alien husband regarded the marriage much as do the whites—requiring the affections of wife for self exclusively and jealously exacting it. She also said that her husband spoke very little English and that she spoke no Chinese whatever, not having learned to form or comprehend one word.

"What do you call the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Harry," she said, laughing. "Harry Tong. We both call him Harry, except that

Lam often has hit 'Hally,' which is very funny."

"Is he fond of the baby?"

"He simply worships it. Don't see dady love no awful hard, sweetly, and the baby gasped in its mother's tight embrace. "Oo ah wah, kiah," which was certainly Chinese.

"Are you going to teach him English?"

"Yes, but Lam says he's going to teach him Chinese."

"Aho; bobble, bobble, boo," and at this dismissal from the baby the visitors withdrew.

Across the street from this basement home, in a drug and grocery store owned by Sam Lee, at 339 South Clark street, eleven Chinamen were enjoying a sort of "stag party." Indifferent to the crowds of curious passers that clustered at the door, they zealously pursued their program. One tramped upon a guitar-like instrument, another sawed at a one-stringed fiddle, and a third beat with two sticks upon the upturned end of a small keg. Each proceeded to his performance independent of the others, and the result was a distressing dissonance resembling music as nearly as the cutting of car-rails in the north-side mills approaches the harmony of the spheres. A member of the group would lift a shrill falsetto in a tuneless sing-song strain that was attended with solemn interest by the others as they placidly pulled at their tobacco-pipes. Upon this scene the reporter and his guide intruded in pursuit of his second clue to a Chinese wife. A fair-spoken coolie who proved phenomenally familiar with English speech met the intruders and said that a Mr. Loey, who occupied the floor above, was married to a white woman. A rap upon the door upstairs brought forth a comely woman of perhaps 30 years, who in a very respectable manner inquired her callers' business. In quite as respectable manner she declined to be interviewed. Loey is a cigar-maker employed in a Spanish factory. He is a man of middle age, speaking English fluently, and has passed the greater part of his life in the United States and Cuba. He has been married five years, but has no children. The glimpse obtained of his abode gave an impression of unusual neatness and comfort.

The next nest was traced to 152 Fourth avenue. This was like the first, a basement laundry, through which the visitors passed without ceremony. In a back room four Chinamen lay upon a wide mattress that covered the floor. Between them stood the little lamp of peanut oil and all the paraphernalia of opium-smoking, including a can of the drug. One man was drawing drowsily at the pipe. The others were holding a jabbering chat in apparent abeyance to their turn in the rounds of the pipe. All started up as the reporter and policeman entered.

"What you want?" demanded the smoker in most insolent tones.

"We'll want you if you ain't more polite," replied the policeman.

"Who sent you. Me sabs. It Minnie. She send you. Me no lettee her hittee de pipe. She no good. You no much good, too," the Chinaman rattled off with growing impudence.

"Where's your wife?" was asked.

"Come to theater. When you want? You gottee warrant?" and the coolie, rising to his feet, actually grew threatening.

Officer Cox made a remark or two intimating that more tractable conduct would be better received and the Chinaman subsided in some degree. He exhibited a marriage license issued within the year authorizing the union of Sing Kee and Ella Lavin.

With this list of white-yellow families discoverable last night on the South side was ended the reporter's business in joining a miscellaneous association of Chinamen and men and women, both white and black, that is too horrible to dwell upon and is conducted in the deepest seclusion from the vigilant eye of the police, who, however, do not care to molest it except in cases where it becomes too flagrant and exposed.

Dr. Walker, a Clark street practitioner of medicine, law, and divinity, had until recently a monopoly of the business in joining Chinamen and white women in matrimony. He has performed a dozen such ceremonies, but none recently. It is thought that the greater number of these malassorted couples leave the city for country parts, as there are few about town. Until recently a miscellaneous association of Chinamen and men and women, both white and black, that is too horrible to dwell upon and is conducted in the deepest seclusion from the vigilant eye of the police, who, however, do not care to molest it except in cases where it becomes too flagrant and exposed.

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When last seen she was not regretting her choice. This interesting household has recently disappeared.—Chicago Times.

I've Noticed.

I've noticed that all fools is egotists, but all egotists is not fools.

I reckon it 'ud make a heap 'o' hard feelin' of we cood "see ourselves as others see us," but of others cood see us as we see ourselves, it 'ud be the biggest surprise party that ever was knowned.

The feller thet's ashamed of his relidjun, don't need to be, fur he haint generally got enuff of it to be ashamed of.

I've noticed that them that asks the most queschuns haint allus the best informed.

I reckon it 'ud be a heap easier fur to "find a needle in a haystack" than it 'ud be to find two human bein's egg-sact mates.

I've noticed that them that thinks thet there haint no hell is generally the ones that haf the most reason to be afeard that there is.

I reckon there's more surprizes at heaven's gate than ennywhere else in the hull unyverse.

I've noticed that when a feller finds out thet his opinyon conflicts with his interests he changes either one or tother mitey quick.

I reckon of we'd never find fault with a man's work when he's done it better than we cood do it our own selves, there 'ud be a heap less fault-findin' in this world.

I've noticed that there's mighty few men thet's sharp enuff to diskiver a hole in a feller's shoe, of the shoe's well blackened an' polished.

I reckon of everybody 'ud get what they think they deserve in this world, yo' cood find standin' room on the top o' the Washin'ton Monument fur all the poor fokes yo' cood scrape up; and of nobody 'ud git no more'n they akschully deserve, the rich fokes wouldn't be no ways crowded in the same place.—Oil City Derrick.

OUR COFFEE RESOURCES.

Where it Comes From and In What Quantities.

The United States is the greatest consumer of coffee in the world. More is required for our consumption than for the consumption of all the inhabitants of Austria-Hungary, France, Germany and the United Kingdom combined. The total imports in 1887 were 526,109,170 pounds, an average of over nine pounds of coffee per inhabitant. Two countries of Europe, the Netherlands and Belgium, show a larger consumption per capita than this, the former of twenty pounds and the latter of ten pounds. This is explainable by the circumstance that the consumption here shown is more apparent than real, and the figures given do not really indicate the local consumption, but include imports of coffee in transit which are consumed in other countries. The largest coffee markets of Europe are situated in the countries mentioned. These and other facts regarding coffee supply and consumption are presented in the October volume of consular reports issued by the state department at Washington.

The bulk of the coffee consumed in the United States is obtained from American sources. A little over 4 per cent. comes from the Dutch East Indies and the Netherlands. Brazil is by far the most important single shipper of coffee to this country. The following table gives the aggregate quantity and value of the imports in the fiscal year 1887, the countries from which exported and the percentage of quantity furnished by each of the countries named and the approximate price per pound of the coffee exported:

Countries.	Pounds.	Per cent.	Per lb. Value, cents.
Brazil	325,928,904	61.9	\$36,403,954
Venezuela	59,468,487	11.3	5,770,198
Dutch East Indies	18,099,539	3.4	2,344,672
Guatemala	15,645,949	3.0	2,285,013
Mexico	14,567,065	2.7	1,827,450
U. S. of Colombia	13,595,678	2.5	1,487,177
Costa Rica	7,211,833	1.3	1,091,501
San Salvador	6,813,771	1.3	899,096
Haiti	5,745,198	1.0	709,976
Netherlands	5,187,837	.9	715,098
British West Indies	4,555,959	.8	492,588

Total above sources... \$18,810,459 97.2 \$54,615,521
Tot. all imp's... \$26,109,170 100.0 \$6,347,600 10.7

Brazil, it will be noted, sends us 69 per cent. of the total quantity imported. That country and Venezuela sends us over four-fifths of the total quantity. In 1887 93 per cent. of our imports were derived from American sources. The eleven countries above given sent us over 97 per cent. of our total imports. Little change is to be noted in the coffee imports into this country over a period of ten years as regards countries furnishing it. In 1878 93 per cent. of the coffee imported came from American countries, or about the same proportion, as in 1887. In 1883 88 per cent. of our total coffee imports came from American sources. Hayti and Venezuela send us less coffee proportionately than in 1878. Brazil, beside being the largest exporter of coffee to the United States, is also the heaviest coffee producing country, growing as it does an annual crop about half that of the world's total production (1,430,000,000 pounds). The exports in 1885 (fiscal year) were in excess of this average, they aggregating 748,694,160 pounds. In 1883-85 coffee represented over two-thirds of the total value of the exports from Brazil.

Much uncertainty exists as to the size and area of the coffee production of Brazil. The largest producing sections are the provinces of Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Minas Geraes, Pernambuco, Para, Bahia and Rio Grande do Sul. Of these the production seems to be steadily increasing in Para and Sao Paulo and to be either stationary or steadily declining in the remainder. There is plenty of room for the extension of the culture. Improved transportation facilities are constantly opening up new districts. The province of Sao Paulo (Santos the chief port) appears to be the best adapted to the culture, as statistics of production in the past note a larger increase in area and yield than in any other province. The taxation of coffee by means of an export duty brings in a large revenue. The history of this taxation is an interesting one, but space forbids details. Efforts to reduce the export tax have not been very successful, but some progress has been made. The export taxes levied are of two kinds. The imperial tax is now 7 per cent. (reduced to this from 9 per cent. in 1882). There are in addition duties levied by the various provinces ranging from 4 per cent. in Rio de Janeiro and Santos to 7 per cent. in Bahia and Ceara.

Venezuela is, next to Brazil, the largest exporter of coffee to the American markets. The room for the extension of this industry is very large, but it is hampered by the small quantity of labor available. Caracas and Valencia are the centers of the coffee growing industry, while Maracaibo, Laguayra and Puerto Cabello are the chief ports.

Guatemala, Mexico and United States of Colombia are of about equal importance as regards their shipments to the United States, but Guatemala coffee ranks highest in price. Most of this coffee is sent to Europe. The coffee of Mexico is grown chiefly in the state of Vera Cruz from the port of which the bulk of the crop is sent to the United States. The want of capital and labor in sufficient quantities is said to be the only bar to an almost unlimited extension of the Mexican coffee growing industry. The coffee crop of Costa Rica, chiefly exported from Puntas Arenas, bears no export duty, the 2^d duty formerly levied being removed in 1882.

Most of it is sent to England. Of the West Indies, Hayti sends the largest quantity to the United States, 5,745,198 pounds in 1887, against 16,023,221 pounds in 1886. Haytian coffee exports to this country reached their height in 1881, when 31,908,074 pounds were sent. The British West Indies in 1887 sent 4,551,959 pounds, against 2,917,248 pounds in 1886. Exports from other islands were of insignificant proportions in 1887. Hayti levies a very heavy export duty on coffee, \$3 per 100 pounds being the rate. This duty, added to the low price ruling, accounts for the decline noted in 1887 from previous years. In nearly all the countries and islands mentioned the room for further extension is large. Progress is hampered in many cases by one or more causes, such as want of labor, improved machinery for cleaning and preparing the product and high export duties.—Bradstreet's.

Her Fragrant Thoughts.

They sat upon the upper deck;
"T'would soon be time for sailing;
But something seemed for once to check
Her gaiety and railing;
He had come down to say good-by,
And she, the pretty dreamer,
Scarce looked at him, but watched the
sky,
Or people on the steamer.
Poor chap! a dozen times he tried
To start a conversation;
She absent mindingly replied,
And showed no animation.
What capricious spirit had come o'er
The maid, and thus imbued her!
She would be gone for weeks—or more,
Far from him—in Bermuda.
She raised her eyes and scanned the sea;
"Twas almost time for starting;
"What are you thinking of," said he,
"So near the time for parting!"
Her sweet face fell (he did not know
He'd trodden on her buttons);
"I wonder if," she murmured low,
"Bermuda'll smell of onions!"
—Buftoa Courier.

Oleo Versus Butter.

Mrs. Blank is a model housewife. She spends a portion of each day in personal supervision of the domestic arrangements of the household. She directs the purchases made for the family larder and only the choicest viands will be accepted. On one point Mrs. Blank is particularly positive. It is, says the Chicago Tribune, the selection of butter.

Nothing but the choicest Orange county product is allowed on the table. She has often said that "if there was one thing she was posted on it was butter."

Her husband was skeptical, and resolved to test his wife's judgement. So he purchased a firkin of the choicest New York butter at \$1.40 a pound and had the lid stenciled "oleomargarine." Then the wily man had the word partially erased as if the merchant had sought to conceal the true nature of the tub's contents. The tub was sent home. When he went to dinner he was confronted by Mrs. Blank as soon as he had crossed the threshold.

"John," said she, in a severe tone, "are you out of your head? What do you mean by sending that horrid stuff home?"

"Why, my dear, I am assured that it is clean, and a good deal better than half the butter we get. So I thought we might give it a trial, at least."

This reply nearly took the good lady's breath away. Finally she broke forth:

"And do you think I am going to eat that stuff? Why, the moment I tasted it I felt sick. If you want to eat it you may, but I don't propose to fly in the face of Providence in that way."

Before her husband came down to dinner he let his daughter and son into the secret. At the table some of the "oleo" was set before the master of the house. He ate freely of it and finally induced his children to partake.

"Why, mamma," said the daughter, "it's every bit as good as Orange county butter. Try it."

"No, I thank you," was the freezing reply.

The son joined his sister in praise of the "oleo," and finally Mrs. — was induced to try a little.

"And you folks call this vile stuff good? Why, it fairly chokes me."

The next day Mr. — went to his wife and said that he would send the stuff back and return in its place some of the usual goods. Then he went down-town, bought a tub of oleomargarine and had it marked "Orange county butter." This was sent home, and at dinner Mrs. — discussed at length the virtues of the new "butter." She ate with relish, and it was two days before Mr. — told of his villainy. Then there was a pretty how d'ye do.

How to Keep Feet Warm.

During a recent cold snap a Brooklyn bridge car was slowly rising to the crest of that structure. The brakeman on the front platform paced back and forth like an uneasy bear in a cage. "Poor fellow," said a man in the car, speaking with a foreign accent. "His feet are cold. And yet he is suffering from ignorance. If he wore wooden clogs lined with straw his feet would be as warm as if he had them thrust into his kitchen stove at home. 'They're great, I tell you'—New York Tribune.

Birds of a Feather.

First stranger (in the far west)—Be you one of us?
Second stranger (with dignity)—I do not know what you mean by "one of us." I am president of the international aggregated trusts to force up the price of the necessaries of life.
First stranger (genially)—Your hand, pard, I'm a train-robber.—Philadelphia Record.

A CHINESE BRIDE.

One Who Was Born, Reared and Wed on American Soil.

Two square chests, neatly covered with bright new canvas which was fastened at regular intervals with little brass, oblong buttons, were noticed a week ago, one on the other, all stamped and sealed ready for shipment to San Francisco, in the office of the Northern Pacific Express company away up here in Seattle, W. T., writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Those trunks belong to Gee Hee's daughter," volunteered the obliging agent, "and she is going down to San Francisco to be married."

"Indeed! And who and where is Gee Hee?"

"O, he is a wealthy merchant. You can find him over on Third street, in Chinatown."

After the lapse of a few days, when Gee Hee had about time to hear of his daughter's safe arrival in San Francisco, I called upon him and enjoyed a very pleasant talk, which was ended with the courtesy that the Chinaman, especially the wealthy Chinaman, never forgets—the presentation of a fine cigar. This merchant from China has been in Seattle for more than twenty years. His firm, Wa Chong & Co., built the first, or, at least the second, brick structure in the city. He talks very fair English and is a shrewd financier. He talked without reserve about his family relations, and always answered questions about his daughter with a happy and beaming face.

Little Fong Sen was born here in Seattle in 1871, and when she was a little over one year of age her parents went back to China. The mother was going to join wife "No. 1," because when Gee Hee returned he brought wife "No. 3" with him, and she still presides over his home in this city. The other two wives still live in China, with two or more children each, all of whom are being carefully provided for by the husband and father, who tries to visit them at least once in every two years.

Baby Fong Sen did not go to China with her parents. She was taken as far as Victoria, B. C., and there she was placed in the keeping of trusted friends, who continued to care for her for ten years. Then the father, on returning from some of his voyages to his old home, called for her and brought her to his home. He brought with her a little servant girl who was only two years older, and the two little China girls became inseparable.

The daughter was now eleven years of age, and had come to that period in her life when, in the belief of her people every virtuous girl must shut herself away from the gaze of all human beings except those of the immediate household. So for five years she did not leave the few rooms over the merchant's store which constituted her father's home. Pale and delicate Fong Sen grew, and was contented with her life. She knew no other. But one morning there came a sudden change. Her little servant companion announced that she was going to be married to the merchant's trusted agent, but she would not leave Fong Sen; she would stay right along as though nothing had happened, only she was to be married. Fong Sen went to her father and told him she wanted to be married, too. Her father, nothing loath, consented, and immediately began seeking a husband for her. He soon found one who met his approval, and the daughter was informed that her husband was found, and preparations for the great occasion began without delay. Costly garments, made of the best of silk, were carefully and richly embroidered; valuable presents of gold and precious stones were selected, and it seemed that the idea of expense did not enter the father's mind.

The only white persons allowed into the presence of Fong Sen during the five years of her maidenhood were two missionary ladies—Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Parkhurst. These ladies had spent much time and patience in teaching Gee Hee and other Chinamen the mysteries of the English nouns and adjectives and he did not forget. When all was arranged for his daughter's departure he procured a closed carriage and drove with his daughter out to the homes of these ladies that she might pay them the courtesy of a farewell visit. The father then managed in some way to smuggle his daughter into her state-room on the steamer. No one is known to have caught a glimpse of her.

Fong Sen, while he was reared in about the same way that all good and virtuous Chinese girls are reared, was fortunate in two things. She was not born in China, and she had an elder sister. These prevented her from being maligned by having her feet wrapped tightly in fine cloth while in infancy, and kept so confined in order that she might be the fashionable daughter of rich parents, and all the world would know it by her small feet.

Gee Hee's eldest daughter is in China with one of his wives. She is eighteen years of age, and has waited two years for her father to come home to her, so that she could be married. Next spring, if his business cares will not allow him to go back to China on a visit, he will write his daughter a letter and she will be married, because when a Chinese maiden has passed the age of eighteen she is not wanted as a bride, or, in the language of Gee Hee himself, "Girl, no malled eighteen, she no good." The eldest daughter is a typical Chinese belle. She has very small and almost useless feet and a very wealthy father.

—BY THE—
KANSAS NEWS CO,
G. F. KIMBALL, Manager.

Payments always in advance and papers stopped promptly at expiration of time paid for. All kinds of Job Printing at low prices. Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20.

Talk up your town.
Write up your town.
Advertise your town.

This is centennial year—for peaches.

Resist the flea and he will devil you.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.

The Oklahoma war will begin next Monday.

A hole in the ground is the best place for loafers.

If you are a hen don't try to cover more eggs than you can keep warm.

Topeka has two or three isolated cases of small-pox.

The strangers to be seen on the streets are a part of the Oklahoma overflow.

Strawberries are in the larger markets. They will be cheaper in the sweet by and by.

In Dacotah the Farmers' Alliance has raised a paid in capital of \$200,000 to back their state agent.

It is not very polite to go into a main place of business, smoking. No more polite than it would be to commit any other nuisance.

Business has seldom been more at a stand-still than it is now in Topeka.

Peaches in southern Kansas are out of blossom, but the circus is in full bloom.

The weather and every other influence still continues most favorable for crops.

By the judicious use of a bit of twine, our farmers can this year strangle one trust. String it up gentlemen.

A huge stone fell from the upper wall of the state house Monday and striking against the adjacent wall rebounded, crushing through a window in the railroad commissioners office. Fortunately no one was in the office at the time.

We have been asked if the bill to prohibit the sale of tobacco, opium, etc., to minors under sixteen, was passed, and is now the law. We answer that the bill was passed, and the law will be enforced.

A most enthusiastic union Alliance meeting was held at Meriden on Monday. Mr. J. H. McDowell of the Toiler, of Nashville, Tenn., made an exhaustive speech, and aroused an unprecedented interest. He was also at Hutchinson last Friday.

The Spirit of Kansas, which was started in Lawrence twenty years ago, and which did good work for the state Grange for many years, is now throwing its influence in favor of the Kansas State Farmers Alliance.

Farmers' movements, whether the Grange, the Wheel, or the Alliance, have never made such progress as they are making at this very moment. It is no exaggeration to say that they give promise of a very thorough revolution at an early day.

Thrones are tottering in the old country. Kings are abdicating. Aristocratic rulers seem everywhere to foresee the end of a system that humbles labor, the only source of wealth and the support of thrones and titles. The artificial is giving way to the real; so it is in our country. Monopoly and trusts have at last done their work.

A Meriden dispatch to the Capital says: About five hundred farmers of Jefferson county met at Smith Bros. hall this afternoon to meet Hon. John H. McDowell, of Tennessee, the national lecturer of the Farmers' Alliance. Mr. McDowell held the audience spell-bound for fully three hours, after which the farmers all united, and, as far as learned, agreed not to use any binding twine at the present prices, but bind their oats and wheat the old-fashioned way.

Kansas chickens are coming home to roost. The attempt to prevent the last legislature from passing real acts in favor of low rates in interest, and for the redemption of mortgaged property, is bearing its legitimate fruit. Peoples' alliances are rising in every nook and corner of the state, and now it is estimated that within twelve months from the death of that legislature there will be 200,000 members of the Farmers' Alliance in this state alone. It portends something.

As the master, so is the servant. As your brains are, so is your body. Use

Warner's Log Cabin ROSE CREAM,

and clear your head of that horrid Catarrh. It is a sure relief from Catarrh. Price, 50c. All druggists.

Judge George W. McCrary, who was a member of president Hayes' cabinet, was a warm personal friend of the late Judge Usher and a great admirer. "Judge Usher's distinguishing characteristic as a lawyer," said Judge McCrary, "was his devotion to his client. I knew him best as a lawyer and I have never known a man who became so thoroughly wrapped up in his case. He seemed to enter a case with the idea that his client was right and as the trial progressed he became more and more convinced. His mind was active and analytic, but he was not what would be called a cultured man. With his death only two members of Lincoln's cabinet survive. Hon. James Harlan, ex-senator from Iowa, who succeeded Judge Usher as secretary of the interior, is now living at Mount Pleasant, Ia., and Hon. Simon Cameron, secretary of war, is still enjoying good health at the advanced age of 90 at his home in Harrodsburg, Pa. Judge Usher was a man of commanding appearance and until a few years ago gave no evidence of constitutional weakness."

Two hundred thousand farmers and working men, joined in Alliance, in the state of Kansas, all pulling together, would be a power that nothing could withstand. By union they can overwhelmingly control the next legislature, and the aim should be to do it. Drop every political and party consideration and work two years for home interests.

The subject of manual-training schools is exciting considerable attention now among educators everywhere. The fourth annual report of the Kansas Labor Bureau treats this subject at considerable length. Five manual-training schools have reported to the Bureau from Kansas. The showing is highly satisfactory. The Agricultural College at Manhattan gives the most decidedly favorable advance in producing mechanics, as well as farmers. The plan for carrying on manual-training schools, as used by the largest schools in the United States, is given quite fully.

Wabaunsee County.

Alma has a law firm that reads Doolittle and Stringham.

The county has a candidate for Congress in M. Nicolson.

McFarland stone quarries are furnishing rock for Topeka and Kansas City.

Mr. Willetts lost seventeen head of horses by the recent burning of his barn.

The largest petition, perhaps, ever filed in a district court in Kansas was that against Jas. Fields, late treasurer of this county. It embraces 147 different causes of action.

Jefferson County.

Methodist district conference at Oskaloosa April 22.

Peach trees have a ruddy look. They have not blushed so for years.

Work booming the county. Fair will begin earlier than usual this year.

Oskaloosa wants more room to hitch horses.

The county commissioners are giving unusual attention to county roads. That is right. Mental and field culture go hand in hand with good roads.

A Union Farmers Alliance meeting was held at Meriden on Monday.

County Teachers association had a profitable meeting last Saturday at Valley Falls.

Twenty seven new members have just been added to the M. E. Church, south, at Williamstown.

The COSMOPOLITAN for April is a charming number; 64 illustrations. Among other things it contains; "The Canadian Legislature" with sixteen portraits and five drawings, W. BLACKBURN HARTE, "New York in 1789," illustrated by DAN BEARD, CHARLES E. DOWE, "The Real George Washington," by FRANK C. CARPENTER, "The Nihilists of New York," (illustrated) by VALERIAN CRIBAYDOFF, "From the Sea to the Desert," "The Great Agitation,"—I. Southern Abolitionists, D. CONWAY, "An Underground Estate," (illustrated), CHARLES PELHAM-CLINTON, "Edison: His Work and Workshop," (illustrated) by HORACE TOWNSEND. (Young professional and business men seeking locations should see our last pages. There are opportunities given never before made public.) 25 cents a number, \$2.40 a year. Subscriptions received and copies supplied by your newspapers.

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 ASR-SAPARILLA,

"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.

Why Join the Grange?

In our last communication we stated several reasons why every farmer and his family should join the Grange, and the fifth reason we offered was "That we might consider, discuss, and take action upon questions of political economy affecting our class, our country and mankind."

Political economists tell us that two things are essential to the prosperity of the people. First—the abundant production of wealth; and second—the equitable distribution of the same.

Now a nation may be an excellent producer of wealth, but a very poor distributor; on the other hand, wealth may be quite evenly distributed, but its production very limited in amount. The highest degree of prosperity is only attainable where production is large and distribution is equitable.

During the past twenty-five years in these United States, we have not ceased to be producers of great wealth, but we have become quite deficient in equitable distribution. Millionaires are fast multiplying; pinching poverty is becoming quite too prevalent; the few are becoming wealthy; the many are becoming poor. What is the difficulty? and how can it be remedied? These are the questions in which every farmer, every mechanic, every day laborer and in short, every patriotic citizen is deeply interested.

In this brief article we shall only attempt to discuss or hint at some few remedial measures from our standpoint. Looking at this subject from the agricultural standpoint of a western farmer, it seems to us that the most prolific source of inequality in the distribution of wealth, annually produced by labor, is found in the high rate of interest on money. Look for one moment at the wonderful accumulative power of a single dollar at interest, compounded annually for 100 years, and note its product, and note the difference between a high and a low rate of interest, thus:

\$1 100 years at 1 per ct. \$	2 75
\$1 " " 2 " "	7 25
\$1 " " 2½ " "	11 75
\$1 " " 3 " "	19 25
\$1 " " 4 " "	50 25
\$1 " " 5 " "	131 50
\$1 " " 6 " "	340 00
\$1 " " 7 " "	888 00
\$1 " " 8 " "	2,908 00
\$1 " " 9 " "	5,543 00
\$1 " " 10 " "	13,809 00
\$1 " " 11 " "	34,675 00
\$1 " " 15 " "	1,174,406 00
\$1 " " 18 " "	15,145,007 00
\$1 " " 24 " "	2,551,798,404 00

Any one who doubts the entire correctness of these figures can verify them. The point we wish to make is the wonderfully rapid accumulative power of a dollar at a high rate of interest as compared with a low rate of interest. It is not well understood by the average farmer or citizen. There is no legitimate industry on earth that can keep pace with high interest on money.

When we take into careful consideration the almost universal high rate here in the west, is it at all astonishing that so many farms are sold, and to be sold under foreclosure, and the sheriff's hammer? Is it not rather remarkable that we are able to hold on to our homes here in the west as we do? Rise in value of real estate is the only door that seems to let us out.

Regular farming is now carried on, and prices as low as they now are, can no more keep pace with interest than an old fashioned stage coach can keep pace with a modern railroad train. It is only a question of time when the interest will absorb the security and the borrower be left penniless.

Is it a part of political wisdom to permit such a condition of things to exist? Labor is the most active agent known among civilized nations in the production of wealth; and is it right to allow capital, through high rate of interest, to make a slave of labor? We think not. In all ages of the world, history proves and experience corroborates the wisdom and the necessity of a wholesome usury law.

The census and statistics, collected once in ten years, tells us that our aggregated industries, during each decade in this country, do not exceed 3 per cent per annum; many fall short of this rate. Why then should a sound public policy permit money to be loaned at a rate in excess of 3 per cent per annum. Hence, one remedy for this evil of a high rate of interest, would be a national usury law of the most stringent character, that would actually preclude, under the severest penalty, the loan of money in any part of the United States at a rate in excess of 2 per cent per annum.

But there is another fault connected with our monetary system that enters largely into the cause of general stagnation, low prices and hard times, that is prevalent in our land, and that is "The volume of money in actual circulation among the people." It is wholly inadequate to do the vast, and ever increasing business of this industrious, enterprising nation.

It is well known to many of us, that there has existed for many years a systematic attempt by the "money worshippers" to control the volume of our money, and thus control labor by controlling wages. As we view the situation, nothing but a radical revolution in our whole monetary system will ever solve the whole difficulty, and as a means of uprooting this whole credit system we would recommend the adoption of the report of the committee on "needed legislation," as reported at the last meeting of the Kansas State Grange and sent out to the granges for consideration and discussion.—J. G. OTIS in Kansas Patron.

Frederick T. Roberts, M. D., Examiner in Medicine in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Eng., in speaking of Bright's Disease says: "Death is usually hastened by uric acid poisoning, serous inflammation, bronchitis, pneumonia, dropsy, or by apoplexy." Warner's Safe Cure is a guarantee against fatality from these terrible maladies, because it cures the cause (diseased kidneys), and puts the kidneys in a healthy condition, enabling them to expel the poison or waste matter from the system.

THEIR LAST WORDS.

The Dying Sentences of Men Noted in History and Literature.

"A death bed's a detector of the heart; Here tried dissimulation drops her mask, Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene,

Here real and apparent are the same."

"Head of the army."—Napoleon.

"I must sleep now."—Byron.

"It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Kiss me, Hardy."—Lord Nelson.

"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.

"I'm shot, if I don't believe I'm dying."—Chancellor Thurlow.

"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—Alfieri.

"Give Dayroles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.

"God preserve the emperor."—Haydn.

"The artery ceases to beat."—Haller.

"Let the light enter."—Goethe.

"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.

"What! is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.

"I have loved God, my father and liberty."—Mme. de Staël.

"Be serious."—Grotius.

"Into Thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.

"It is small, very small, indeed" (clasping her neck).—Anne Boleyn.

"I pray you, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself" (ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas More.

"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Burns.

"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.

"I resign my soul to my God—and my daughters to my country."—Thomas Jefferson.

"It is well done."—Washington.

"Independence forever."—Adams.

"It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.

"I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."—Harrison.

"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.

"There is not a drop of blood on my hands."—Frederick V., of Denmark.

"You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight."—Mozart.

"A dying man can do nothing easy."—Franklin.

"Let not poor Nelly starve."—Charles II.

"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—Mirabeau.

"It grows dark, boys; you may go."—Dr. Adam.

"God bless you, my dear."—Dr. Johnson.

"God bless you! . . . Is that you, Dora?"—Wordsworth.

"Now it is come."—John Knox.

"Dying, dying."—Hood.

"How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to Heaven!"—[The sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying.]—Humboldt.

Shook Hands and Were Sworn Brothers.

"Confound your awkwardness," groaned the man whose corns had been stepped on.

"I beg your pardon," answered the offender, "But I think you were as much to blame as I was. You stepped directly in my way."

"Do you claim the whole sidewalk sir, as yours? Has everyone got to get out of the way when you come along?"

"Sir, I have apologized to you for the accident. If you want any further satisfaction I shall be happy to accommodate you at any time. Here is my card."

(Reads)—"K. K. Guppins, Manufacturer of Railway Lamps." Do you make these lamps they use in the cars?"

"I do, sir."

(With emotion)—"My dear friend, permit me to grasp your hand! I am a spectacle peddler!"—Chicago Tribune.

Small Bits of Soap.

Careful housewives save even the small bits of soap that have become too little to use. Melt the pieces all together, put in a small bit of Indian meal and a few drops of perfume. Let this harden in any shape desired, stamp on a pattern, or cut with a cake-cutter and the result is a pleasing soap for toilet use. Other bits of soap can be melted in water, and while the mixture is hot stir in oatmeal until there is a stiff batter. For a hand soap this is unequalled when much dirt or deep stains of ink or berries are to be removed. The common yellow soap melted and thickened with scouring sand makes an excellent soap for scrubbing and scouring.

Female Farmers.

Will the coming young woman be a farmer?

Scattered all over the broad prairies of the Northwest are hundreds of self-reliant, true blue young heroines, living in small, isolated cabins called shacks, proving up claims, entering homesteads and making money.

It is lonesome, dreary business, this living alone on a wild, unsettled prairie, without a face or human form to welcome one or cheer one's solitude, but there seem to be a good many young women who have the grit to hang to this solitary life long enough to prove up a claim at least.

Four young ladies in Dakota last year put their heads together and hit upon an ingenious plan, whereby they could each secure a claim and yet all live comfortably together in one house and each be upon her own land. Instead of building four shacks with one room each, they constructed one shack with four rooms, but so nicely planned that each room of the square building was on a different quarter section. Each had her own bed in her own room and in that way each claimant at night slept upon her own land.

Society ladies of the city will wonder, not so much how these young lady settlers get along without social privileges, as how they dared live so far away from the doctors. Why, bless you! They never thought of being sick. Doctors are not half so much of a household necessity as city people are in the habit of thinking.

For all the ordinary ills of life, the old-fashioned roots and herbs remedies are more effective, and much safer in results, than modern doctors' pills and potions. These latter are so radical in their effects that, while they may better meet the modern desire for quick results, they frequently permanently injure the system, nature rebelling against the unnatural methods employed.

It is always safest to follow natural methods in treating disease. The old time roots and herbs remedies, which our good old log-cabin grandmothers knew so well how to prepare, were the best medicines the world ever knew, because they were nature's remedies.

The modern world needs them. In Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, and especially such as Warner's Log Cabin Sarasaparilla and Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy, the people of to-day have an opportunity to secure the healthy medicines which our rugged ancestors used with such splendid results.

Do you want to be carried to Africa and see how the terrible slave-trade is conducted in that country? How whole villages are laid waste, and all the inhabitants manacled and marched off to the marts, save those who are butchered because too feeble, too young, or too old to be of service? We have just finished reading a finely illustrated article on the subject. The battle scene between the slave-traders and the doomed is terribly realistic, and the numerous illustrations give a vivid idea of the hardships of the African in his own country. This article in Demorest's Monthly Magazine for May will alone more than repay the purchaser; but this number just published is stored with good things, among them "Modes of travel in Japan" (beautifully illustrated), "Ten woman-Poets of America" (with their portraits), and numerous other interesting articles and interesting stories for the children as well as for the old folks, besides its renewed Fashion Department, making it a Family Magazine that should be found in every home.

Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

The Kansas City Court of Appeals has decided that base ball playing on Sunday is illegal.

The monopoly business is down so fine that tooth picks are controlled by a trust just like twine, barbed wire, coal-oil, etc.

Leavenworth complains of an innumerable number of croakers; not frogs, but creatures who are not so fond of water.

The Good Templars are said to be increasing in the state faster than usual. Notwithstanding the popularity of prohibition, the great Temperance order has never been very strong in Kansas.

The funeral of the late Judge Usher was held in Lawrence on Thursday and was very largely attended.

Lawrence will build a \$35,000 high school building, but it will require a good deal of economy to get what is needed for that amount of money.

We would like a line from every new Alliance as fast as they are organized in the state.

California wants the next session of the National Grange. The State Senate has passed a bill appropriating \$10,000 to help pay expenses.

Geo S Haskell, a leading seedsman of Rockford, Ill., and president of the Illinois State Agricultural Society, has made an assignment, caused by the absconding of a party in New York worth \$50,000.

Every farmer in Kansas should join the Alliance, determined to work harmoniously with it and for it, even if it involves a little present sacrifice.

The farmers bid fair to cut that twine knot.

DEARER EVERY DAY.

They said I would cease to love her
When her freshness showed decay;
They were wrong, for as the river
Wears its channel more away,
Deeper grew my love, and clearer
Seemed her beauties in display.
She grew older, she grew dearer—
Dearer every day.

Had I loved her for her beauty,
Had her heart been simply clay,
Then might mine have ceased its worship;
But her truth's resplendent ray
Filled my soul and drew me nearer
To the fount where sweetness lay.
Still the older, still the dearer—
Dearer every day.

Age has laid its hands upon her—
Do I realize it? Nay,
Her youth's bloom my heart remembers—
Years her faithfulness portray,
And it shall be mine to cheer her,
So her winter shall be May.
Still the older, still the dearer—
Dearer every day.
—William Lyle.

After Thirteen Years.

"I'm afraid, sir, we cannot make a satisfactory piece of work unless we tear down the whole mantelpiece. You see it has been loose for years. There is a wide crack at the back that must have been there a long time."

Herbert Payne looked ruefully at his table of papers, his large book-case, his pictures, busts, and gimcracks, that made his handsome library the one room in the large house that seemed truly like home to him.

"Very well, he said, only be sure you put it up this time so that there will be no further annoyance."

Then Herbert Payne fled from the confusion to come, and took a trip of two weeks, absolutely without end or aim, excepting the escape from his disordered library.

Mrs. Beach, his housekeeper, took care that none of his treasures were injured, and when he returned there was no trace of the invaders, save that the falling mantelpiece was carefully and firmly re-set.

But upon the table lay a sealed envelope, yellow with age, and directed in a pretty, lady-like hand to "Mr. Herbert Payne."

Every shade of color left the middle-aged bachelor, as he saw this epistle. His hand, stretched out to grasp it, trembled so violently that he drew it back. Mrs. Beach was within call, and he controlled his emotion to ask:

"How came this letter here?"

"The men found it in behind the mantelpiece, sir. It must have slipped down the big crack."

He shut the door then, and bolted it. No careless, curious eye should watch him when he read the letter that had been hidden thirteen years behind the mantelpiece.

Before he touched it he unlocked a writing-desk, evidently seldom used, and took from it a miniature picture of a lovely girl of eighteen or nineteen, with large, brown eyes and waving golden hair.

A face full of sweetness looked out from the cold ivory, and the eyes of the strong man grew dim with tears as he looked upon it.

For he had loved her. Not with the wild, unsteady love of youth, but when he was a man of past thirty, who had faced trouble and temptation, and conquered both.

He had met her first when she was the comfort of an invalid father, and he had been won first to love her by watching her sweet patience with the irritable old man, who kept her constantly busy in his service.

Later, when they were friends, Herbert learned that Mr. Morrison, the fretful sufferer, was a very wealthy man, and that Leda was his only child.

Every day he loved her better, till he was assured of his love in return, when he sought her father's consent to his taking her to his heart and home, his loved, honored wife.

And Mr. Morrison's plea was this: "I cannot spare her yet. When I tell you her story you may not care to marry her, but if you still love her, spare her to me a few months longer. I may not, cannot live over next spring, even in this soft climate, but when I die Leda will inherit all my fortune, though she is not my child. I told you she had a history."

"Leda—my wife—was delirious, calling constantly for her babe, and the doctor said it was life or death with her to have a child. So we took the babe who has grown to be the comfort of my life from a foundling asylum. I have no idea who she is nor what was her parentage, but from the hour she lay in my wife's arms, and the pressure of her tiny fingers calmed the wild excitement of the brain, she was to us our child."

"We never were blessed with one of our own again, and all the love that was in our hearts for children was lavished upon Leda. She was ten years old when her adopted mother died, but she knew nothing then, and knows nothing now, of the secret of her birth. Only two other persons beside myself know of it, my brother and my nephew, who will be my heirs if I leave no will."

"But I promise you to make a will before I die, and leave Leda independent. You—you do hot look as if the story had shaken your love."

"Nor has it. Leda will ever be the one woman I love, and I care nothing for her obscure origin, nothing for her fortune. Rich or poor, she will ever be the same to me."

"But your love will not urge her to leave me yet—not until spring?" "Tis but a few months, but it is all my life."

"I will not ask her to leave you," Herbert said, deeply moved by the paths of those last words, "but let me speak to her, and have the right to return here and comfort her at the time

you fear you must leave her in sorrow and loneliness."

"Yes, yes; but must you go?" "I must. I am here only on business, and I must return to my home at once. But, if you wish it, I will return next March."

"I do wish it." Little doubting his success—for while Leda was never unmaidenly, she had never quite concealed her shy, pure love—Herbert wooed and won the maiden he had sought for his wife.

They were to correspond regularly, and in March, Herbert was to return and remain with the Morrises.

He was filled with new, deep happiness as he journeyed homeward, and every tender, loving letter from Leda added to his content.

January was over when the letters ceased.

He waited a reasonable time, then he wrote. No answer.

Hastening at once to the house Herbert found it closed and deserted.

The agent whose address was on the placard announcing the place "To Let," could give no information, excepting that he received his orders to let the house from Mr. Morrison, the brother of the former owner. He was not at the funeral himself, did not know anything about Miss Leda, could give the address of the late Mr. Morrison's lawyer, and knew that the surviving brother and his son were traveling.

At the lawyer's the news was crushing. Mr. Morrison had died without a will, and the entire property had passed into the hands of the heir-at-law.

"He was superstitious," the old lawyer said, "fancying it would hasten his death to make his will. Foolish? Well, yes, but not uncommon. Miss Leda remained a week, but I don't know what became of her then. The brother was very unkind—one might say brutal, for he had been jealous of her for years, and understood perfectly well that it was only because of his brother's neglect that she was left penniless instead of inheriting most of the estate. If I hear of her I will let you know certainly."

But thirteen long, weary years passed by, and no word of Leda reached the faithful heart waiting and hoping to have the long looked-for tidings.

No other face ever took the place in Herbert's heart that Leda's face filled.

No other love ever drove out this one strong love of his life, and when he looked upon the parting gift of his darling, every throb of his heart was as truly hers as it had been when he bade her farewell, and tenderly kissed away her falling tears.

It was many minutes before he could control his agitation sufficient to open the letter.

The date was that of the day previous to that of Mr. Morrison's funeral.

When at last he opened and read it tears had no shame to Herbert Payne's manhood, and coursed down his cheeks.

In humble words Leda told him frankly the story already familiar to him and her own penniless condition.

"You may not care to claim a wife who knows nothing of her birth," she wrote; "who stands now utterly alone, a beggar. But if—as my heart will whisper hopefully—you still love, you will find me here a week longer. If you do not come I shall know that you despise me for my involuntary deceit, and I shall accept a position offered by an old friend as governess to her children."

"Oh, my darling, my forsaken darling!" Herbert whispered, "where are you? Sorrowing for your wasted love. Despising your lover who deserted you in sorrow and loneliness! It is too bitter."

But calmer thoughts came at last, and after a long deliberation Herbert decided upon one more effort to gain tidings of his lost love.

In every city for a week one leading newspaper contained this advertisement.

"LEDA.—The letter written thirteen years ago has just reached me. Write again. H."

Waiting, enduring for so many years, became torture after this notice appeared, and once again Herbert Payne resigned himself to a future uncheered by loving companionship.

Had he possessed Asmodeus's power he might have been waded to a home in Paris, where a sweet-faced woman, lovelier in her gentle maturity than ever in her girlish bloom, was teaching a class of girls the hard words of the English language.

Accepting the position offered her by her old friend, and refusing the assistance proffered grudgingly by her adopted father's brother, Leda Morrison had traveled with the children under her charge for nearly six years.

Then, finding herself in Paris, and able to gather a class of pupils in English, she had not decided to return to her old home, earning more than sufficient for the humble wants in her new vocation.

It was some weeks after the discovery of the long lost letter, and the class of girls were improving their English accent by reading from a newspaper, when one slowly and hesitatingly read:

"LEDA.—The letter written thirteen years ago has just reached me. Write again. H."

In a moment Leda, white and trembling, was eagerly scanning the lines. Could there be another Leda who had risked her whole life's happiness thirteen years before to "H. P.?"

Were there two Herberts? If it should be—if it should be! The young ladies wondered at the perfect impunity with which they murdered the English language during the remainder of the class hour, but none guessed the tumult of hope and fear in the heart of that pale, gentle

teacher—none saw her, when she was at last alone, write a few words only:

"If it is indeed Herbert who put the enclosed advertisement in the paper, he will find me at No. 28 Rue Mont, Paris. Ever his faithful, loving betrothed. LEDA."

Then she put the advertisement into the letter, sealed and directed it, and sent it over the sea to the anxious lover waiting and praying for tidings.

"I am growing old and worn," she said one day, looking at her pale face in the mirror; "I am not the blooming girl Herbert loved, but a careworn, pallid woman."

And her own sad eyes could not see the rare beauty of the sweet face.

But, still thinking of her love, she twisted her hair in a heavy coronet over her shapely head, and upon one side put a knot of blue ribbon.

"Herbert liked it so," she thought. Then she pinned blue ribbons over her gray dress under a soft lace collar, and put on a brooch her adopted father had given her, which was a favorite with Herbert.

And, thinking sadly of the changes years had made, she was summoned to her sitting-room to meet a grave, middle-aged man, changed also, until upon his lips and in his eyes she read his constancy and answered it by her own.—Yankee Blade.

Divorces the World Over.

In Australia divorces have never been sanctioned.

Divorces are scarcely ever known to occur in modern Greece.

In Hindostan either party for a slight cause may leave the other and marry. Divorces are scarcely allowed in Tibet, unless with the consent of both parties. Remarriage is forbidden.

In Cochinchina, the parties desiring divorce break a pair of chopsticks in the presence of witnesses and the thing is done.

Among some tribes of American Indians the pieces of sticks given the witnesses of the marriage are broken as a sign of divorce.

Two kinds of divorces are granted in Circassia. By the first the parties can immediately marry again; by the second, not for a year.

If the wife of a Turkoman asks his permission to go out and he says "go," without adding "come back again," they are divorced.

In Liberia if a man is dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife he tears a cap or veil from her face, and that constitutes a divorce.

Among the Moors, if the wife does not become the mother of a boy, she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe and can marry again.

In the arctic regions a man who wants a divorce leaves home in anger and does not return for several days. The wife takes the hint and departs.

In Siam the first wife may be divorced, but not sold as the others may be. She may claim the first child. The others belong to the husband.

In China divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of temperament, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife.

Among the Tartars if the wife is ill treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the house and pronounces a divorce.—Cincinnati Times.

Popular Fallacies.

The antique worship of mystic numbers still shows its after-effect in various popular superstitions, for instance, the idea that young animals born blind will open their eyes on the ninth day. The truth is that the blindness period of puppies varies from ten to sixteen days, and that of kittens from six to twelve. My children have a private zoo of domestic and foreign rodents, and after a three years experience have come to the conclusion that the young of white rats never open their eyes before the fifteenth day, the eighteenth day being the usual average. The frequent assertion that "colds" will run their natural course in nine days is equally erroneous. A slight catarrh, characterized by all its unmistakable symptoms, may come and depart in three times twenty-four hours, while chronic "colds" are often as persistent as their cause, and may worry a whole family from Christmas to the season of open windows. Country experts in the phenomena of rabies are apt to assure the victim of a snapping cur that the bite of a mad dog will show its effect on the seventh day, after which time (sometimes extended to the "ninth day") the dread of evil consequences may be dismissed; but the truth is that the virus of hydrophobia may remain latent for more than five years, and after all, develop its germs with fatal results.—Weekly Press.

More Information Wanted.

Lawyer (hotly)—"Do you mean to say, sir, that you do not consider Mr. De Lys a man of his word?"

Witness—"I do."

"You do, eh? Do you mean to insinuate that he ever lies?"

"That's about it."

"Now, sir, attention! Do you mean to say that you would not believe him under oath?"

"No, I have not said that."

"Oh! I thought I'd catch you. Then you don't say you would not believe him under oath?"

"No, I haven't heard him do any talking under oath yet."—New York Weekly.

RICHARD PIGGOTT'S CAREER.

The Perjurer's Rapid Fall from the Ladder of Respectability.

Richard Piggott, the latest Irish Judas, says the New York World, is still another example of how men may fall from the topmost rung of the ladder of respectability into the lowest depths of degradation. His fall, indeed, has been great. He was once a respected member of Dublin society and moved in the ranks of Irish nationalists an honored man. An honored man he might have remained had he not allowed his ability for double dealing to lure him into the shadow of Dublin castle, in which the goodness of heart of so many Irishmen before him had been destroyed.

Early in life Richard Piggott made his way into the ranks of the Dublin journalists and a quarter of a century ago he had in his hands two of the boldest of the advanced journals. The Irishman and The Flag of Ireland. He owned besides a weekly paper devoted to literature, which was a welcome guest in every Irish homestead and which still survives his disgrace. The Irishman and the Flag of Ireland were as much the advocates of the revolution as was the Irish People, the official organ of the I. R. B. Piggott was one of the marked men of the government of the day. Richard Piggott and the Irishman were really big factors in Irish politics.

When Allan, Larken and O'Brien were executed at Manchester in 1867 no one made a greater outcry than Piggott, but even then he was dropping into shady walks of life. He had begun to lose his hold and scarcity of money, linked with a desire for its possession, did the work. He was undoubtedly clever and an able writer but full of ambitions which could not be satisfied as he desired them, by bounds, and so he became a disappointed man and a crank. Had he been made of better moral stuff he could have easily, with his ability, won a good position in the field of journalism.

As it was he allowed himself to drift. Things went from bad to worse, and at length the Flag of Ireland ceased to be published. Stories told of a not very creditable character got abroad, and Richard Piggott no longer stood on the old pedestal. He sank in the estimation of the public, and the men in the forefront looked on him with suspicion. For some years he was indeed regarded as a dangerous man, and writings of his in the newspapers clearly indicated the growing traitor spirit. The Irishman, too, had evidently had its day, although it managed to drag on a wretched existence. Throughout the Butt home-rule movement Piggott cut a small figure, and by the time young Parnell appeared above the horizon Piggott's star had set. He became a nuisance, a clog that could not be tolerated, and, besides, it was strongly suspected that English gold would tempt him up the back stairs of the castle. Isaac Butt had been laid with his fathers in Stranorlar churchyard, county Donegal, and Parnell was at the helm. A stirring paper for the masses was sadly needed—the people who were not usually reached by the "dailies," and indeed there was no daily, not even excepting the Freeman's Journal, with the truering about it. In Lower Abbey street all was decay, but Parnell in this, as in other things, was equal to the occasion. The Irishman disappeared, Piggott left Lower Abbey street, and United Ireland and William O'Brien started in the old house.

Piggott begged hard to stay, but his character even then was such that the Irish leader could not venture to retain him, even as a dispatch clerk. He then went beneath the surface, and people were glad he had gone. Once out of public view he was little thought of, save now and then when, overflowing with mischief, he sought the columns of the Tory Press as a mud-throwing medium. He wrote against everybody and everything connected in the past and the present with the politics of his country. But the infinite depth of his scoundrelism was never dreamed of even by those who would credit him with any villainy.

As soon, however, as the "Parnellism and Crime" articles began to appear in the Times men whispered, "Piggott's hand is here," and the "letters" were attributed to him by simple folk in Ireland not at all versed in the ins and outs of politics. In London, too, before ever the commission was appointed Piggott's name was freely mentioned, and when there did not seem the slightest chance of the forger's identity being discovered men were prepared to stake their all on Piggott. How justified were all the suspicions of the people and their leaders was established out of his own mouth before the judges by the wretch who, it is believed, has now closed his career.

Understood the Case.

Customer—"I want to get some old-fashioned pumpkin pie pans—about two feet long, you know, and a foot wide, and two inches deep, with square corners."

Dealer—"Yes, sir. I believe we have a few left. Going to have some old-fashioned pumpkin pies, eh?"

"Yes, siree."

"You are lucky. It isn't every man who has a great-grandmother living, and in good health."—New York Weekly.

"There is nothing new under the sun," said Solomon, and it may be remembered that old Sol was something of a paragraph writer himself.—Terre Haute Express.

WINGED MISSILES.

Pension clerk Robert Sigel of New York has been indicted for forgery.

The reported rupture in the Irish National League in America is contradicted.

The Illinois senate has passed a bill to regulate telephone charges in the state.

Fifteen congressmen are ill in Washington, as a result of exposure on inauguration day.

The Racine (Wis.) Basket Factory is claimed to be the largest of its kind in the world.

A new Jersey cannery has contracted for 200 acres of tomatoes at \$7 per ton for next season's pack.

At a meeting of Parnell sympathizers at Philadelphia, \$8,000 was contributed to aid the Irish leader.

It is reported that much of the choicest land in Oklahoma has been taken up and is now held by squatters.

The postal treaty arranged between Great Britain and Mexico has been officially published in the latter country.

During the last congress \$10,000,000 was appropriated for the construction and improvement of public buildings.

Pulp mills have so multiplied in Maine that there is fear of an over-supply unless new mills are put up to turn the pulp into paper.

Many of the bureau chiefs in the departments at Washington have tendered their resignations to the new heads of the departments.

It is said that Edison's incandescent patent taken out in Canada has been declared null and void, on the ground of failure to comply with patent regulations.

One of the rules in the Royal Library in Berlin, made with a view to preserving quiet and good order, calls for the exclusion of all members of the gentler sex.

Edmund C. Stanton, of the Metropolitan opera house of New York, has had bestowed upon him by the prince regent of Bavaria the order of St. Michael, in recognition of his services in the promotion of German art in America.

The Seventh Regiment drank 7,000 bottles of beer on their return trip from Washington to New York, and their path is marked by a trail of broken bottles. There was no disorder, in spite of the evident danger that the members might get at lager-haus.

Martin Thorp and William Garner, leaders of the most extensive gang of counterfeiters in the southwest, have been captured in Conway county, Ark. An immense sum of bogus money, comprising \$5, \$10, and \$20 imitation gold pieces, was also secured.

James G. Whittier pronounces the rumor that he contemplated a visit to Europe as utterly without foundation. "The time has long since past," he writes, "when such a trip would have been practicable or desirable. At my age one travels easiest by proxy."

Colonel John W. Wilson of the engineer corps has been placed in charge of the work on the Washington aqueduct extension, relieving Major G. J. Lydecker, who will be tried by court martial on the 25th inst. for neglect of duty in connection with this improvement.

El Tiempo, a conservative journal of the City of Mexico, says it sees in President Harrison's inaugural address a menace to the peace of the Spanish American republics, especially Mexico. It expresses a fear as to the policy which Secretary of State Blaine may adopt.

Eighteen hundred men and boys are thrown out of work by the closing of the Scott Foundry Rolling Mill, the new pipe mill of the Reading, (Pa.) iron works, which failed last week. The company's only establishments at work are the blast furnaces and a portion of the tube mill.

A Chicago surgeon testified in a criminal case the other day that he had properly set the defendant's broken nose, but that the patient was morbidly afraid that his beauty would be spoiled and that to ease his mind the witness had twice thereafter rebroken and reset the nose. Accommodating doctor, that.

Senator Greer, inspector of the Pennsylvania Soldiers' Orphans Schools, has completed his report regarding the crazy boys at the McAllisterville school. He says the boys were shamming. They have all confessed much to the confusion of wise and snowy-haired doctors, who diagnosed the cases.

Brainworkers must envy the constitution of the emperor of Austria almost as much as Gambetta did Prince Bismarck's capacity for enjoying lager beer and tobacco. Though the emperor is an exceedingly hard worker, a couple of hours of sleep are at any time sufficient for his recuperation. When traveling at night he is able to remain at his writing-table during the whole of the journey without ever getting fatigued. It is his custom to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the contents of every document of importance before putting his name to it.

Some years ago Secretary Rusk bought a choice hog of an eloquent divine of Madison, Wis., but as the animal proved to be unsound he made the clergyman take it back. Some time afterward the clergyman was preaching a sermon on the prophet Jeremiah, during the delivery of which he asked in solemn tones: "Now, then, my hearers, what did Jeremiah do?" In the congregation was an old fellow somewhat the worse for liquor, who knew of the incident related, and when the clergyman paused, apparently for a reply, he shouted: "He made ye take back the hog, consarn ye!"

A number of years ago the late John Ericsson was invited to hear Ole Bull play the violin. The inventor replied that he had no time for such frivolity, that he had no ear for music, and that his habits could not be changed. However, Bull was brought to Ericsson's workshop and the two men talked while the inventor kept on at his task. After a time the violinist took up his instrument and began to play. Ericsson paused, dropped his tools, and listened spellbound to the entrancing sounds. He acknowledged that something had been wanting in his life and that he had found it at last. After that he showed great fondness for music.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Raising Seedling Strawberries.

New varieties of the strawberry are more easily raised than of any other fruit, because every berry of all the pistillate sorts (so called) is necessarily a cross in its seeds. To work intelligently therefore, the operator must decide what staminate are selected for operating on them. As an example we mention the mode adopted by Amos Miller of Carlisle, Pa., in originating the Cumberland, one of the most valuable and popular sorts. More than a fourth of a mile from any other wild or cultivated sort he set a plant of the Green Prolific, a pistillate, which was surrounded with a circle of Juncunda. The seeds of all the berries of this Green Prolific were consequently crosses of the two sorts. A large number of these crosses were raised, the best one of which was the Cumberland. An interesting paper on the subject of raising new varieties was read by F. W. London, before the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, in which he gives his experience for the past thirty years. After briefly alluding to the successful achievements of C. M. Hovey of Boston, Wilson of Albany, Longworth of Cincinnati, Dower of Kentucky, Boyden and Durand of New Jersey, Parmelee of Connecticut, Crawford of Ohio, Sharpless of Pennsylvania, and others, who have given us the Hovey, McAvoys Superior, Wilson, Downing, Crescent and other sorts, he states that he began his experiments with the seeds from two quarts of berries, and at the end of five years had 100,000 seedling plants in bearing. He was astonished at the endless variety in character which they exhibited, no two plants being alike. Very large berries had but few on a plant; profuse bearers gave small berries. The result on the whole was not satisfactory, and he found that he had not made much progress. Since then he has used the seeds from the various large new sorts, and has succeeded better. He has bought every new sort offered for sale at high prices, conscious at the time that nine of them out of the ten would prove a failure. He says: "I confess to a weakness in this respect—I rather like to be humbugged." He wanted them to raise new sorts from them, and to avoid "breeding in-and-in."

Afterward he changed his method, and adopted one which he says was more scientific. To propagate from a staminate which possessed the most desirable qualities, he cut out stamens with a pair of small pointed scissors, and selecting one with an unlike berry that had other desirable qualities, collected the pollen on a camel's hair brush from the anthers, applied it to the stigmas at the summit of the pistils. The flowers were then covered to prevent the bees from interfering.

More recently he has adopted still another mode, attended with less trouble and better success. He selects the sorts to be propagated from, and root plants in small pots from runners by the usual way. These are afterward changed to eight-inch pots, kept in the cellar during winter, and early spring placed in a hot bed.

To bloom two or three weeks before outdoor plants, and escape their pollen. When half grown the berries are thinned to three of the best on each plant. They are allowed to ripen to decay, to insure good seed. These are kept till the following spring, sown in eight-inch pots in sharp, clear sand, the seed being pressed when sown with the bottom of another pot, and watered with a very fine rose. The pots are then set in a frame, covered with sash and shaded with lath. The sand is kept damp. In twelve days the new plants appear like green specks the size of pin heads. When the leaves are as large as one's thumb nail, they are set in open ground. Mr. London says he "never pets his seedlings."

The soil is stirred once a week, and only one runner allowed to each. They are covered with straw in winter. As the new plants ripen their berries, going through the rows and examining them is attended with charm and fascination. A quantity of sharp pointed sticks are carried in one hand, on which the result is written and placed at each selected plant. When the fruiting season is over about eight per cent are found thus reserved, and all the rest are cut up—which Mr. L. regards as a cruel operation, many of these rejected ones being superior to the hundreds he has bought of others and paid two or three dollars a dozen for. He believes the blood in the varieties which he has originated is entirely free from the taint of rust. The selected plants are fertilized with manure, well cultivated, and ten to twenty raised of each variety, for further examination.

Those who raise new varieties, and those who purchase new ones, with high prices and laudatory names, should bear in mind that the high culture of costly plants usually gives much finer berries than the same kind after they become cheap and common. Hence the reason that a new sort surviving more than five, or at most ten years, is a rare exception. The last edition of the American Fruit Culturist gives a list of more than fifty varieties which were famous thirty years ago, which are now almost entirely forgotten. But the hundreds of cultivators who are now raising new ones may find some really valuable and durable sorts out of the hundreds of thousand which are annually produced.

Practical Farmer.

Corns in Horses' Feet.

A correspondent of the Practical Farmer writes: Horses with flat feet and low heels are liable to have corns.

A corn mostly forms in the inner angle of the heel between the wall and the bars, and in some few instances corns form in the same situation at the outside heel. A corn may be described as a bruise, which is produced on that part of the heel situated between the bar and the wall or crust. The bruise is caused by the pressure of the shoe at this part, and is especially liable to occur when the heels have been cut down too much and the sole about the heels too extensively pared away. By doing as described the horse's weight is thrown more on his heels than it ought to be and they are less able to resist pressure on account of the excessive removal of horn. Uneven seating of the shoe is also a cause of corns, and this may act as a cause where the horn has also been excessively cut away. The shoe, by pressing on the sole, bruises the sensitive tissues above, some small blood vessels are ruptured and there is consequently extravasation of blood, which penetrates the horn beneath, producing a red spot at the heel. This condition is usually accompanied by lameness and by the horse while standing frequently putting the foot out in front of him. When it is ascertained that a horse is lame from a corn, the shoe having been removed and the horn thinned somewhat over the seat of the corn, the horse's foot should be poulticed for a few days and then he should stand without shoes until he is free from lameness. If there is acute pain in foot the corn should be pared to the quick, as matter may have collected. It is necessary to apply a bar shoe for a month or two when the heel has been much cut away, but this kind of shoe may be dispensed with when by growth of horn the foot has become strong. Stallions and mares with low heels and flat feet should not be used for breeding, as such feet are very apt to become affected with corns.

Farm Notes.

The brood-mare that is expected to foal this season should not be spared from work. If given moderate exercise she will be benefited. It is unwise to keep a brood-mare in her stall and overfeed her.

Take good care of the ewes from now on if you would have a good flock of lambs. Do not keep them too fat, but give sufficient nutritive food. Feed roots moderately but regularly.

The lambs coming in this month will not be early, but they can be rapidly pushed in growth and made to overtake the February lambs by giving them plenty of food and warm quarters. An important point is to keep up the flow of milk from the ewes, and to do this their food should be raised, cooked turnips being an excellent addition.

A correspondent of the Country Gentlemen recommends aconite, in doses of three-fourths of an ounce of the tincture, as a specific for milk fever. The first dose is the quantity named above; the second, given six hours later, was half as much as the first, and the third, half as much as the second. She was then well enough to eat a little hay, and in three or four days was turned out with the other cattle cured.

The Household.

LEMON PUDDING.—Six ounces of melted butter; pour it over the same quantity of sugar; stir it well until cold. Grate the rind of a large lemon and add to it eight eggs well beaten and the juice of two large lemons; stir all together and bake with puff paste around the edges of the dish.

POTATO SALAD.—Peel six large potatoes and boil until tender; when cold cut up in small pieces; make a dressing of the yolks of four hard boiled eggs, a small quantity of salad oil, mustard, salt, pepper and celery; cut up fine; add vinegar enough to make of the consistency of any salad dressing; pour over potatoes and let stand a few hours. Cut the whites of the eggs very fine and put on top.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One pound of sugar, six eggs, one pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, one cup of milk, one teaspoon of baking powder; bake in layers. For the dressing take one-half pound chocolate, two pounds of sugar, one cup milk or cream, one-half cup butter; cook until thick and spread between the layers.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Line the sides and bottom of two oval tin pans with lady fingers or sliced sponge cake; soak an ounce of gelatine in a pint of milk for one hour; put in a saucepan over some hot coals; stir until dissolved; strain in an open dish; make very sweet and flavor with vanilla or lemon to suit taste. To one quart of rich cream add the beaten whites of six eggs; when the gelatine has become cold, but not stiff, add to the cream and eggs and beat all together.

A Tale of War.

What could be happier than this childish account of a dog's mode of soothing his mortified vanity when he has had an unsuccessful encounter with a cat? "If there's no trees just round, the dog gets the cat in the corner of a door or two brick walls. Then the cat makes her body twice as big as what is flesh and bone, by standing her hairs up straight, and she spits and sneezes all over the dog, so he can't see what he's a doing of. The while he's clearin' his eyes a bit, she scatters him in the nose, which you know, of all parts of a dog's flesh, its nose has got the littlest skin over it. You might say as there is no skin, only a bit of meat. The dog feels just as if he was caught with a fishing-hook, and he runs right away a thinking to himself as he thought the cat was a little one, when he sees it in the yard."—London Spectator.

A DEAD MILLIONAIRE.

Peculiarities in the Disposition and Conduct of the Late Isaiah V. Williamson.

The death of Isaiah V. Williamson, says the Philadelphia Times, recalls many instances of his peculiarities and his frugality. While he was giving largely to charity he was practicing an economy that in most men would have been said to have approached meanness.

He never married and his friends said that he did not wish to incur the expense of a household. He always boarded, moving as often as he could get a desirable location at a cheaper price.

It is related of him that a few years ago he had a room in an upper story of a house on Chestnut street, above Nineteenth. He discovered that others were paying less money for similar privileges. He said nothing, but he packed his trunk and, like Longfellow's Arab, stole silently away.

He afterward indulged in the luxury of summer boarding at Bryn Mawr. A coach plied between the railroad station and the hotel. Mr. Williamson used it for a week. Then a bill was presented to him for coach fare at the rate of 10 cents a ride. The old man glanced at the bill in mild surprise. He paid it without a word of expostulation. The next day the driver of the coach bowed obsequiously and flung open his door as soon as the best form of his millionaire customer alighted from the train. It was raining at the time. Mr. Williamson raised his blue cotton umbrella, from which he was never separated, and without even a glance of recognition at the astonished coachman trudged on up the muddy road to the hotel. Each week while at the hotel he carried his soiled clothes to Philadelphia done up in a newspaper, placing the bundle under his arm. He was enabled by this arrangement to save 25 cents, the difference in the rates of the hotel laundry and that of an unpretentious concern in the city.

Mr. Williamson was a tobacco-chewer all his life—his favorite being the hard kind. It was curious to watch him take "a chew." He kept the tobacco in three envelopes and while biting off a piece would hold the second envelope open to catch any pieces that might fall from his mouth, his hand being unsteady. In the third envelope he would deposit the discarded cud to be subsequently "worked over." Mr. Williamson never permitted his tobacco bill to exceed 5 cents a week. Another peculiarity of his was that he would never give money to a beggar.

In the memory of the oldest inhabitant Mr. Williamson never appeared in a new suit of clothes. Generations of bankers on Third street were accustomed to see a little, thin, bent, shabby dressed figure making its way painfully along the financial thoroughfare with eyes seeking the ground and hands behind the back clutching the inveterate blue cotton umbrella. A second-class tailor, who had a shop on one of the alleys bisecting Third street, repaired and cleaned Mr. Williamson's suit of clothes. With him the director of a dozen powerful institutions and the possessor of millions of securities would haggle for a quarter of an hour over the charge of repairing a coat lining.

In his later years Mr. Williamson suffered so much from corns that he found himself compelled either to give up pedal locomotion or to submit to an operation at the hands of a chiropodist. On the recommendation of the officers of the Girard bank he called upon Chiropodist Goldberg, who had an office on Chestnut street, and submitted to the excision. When Goldberg presented his bill Mr. Williamson paid it willingly and remarked: "You are the only man who ever gave me the worth of my money."

One of Mr. Williamson's peculiarities was the methodical way in which he made his gifts to charity. He never gave money without deliberation. He always wanted to know just what it would be used for. His rule never do on one day what could be put off until the next week was applied to his philanthropic as well as his financial work, and it proved uniformly successful in both. Only a few months previous to his death Mr. Williamson requested a representative of the Times to publish an announcement as coming from him to the effect that he was greatly troubled with letters requesting contributions for various benevolent objects and with personal applications in the same direction, and that he had no money to give away. It was only a few days after that request that Mr. Williamson unfolded his plans for the creation of a free school of trades for poor boys.

Mr. Williamson never missed a day at his office, which was for many years located at 30 Bank street. He went there rain or shine, in summer and winter. Early in last year, when his infirmities began to tell upon him, he was reluctantly compelled to provide himself with a horse and carriage and a coachman. He bought a plain one-horse carriage and a very tame horse, and surprised his acquaintances by placing upon the panels of the carriage "I. V. Williamson, private."

For the past twenty years the millionaire had employed a private secretary. Clifton Front, now a book-keeper in the Girard bank, was his first secretary and for the past six years Alfred Hambold, Jr., has occupied that position. Mr. Williamson always insisted upon opening his own mail, no matter how large or how small it might be.

For years and years he was shaved

in Blank's barber-shop on Elbow lane. Barber Blank, in speaking of his millionaire customer, said:

"He was generally the last customer of the day to come in," said he, "and no matter how hot the day might be he would insist upon having all the doors and windows shut tight. I believe he would have even stopped up the key-hole, so great was his dislike and fear of a draft. Entering the shop he would nod, and then slowly divest himself of his coat and vest, collar and neck-tie, and hang them up on a peg! He required no assistance in this. He was exceedingly neglectful of his personal appearance. He wore an old-fashioned stock until it became greasy and tattered. I believe he would cling to a neck-tie for a year. His collar I would be ashamed to wear. While being shaved Mr. Williamson never talked nor did he encourage it in his barber. He was never guilty, during the eight years that he patronized my shop, of a hair-cut. His niece, he told me, always cut his hair. I was always sure of my 10 cents for my shave, but no more. And he never remembered me at Christmas, but I suppose he never thought of it. One evening about 7 o'clock he came into the shop and was more feeble than usual. I had to hang his coat and vest up for him. As I placed the vest on the peg I saw a flat wad of greenbacks sticking out of the upper pocket and there staring me in the face was a \$1,000 bill. He must have had a very large sum of money on him that day. When he left and went into Elbow lane it was pitch dark and I thought how easy it would have been for even a boy to have robbed him then."

About noon it was Mr. Williamson's custom to go to a saloon and call for a glass of beer. He would get near the free-lunch and eat a good many crackers or some cheese. He never drank up the beer, and it was the supposition that he frequented the saloon for the lunch he got. After his cracker and cheese dinner he would frequently go back to his office and fill out a check for some charity. When he became so feeble that he was obliged to set up a carriage he ceased drinking beer and took to spirits, always sending his coachman into the saloon for a lunch about noon.

For many years Mr. Williamson went to Mrs. Conant's little shop, at the corner of Exchange place and Carter's alley, to have his clothing repaired, his socks darned, and his underclothing patched. Mrs. Conant has a good many customers, but none, she says, like the old millionaire. "When he would bring his clothes to be overhauled," she says, "they were ready to drop off of him and just hung together. It was an awful job to fix them up. His underclothes he wore until there was no more wear in them and they could be mended no further. When he would bring me his socks to be darned he would always bring along the yarn to do it with, and would want that counted in the bill."

Mrs. Conant says he always haggled over the bills.

Mr. Williamson's charities were numerous. What they amounted to nobody will ever know. Much of his private contributions cannot be traced. The first institution known to have received his bounty was the Lincoln Institution for Soldiers' Orphans. That was soon after the war.

In 1873 he made a donation to the Mercantile library of ground rents to the value of \$12,466.66 and 1,600 acres of timber lands in Clinton county, Pennsylvania. His gifts in 1875 were two large stores, Nos. 725 and 727 Chestnut street, they each being valued at \$100,000. No. 727 was given in equal parts to the Presbyterian hospital, Children's hospital, and Swarthmore college. No. 725 went entirely to the Merchants' fund. The Jewish hospital received ground rents to the value of \$10,000, as did the Educational home. The University of Pennsylvania received a gift of fourteen acres of city property, valued at \$200,000, and the Episcopal hospital ten acres, valued at \$75,000. The Woman's hospital and college authorities last year received thirty-eight acres of land in the southern section of the city, valued at over \$100,000. In 1877 Swarthmore college was again remembered with a gift of ground rents valued at \$10,000, and in 1888 he gave \$80,000 additional to found the "I. V. Williamson professorship of civil and mechanical engineering." In 1880 he made a subscription of \$105,000 for the new House of Refuge.

The Philadelphia home for incurables got \$5,000 in cash; the Episcopal hospital, the building 409 Arch street, valued at \$17,000; St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem, \$10,000. Among the other institutions that received substantial donations were the Pennsylvania Asylum for Indigent Widows, German hospital, Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, St. Mark's Workingmen's home, Pennsylvania Home for the Blind Men, Philadelphia Orthopedic hospital, Protestant Episcopal City Mission, Old Men's Home, Industrial Home, for Blind Women, Foster Home, Newsboy's Home, and Church Home for Children. The most of the above were \$5,000 subscriptions. Haverford and Jefferson colleges were also the recipients of large gifts, that of the latter being \$50,000.

His last and greatest gift was for the formation of the Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades, for which he set aside securities now valued at \$2,000,000. It is estimated that his private charities, beyond the Industrial school project, have amounted to at least \$1,500,000. He leaves an estate variously estimated at from \$9,000,000 to \$12,000,000.

Music is a refiner, says a writer. We have noticed that successful vocalists are always high toned.—Boston Courier.

THE MARQUIS MAYEDA.

A Great Japanese Nobleman Who Has Recently Arrived in This Country.

The telegraph announces the arrival at San Francisco of Marquis Mayeda, a Japanese nobleman, delegated by his government to inspect the military and naval systems of western nations. This gentleman is the son of a provincial ruler who previous to the revolution of 1868 held the first place in the list of daimois. He was the feudal lord of Kaga, and the revenue of his territory was equivalent to not less than \$6,000,000 a year and often a great deal more. He was conspicuous for his opposition to the admission of foreigners, and in the convention of nobles gathered to discuss the means of resisting Commodore Perry's approach he declared he would perish by the swords of his ancestors if he could not employ that weapon in the extermination of the hated strangers. Yet he lived to recognize the benefits of internal intercourse, and the magnificent grounds of his great mansion at Tokio, formerly a marvel of oriental splendor and beauty, are now occupied by the Imperial university, founded upon American models for the purpose of disseminating western science. His immediate descendants received a foreign education, and several of them have served their country with distinction in diplomatic capacities. In the final readjustment of the peerage some years ago the house of Mayeda naturally expected to be accorded the highest titular rank, next to the family of the sovereign, and an income not inferior to that of any nobleman; but he was not in alliance with the southern daimois who then controlled the government, and in addition his claims were not skillfully or judiciously presented. But he retains, nevertheless, a superb fortune, and whatever his nominal station may be his social position is equal to that of any member of his Japanese aristocracy. He will be one of the hereditary peers in the first national parliament, to be called together by the emperor two years hence.

Napoleon's Memory.

A gentleman once said, in Wellington's presence, that great memories are generally the sign of great talents, and instantiated Napoleon, who could single out soldiers in reviews and call them by name to step out of the ranks. "This is a great mistake," replied the duke. "I'll tell you how he managed it. One of his generals, Lobau, used to get ready for him a list of soldiers to be called out from each regiment. When Napoleon rode up opposite to a regiment he would call out the name of the soldier to be honored, and the man would step forward—that was all."

"I also doubt the goodness of his memory," continued the duke, "from the looseness and inaccuracy of his statements. In his works—I mean all that he has ever written—you never find a thing related precisely as it happened. He seems to have no clear nor distinct recollection; scarcely once has he ever tripped into truth!"

In another conversation Wellington said that Napoleon's genius made him so pre-eminent that all of his marshals seemed inferior to him. "He suited a French army exactly, and at their head there never was anything like him. I used to say of him that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men."

The devotion of the French army to Napoleon is illustrated by the fact that several of the French prisoners wounded at Waterloo, shouted during the agony of amputation: "Vive l'Empereur!"—Ex.

The Sagacity of Shepherd Dogs.

A gentleman who has had considerable to do with shepherds and drovers in England and Scotland, speaking of the story published in the Oregonian a day or two since about a dog separating the ewes and wethers of a flock by noticing the earmarks, says there is no doubt but what it is true. He has known dogs to go into a drove of sheep which were marked with several different marks and single out every one bearing his master's mark. He says the shepherds train their dogs by taking them along when puppies under their care as they mark the sheep, and the dog is thus taught to distinguish marks. He says further that at the sheep market in Islington drivers have their sheep marked with red or blue paint, and when the drivers get mixed a dog will go into the band and bring out all his master's sheep, telling them by the color of the marking. Shepherd dogs are the most intelligent species of the canine family, and when they are brought up among herds of sheep and trained to take charge of them it is but reasonable to suppose that they might learn to notice marks of any kind on them.—Portland Oregonian.

Five Anarchists Dine.

Five Anarchists went into a Paris restaurant and ordered and devoured a fine dinner. When the bill was presented they told the proprietor to look to the rascally capitalists for his pay. He sent for the police and the Anarchists cursed them for having carried out capitalistish behests, but went along. In the police court the mother of one of them appeared and paid the complainant for the five dinners, but her son shouted out that she was silly, that he and his friends had gone in for free dinners on principle, and would do it again every chance they got. They were thereupon sent to prison for three months and fined.

