

NEWSPAPER LAWS.
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The belle of the British royal family is said to be Princess Victoria of Teck.

QUEEN OLGA of Greece can supervise the cooking of a dinner or trim a bonnet with equal skill.

ANNIE PERKINS of Cleveland wears boys' clothes, subsists on oatmeal, and sells papers for a living. She is 34 years of age and a poetess.

THE Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, recently appeared at the opera in Paris wearing jewels valued at \$400,000. Two detectives watched his box throughout the evening.

ALMOST the only commoner neither in official nor military life at the dinner given to the shah by the earl of Rosebery was William Henry Huribert, formerly of the New York World.

PRINCESS SOPHIA of Prussia, who is to be married to the Duke of Sparta, will have \$500,000 from the private fortune of her father, the late Emperor Frederick, and \$75,000 from her mother, besides \$20,000 a year from the Hohenzollern family funds.

It is rumored that on his marriage with Princess Louise of Wales the earl of Fife will be made duke of Inverness. That title was born by the queen's uncle, the duke of Sussex, and thus has a semi-royal dignity. Lord Fife insisted before pledging himself that his wife should take his title and share his place in society.

WHEN J. Wells Champney painted Prof. Maria Mitchell's portrait, some years ago, she insisted on literal fidelity to her appearance. "You can not make a beauty of me," she said. This recalls Oliver Cromwell's uncompromising words to his portrait painter: "Paint me as I am. If you leave out the scars and the wrinkles, I will not pay you a penny."

MR. RUSKIN was once asked if it would not be well for the Welsh language to die out and be replaced by the English. "God forbid!" he replied. "The Welsh language is the language of music. There is no genius about the English language. The Scotch have got all the poetry, and the Irish all the wit; and how the devil we got Shakespeare, I do not know."

DR. VON BULOW was recently asked to conduct the performance of an operetta which he considered worthless. He declined, but went to the show and occupied a conspicuous seat. What rendered him more conspicuous was the fact that he was attired in deepest mourning. "That stuff," said he, meaning the operetta, "is being buried and I am attending its funeral."

ACCORDING to the Persian custom, the shah has his mutton killed in his own palace. He wanted to do this while staying in Buckingham palace, but the queen would not permit it, though long negotiations were carried on to obtain her permission. In the end it was settled that the royal butchering should be performed at Prince Malcom Khan's house in Holland Park.

THE recently deceased S. L. M. Barlow was the subject of one of Wm. R. Travers' most widely quoted witticisms. He was walking down the street as Travers was looking out of a window. Pointing to him Travers exclaimed in his inimitable, stuttering way: "There g-g-goes a lawyer with his h-h-hands in his own p-p-p-pocket instead of in somebody else's p-p-p-pocket."

MRS. MATILDA NORRIS, whose home is near Howell, Mich., recently celebrated her 98th birthday. She has 100 lineal descendants now living—5 children, 25 grandchildren, 55 great-grandchildren, and 15 great-great-grandchildren, the youngest being over 14 years of age. Mrs. Norris has not used spectacles for fifteen years, is a great reader, and has within six months knitted eighteen pairs of stockings and made eighty-six blocks for bed-quilts.

THAT story about Gen. Grant having been a spiritualist is effectually disposed of by Henry W. Wilbur of Ham-monton, N. J., who produces the following letter on the subject, which the general wrote to him in December, 1883: "DEAR SIR: My published denial of the charge of being a spiritualist or believer in spiritualism was as explicit as I knew how to make it. I never witnessed, nor took interest enough in the subject to wish to do so, one of the spiritualistic performances. I never held a conversation on the subject with any one who was a believer. Very truly yours U. S. GRANT."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Manuring Apple Orchards.

In most places apple orchards first fail for lack of suitable manure. They are much more exhaustive of mineral plant food than is generally supposed. This is especially true after they begin to bear fruit. Before that there is considerable abstraction of potash from the soil, as is shown conclusively by the amount of potash found in apple tree wood. Every experienced housewife knows that wood from apple trees makes the strongest lye of anything that is usually burned in the kitchen stove. We have heard that in bearing trees the amount of potash is greater in the smaller limbs and twigs than in the trunk. It is probable that in the bearing tree the demand for the fruit for potash brings a larger proportion to the outside layer of wood, between which and the bark the sap mainly circulates. The heart of the tree is mainly grown while the demand for potash was less active.

When apple trees begin to bear there is a greatly increased demand for heavy manuring, especially with mineral fertilizers. Large amounts of potash are required in changing the sour and acid juices of green fruits to the pleasantly flavored sweet of the same fruit after it has ripened. Seeds also require both potash and phosphoric acid for their development. If these minerals are not present, the fruit cannot be perfected. It is not for nothing that its tree casts a large portion of its fruit soon after setting. It is an endeavor by the tree to adapt its load to its ability to perfect it. In some kinds of fruit which cannot drop, as grapes, the danger of overloading is greatly increased.

We believe that in all localities adapted to fruit growing, a large proportion of the home-made manure may be more profitably applied to the orchard, and especially to orchards now in bearing, than to any other farm crop. There have been two reasons why manure has not been more generally applied to apple trees. One is the idea that trees do not need manuring, that the crop is a natural product requiring no care. The other reason is directly opposed to this, a notion that fruit is so uncertain that it is not safe to risk throwing manure away in applying it to orchards. Each of these ideas has been shown to be false. Apples will not grow without manure, but if fertilizers in the right amounts and of proper kinds are applied, they may be made as sure of producing a good result as anything in farming can be.

Few except the most successful fruit growers realize the profit that may be made from an apple orchard in full bearing if properly managed. In years of low prices it is not uncommon for a good crop to net \$100 or more per acre over and above the cost of gathering and marketing. Some years the profit has been much greater than this. Of course to secure these results the borer, codling moth and other insect enemies must be destroyed, but the means of doing this are known, and by their full or partial crop may be grown every year. When trees come to this stage their productiveness is largely a question of the manuring they receive, and it cannot be applied too liberally. —American Cultivator.

Fall Planting of Strawberries.

By this we mean the transplanting of runners of the present year's growth, whether it be done in July or October. By care and skill it may be done as soon as the young roots are an inch in length, or even earlier. The rule is, however, that a plant is not old enough to set until it has branched roots; nor is it self-supporting until sometime later. For this reason it is necessary to remove one or more of the leaves when setting out very young plants in the summer, lest more sap be evaporated than the roots can supply. As the season advances, more roots are developed, and there is less risk in the operation. The advantage of potted plants is that they receive little or no check in being planted, even if it be done by an unskilled person. This enables one to fruit a new variety to perfection in nine to ten months after planting. While one may not get a full crop, he will usually get more than he otherwise could. This is important with new high-priced varieties. The disadvantages are that they cost more, express charges are higher, and the larvae of injurious insects, as the strawberry-root worm, crown borer and crown girdler, are liable to be carried in the pots to the new plantation. This, however, can occur only when plants are layered in the pots in an old bed where these pests are found. As a rule, potted plants should be used near where they are produced, so as to save express charges. If common varieties have to be sent for, it is a good plan to buy layers and pot them on arrival. If the roots are too long they may be shortened. Common layer plants potted in two-inch pots, and put in a frame where they may be shaded and watered when necessary, will make good potted plants in from one to two weeks. This will save a dollar a hundred on the first cost, and nearly all the transportation charges. We use one-and-a-half and two-inch pots, and ship in handled baskets lined with wax paper and damp moss. The plants are laid on their sides in the pots, with moss between the layers, and then each layer is covered with moss and a cloth cover sewed on. One-and-a-half-inch pots run thirteen to a pound, and when filled with damp soil seven to the pound. There is no protection to the roots of a pot plant while in transit that is nearly as good as the pot in which it grew. One hundred of

the smallest sizes weigh about twenty pounds when packed.—Matthew Crawford, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Small Flocks.

An idea which is fast gaining ground with practical sheep men is that in small flocks—comparatively small ones—are the most profitable. The popular notion, in the range countries at least, used to be that the larger the flock, the greater the profits. This idea is fast being dissipated, and the days of handling sheep by the tens of thousands is numbered, even on the plains of Texas. Certain kinds of sheep do better than others in flocks of several thousands, but it is a fact which experience has demonstrated, that there is no kind of sheep which will thrive as well in a large flock as in a small one. In these huge bands of sheep a vast number die and a vast number are left, and none receive the attention which common economy demands. It may pay in one sense to have one herder to attend to more sheep than two men could properly see to, but it pays in no other way; and it must be remembered that the item of expenses involved in the wages of the man who attends the flocks is one which is either the largest or smallest in the business, for the profit or loss of the flock depends more on him than upon the man who furnishes the money and attends to the financial management.

In a general way it may be set down as a fact that to attempt economy in the pay of the man or men who look after the sheep every day, is to turn what should be profit into loss, for men of experience know that the sheep herder who pretends to work for the least pay is generally the most expensive individual that could be engaged.

The sheep raiser of the present time seems to think he is beset with an unusual number of hardships, and so he has a great deal to contend with in order to make his business a success, but the hardships are simply incident to the competition and close figuring of the times.

With careful attention and application of judicious business management, sheep and wool-growing can be made to pay as well and better than in the "good old times" about which men are too prone to talk.—Practical Farmer.

Farm Notes.

Many fields of potatoes have been drowned by the wet weather which followed planting time. The potato loves a moist soil, but it needs moisture most when the tubers are forming, and the superfluity of wet weather early in the season is no security against drought later.

Much of the baled hay that comes to market is in poor condition from mold or mustiness. This is due to imperfect curing or putting up when wet. There is strong temptation to the farmer to put up his hay as fast as made, and all the more if rainy weather interferes with haying. But the grass needs to sweat somewhere before it goes into the bale. If it does not the sweating will surely result in musty hay, and perhaps also in mold.

Midsummer is the best time for shearing hedges if the object be to restrict growth. After a hedge has become large enough to be an efficient protection against intrusion, the less annual growth it makes the better it will be for it will require less labor to keep it in shape. If cut when the leaves are all off the top bud makes a great growth the following season. Cutting in midsummer the top growth is checked and growth is divided towards the side.

A few years ago the varieties of potatoes generally grown did not blossom, or if they did they failed to perfect the seed balls. This was, we believe, due to continually growing the crop from sets without recurring to the seed for new varieties. The diseased seed ball was gradually dropped as a superfluity, if grown it was never planted. The new seedlings generally have more seed balls than varieties, long grown from sets, and have also greater vigor of growth.

The Household.

PEARS CANNED.—Take large ripe pears, peel and quarter, boil till tender in just enough water to cover them, then to every pound of fruit allow one quarter pound of white sugar, boil the syrup until rather thick, place the quarters back into the syrup, boil for a minute and place at once in seal-jar.

BLUE PLUMS CANNED.—To every pound of fruit allow one half pound of sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved, then allow it to boil for half an hour or until the fruit looks well scalded. Have your self-sealing cans ready, fill up at once and secure.

SALSIFY SAUCE.—Scrape and cut the salsify roots into pieces two inches long; cook tender in boiling water, slightly salt. Shake and drain into a colander to get rid of all the water. Have in a frying or saucepan two or three spoonfuls of butter, with a little pepper. When hot, put in the salsify. Heat and toss five minutes, but do not let it brown. Serve very hot. It is exceedingly nice.

QUINCE PRESERVES.—Pare and quarter fine ripe quinces, put the cores and parings into enough water to cover them, boil until quite soft, strain, then put in the quarters of quince and boil until tender, take them out, weigh, and for every pound of quince add one pound of sugar, put the sugar and water together and boil until it begins to thicken, then add the quarters of quince and boil until it looks clear but does not break, take them out with a skimmer and place in pots, pour the syrup over, which should be a pretty pink color and should form quite a firm jelly around them.

Seeing the Moon's Shadow on the Earth.

From Prof. Todd's article in the August Century entitled "How Man's Messenger Outran the Moon," we quote the following: "The moon's actual motion in her circumterrestrial path is in the neighborhood of two thousand miles in each hour of time. This velocity is somewhat greater than projectiles from the best rifled guns; but these can often be seen throughout their whole flight. Evidently the moon's motion, also, is not too great to be seen. And it can be seen if all conditions favor the observer.

"Averaging a period of some decades, there are in three years two opportunities when this spectacle may be seen; they occur only at such times as the moon passes between the earth and the sun and causes a total solar eclipse. But even then it is not strictly correct to say that the moon can be seen traveling through space.

"At the time of such an eclipse, however, the moon's dark shadow sweeps over the earth with nearly the same velocity as the moon herself travels; and it is this swiftly flying shadow which the alert observer may see.

"This imposing spectacle has frequently been beheld, but rarely unless from an elevation commanding a vast extent. Often, however, expert observers fail to see the almost tangible shadow, even when especially on the lookout for it.

"Not strange is it, therefore, that different eyes report so impressive a phenomenon differently. To some the shadow seen in the distance resembled a dark storm upon the horizon. Some saw the shadow 'visible in the air'; one speaks of its 'gliding swiftly up over the heavens'; while another likens its passage to the lifting of a dark curtain.

"Those who have taken pains to note its color do not generally call it black, but deep violet, or dark brown. One describes it as a 'wall of fog,' another as a vaporous shadow; a third says it was 'like neither shadow nor vapor,' while no less careful observers than Winckel and Lady Airy speak of the shadow as 'appearing like smoke.'

"From their stations high above the valley of the Ebro, over which it swept, members of the Himalaya Expedition of 1860 had exceptional opportunities for watching the approach and recession of the shadow. Many observers saw it. 'When the critical moment was at hand,' says one, 'the darkness, sweeping over a landscape twenty or thirty miles in extent and advancing right at me, was in the highest degree sublime and imposing.' Then and on other occasions it was very distinctly seen.

"So much for the appearance of the shadow; but more interesting here is its speed.

"While observers generally remark the 'frightful velocity' with which it travels, President Hill of Harvard, in Illinois in 1869, found the transit of the shadow much slower, and more majestic and beautiful than he had been led to expect. 'A sweeping upward and eastward of a dense violet shadow,' are his words.

"General Abbot, ascending Mount Etna in 1870, wrote: 'At an elevation of 7,500 feet I was overtaken by the shadow, which swept with great rapidity over us, darkening the gloom to an awe-inspiring degree.'

Fairy and Child.

Oh, listen, little Dear-My-Soul,
To the fairy voices calling,
For the moon is high in the misty sky
And the honey dew is falling;
To the midnight feast in the clover bloom
The blue-bells are a-ringing,
And it's "Come away to the land of fay"
That the katydid is singing.
Oh, slumber, little Dear-My-Soul,
And hand in hand we'll wander—
Hand in hand to the beautiful land
Of Balow, away off yonder;
Or we'll sail along in a lily leaf
Into the white moon's halo—
Over a stream of mist and dream
Into the land of Balow.

Or you shall have two beautiful wings—
Two gossamer wings and airy,
And all the while shall the old moon smile
And think you a little fairy;
And you shall dance in the velvet sky
And the silver stars shall twinkle
And dream sweet dreams as over their
beams
Your footfalls softly tinkle.
—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Cooking By Electricity.

Charles E. Carpenter, the amateur electrician, who, succeeding in perfecting a dog annihilator, claims to have solved the problem of electric heating. He has applied for patents on his idea. The invention is designed to permit the use of electricity for cooking and heating purposes. The secret of his invention is the insulating material he uses to continue the heat to the desired piece of steel. For instance, in frying griddle cakes the heat is confined to a smooth steel surface in the middle of the griddle and on either side and the bottom are strips of insulated material which are not even warm. In the same manner it is applied to the smooth surface of a laundry roller, instead of steam. By means of a switch the heat is turned off or on or regulated.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Kind Father.

Dotting Father—"Phat's the mather, Micky?"
Little Mike—"The teacher giv Johnny Stewart a reward-aw-merit pictur' card fur knowin' his lessons and Ol didn't get none—boo-hoo!"
Dotting Father—"Never moind, Micky. Come wid me to the shore windies an' show me phat kind av a carred it waz, an' O'll buy ye a noicer wan."
—New York Weekly.

STORY OF A CERTAIN COUNTRY

What May be Seen in the Van of Human Progress.

Once upon a time a great many years ago, there was a certain country, says the New York Tribune. Now this country was new, not having existed much above a century. In this new country, which would sometimes admit, privately, that it marched in the van of human progress, there was a peculiar way of settling all matters before the bar of public opinion.

One day to this same bar of public opinion came a little band belonging to a certain guild of authors. And after the preliminary ceremonies the spokesman said: "We be writers trying to build up a literature in this country that it may not be said of our people in time to come: 'They had no poet and they died.' One of us is a poet, another a historian, still another a novelist. We are hungry, for it is so that 'tis scarcely possible to make even a poor living at our work. We ask of you more considerate treatment, and above all an honest international copyright whereby we may eject the wolf from our doorstep, on which, of a certainty, he has long sat and howled most dismally."

Then the judge who sat in the bar of public opinion snorted vigorously three or four times and got red in the face and leaned over and said:

"You blank literary fellows want the earth. One meal a day is enough for a man who sits around in the house and doesn't do anything but write. You can stop writing just as soon as you want to anyhow. I don't read your books—I can help myself to just as good reading matter from another country that happens to use the same language as we do, without costing a cent. If you can't live at writing go into the grocery business. There's big money in a good grocery in a live town and I know it. Move on now till I give this man a patent on his sausage-stuffing machine and vote a land grant to the Crooked Creek railroad."

Then the authors went out sadly, and as they were crossing the street a man who had made \$1,000,000 running a sheepskin tannery pretty nearly drove over them with two bob-tail horses, an English coachman, and a carriage with a coat of arms copied out of the dictionary painted on each side.

And after they had gone out a philosopher from a distant land who had come to the new country to study its institutions said to the judge:

"I fear me that in some ways you are not laying the foundation for your country properly. I do not like the way you treated the writers and I am told that if you buy only foreign pictures, or if you do purchase one by a native artist he must put 'Paris' in letters six inches high in one corner. And the other day I read of the ministers of a certain denomination who get a salary of \$135 a year till they reach the age of 80 when they are retired on a pension of \$12 per annum. I fear that you are not doing as much as you should for art, literature, and morality; that you are becoming altogether absorbed in trade."

"Great Scott!" snorted the judge, as he jumped up and leaned over the bar of public opinion; "Cæsar's ghost! where have you been for the last week? Art, literature and morality!—Socrates and Jo Smith! didn't you hear about the prize-fight the other day? Seventy-five rounds, sir—thousands of spectators—everybody excited—people trampled on around the bulletin-boards—the winner scoops in \$50,000! Art, literature, and Smitten Christopher! why, sir, the man that won that fight has twenty-two-inch biceps! D'you think a man could develop a twenty-two-inch biceps in a country altogether absorbed in trade? Now don't interrupt me again while I am figuring up just how much more pig-iron we produce than all the rest of the world put together."

How to Act When Bitten by a Rattlesnake.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell contributes to the August Century a profusely illustrated article on "The Poison of Serpents," from which we quote the following: "I am often asked what I would do if bitten while far from help. If the wound be at the tip of a finger, I should like to get rid of the part by some such prompt auto-surgical means as a knife or a possible hot iron affords. Failing these, or while seeking help, it is wise to quarantine the poison by two ligatures drawn tight enough to stop all circulation. The heart weakness is made worse by emotion, and at this time a man may need stimulus to enable him to walk home. As soon as possible some one should thoroughly infiltrate the seat of the bite with permanganate or other of the agents above mentioned. By working and kneading the tissues the venom and the antidote may be made to come into contact, and the former be so far destroyed. At this time it becomes needful to relax the ligatures to escape gangrene. This relaxation of course lets some venom into the blood-round, but in a few moments it is possible again to tighten the ligatures, and again to inject the local antidote. If the dose of venom be large and the distance from help great, except the knife or cautery little is to be done that is of value. But it is well to bear in mind that in this country a bite in the extremities rarely causes death. I have known of nine dogs having been bitten by as many snakes and of these dogs but two died. In India there would have been probably nine dead dogs."

WHEN THEY WERE BOYS.

The Infancy and Youth of the Present Administration.

WHEN BLAINE WAS GROWING.

Jerry Rusk as a Rustler—Windom on a Buckeye Farm—Commissioner Tanner's First Dollar—At Lincoln's Death Bed.

Special Washington letter.

Nobody knows who will be elected president forty years from now—say in the quadrennial summer of the year 1928—but it is safe to allege that that future functionary is now a poor boy, from 5 to 15 years of age, born of poor parents and possessing few friends and few dollars. And a majority of his cabinet are also friendless and penniless, and their fathers are struggling farmers or bricklayers or car-drivers



RUSK AS A RUSTIC.

or coal-heavers, east or west of the Alleghenies, or herders rounding up steers on the plains of Colorado. Analogy leads us to anticipate this, for the sons of such workmen it is who have formed a majority of every cabinet in the history of the country. At least ten of our presidents have grown from young men who worked as day laborers for hire, and sometimes did not know where they should get their next dinner.

Secretary Jeremiah M. Rusk of the agricultural department is a fine sample of the self-made man of this generation. He was born and grew to manhood in the southeastern corner of Ohio, near the banks of the Little Muskingum. Here his father had early stuck his stakes in the midst of the primeval forest. Jerry was very big and strong of his age and always after he was 12 he did a man's day's work.

I beguiled him the other day into talking about those days. "My mind craved knowledge," he said, as much as it has ever done, but I hated the schoolroom and its restraints. I was a truant whenever I could be and now I often lament that I did not stick to my books. But I had uncommon strength and agility, and took great pleasure in them. After I was 15 my father always put me forward to lead the men all day at whatever was to be done—sowing, reaping, plowing, mowing, logging or pulling stumps. We cut grain with a sickle then, and half an acre was a fair day's work. Our farm had to be cut out of the solid forest by the toughest of hard work, and I detested the work and worry of getting out the underbrush. I learned to do everything that a farm required.

"We had all the sports of a frontier neighborhood, and they sprang from the same motives and needs that actuate the young to-day. The first dance I ever attended was held in one of those primitive cabins on a puncheon floor. You don't know what a puncheon floor is? Why, a floor of logs or slabs, the upper floor of which has been rudely ax-hewn to level it."

I was afterwards speaking about this talk with a Wisconsin neighbor of Secretary Rusk, Capt. Bacon.



YOUNG BLAINE AS A GRADUATE.

"Jerry was always a rustler," remarked the captain, with enthusiasm. "Physically he was a terror before they came from boyhood. And in certain sorts of farm work he was an expert, unexcelled and unequalled in our parts. Did you ever hear how he got to congress through to the sea with Sherman and had won a brigadier general's star, and he was pretty popu-

lar. But there was another man in the district who seemed to have the grip on the nomination which Rusk wanted. It was evident that the thing was going to be close. One lively township was pretty certain to carry Pierce county, and it was generally understood that one family, whom I will call Beasley, could carry the county. One day the chairman of our committee drove around and said to Rusk, 'Jerry, we must go up and see the Beasleys—I hear they are against you. So up they drove and found the Beasley boys threshing wheat with a big four-horse Fischer machine requiring six men. The chairman called them out to the bars and introduced them to Gen. Rusk. They said little, but were evidently impatient to get back to their work, for the machine was silent. 'See here, gentlemen,' said Jerry, 'if you have any business with my friend here I will step out and keep the machine going.' They smiled incredulously, but he walked through the bars, took their places and said, 'Start 'er up!' They started 'er up. Jerry was 39 years old, and he in the prime of his strength. The hired men whipped the horses and the old thing hummed. Jerry kept the air full of wheat. The brothers stared, then drew nigh and enjoyed it. Very seldom has so much wheat been threshed in half an hour. When he relinquished his position one of the brothers took his hand and said: 'General Rusk, we are glad to make your acquaintance, sir. My brothers and I agree in the decision that you are our man for congress, and they wish me to say that if you thrash democrats as you can thrash wheat, you can thrash 'em like I—' Pierce county threw its vote for Rusk, and he was nominated and elected to congress three successive terms."

William Windom, who for the second term holds the portfolio of the treasury department, was, like Rusk, an Ohio boy and also like him a farmer's boy. He had the ordinary commonplace experiences of an average farmer's boy. He chopped and carried wood, he drove and milked cows, he learned to build fences, to manage horses and to help about the myriad labors of a farm. He read as he got a chance, attended a debating society to his great mental stimulation, went to school winters and finally attended the academy in the adjoining village of Mount Vernon—just about the geographical center of Ohio.

Young Windom made the most of his opportunities, and without taking a college course began the study of law with Judge Hurd, father of Hon. Frank Hurd, the eminent free trader. From the very first he seems to have cherished about him great personal popularity, for he was elected county attorney by the whigs by a majority of 200 in a county which usually went 300 democratic, and before he was 25 he was chosen grand worthy patriarch of the sons of temperance of the state. His youth was not made stormy by the unusual vicissitudes but had something of the tranquil surface that has characterized the career of his manhood.



CORPORAL TANNER AT 18.

James G. Blaine, whether for good or ill, was born of a family that did not have that desperate struggle with poverty, illiteracy and adversity that marked the early years of Lincoln, Greeley, Garfield and a majority of other men who have risen to eminence in this land. His father was above privation and even well-to-do for he was worth \$50,000. He was a college graduate and member of the bar, a thrifty citizen and for years the prothonotary of the court, and he married a lady of culture and accomplishments who brought him \$25,000 in cash and 500 acres of improved land. His grandfather had fought by Washington's side and saved the army at Valley Forge. Even little Jimmy himself, was patted on the head and patronized by Andrew Jackson.

Blaine was born and reared in an atmosphere of educated refinement and of successful achievement. He went to the district school young and learned rapidly. In grammar he became expert; he read the Waverly novels and Dickens; and he could spell the whole town down at spelling-school. He was not precocious, but he was brassy and plucky. At 9 he had committed "Plutarch's Lives" to memory.

When he was 11 years old he was sent to Ohio (where young Harrison, Windom, Noble, and Rusk were all then struggling) to live in the family of his mother's cousin—a member of President Harrison's cabinet—Hon. Thomas Ewing, secretary of the treasury. In the spacious home amid elevating scenes and conversation, he prepared for college, his instructor being a brother of Lord Lyons, then

stranded in the Buckeye state in which at least five members of the present cabinet got an important part of their education and four of them were born.

One event of his boyhood, occurring when he was 11 years old, is credited to Blaine himself. His mother was a rigid Catholic, like his father, Ephraim Blaine, was a strict Presbyterian. When, in 1842, he was nominated by the whigs for a country office, the Catholic priest, who was a bitter political opponent, asked to certify that Blaine was a member of his church, replied with the following: "This is to certify that Ephraim L. Blaine is not now and never has been a member of the Catholic church, and furthermore, in my opinion, is not fit to be a member of any church."

This was considered a certificate of supererogation. Commissioner James Tanner was born and grew to manhood in Schoharie county, just southwest of Albany, N. Y. His father and mother had a severe struggle with penury and hardship, as the former was disqualified by blindness for effective work and his wife was compelled to toil early and late to support the family. Her son speaks very tenderly of these pathetic scenes in his early life.

"The first dollar I ever earned," he says, on those rare occasions when he alludes to the subject, "was earned in a picking up and piling stones on a neighbor's farm. I picked stones six days at 25 cents a day and earned \$1.50, with which I got my mother a new calico dress."

Before he was 17 he had enlisted in the army and hurled to the front. Before he was 19 he had both legs shot off at the second Bull Run. Before he was 19 he got a pair of wooden legs and had learned photography and returned to Washington to do such reporting as he could find.

In April, 1865, he was boarding in a little brick house on Tenth street, opposite Ford's theatre, and one evening just as he was going to bed he heard a tumult outside and the cry, "Lincoln is shot!"

The wounded president was carried in next door, and in half an hour Stanton had organized there in a back room a court of inquiry. He called for a reporter to take testimony. Young Tanner was summoned from next door.

I called on a recent evening at the old Georgetown mansion in which Commissioner Tanner lives. When I referred to the Lincoln incident he went to a drawer and carefully removed and unrolled some photographic manuscript. I looked at it to be a report in a very legible short hand of the testimony of that fateful night.

"A young man whom I knew came and called me," said Mr. Tanner. "I could not get from one house to the other because of the crowd, and I went up stairs and crossed upon the balconies. From 11 o'clock till 4 in the morning testimony was taken, and I wrote as hard as I could. Then I went at work to transcribe it in long hand, and wrote till 6. In the front room lay Mr. Lincoln surrounded by doctors and friends, and Mrs. Lincoln and the children were in another room weeping aloud. Just before Mr. Lincoln died I went into the room again and remained till all was over."

W. A. CROFFUT.

A Fearful Stroke of Lightning.

There was a blinding blast, a terrific crash, as if the skies had been set on fire and the earth had fallen in pieces. On Saturday afternoon the people of East Point, a village six miles from Atlanta, were shocked from a stroke of lightning the like of which had never been experienced by any of them before. About dusk a gray cloud hung over the town. There had been no lightning, no thunder, nor any indication of an electric storm. Suddenly a flash and a crash came simultaneously and people rushed from their houses with blanched faces. The danger was past, but the brief experience was terrible. There had been an electric shower. The lightning had separated into twenty or more bolts and struck as many places within a radius of a quarter of a mile. The air was filled with the odor of brimstone and a copper-colored cloud floated northward from the city. A wind-mill was struck and damaged, the grass on a lawn was burned up, a window in a house was shattered and the carpet in a bed-room scorched, a cow was killed, a tree split open and a telegraph operator knocked from his chair. The most wonderful thing about the electric shower was the rolling of great balls of fire up the railroad tracks. The small masses went bouncing along the rails to the terror of the citizens. It was certainly a terrible bolt of lightning, and those who were near will remember it to their dying day.—Macon Telegraph.

Her Present.
She gave me—shall I tell you what
Has raised this feeling in my breast—
Made my poor heart go pit-a-pat—
Caused many hours of broken rest!
She gave me—not a blushing rose,
So sweetly decked with pearls of dew—
The rose that yields its richest perfume,
Arrayed in nature's brightest hue.
She gave me—not the winning smile
With which the hearts of men are broken—
The smile that sends a thrill of joy,
And not a single word is spoken.
She gave me—ah! shall I confess it!
Shall I confess how I was bitten?
She gave me that which she, indeed,
Has many times bestowed—the mitten!
—Willard O. Wylie in Boston Journal.

When a man affirms that "there's lots of money in leather," don't dispute him—purses are made of leather.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Lake of Water Actually Suspended in Mid-Air.

The phenomena of a cloud-burst, which can only occur in a tornado or whirlwind, are not generally understood, says the New York Herald. The whirl in which it is not a very broad and shallow disk but a tall, columnar mass of rotating air, similar to that in which the Atlantic waterspout or the pillar-like dust-storm of India is generated. While this traveling arterial pillar, perhaps a few hundred yards in diameter, is rapidly gyrating the centrifugal force, as Prof. Farrel has shown, acts as a barrier to prevent the flow of external air from all sides into its interior except at or near the base of the pillar. There friction with the earth retards the gyrations and allows the air to rush in below and escape upward through the flue-like interior as powerful ascending currents.

The phenomenon, however, will not be attended by terrific floods unless the atmosphere is densely stored with water vapor, as it was Tuesday in the Cayadutta valley. When such is the case the violent ascending currents suddenly lift the vapor above the level at which they were previously floating and hurl them aloft into rarefied and cold regions of the atmosphere, where their vapors instantly condensed into many tons of water. Could the water fall as fast as condensed it would be comparatively harmless. But the continuous uprushing currents support this mass of water at the high level and as their own vast volumes of vapor rising are condensed they add to the water already accumulated thousands of feet above the earth's surface—making, so to speak, a lake in high air.

As the whirlwind weakens or passes from beneath this vast body of water, which its ascending currents have generated and upheld in the upper story of the atmosphere, the aqueous mass, no longer supported, drops with ever-increasing gravitational force to the earth. In severe cloud-bursts the water does not fall as rain, but in sheets and streams, sometimes unbroken for many seconds. The cloud-burst of 1873 at Hollidaysburg, Pa., excavated many holes in the ground, varying from twenty-five to thirty feet deep. In a similar but milder storm which visited Boulogne last May fissures were cut in the ground eight feet deep and openings made large enough to engulf a horse and cart.

The Production of Iron.

It is a surprise both at home and abroad that the production of iron in the United States has increased so rapidly during the first six months of the dull year of 1899. There are few railroad extensions and few new rail routes being laid down. Yet the amount of pig produced in the first six months of 1899 was 4,107,000 tons of 2,000 pounds each, or 189,000 tons more than in the last six months of 1888.

This proves that the demand for iron is for other than railroad purposes, which is a sign of general thrift and improvement. When the iron trade is dependent upon the activity of railroad construction, it is in some degree in a perilous condition, as it was in 1886 and 1887; for its prosperity then hangs upon a single stem. But when it branches far and wide into all segments of trade, even if it be not in a flourishing condition, it is much stronger and will better stand depression and vicissitude.

But there is apprehension that the production of iron may be forced too rapidly in the United States. On the 30th of June last the stock of pig iron unsold amounted to 502,000 gross tons, while on the 31st of December it was only 300,000 gross tons. Heavy unsold stocks always bear the market, and the market at the present time begins to feel that weight.

Of course there may be a very active and prosperous trade in the autumn, and that will stiffen the price of iron. If farmers' produce commanded higher prices, that would render the iron market more rosy, for it is a conceded fact that when farmers are growing richer they use an increased quantity of iron in divers ways on their farms.

The capacity of the United States for producing iron is becoming almost fabulous. In the first six months of 1899 the production of pig was larger than in any six months in the history of the country; yet during that period only 288 furnaces were in blast and 293 were not in blast.

If all the 581 furnaces had been in blast the production of pig iron would have exceeded that of Great Britain for the same time.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

No Further Need of the Lamp.

Over beyond Kate's mountain the colored brethren were holding a series of "shouting services" in a little meeting house with one big lamp. Late one evening a big youth got up to "fess his sin." He made the frankest and fullest confession of the series. He owned up to every crime in the calendar and every sin in the Decalogue. He kept on and on with a florid fluency which roused his hearers to the hysterical point. Suddenly a voice from the rear broke in: "Put out dat lamp." "Why for?" demanded the presiding clergyman excitedly. "Kase the viles sinner done return," said the voice. And there the confessor collapsed.—Washington Letter.

There is music in the air when the bill comes in for an accordion skirt.—New York Morning Journal.

Lo's wife was the first to suffer by a salt trust.

The early potato crop in Delaware was ruined by wet weather.

America has 181,000 miles of railroad of the 342,000 miles in the world.

The largest manufactory of woolen goods in Connecticut has been forced into bankruptcy.

The great sheep-raiser, Mr. Mitchell, of Elko, Nev., will have a wool clip of 50,000 pounds this season.

It is claimed that the use of electricity in the deep mines of Nevada has increased their productivity 25 per cent.

The London Kennel club has decided to let no dogs, born after this month, that have cut ears, enter their bench shows.

Kilrain says it was the sun that knocked him out, when it is a well known fact that only Saturn is ever seen in the ring.

Two billion dollars are invested in diarrying, more than the value of the country's banking and commercial interests combined.

The dispatches say that the Sioux, after fencing for several weeks, are beginning to hedge. They will probably be corralled.

Now there is to be a patent leather trust. The dudes who man the pumps and dance will find it a little more expensive to pay the fiddler.

Mr. Gillis, of Chicago, has three times eloped with the same woman and three times been caught by his wife and brought back by the car.

Newport, Ky., is very much excited because it has four mayors. Four mayors is a pretty good haul, and certainly ought to beat four knaves.

The Whitechapel murderer has evidently not been found. It would be strange if such a succession of peculiar crimes did not produce a crank or so.

China has had another flood which cost 6,000 lives. The newspapers give it a twenty-line notice. China is a long distance away and is given to floods.

An English viscount, aged 20 years, has married a concert hall singer. He will probably have a divorce in time to make a suitable marriage at the age of discretion.

English capitalists are after the mills of Minneapolis and Milwaukee. Jim Smith, the English pugilist, is after a mill with Sullivan. What shall we have, if this goes on?

A Baptist Church at Wolverhampton, England, has established a billiard room, smoking room and a bar where temperance drinks are sold, for the use of its congregation.

Belgium, of all nations, has the greatest density of population, the largest diversity of occupation, the most uniform distribution of wealth, and the minimum of pauperism.

The giving way of seats at a circus performance at Milford, Mass., caused the fall of 800 persons. It is probable that the clown perpetrated a new joke and every one "tumbled."

It is said that the belief that the Eiffel tower causes thunder-storms is becoming an article of faith in Paris. Never have thunder storms been so frequent there as in the last fortnight.

A bear that helps himself to trout from a pool formed by a dam in a brook is the extra inducement offered at a Catskill summer resort, where, of course, a sea serpent would be absurdly out of place.

Millet's great picture, "The Angelus," will come to America. The French are rather busy just now in figuring upon army and navy appropriations, and the fine arts must give way to l'art de guerre.

An odd scene occurred the other day in two hay stacks not an eighth of a mile apart in Lancaster, Pa. In one all work was stopped for the day by a pouring rain, while in the other not a drop fell all day.

The British naval authorities believe they have secured plates absolutely impenetrable by missiles fired from any gun as present invented. A plate ten inches thick is being cast for experimental purposes.

Her majesty's steamship Pallas, 2,575 tons displacement, having engines of 7,500-horse power, to develop nineteen-knots speed, and with an armament of sixteen quick-firing guns, has just been begun in England, to be finished in 1901.

Paris is following the example of London, and is about to build an underground railway line. The railway will be seven miles long, although only four miles of it will be completely underground; the rest will go through cuttings and by viaducts.

The launching into the air of more than 100,000 pigeons will be an interesting event, about the 1st of August, at the Paris exhibition. They are to be let loose on a giving signal at the same moment in a garden recently laid out on the site of the Tuileries palace.

Charlotte Harbor, Fla., is said to be so full of fish that it is actually running over. One day recently fully thirty pounds of fish dumped out on shore and were picked up by a citizen. There was one fifteen-pound red-fish, three five-pound snooks and five jackfish.

The Maoris of New Zealand, while at war with the English, invariably sent a notice when they were going to make an attack, as if they were coming on a friendly visit and desired things to be ready for them. They thought it very strange that the English did not give them similar notice.

The Egyptians have already been recognized for their ability in the manufacture of perfumes, but due credit was never given them before a vase containing some Egyptian ointment was opened at the museum at Alnwick. The perfume it contained still had a pungent odor, although it was more than 3,000 years old.

The largest organ in the world has just been constructed by the Messrs. Hill & Son, of London, England. It was made for the Town Hall of Sydney, New South Wales, at a cost of \$75,000. The instrument has 126 sounding stops, and possesses the extraordinary novelty of a pedal reed stop of sixty-four feet sounding length. The wind supply is maintained by a gas engine of great power.

Western Farm News.

The Illinois State Board of Agriculture has adopted resolutions favoring Chicago as the place for the World's Fair.

A resolution favoring Chicago as the site of the World's Fair was adopted by the North Dakota Constitutional Convention last week.

A careful survey of Ireland indicates that the harvests will be more abundant and of better quality than for many years. In few districts will the crops be below the average, while in most they will be far above. In the Dublin district prospects are better than for years.

A political revolution has broken out at Springfield, O., among farmers and wageworkers. A mass meeting largely attended was held at New Castle, Aug. 6, trusts, monopolies, syndicates, etc., were bitterly denounced. After a number of ringing speeches, independent district and county candidates were nominated. R. L. Holman, nominee for representative, is a grange man of national reputation.

With the present prices of wool and the prospect of no violent disturbance of the market for some time to come, what is the reason that this very profitable and inexpensive industry cannot be so far advanced as to supply the American market with all the wool it can use, and so far reduce the cost of woollens as to enable our manufacturers to ship their products to other markets as foreigners do now to this, notwithstanding the high tariff both on wool and woollens? The woolen industry will never be on a permanently satisfactory basis until this is done. Even now the factories do not run much more than half the time, because the market is necessarily limited to this country. That is to say we can now make as much in six months as we can consume in twelve. Place this on a par with the canned beef industry, and we have the world for a market and be able to keep the mills running all the year round.

In a recent issue, says the Wool Journal, we noticed the perfected organization of the Texas wool growers. We cordially approve the formation of similar associations in all States and Territories where such do not already exist. It is only by such associations that wool growers can protect their interests in many ways, and in these days of aggressive business methods, combined action by men engaged in the same line of production seems necessary not only for prosperity but to existence. Therefore we say to the wool growers, organize State and county associations; meet as often as practicable to discuss all ways and means of promoting the interests of flockmasters. The interchanging of ideas about breeding, feeding, etc., will alone be of sufficient value to the members to pay for the time and trouble expended; for no one man knows so much that he cannot learn more, by exchanging views with other parties in the same business. Again we say to sheep farmers, organize wool-growers' associations.

Ex-Governor Samuel J. Crawford, against whom it was proposed to institute proceedings for having as attorney of the Creek Indians secured 10 per cent of the proceedings of the sale of about 2,400,000 acres of their lands in Oklahoma, has filed with the secretary of the interior, a sworn statement giving a history of the transaction.

Governor Crawford says that he had previously acted as agent for the Creek Indians and that when the Creeks in December, 1884, learned that bills were pending in congress to vest in the United States title to the Oklahoma lands, they employed him to either defeat this legislation or secure for them just compensation for the lands under an agreement to pay him 10 per cent on what ever he might be able to secure from the government for the lands. After extremely laborious and exacting service, he, in January, 1889, obtained for the Creeks \$2,280,857 for their interest in the lands. The secretary of the interior approved Governor Crawford's contract after amending it so as to make the compensation 6.1-2 per cent. In December, 1888, new delegates of the Creeks appeared in Washington and asked that a new contract allowing 10 per cent be entered into, this payment to be for all past and future services. This contract was approved by the Creek national council.

In February, 1889, Secretary Vilas informed Governor Crawford that he could defeat the measure which was then pending in congress to make application to pay the Creeks for the lands unless he (Crawford) surrendered the contract and looked to the Indians for whatever compensation they deemed just. Governor Crawford says he agreed under protest to this agreement and that since then he has had no control over what compensation the Creeks could give and that they fixed the compensation themselves and without interference.

Advantage of Ensilage.

I suppose every one knows by this time, says N. W. Palmer, a Wisconsin farmer and nurseryman, in a paper contributed to Ensilage and Silos, that ensilage is fodder kept in a green state. Perhaps the first question asked will be:

"What advantage is there in keeping it green over curing in the old way? One advantage is that we are not so much at the mercy of the elements when we put the green fodder in the silo, not having to wait to cure it out; secondly, I am fully persuaded that the feeding value of an acre of ensilage corn or clover is much more than the same cured in the old way. "Why so?" some may ask, "does the silo add anything to the feeding value of fodder?" "No," another answers; "we lose none of the feeding value of fodder by curing; it is nothing but the water in the plant that escapes." How do they know that there is no feeding value lost by evaporation? It is generally conceded that plants draw much of their food from the air; but are we sure the same material drawn from the air does not return in the drying process. It has been tried and proven that the same amount of green food by weight will go farther and make more milk and butter than it will after it has been dried: Then again, who knows how much of the gummy substances of green food hardens and cannot be dissolved again? I have been a nurseryman, and know that some kinds of trees can be very much dried, and afterward soaked up and re-ensiled, but if you let a pine or spruce get dried, the sap gum hardens and can never be softened. Ensilage is in its soft natural state for the cattle to digest. Which, think you, would be the easier for one to digest, a dried or a canned apple? I think there is just about the same difference between dried corn-stalks and ensilage as between dried and canned fruit.

Dairy Suggestions.

Cut the corn for ensilage when the ears are glazed.

The silo can unquestionably be used to keep a larger number of cows than can be kept without it.

Breed from cows that have individual merit, or at least from pure breeds that come from a milking family.

How many pounds of milk does it take in your herd to make a pound of butter? We would find out if we were you.

One of our contemporaries does not like tail-holders. The editor would likely like them better if he had hold of a teat instead of a pencil in fly time.

In Germany they have a method of glazing butter, by coating the lump with a heated solution of white sugar and water. They use a teaspoonful of sugar to a quarter litre of water.

Handle your milk with care, and remember that the strainer has not yet been invented to take out bad odors. Odorous dirt may stick in the strainer, but it will leave its foot-prints in the milk.

The water of some wells from which cows get their water, is no more fit to drink than the drainage from the barnyard. Indeed, that is about what the water of wells located near barnyards is.

Before the girl sits down to take her morning lesson on the piano, give her a lesson in milking the cow. It will not hurt her. The girl who knows how to milk is quite as useful as the one who doesn't but knows how to play the piano.

The farmer ought not to be ashamed of his calling, says a writer. That is true. But if the calling is not ashamed of a farmer who is ten years behind the times, it is greatly lacking in self-respect.

A good anecdote is told by the London Daily News in a sketch of the late Laura Bridgeman. When Carlyle impertinently asked, "What great or noble thing has America ever done?" somebody replied, "She has produced a girl, deaf, dumb and blind from infancy, who, from her own earnings, sent a barrel of flour to the starving subjects of Great Britain in Ireland."

It is well-known how anything containing a heavy percentage of nitrogenous matter, such as meat, etc., will redden the wattles and combs of unprofitable hens and set them to laying. A certain portion of nitrogenous matter, and it is a large one, is absolutely necessary to form eggs. The starchy grains do not secrete it in sufficient quantities, and the fowl instinctively craves albuminous food to supply the deficiency.

The Western range has demoralized our entire live stock business on the farm, to a considerable extent. The people have gone on the people's lands and without paying one cent for their use, have competed with the people in the production of cattle and sheep. But the end is coming. The people are going out upon the free lands and developing them into farms. No wonder that the trespassers fume and try to stop.

Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, Editor.

Strawberries in Kansas.

This has been the year famous for a large strawberry crop, and is now no less so for the abundance of other fruit, raspberries and blackberries, the former just gone, the latter now beginning to fill the table of good things in the summer time, and a surplus to "put up" for the days when the cold winds blow.

Strawberries are yet and perhaps ever will be susceptible to improvement. Of those prominent, and for their excellence of quality, the Jessie will be one of the standards; the Bubach No. 5, perhaps a larger berry, is not so productive; the Mammoth is also good, but I believe the value of the Gandy is not well understood; it will rank as the best of its season, being very late, very large, firm, good color, and a strong, healthy plant. From the little experience with 100 Bombas, planted very late, during exceeding dry weather, therefore not making much growth that season, it promises to be a most excellent berry, perfect in color, size, shape and productivity; I look upon it with much promise. The Itaska, Ontario, Lida, Cohanziak and Belmont, all of recent date, are not worthy of cultivation, when those others mentioned do so much better. The Crawford, Haverland, Logan, Warfield Eureka and others now first planted make a good growth.

A. H. GRISA.
DOUGLAS CO., KANSAS.

Horticultural Notes.

A. N. Norton, of Grand Rapids, has an asparagus bed which has been in existence for twenty-four years, and is, he says as good as ever.

J. Wayland Clark, of Tacoma, Washington Territory, says that the fruit in that locality is simply prodigious. He has seen plums, seven of which will fill a quart can, and has a currant bush twenty-two feet high in his back yard from which he picks the fruit with the aid of a step ladder.

From accidents of various kinds, and sometimes from the severity of the winter, evergreens sometimes lose their leading shoot on which most of their beauty depends. The European silver fir not infrequently loses its terminal bud by intense cold when young. This can easily be remedied, by selecting one of the upper side branches most favorably situated, and tying it in an upright position by means of a small stick fastened to the body of a tree. After one or at most two seasons, the branch will have assumed the leadership, and the support may be taken away.

The New Jersey Experiment Station has issued a circular letter which contains a good many useful hints to farmers as to their action when a new, or heretofore unknown to them, insect pest attacks any of their crops. The first point is promptness in reporting the damage; do not wait until the harm is done. Send specimen of the insects, rather than attempt to describe them; send specimens of their work also. Do not try to send insects in a letter, but pack in a tight box, with some of the food they are using. Then, send also a brief account of what you know about them; how and when they work; how long you have observed them; how much damage they have inflicted; what remedies you have tried and what has been your success with them.

Write your name on the outside of the package containing the specimens. This is allowed by the postal authorities in such cases, and identifies the contents as those described in your letter.

The Quince.

Among the very best of fruits both for preserves and for sauces is the quince.

It is always in demand in our markets and usually sells at high prices, probably because if neglected the trees are usually destroyed by the round headed borer.

This insect which also attacks the apple, mountain ash, peach, etc., is not a very difficult enemy to destroy.

The trees should be well scraped in May and have a mound of a peck to half a bushel of wood ashes heaped around the trunk of each tree.

Then look over the trunks near the ground in July and August and wherever any redish or yellowish chewings of the bark can be seen, dig carefully through the bark with a knife and extract the small worm, or if he is a year old, and has bored a deep hole, run a copper wire the size of a knitting needle with a small sharp hook at the end, after him.

The quince needs good, strong, rich loam and repays generous culture; manure in the fall with stable manure and ground bone, and apply ashes in spring as above directed.

The trees should be planted twelve feet apart each way, and should receive through cultivation through the summer, or a heavy mulching to keep the soil moist and free from weeds.

The varieties best known are the Orange, a large, round, juicy, and excellent variety, tree rather slender.

The mosquito has invaded England, and again she will yield to Bill the conqueror. We give them the mosquito in return for the sparrow and still she has the best of it.



E. E. ROUDEBUSH,
BUSINESS MANAGER.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Send at once for Journal and Catalogue.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

The State School for the Deaf and Dumb.

Probably no other State institution is calculated to interest one more than the School for the Deaf, located at Olathe. It was started first as a small class, in Baldwin, Douglas county, but by legislative act was permanently located at Olathe some twenty-three years ago. From a small beginning, it has grown to be one of our largest and noblest State institutions, fully up to the times in the peculiar methods adopted to reach children shut off from the ordinary avenue of instruction—hearing, and alive to the requirements of that class of our fellow-citizens. Surprising as it may seem, there are in regular attendance at this school some two hundred and twenty-five boys and girls, young men and young women, all from our own State of Kansas. More than this, we are informed by Superintendent Walker that the census returns show a large number still who are not, but ought to be, going to school.

The course of instruction comprises an ordinary common-school education, the mastery of some mechanical trade, such as carpentry, cabinet-making, shoemaking, and printing; and in the case of girls, sewing, housework, fancy needle-work and drawing and painting, as their tastes may run. Ordinarily it takes ten years for a deaf and dumb person to complete the course, preferable from eight to eighteen years of age. At the close of the last term, in June, there was a graduating class of seven young ladies and gentlemen who have been fitted to enter upon life's duties. During the summer, one of this class has received an invitation to become a teacher in the Missouri State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

It is the aim of the Institution to take deaf children, or those too deaf to be educated in our common schools, and place them on an equal footing with their hearing brothers and sisters.

The class of semi-mutes, or those who have become deaf after having once used articulate speech, are given special drill in articulation, and in many cases the speech is retained in a sufficient degree to be of use in business and social converse.

It is the special desire of the Superintendent to have the Institution brought to the notice of all persons having deaf children, and to that end persons would be aiding the cause of humanity by taking pains to report such children and urge their attendance at this school, which is the only one of the kind in the State, and is entirely free—tuition, board, books and all—to the children of citizens of Kansas. The Superintendent, Mr. S. T. Walker, offers to furnish all needed information, if addressed at Olathe. The next term of school opens the 11th of September, when there will be enrolled some 240 pupils, about 30 of whom are entering school for the first time.

Royal Agricultural Show.

It is an encouraging sign of the times to read the reports of the recent show at Windsor in our foreign exchanges.

Agriculture is acknowledged in England as a royal calling, the queen is president of the society and the Prince of Wales is acting president.

The recent show was a very successful one, remarkably fine weather favored it and the attendance was unusually large.

The prizes awarded amounted to over \$60,000, of which horses got \$15,000, cattle about \$20,000 and sheep about \$11,000.

In addition to all this were the queen's gold medals for stallions, mares, cattle and butter. There were 972 entries of horses, 1637 of cattle, 1069 of sheep, 265 pigs, 862 poultry. Over 4000 head of live stock were exhibited.

One important feature in the excellent management of these shows should be imitated in this country.—The prompt awarding of all premiums upon the first day of the show; this is a great advantage to exhibitors, to visitors, and to the general public who wish to be informed promptly through the press who are judged worthy.

It is pleasant to hear that the awards at this show were generally approved and considered fair.

Chicago is not letting the prairie grass grow under its gigantic feet in its endeavors to get the World's Fair. The Secretary of the State of Illinois has licensed the city to hold the fair in 1892 (if it can get it to hold). The capital stock is \$5,000,000.

Established in 1879.

J. H. LYMAN & Co.,

PIANOS & ORGANS.

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DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

TOPEKA.

Don't Miss The Opportunity To visit Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, or Hailey, Idaho

A Grand Excursion to the above named points will leave August 20th via the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," and for this occasion the exceedingly low rate of \$30.00 to Ogden and Salt Lake City and return and \$35.00 to Hailey, Idaho, and return, has been made from Missouri River terminals.

This excursion affords our patrons a magnificent opportunity to visit Garfield Beach on Great Salt Lake, the finest bathing resort in the world, and also visit Hailey Hot Springs famous for their medicinal properties. Tickets good for medicinal properties. Tickets good for thirty days.

For further particulars address,
E. L. LOMAX,
G. P. A.,
Omaha, Neb.

Harvest Excursions via the Union Pacific Railway.

The Union Pacific Ry takes pleasure in announcing that it will run Harvest Excursions to Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana on the following dates:—August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th and October 8th. For these occasions a great reduction in rates has been made, thus giving you a splendid opportunity to visit nearly every place in the great west. Do not miss it. It affords the business men, stock raisers, mining prospector and farmer an unequalled chance to see the unlimited resources of the western country.

For tickets, rates pamphlets, etc., apply to your nearest ticket agent.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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A QUEEN OF BURGLARS.

Ella Larrabee, Heroine of Forty Robberies.

TELLS THE STORY OF HER LIFE

One of the Most Remarkable Criminal Stories on Record—Early Lessons in Crime—A Housebreaker at 14. Her First Adventure.



I was a pretty figure that came forward to where I sat in the office of the Kings county prison, in spite of the hideous striped dress and the overshadowing hood that almost hid the face, and a wonderful face it was for one to meet in a prison! Ruddy-cheeked and blue-eyed, with a profile that might have made a model's fortune; hair that crept out in stray, rebellious, curling locks of auburn from beneath the cap and which she placed away in a girlish way with a shapely hand which would have been pretty but for the cheap rings on her fingers. Even the prison dress fitted gracefully, and as she came through the hall I observed that she did not walk with the painful shambling common to criminals. The long, lithe body moved with an easy dignity, and there was a playful scorn about the lips that bespoke the possession of spirit and passion.

This anomalous 20-year-old bit of femininity, who has often turned men's heads in more senses than one, was Helen Edgerly, alias Ella Larrabee, the "queen of the cracksmen," and the only female burglar in America. From her own lips I gathered the romantic story of her life and the cause that led her to adopt the profession of house-breaker.

Seating herself by my side she pulled off her hood and began her recital in a voice that at first showed a trace of nervousness. But reserve was brushed aside when she told exultantly of her more remarkable exploits. Coming from the lips of a young and beautiful girl it was a tale almost passing belief and one which would hardly be credited were it not in some parts at least borne out by the official records of her daring crimes.

"I have no recollection of my parents," she began. "When a mere child I was in the keeping of a man who was not my father and whose name I took passing as his daughter. That is the name by which I have been known to the police.

"I well remember my first job. I was only 14 when I began stealing from houses. I had no fear, but lots of caution, and I was clever at making a guess which has helped me out of many a hole. I had the house in my eye for weeks before I got the chance to work it. One night I was ready. I watched that house for hours, till all the lights were out. Then I watched all the policemen on post, but I soon made up my mind I had nothing to fear from that direction. My story of explanation was all ready on the tip of my tongue to tell should I be caught; they would believe it from a young girl like me. Silently I crept to the basement and with a table knife slipped the window catch. Another moment and I was inside. Not a sound I heard, so I crept up stairs to the second floor, first taking the precaution to unlock the basement door for exit after the work was done. Upstairs I searched and searched; it seemed like hours. At last I found what I wanted. With money and jewelry I crept down stairs oh, so softly! my heart beating with excitement and yet not afraid. I reached the basement, shut the door quietly and an instant later was out on the street. There was no policeman in sight.

"I was a burglar!

same way; it was sold and the money waded.

"On my next job I was elegantly fixed. I had a tool made for opening basement windows and I took a good deal of pride in the fact that my instrument could spring the so-called burglar proof catches as easily as the old-fashioned catches. It was my own invention and I practiced with it on the windows of our own house till I was sure of it being perfect.

"It was a simple thing, made of hardened steel with a wedge-like point to work in between the sashes and force the catch. I could even lock the sash again with it. I selected a house in a quiet neighborhood and had not long to wait. The tool worked like a charm. Stepping in at the basement window I opened the front basement door as before. Then upstairs I went. A door that I pushed open creaked a little. I entered, after listening for a sound and hearing nothing. There was a gleam of moonlight coming through the shutter of the front window, and it fell on something upon a chair that made me start. It was the shining barrel of a pistol. Well, you may imagine my whole object was now to get that pistol. I crept up to the chair and stood beside the bed where a man lay asleep. I took the weapon and slipped out of the room to the bathroom where I left it. Then I went back again and got what I wanted. It hardly paid for the trouble, but I had scored another point and, as on my first venture, I came off safely. I was never suspected of either of these robberies.

"I was now no fool in 'housework.' My third venture was a lucky and yet an unlucky one. I entered a lady's room while she was asleep and got some jewelry and money. Success had made me careless. I wore the jewelry when I went to Coney Island, some time later, and I was arrested there with it on me. Of course I protested that I got it from somebody else, but the police, although they were mystified about me, principally on account of my youth I suppose, would not let me go. There was a ring which they were resolved to get back for the lady at all hazards, so they brought me to the house where I lived and began to search. My trunk was brought down stairs and I was in a dilemma, knowing the ring was hidden there.



BLOWING IN THE SWAG.

"Now," said one of the detectives, "you had better give up that ring, and it'll go lighter for you."

"I protested, while I was turning my things over for them to look at, that I hadn't got any ring. At that very instant my eye caught sight of the jewel, and with a flick of my fingers—a trick I had learned—I sent it flying up my sleeve.

"Here, stop there," said one of the officers. "We don't want you to do the searching. You go and get us a lamp."

"One of the two came with me. I selected a lamp that was nearly empty. He ordered me to fill it, and as I did so, I slid the ring in among the oil. Then he filled the lamp, lit it and handed it to him. Of course they searched in vain. But they still insisted that I had the ring and threatened that it would be the harder for me if I did not restore it. I finally relented.

"Well, I gave you the ring," said I.

"Give me the ring?" said the puzzled detective to whom I spoke.

"Yes, you had it in your hand all the time, it was in the lamp; and I told him how I slipped it in there while filling it."

"At the station house they told the captain.

"Well, by —," he exclaimed, "that's the smartest girl I have come across in many a year. She is a daisy and will be heard from yet."

And the pretty burglar laughed heartily at the recollection.

"Did they make it light for me?" she asked, showing her white teeth like a beautiful tigress. "No, they never do. But it was all my fault that time. Oh, I should never have worn the stuff. Oh, it's foolish to wear what you have taken."

She sighed as other girls might over a novel. "It's a dead give-away. You might as well proclaim to everybody that it has been stolen, for all the chances are that some one will find it out. I made up my mind never to be so foolish again. I got two years for that blunder. I had some good resolutions when I got out, and tried hard to keep them; but fate, I suppose, was against me. A very kind gentleman interested himself in me and got me a situation; but as they wanted me to put in a ton of coal and to work for eleven weeks without pay, I cut the engagement short by running away. My good resolutions melted and I was soon back in my old haunts.

"After that I was bolder but never reckless. I was never caught at my work but once, and that was when I had a partner. You see I had no right to have anybody with me. I had made the acquaintance of a girl here, in prison, and we agreed to be partners in the housework line. One night, as we had just finished going through the second floor of a house and were coming away from the neighborhood, she stop-

ped to speak to some acquaintance. I walked on ahead, carrying the plunder, and signaled for her to come along; but it was too late. Her delay spoiled all, for the alarm had been given and we were both taken in. I never had a partner again.

"The biggest haul I ever made was from a stingy, rich old fellow who could well afford it. I pipped off the house two weeks before I finally went in. I got \$800 in cold cash, done up in a handkerchief and came away without looking for more, and without even disturbing his dreams. We lived in clover for awhile, I tell you! There was lots of drinking all around, and pleasuring and I had several new dresses out of it. (Here she glanced ruefully down at her coarse prison gown.) Ah, you would not have known me then! Yes, we 'blew it in' inside a few weeks and then I had to look out for another victim.

"I suppose I have gone into forty houses, altogether, and was never once caught at it when I worked alone. There is no particular hour for work of this sort; I just take the hour that suits me best, after having studied the house and the folks in it. I have waited three months, in one case, before going into the house. That was in a jeweler's. He took the satchel with the jewelry in it up to his bedroom on the second floor. Yes, I got it, after all, and a good haul it was, too," she added, smiling, "but I didn't get very much out of it. The men you sell these things to look out for the lion's share for themselves.

"I never carried a lantern or anything of that sort—no woman ever would, I think. I carry matches, though. My little pick-latch is the only tool I ever used. I have entered houses several times and come away again without touching anything; the people were so poor that I hadn't the heart to rob them. I would shut the windows so quietly and step so softly they never would be disturbed.

"Burglars don't have much to fear from policemen. I never had. You can always avoid being seen by them with a little caution. I have passed them asleep on their beat many a time when I have been operating on their posts. I remember the entire post was changed in a certain precinct on my account. Rain is a great help to us. When it rained I would never take the trouble to look for a policeman. I knew it was a waste of time. Oh, they know enough to come in out of a shower at night."

And again the satirical, yet unmusical laugh came from between the pretty burglar's lips.

"Detectives are clever, in a way," she continued, "but I think most women could play with them as you would with children. One of the cleverest I ever knew used to get his wife to ferret out all the hard cases when women were concerned."

"Were you never in peril," I asked, "never really afraid of your life when on one of your burglarizing adventures?"

"No, I can't say that I was ever frightened. Sometimes I have been a bit worried about things, but never scared. You see it is different with men. When a woman makes up her mind to do a thing, she does it right through; but a man allows himself to be diverted by whatever happens while he is doing it. There are worse things than going into a room at night. Few men would shoot under such circumstances. If they awoke and saw a woman searching the house, they might think that it was some member of the household, or even at the worst, I could make some sort of an excuse that would half satisfy them. Now they would take no excuse from a man, but would either shoot or give an alarm. I never carried a pistol; never saw the need of one.

"While I was serving my second term in prison," she said, with a coquettish twirl of her hood strings, "I was about 16, I think—I had several offers of marriage. It all came about in the funniest way in the world. I suppose there's something about a woman when she has been very bold in some way that fascinates the men," she added demurely, looking up from under her long golden-brown eyelashes. "At any rate they came thick and fast for a while. One was a mechanic, another a farmer and there were several others. I did get married once," and again the shadow of gloom passed over the bright face, "but that's gone."

"When I got out of here (I'm up for six years this time, as there were twenty-three charges against me) there is a young man ready to marry me and it may possibly happen. Who can tell? Anyhow, I'm tired of prison. I'm 20 years old and I've been five in here at different times, so I think you'll agree that I've had enough of it."

"Then you mean to reform and live an honest life?" I asked.

Her eyes opened wide.

"I want to be honest if I can. They say I'm no good, though. Didn't they tell you so? I used to work at shoes for a living once, but I couldn't make enough to keep soul and body together in these days, and (with a shrug) I'm sure I don't think I could do so now."

"Of all the money you have made out of your robberies, have you saved any?"

"Saved money? Me?" she exclaimed, rising and readjusting her ungainly hood over her handsome face. "Lord, what a question. Why, do you imagine anybody comes here if they have money? Not one."

As she spoke she glanced at the office clock. Her half hour was up, and with a graceful curtsy her tapering fingers touched her patrician chin and the "queen of the burglars" swept past me to her cell.

Another Statue.

The Hon. Lambert Tree has earned the gratitude of Chicagoans by presenting to Lincoln park a bronze statue of the great explorer and discoverer, Robert Caveller de La Salle. This statue Mr. Tree, during his official residence in Belgium, caused to be executed by Count Jacques de Lalaing, a distinguished Belgian sculptor, who is said to have wrought a fine work of art. As soon as a site has been selected Mr. Tree will proceed with the erection of the pedestal.

It is fitting that La Salle should be thus commemorated in the city over whose territory he raised the flag of France more than 200 years ago. We are too careless of the fame of those heroes whose bravery reclaimed the wilderness and opened a path for the march of civilization. These men were not mere adventurers, forcing their way into a new country out of a desperate love of gain. They were missionaries carrying the banner of the cross among the hostile tribes, or explorers discovering vast empires for the glory of their king. They endured terrible privations, braved the hostility of savage tribes, suffered sickness and death in the cause of civilization which we have built upon the foundations they laid. La Salle was a man of brilliant courage and daring imagination. When first he left his native country for Canada his mind was filled with a desire of reaching the Pacific ocean and sailing thence to China and Japan—this at a time when in those secluded countries foreigners were little better than reptiles and worthy only of instant death. But the Canadian governor did not encourage this bold project. In fact France took so little interest in the discoveries of Marquette and others who were adding an empire to the king's domain that Louis XIV. forbade his governor to authorize new expeditions, "excepting in a great necessity." La Salle traveled to France, however, pleaded at court, and finally obtained an outfit, with which he explored the great states of the Mississippi valley and followed the mighty river to its mouth.

It was toward 1681 that La Salle sailed into the Chicago river, which by some inadvertence of fate was then labeled the Divine river—a title which has not been confirmed. Little did the hero think as he waded through the marshes that a great city would at last rise over them and that sluggish stream make its home on that sluggish stream; still less that the wilderness which treated him so inhospitably would one day accord him a statue. The reparation is tardy, but it comes at last through Mr. Tree's generosity. The world is to receive at last some proof that we remember the brave pioneer whose energetic life and tragic death are one of the most romantic episodes of our history.

The subject offers a fine opportunity to a sculptor, for La Salle was a hero in appearance as well as in deeds. It is altogether fitting that our parks should be enriched by statues of men illustrious in our own history, whose fame is associated with the national greatness. Too many of our great men sleep in forgotten graves, while not a city in the land erects a monument to their memory. A public statue, if an artistic representation of a man worthy the honor, is not only a noble tribute, to the dead, it is also a perpetual inspiration to the living, an enduring proof of the utility of high aims, the power of noble deeds.—Chicago Times.

His Friend Skaggs.

"Hello, Moneybag, how goes it?"

Mr. Moneybag's whole spine quivered and tingled as a brawny hand came down with a whack between his shoulders.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir, but I don't know you," said Moneybag, painfully conscious that the eyes of all the clerks in the counting-room were fixed on him and his caller.

"What? Ye don't know me? Don't remember Bill Skaggs?"

"No, I do not."

"Why, man, what's become of your reckombery if ye ferget old friends like me? Can't guess, now, when and where it was you see me last?"

"No."

"Why, dern it all, Moneybag, I'm the feller ye got yer wurms of when ye was fishin' up in Maine three or four years ago, yes I am. An' I've said ever since that if ever I came to New York I allowed to put up with my old friend Moneybag, an' here I am, by Jakes, come to stay a week with ye. Ticked to death to see me, ain't ye?"—"Rex" in Time.

Care of the Feet.

Concerning the care of the feet, the Scientific American very truly says: Many are careless in the keeping of the feet. If they wash them once a week they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores are located in bottom of the foot, and that the most offensive matter is discharged through the pores. They wear stockings from the beginning to the end of the week without change, which become perfectly saturated with offensive matter. Ill health is generated by such treatment of the feet. The pores are both repellants and absorbents, and fetid matter is taken back into the system. The feet should be washed every day with pure water only, as well as the armpits, from which an offensive odor is also emitted, unless daily ablution is practiced. Stockings should not be worn more than a day or two at a time. They may be worn one day, and then aired and 'sunned and worn another day if necessary.

LORD FIFE STOPS A PRESENT.

His Tenants Asked Not to Give One to His Bride.

The English papers say Lord Fife, the husband of the prince of Wales's daughter Louise, is very popular with his tenantry. The matter of a wedding present from them to his bride has recently brought forth an illustration of his relations to them. A dispatch from Banff says there was great excitement there a fortnight ago when it was rumored that Lord Fife would receive no wedding presents either for himself or bride. His lordship has in more than one instance initiated important reforms, and some were of opinion that he was in this case about to show a high example as a protest against the system of marriage gifts, which has now reached a condition of numerical extravagance that is farcical.

The tenantry of the Duff house district had taken up the proposal of a wedding present to the princess with great warmth, and £1,000, if not more, could have been calculated upon. Lord Fife has on two, if not on three, occasions made reductions, and substantial ones, too, to his tenantry. They were given without being asked for. Mr. Hannay, the factor of the Duff house property, had, no doubt at the suggestion of the tenantry, applied to Lord Fife for the purpose of knowing in what form the present would be most acceptable. The following is Lord Fife's reply:

"4 CAVENTISH SQUARE, LONDON, July 4, 1889.—My Dear Sir: I am very anxious that you should convey to the tenantry my deep sense of their kindness in proposing to give Princess Louise and myself a wedding present."

"I may tell you that I have considered this question very carefully, and have quite decided that I will not allow my tenantry to make us any wedding present. I feel so thoroughly that these are not times for tenants to devote their resources to any objects which are not strictly necessary to their own well-being, that I have quite made up my mind to decline any wedding gift. I feel none the less deeply touched at the warm, cordial feelings which have prompted this generous offer, but no exchange of gifts is necessary to emphasize such feelings. They have characterized all our relations from the earliest days that I can remember, and I shall to my dying day earnestly endeavor to perpetuate and maintain them."

"With best wishes to all my friends in the north, believe me, yours very faithfully,

FIFE.

"JOHN HANNAY, Esq., Montcoffer, Banff."

It is understood that, although most of the tenants are well off—and the willingness to subscribe for the present is an evidence of it—yet it is known that there a very few who are not so fortunate, and that it was on their account the refusal has been given. He saves them from giving what they could ill afford or from being put into the painful position of refusing to subscribe.

Words of Wisdom.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.—Thomas Fuller.

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, that which is everybody's business is nobody's business.—Isaac Walton.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New.—Lord Bacon.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—Isaac Newton.

Hope is but the dream of those that wake.—Prior.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is manifested only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and reimpresed by extreme ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.—Dr. Johnson.

Where law ends, tyranny begins.—Earl of Catham.

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political, peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none.—Thomas Jefferson.

How Long to Sleep.

Up to the fifteenth year, most young people require ten hours, and till the twentieth year nine hours. After that age, most everyone finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six or eight hours is necessary. Eight hours sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent, and the more nervous, excitable or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill, or its life cut short at an early age.—Home Maker.

Luxury of Modern Travel.

The Pennsylvania railroad has a new dining car that cost them \$65,000.

"Them" is not good grammar. Why not? "Because it refers to Pennsylvania Railroad, which is a singular noun." Sit down; there's nothing singular about the Pennsylvania Railroad, but that "them" doesn't refer to the railroad anyhow; it refers to the passengers. Back to thy cell, escaped one; you didn't think a railroad company paid for its own equipment, did you? Here, put him in the incurable ward.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

ELLA LARRABEE IN PRISON COSTUME.

The dream of years had been accomplished. I stood there with the plunder in my hands, and all the exploits of which I had heard so often seemed to vanish by comparison with mine. Yet I had not even been molested. Was this because I was a woman? I had a pretty face; that was to be my fortune, then, even as a burglar, and I resolved to make it worth the having.

"The money and jewelry? Oh, it went like all the other swag I got my hands on. In this one particular I have never varied; all my plunder has been 'blown in' as quickly as it came. We had a merry time while it lasted; drinking and carousing, and taking our pleasure in our own way. I never learned to drink heavily, but any one of our friends could have all the liquor he wanted while the money held out. The silver and other jewelry went the

ALL ABOUT TOMATOES.

Tomato Drops.—One quart of stewed tomatoes, one teaspoonful soda. Mix with enough flour to make a thin batter. Drop a spoonful at a time into hot oil or butter and fry.

Tomatoes with Cream.—Peel the tomatoes without scalding them; slice thin and serve in saucers the same as berries. Pour cream over them and sprinkle liberally with granulated sugar.

Tomatoes with Rice.—1 pound rice one and one-half pints stewed tomatoes. Wash and boil the rice in three pints of water half an hour. Mix with the stewed tomatoes and cook another half hour without stirring.

Baked Tomatoes.—Six ripe tomatoes, bread crumbs, sugar, salt, pepper and butter. Cut the tomatoes in halves; place them on a baking pan cut side upwards; sprinkle them with the bread crumbs and seasoning; bake in moderate oven two hours. Serve on a platter garnished with curled parsley.

Baked Tomato Pudding.—Bread crumbs, pared and sliced tomatoes and onions cut thin. Sprinkle bread crumbs on a buttered pudding dish; then a layer of sliced tomatoes; and then a thin layer of onions; then another layer of bread crumbs followed in the same order several times until the dish is full and bread crumbs form the top layer. Then drop on a few pieces of butter and seasoning. Bake in a moderate oven about two hours, keeping it covered most of the time.

Tomatoes with Eggs.—Six tomatoes, two ounces butter, pepper, salt and three eggs. Scald the tomatoes and remove the skins; slice into saucen, adding the butter and seasoning. When they have boiled twenty minutes add the eggs well beaten. Stir one way, boil two minutes more and serve hot.

Tomato Entree.—When you open a can of tomatoes you may sometimes be so fortunate as to find several slices that have kept their shape. Reserve when heating the others for the table, and after letting them drain well fry them in butter, and they make a good entree, or a garnish.

Tomatoes Raw with Cheese.—Ripe tomatoes sliced and seasoned. Serve with bread and cheese.

Broiled Tomatoes.—Six ripe tomatoes, salt and butter. Halve the tomatoes and place on a gridiron with the cut surface down; when a little browned on that side turn over and finish cooking with the skins next the fire. The cooking should be slow so as not to break the skin. Place upon a platter, putting a little salt and butter on each half and serve hot.

Tomato Jam.—Take ripe tomatoes, Peel and take out all the seeds; put into a preserving kettle with one-half pound sugar to each pound prepared tomato; boil two lemons sort, pound them fine, take out the pips, and add to the tomatoes; boil slowly, mashing to a smooth mass. When smooth and thick put in jars or tumblers.

Canned Tomatoes.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to loosen the skin. Remove these; drain off all the juice that will come away without pressing hard; put them into a kettle and heat slowly to a boil. The tomatoes will look much nicer if you remove all hard parts before putting them on the fire, and rub the pulp soft with your hands. Boil ten minutes, dip out the surplus liquid, pour the tomatoes, boiling hot, into the cans, and seal. Keep in a cool dark place.

Chow Chow.—Chop half a bushel of green tomatoes, sprinkle fine salt over them, and let them stand twenty-four hours; then pour off all the water you can from them. Chop three large cabbages; break up twelve large cauliflower. Boil all in vinegar fifteen or twenty minutes, or until they are tender. Throw away the vinegar they are boiled in. Then add eight chopped peppers, a handful of salt, about half a pound of white mustard seed, one handful of whole cloves, same of allspice, cinnamon and celery seed; mix well, taste, and if not flavored enough, add more. Pack in pots and cover with cold vinegar.

Tomato Preserves.—Take the sound yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds white sugar, let stand over night, take the tomatoes out of the sugar and boil the syrup, removing the scum; put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again, and boil until it thickens. On cooling, put the fruit into jars, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar.

Green Tomato Pickle.—Gather the tomatoes, wash and drain dry, pierce each tomato three or four times with a large straw, put in a stone jar and lay grape leaves over them, and weigh down; then make a strong brine and pour over; when needed, soak 24 hours in fresh water; to a gallon of vinegar add one tablespoonful each of cloves, black pepper, allspice and mustard, tied up in a thin muslin bag; boil the vinegar with the spices in it, then pour over the tomatoes while hot; they will keep good two or three years in brine.

Jugged Tomatoes.—Stew the tomatoes in the ordinary manner but without butter or crackers; add a little salt and sugar. Pour into 2 quart or gallon jugs, and cork up and seal tightly.

Tomato Pickles.—To one bucket of large green tomatoes use five pounds onions; slice tomatoes and onions, and put in a layer of each, sprinkling every other layer with salt; let them stand over night. Next morning squeeze from the juice, and put in vinegar enough to cover; let them boil twenty minutes; season with pepper, spice, cloves and mustard, and seal in jars. They will keep through winter without sealing if made in the fall.

Chili Sauce.—Twelve ripe, peeled tomatoes, four ripe peppers, two onions, two tablespoonsful of salt, two tablespoonsful of sugar, three teacups of vinegar, and a little cinnamon. Chop fine and boil all together.

Tomatoes Preserved in Bulk.—In order to preserve tomatoes through the year it is not necessary to resort to the expense of canning them. If stewed in the ordinary manner, but without butter or crackers, only a little salt and sugar, they can be put up in jugs—two quart or gallon, according to the size of the family—and if corked up tightly they will keep for a year. To make assurance doubly sure, some melted wax may be poured around the corks.

Tomato Preserves.—Choose small green tomatoes, pierce each one with a large darning needle; allow four pounds of sugar and a pint of vinegar to every seven pounds of fruit. Heat all slowly together and boil until the syrup has thoroughly penetrated the fruit, and it looks clear. Season to taste, with ground spices, cloves, cinnamon, ginger and mace; add a pinch of salt. When the tomatoes are done skim them out; boil down the syrup and pour it hot over the fruit. Lemon juice can be substituted for the vinegar if preferred; the juice of four or five lemons would be sufficient for the above quantity of tomatoes.

Catsup.—Take one-half peck of tomatoes and one-half grapes. Steam all, slice tomatoes thin, and cook together with the grapes, until it can be put easily through a sieve. After straining, add two red peppers, two tablespoons salt, two black peppers, one each of ginger, cloves, cinnamon and mustard, and two coffee cups of brown sugar. Boil until quite thick, and a little while before removing from the fire, stir in one pint very strong vinegar. The grapes add immensely to the delicacy of the flavor but tomatoes may be used wholly, either from preference or necessity.

Sweet Tomato Pickle.—Seven pounds ripe tomatoes, peeled and sliced; three and one-half pounds sugar; one ounce cinnamon and mace mixed; one ounce cloves; one quart vinegar. Mix all together and stew one hour.

Tomato Catsup.—One-half peck of tomatoes cut fine, one teacup grated horse-radish root, one-half teacup salt, one teacup each, black mustard seed, white mustard seed and celery cut fine, one teaspoon black pepper, one red pepper without the seeds, one teaspoon each cloves, and mace, two teaspoonsful of cinnamon, one quart good cider vinegar.

Ripe Tomatoes.—Take a crock or jar, as large as you want and fill with tomatoes, washed nice and clean, cover them with saltwater one week; then pour off and cover with vinegar, put a weight on and set them in the cellar; when you want to eat them, slice them and sprinkle sugar and pepper over them. These will keep till spring.

Pictures People Like to See.

The lover of base-ball will be interested in the full-page picture in FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY this week, showing a player caught between the bases. It is an exciting and frequent incident of ball games beautifully brought out. Visitors to Lake George will enjoy the first-page picture of the landing of the passengers. A beautiful picture of a beautiful woman, one of the bright galaxy of Representative Society Ladies pictured weekly by LESLIE'S, is that of Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson. The ocean race is also illustrated. LESLIE'S is full of pictures this week, all of them striking.

A TRUTH TELLER FROM TEXAS.

He Indulges in One of His Characteristic Little Pleasantries.

A party of men were talking in the Palace Hotel court recently about the liars they had known. Mr. More of Pasadena, said he knew the most picturesque prevaricator on the Pacific Slope. "His name is Martin, Wobbly Jaw Martin," said Mr. More, "and he works on my ranch. He'd lie about the size of half a dollar, and there never were any black crows where he came from."

"Where's that?" asked Senator Fair who has a reputation of his own to sustain.

"Texas, and that's where Martin had most of his astounding adventures. He has told one story of a seance with a Texan steer until I think he has forgotten that it is a lie. He says he was working in a packing house at Bryan, and had charge of the cattle that came to the killing house. One day according to this weird romancer, a steer fell down about a hundred yards from the house, and seemed to be too badly injured to move another step. Martin grabbed an ax and went out to kill the animal. When he was ten feet from the steer, it jumped up, made a rush for the boss liar of the boundless West, and hooked him. One long horn went through his clothing, grazed his back, and passed under his collar at the back of his neck. Martin says he had on a new suit of oilskins, and that he was carried 300 yards on the steer's head, shouting for the people to get out of his way, and banishing the ax. The crazy steer bolted in among the other cattle, stampeded the herd, and bellowed in a way that nobody but this dandy liar ever heard before. Suddenly the oilskins gave way, and Martin the monumental came to the ground, but he swung his ax as he fell and killed the steer with one blow. He wasn't hurt a bit, and when the boys ran up to him he calmly said: 'You bet I ain't no slouch.' Now that man is the best all around liar I ever knew. Show a better and I'll treat."

"Did he mention the name of the man for whom he worked at Bryan?" asked one of the party.

"Yes he did. He always gives names, places and dates as straight as a string. Let me see. The man's name was Alexander, I think."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. G. W. Alexander, the one who asked the question, "I'm the man for whom Martin was working, and he tells the affair exactly as it happened. I remember it very well, and if ever a man escaped certain death in this world, Martin did that day."

"I'll do as I agreed," said Mr. More. "Come in, gentlemen, and have some wine with me."—San Francisco Correspondence Philadelphia Item.

Senator Cameron's Daughter.

The Pennsylvania delegation will not come to the front socially until after the holidays. The family of the senior Senator is somewhat scattered just now. Mrs. Cameron is in New York on a brief visit. Miss Mary Cameron is at Harrisburg, Miss Margueretta is at Newark, N. J., visiting her married sister, Mrs. Bradley, and may remain there several months. The marriage of this beautiful and accomplished young daughter of Pennsylvania and one of the belles of the Senatorial circle to Mr. Clark of Newark, son of the opulent "O. N. T." thread manufacturer, will be one of the society events of the coming Spring. One year ago Miss Margueretta was the guest of Miss Clark, the sister, for a several months' cruise on the yacht of the paternal Clark among the charming isles of the Greater and the Lesser Antilles and the Bahamas. The prospective groom was one of the party. The tenderness which grew into love found its inspiration then and the betrothal followed soon after the return to their homes. —Philadelphia Times, Washington Letter.

A Chess Champion in Russia.

In America there are ladies who make a livelihood by teaching the principles of the social game of whist. In Russia there is a lady, known to English chess circles, who, to use an Americanism, beats them hollow. She is a chess-player whose father, once a wealthy land-owner of the South of Russia, lost all his fortune over the chess-board. His daughter, now Mme. Lavroffsky, when still a young girl was seized with the fixed idea of winning it back in the manner in which it was lost. She studied the game with unexampled assiduity under her father's guidance, and in time became a past master—or mistress—therein. Then she began her career as a professional. She has since then amassed a considerable fortune, playing for large stakes, and lately married M. Lavroffsky, also a lover of chess, and is now coming to St. Petersburg to be lionized. —St. James' Gazette

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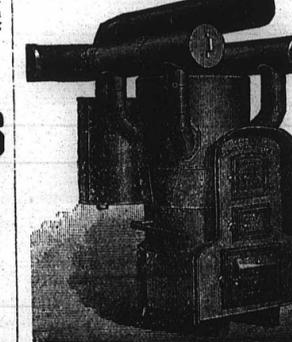
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