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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
—BY THE—
Kansas News Co.,
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A change in time on the Union Pacific went into effect last Sunday.

A colored M E camp meeting was held at Bismarck Grove this week.

The Kansas River Baptist Association met at Silver Lake on Tuesday afternoon.

Horned toads are found in Western Kansas, but toady politicians are found in all parts.

The forty lumber yards in Guthrie have dwindled down to four or five.

On Wednesday evening old Jupiter coquetted with the moon for an hour. Astronomers call it the occultation of Jupiter.

A. P. Jetmore, of Topeka, and Harriet E. Brewer, daughter of Judge D. J. Brewer, of Leavenworth, will be married in that city on the 11th instant.

Henry Shaw, the founder of Shaw's garden, St. Louis, who died last week, has left the famous garden to the city of St. Louis. All his property was worth about $5,000,000.

A telegram says that Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fish, who were injured in the Santa Fe wreck at Streator, will be unable to return to Topeka for five weeks. Mr. Fish is badly injured about the head and Mrs. Fish received almost as serious bruises by becoming struck in the back by a reclining chair car.

Space was assigned the great Rock Island railway yesterday at the fair grounds, and the stakes driven for a building to be known as the "Rock Island depot." It will be covered with grains and grasses, handsomely arranged by a special artist. General Passenger Agent John Sebastian is never out of sight of the head of the procession. Prof. Henry Worral has been engaged to superintend the building, and no pains nor expense will be spared to make this a palace of corn and other grains, which will be a beauty and a big "ad." for the great Rock Island. As soon as built photographs will be taken for distribution in the east. The Rock Island is also gathering material for a display in Chicago.

There is a republican revolt in Shawnee county against the nomination of a colored man for county clerk. There will be more scratching than usual with a motherly hen.

The Indian girls from Haskell Institute, who have been camping near Eudora, broke camp this week and returned to school. They have been camping for about three weeks and have enjoyed a splendid time.

John Allen, employed in the North Topeka Union Pacific yards, sues the company because he had a foot crushed while unloading a heavy piece of machinery.

A few days ago a highway-man up north, presented two big revolvers to a passing stage coach and ordered it to stop. He then ordered the passengers to pay out. One of them, a young man from Bellville, Ill., drew his revolver, instead of his pocket-book, and blazed away, when he was shot by the robber. Rising to his feet, the horses leaping forward at the same time, he was thrown out and robbed while the stage rattled on. Wounded unto death, he was left in the road for three hours before assistance came. Subsequently, he died, and the robber was captured and is now in jail. Now the question is raised, whether the villain is guilty of murder or manslaughter. Probably it will not take the ordinary reader long to decide that legal problem, although there may be lawyers to stumble over it.

A handsome portrait of Ex-Governor Thos. A. Osborn, in a fine frame, has been received at the executive office and will be added to the gallery of portraits of ex-governors of the state. The gallery lacks but one portrait now to make it complete,—that of Ex-Governor Geo. T. Anthony, one of the finest looking men in the list.

The Holstein-Freisian association of America offer two special premiums of $50 each to the cows of that breed winning the prizes as butter and milk producers. Also $100 and a gold medal valued at $50 to the Holstein-Freisian cow making the best one day butter record. Their second premium for the same is $50. All tests are to be made on the fair grounds.

C. W. Meserve is busy packing in preparation for his removal to Lawrence, Kas. He expects to start the last of this week or the first of the next in company with his predecessor, and will receipt for the school property as soon as his bonds are made out.—Springfield, Mass., Republican.

We have a great desire to tell the truth in all the the items we might write, but W T Sherman says that all reporters are liars; so if you find anything in these items that has the appearance of being fishy, think of us as reporters.

Mrs. Josephine R. Nichols has been invited to take the W. C. T. U. exhibit, now in Paris, to New Zealand in December, for the great exposition next winter.

The September payment of pensions began Wednesday morning. Mr. Glick will pay no more pensions after this one. Bernard Kelley, the new pension agent, moved his family to Topeka.

Topeka will be one of the very few cities in which fairs are to be held this year that cannot point to a single saloon either upon its streets or upon the grounds.

There is no reason why Kansas should not excel in her state fairs as in all else. Her people are as intellligent and cultured as any on the face of the globe. They expect more than some of the eastern states in the fair line, and are not satisfied with the ordinary Pumpkinville shows. A cordial invitation is extended to sister states to come this month and see a real fair.

The Boston Globe, speaking of Kansas says: "Her state fair management boldy announces that their premiums are 'open to the world.' This certainly shows pluck and it is conclusive evidence that though a comparatively young state, she is strong and healthy, and willing to cope with the oldest when it comes to products of the soil." We would say in this connection, Mr. Globe, that Kansas not only makes this offer on products of the soil, but in every department. Kansas has as good horses, as good cattle, as good sheep, swine and other products as any state in the union, and will compete in any other branch, even in fine arts.

Some of the honorable senators who are investigating the beef business were surprised to find in their examinations at Chicago, that although the price of cattle has decreased 100 per cent, the price of steak remains the same. This is a striking instance of "the rich growing richer and the poor, poorer." The gentlemen of the committee had no cause for surprise, however. The peculiar state of affairs in the cattle and beef industries have been known to the general public for years.

Prof. F H Snow of the State University reports: A very cool month, being the only August on our 22 years' record in which the mercury failed to reach 90 degrees. The rainfall was excessive, falling but slightly below the unusual precipitation of August, 1888. The rain of the night of the 12th measured 5.68 inches, which surpasses any previous single rainfall on our record, the next to it being the 4 inches of June 13, 1876.

Moses Lewis has commenced suit in the district court against the city of Eskridge for $2100 to partially recompense for loss of child and time resulting from injuries his wife sustained while walking on a defective side-walk in the afore-mentioned city.

Wabaunsee county's share of the semi-annual division of the state school fund for August, amounts to $2023.60, and has been received by the county superintendent The apportionment is made at 48 cents per capita of school population. The county school fund, received from fines, etc., amounts to $212.

Mr. Haggard, of Whiting, Jackson county, is searching for his daughter Effie, 13 years old, who was taken from his home Friday by a man and two women, who were traveling to Oklahoma in a covered wagon.

The Rock Island is building an addition to their round house in North Topeka. It is being built of brick and will accommodate four more engines.

In Lawrence there were fifteen cases in the police court during the month of August, for offenses as follows: Two drunks, five disturbers of the peace, and eight gamblers. Total amount of fines and costs assessed in these cases, $281. Of this, $153 was paid in at the time of conviction. The rest is either being worked out or security taken for payment. From twenty to thirty tramps were locked up during the month and fired out the following day.

The Chas. Wolff Packing Company.

The Chas Wolff Packing Co., of Topeka, is an important institution for this part of the country. About fifty men are employed, while about $4,500 per month is required to operate the establishment. Mr. Wolff expends over $35,000 every month in the surrounding country for live stock. In the enclosure near the packing house on Friday last were about sixty head of as fine cattle as could be found anywhere. They were obtained from Andy Wilson's old place, which is located sixteen miles west of Topeka. The next lot may come from a point as far to the east, or the north, or the south.

One hundred head of stock are slaughtered daily, and in this department the latest approved methods are employed. The house contains four chill rooms. One for cattle with a capacity of 100 head, a second for hogs capable of holding 200 head; another for sheep, also one for miscellaneous meats. The chilling is done with an ice machine. The house has its own water works system. An interesting feature is the sausage department. There are two sausage machines which are capable of disposing of 300 pounds of meat each, in fifteen minutes. Not the least interesting sight is to see the steam sausage stuffer in operation. Sausage is made by this machine in large quantities and in a very short space of time. A large smoke house for the sausage is provided.

Following the article on Laura Bridgman, in the August St. Nicholas the number for September contains a full and complete account of "Helen Kellar," a young girl who, also, is deaf, dumb and blind. The sketch is by Florence Howe Hall, a daughter of Dr. Howe, and contains portraits of the child, of her teacher, a fac-simile letter from the little girl herself to Mrs. Hall, and other illustrations. Mary Hallock Foote tells the sad story of the "Lamb that couldn't 'Keep Up,'" and a beautiful drawing illustrating the little story forms the frontispiece of the number. Lieutenant Hamilton gives a bright and timely sketch of the modern method of defending coasts or harbors, and shows how necessary such defenses have become. Fannie W. Marshall contributes a keenly humorous little study of boyish character—"A day among the blackberries." David Ker has a characteristic story of life in India. F. S. Dellenbaugh gives us "An artist's glimpse of Northern Arizona," while F. H. Throop tells "The Story of Turk," a noble St. Bernard and thus gives a wide range to the stories of this number. The list of contributors is a very strong one, and, better than that, their contributions are not unworthy of them.

Last Saturday night a thief broke into the stable of Senator Baker, of Lawrence, and stole two sets of buggy harness.

To the State Fair and Return
FREE OF CHARGE!

This is the twentieth anniversary of our business career in Topeka.

The occasion of our interesting State Fair, to be held here Sept. 16th to Sept. 21st inclusive, will mark one of the most promising harvests that the state of Kansas has ever known.

As an expression of our appreciation for patronage already enjoyed, and also to INTRODUCE to OUR NEIGHBORING CITIES, THE NEW SYSTEM OF LOW PRICES introduced by us LAST FALL, we make this liberal

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OFFERING!

To anyone visiting the State Fair at Topeka, and who will purchase of us DRY GOODS, CARPETS OR CLOTHING amounting to NOT LESS than $10. we will

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—— THE PRICE OF ——

Railroad Ticket to and from Topeka,

— AS WELL AS THE —

Cost of Admission Ticket to Fair Grounds

This offer will apply to any person residing

NOT OVER 50 MILES

From the City of Topeka, and will not hold good unless the Purchaser will

Show his or her return railroad Ticket.

Visit the Great Fair free of expense. Make your Fall Purchases at a CONSIDERABLE Saving over home Prices.

YOU WILL NOT SOON AGAIN HAVE SUCH A TREAT.

S. BARNUM & Co.

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Harvest Excursions via the Union Pacific Railway.

The Union Pacific R'y 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 unequaled chance to see the unlimited resources of the western country.

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

A large, illustrated catalogue of the Lawrence Business College, containing complete information regarding the institution will be mailed to any address Free.
Address,
E. L. McIlravy, Pres.
Lawrence, Kansas.

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It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement. Send 6c. in stamps for a descriptive circular, and receive "Beauty," a Monograph, with testimonials, sealed, by return mail. Sold by druggists. L. E. MARSH & CO. 2319 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subcriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

THE queen of Siam wears one and one-half inch boots.

BOSTON is to erect statues to Grant, Sheridan, and Farragut.

PROF. BALDWIN, the parachutist, is is coming home from Europe with £12,000,

A CINCINNATI couple, named respectively John Sweet and Millie Honey, were married in that city recently.

A PITTSBURG miss now in London is said to have written to the Princess Louise, duchess of Fife, offering to buy one of the numerous sets of bracelets presented to her on her recent marriage.

WHEN Andrew Clark entered London hospital as an assistant he was in poor health. "Poor Scotch beggar," said one of the faculty, "let him have a place; he can not possibly live more than six months." He is now after these many years of eminent service, Sir Andrew Clark, perhaps the most famous physician in England.

THE shah will probably not visit Constantinople on his return to Persia, because he is unable to settle about his reception by the sultan. The latter is accustomed to receive all foreign visitors of distinction within the walls of Yildiz kiosk, but it was claimed on behalf of the shah that he should be received in state by the sultan at the railway station or at a landing stage on the Bosphorus. The sultan's party don't think so.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Battenberg is living with his wife at Gratz in Styria, where he had purchased a beautiful villa. Prince Alexander is reported to be engaged in writing his reminiscences, from the period of his nomination to the crown of Bulgaria (April, 1879) until his morganatic marriage last month. He is very bitter against the royal family of England and does not appear to entertain friendly feeling toward the Empress Frederick.

EVIDENTLY the author of "The Quick or the Dead?" has made a conquest in London. "Those who have met Mrs. Chanler socially," says a writer in the Star of that city, speak enthusiastically of her charm of manner, her absence of all affectation and conceit, and her ears would tingle at the glowing accounts of her personal beauty. She has beautiful fair hair in abundance, clear, bright, penetrating gray-blue eyes, which are set in relief by dark eyebrows and lashes."

DINAH, tha Senegalese potentate who is now amusing Paris, is a dusky, dirty, degenerate specimen of his kind. He wears a silk hat and a gaudy costume purchased at a second-hand shop in Paris. He is followed about by a small boy carrying his tarnished crown. The shah of Persia has taken a fancy to Dinah and they are "doing" the exposition together. They are also doing various other things not often talked about. They like Paris, but the Parisians are disgusted with them.

JOHN BRIGHT'S comparison of his oratory with Mr. Gladstone's is said to have been expressed to the late Allen Thorndike Rice: "Joseph Chamberlain was flattering John Bright on his style, and the latter deprecated the praise. 'I have no style,' said Mr. Bright, 'but Mr. Gladstone has. I sail along from headland to headland; but Mr. Gladstone carefully follows the coast line, and wherever he finds a navigable inlet he invariably follows it to its source, returning again to resume his exploration of the coast and to strike the headlands that I have raced for.' "

EVERYBODY speaks of the Marchioness of Lorne, says the London correspondent of the Liverpool Mercury, as the most popular of princesses, and one got to understand why from a single incident. She caught sight of Mr. Sala, and cried out with delight, "Is not that Mr. Sala? I know him." Thinking it would please the doyen of our profession to hear of the princess's recognition, I told him what had happened. In return he told me a story which I hope he will forgive me for repeating. In Rome lately he was quietly descending a palace staircase—groping his way, his eyesight not being what it was—when a voice cried out, "Is not that Mr. Sala?" "Yes, madam," he replied. "Ah, you do not know me?" Touched by the assumption that his interviewer was somebody worth knowing, Mr. Sala replied. "No, madame; are you a duchess?" "No, but—I'm Princess Louise."

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.

Mr. George F. Slosson Tells How to Play It.

GIVEN A NATURAL GIFT A MAN

Must Begin to Play Early in Life and Never Stop—Americans the Best Natural Players But Frenchmen Average Better in Results.

So high is billiards held in the estimation of almost all men and many women that I do not need to call more than general attention to it as a polite pastime. It certainly ranks as one of the necessary accomplishments of a thorough gentleman, and as a sport it should, in my mind, be placed at the head of all; for chance enters into it in the very least degree; it requires head work of the most exacting kind, firm muscles and good bodily health, and skill that is developed only by long and

GEORGE SLOSSON.

careful training. It is a game that cultivates the gentlemanly qualities—courtesy, fairness, even generosity. So seldom is a dispute, much less a quarrel, generated at the table, that when, on rare occasions, high words are heard over a game, everybody concludes that the disputants have no business with the cue.

In the course of many years' experience as a billiard player, various questions have been put to me about the game. I shall try to give an answer to all of them at this time and to anticipate some other questions which might naturally be asked. In respect to learning the game so as to be able to play it well, billiards is much like the piano and other musical instruments. The first lesson must be taken early in life and practice must be unintermittent as long as a man is in the field. Few men can become good performers on the piano or violin, as I understand it, if they begin to play after arriving at mature years. By that time the fingers have become comparatively rigid and incapable of acquiring not rapid action, but delicacy of touch, without which a performance on the piano can never rank high. It is certainly the case in billiards. Delicacy and precision count for more than force, and delicacy can be acquired only by beginning early. I should say as a general rule that one who desires to become a good billiard player, should begin at the age of 14 or 15. All the muscles are supple at this time and the preceptive faculties alert. It is essentially the teachable age. One who begins earlier, that is at 7 or 8, as is the case with musicians, is liable to learn more by rote, and thus acquire a certain mechanical proficiency which will be of little value until by the exercise of preception and judgement the player knows how to treat a novel or difficult position on his own responsibility.

Few boys probably have any distinct idea at 15 of making great experts of themselves, and fewer parents would choose such a career for their children. Not that the calling of biliards is low in any sense, but that the opportunities for good income from it are not generally recognized. It is looked upon properly enough as a pastime, and yet combining so much mental and physical science as it does, it is eminently worthy of the study required to develop its possibilities on the part of those naturally qualified for the work. This brings up an important point: not everybody, even by the most patient discipline, can become what I call a good player. There are certain natural qualications that must be possess-

THE AMATEUR.

ed by a billiard player, just as there are special talents for commerce, literature, the law or the art. Without them a man had better content himself with the fun of the game moderately played, and in this he will find plenty of recreation, genuine pleasure, and by choosing his antagonists properly, a great deal of that emulation which is the life of all games and pursuits. It is a fact that beyond a certain point no player can improve. This point varies with each individual, but in each individual it is absolutely fixed. It is not always reached by players, because not everybody knows how to develop his natural qualifications to their utmost; but when that has been done the most persistent practice will add nothing to his effectiveness.

The natural qualifications for billiards may be set down as (1) a good eye, (2) steady hand, (3) quick and accurate perception of angles, (4) grace of movement. To these should be added that element of success in all undertakings, persistence. Without all these a boy had better take to some other game or business, for he can never develop into anything better than a very moderate ylayer. Anyone may learn the game so thoroughly that he can appreciate the finest play, and even see how a shot must be made; but it is quite a different thing to take a cue in hand and execute the shot. A mathematician might tell an expert player a volume of facts about the angles of play, the direction a ball will take after hitting a cushion at a given angle, the amount and kind of force required to send a ball from a given point to another and make a given carom successfully; but it is a thousand to one that the expert would execute all the shots discussed vhile the scientist would fail on a simple carom.

Suppose, however, that a young man has all the natural qualifications for playing, then he must without fail keep his hand in after once beginning. A good eye and a steady hand must be trained, and an accurate idea of angles must be developed until it becomes second nature to select at once the right spot on a cushion at what a ball must strike after a carom. Grace of motion is all important because no man can play accurately who plays awkwardly. The arm must swing freely and naturally. It never does to grasp the cue in such a style that you are conscious of the least tension of the muscles.

Amateurs who play pretty steadily for several years without apparent improvement are probably ignorant of many details in the game. They may not realize just how certain oft recuring positions may be best utilized. In such cases a great improvement may be effected by taking a few lessons from a professional. A professional, it should be understood, is not one who merrily plays the game for stakes, but who makes his living out of the game. That is, one who devotes his entire attention to it. There are no first-class amateurs in America. Mr. Orville Oddie of Brooklyn, the amateur champion, is the nearest approach to it. This may seem a startling statement to the many

A FAIR ENTHUSIAST.

who play every day, and who have among their personal friends men who run more than 100 in rail play, but professionals generally will admit that it is true. The reason probably lies in the fact that few Americans devote enough of persistent attention to the game, but it is also a fact that Americans are naturally the best players in the world, with Frenchmen second. Yet the French have many first-class amateurs. The difference lies in the fact that while Americans learn more quickly, the French devote themselves more assiduously to practice.

To those who would play good billiards, I would say avoid pool. The nature of the stroke in the two is so different that no one can cultivate both kinds at once to the advantage of either game. In pool the stab stroke is most employed, while in billiards there must be a long, swinging, graceful motion.

The question of a comparison between billiards and chess has been suggested to me. I think no one will accuse me of underrating chess when I say that billiards is the superior game. Strategic play is the controlliug principal of chess, and it exercises a man's mind to the utmost; but every good billiard player knows that strategy also enters to a large degree in his game, when he seeks to play in such a way that if he fails to score, the balls will lie so that his opponent will have the greatest possible difficulty in making a shot. No game of billiards was ever played without the most concentrated attention on the part of the player at every shot. It will be noted that in billiards there are more shots in a game than moves in chess; and in addition to all the mental work employed, there is the necessity of perfect physical execution. The question doubtless comes down to the individual tastes of men, but it seems to me that a candid consideration of all the elements that make up the games would place billiards at the head.

The original national flower was the Mayflower.—Chicago Herald.

No Booms Need Apply.

"Can you direct me to Pacific City?" asked the Buffalo man to a station agent in Dakota as he left the train at a "huddle" of four or five houses.

"Right across the street for information, sir," was the reply, and the stranger walked across to a shanty bearing the sign, "Real estate" and put the same question to a red-headed man who was busy folding and sealing a prospectus.

"This is it, sir," was the calm reply.

"Why—why—"

"You are disappointed, of course."

"Well, rather."

"You expected to see a city of at least 5,000 inhabitants, with parks, schools, factories, and churches, and all that?"

"Yes, I did."

"That's the way with many others, but it is not our fault. Our object is to go slow and sure, and not create anything like a boom to give fictitious values. We have done remarkably well thus far. One year ago this was the only structure in the city. Now look around."

"Now I can count seven."

"Exactly. That's what our latest prospectus says—improved 700 per cent. in one year. Can you ask a town to go ahead faster than that? Don't confound this wonderful progress with a boom, however. Booms have killed half this western country. We don't want any."

"How's real estate?" queried the Buffalo man, after a while.

"Advancing, of course. Six months ago I offered lots on Washington avenue for $10 a foot. To-day I'm asking $20. That's 100 per cent., isn't it, and nothing like a boom. We are simply growimg on our merits alone. That's the proper way for a town to grow."

"Any factories here?"

"There are. A year ago we had none. Now we have a blacksmith and a shoemaker. That's an increase of 200 per cent., and I want you to find a town to match it. There has been no boom, however—remember that. It's just a natural growth."

"What's the population?"

"That's one of the strong points in my new prospectus. A year ago I was here alone. To-day we number twenty-two souls. Think of the tremendous per cent of increase! All legitimate and on its merits, and no boom to cause a rush."

"Are the future prospects flattering?"

"Exceedingly so. The climate is good for catarrh and a check on biliousness. Our seasons are very mild, and a farmer can get sixteen hours a day out of the hired men. This is a great distributing point for the trade and the centre of manufactures, and we shall seek to have the national capital removed here. We expect six railroads and two canals to cross here, three large universities have asked for sites, and before the end of the year congress will be asked for a public building to cost not less than $1,000,000. Flattering? I should remark! But we ain't doing any crowing about it. It might start a boom, and booms are the bitter foes of new towns. We want to grow on our merits as the coming city of the glorious west. If you write anything for your home paper just put that in—all legitimate and solely on its merits, and no booms need apply."
—New York Sun.

A Fish With Scales Like Silver.

The tarpon is a fish known to naturalists as megalops thrissoides, ranging from fifty to two hundred pounds in weight and from four and one-half to over six feet in length; not unlike a cross between a huge herring, to which family it belongs, and a huge blue fish in its general proportions; with large protruberant eyes and an ugly mouth that opens on the fish's nose, so to speak, covered on either side with a hard bony semi circular flap that gives the effect of a jowl. Behind and contiguous to the dorsal fin is a sort of bony bayonet called the feather, some eight or nine inches long, that protrudes into the air in the direction of the tail forming an acute angle with the line of the back. The body is covered with brilliant argentine scales which give the fish the effect of having been laved in silver, and which have won for it the title of the Silver King. These scales, which are circular and slightly scalloped on the part of the edge that is overlapped, vary from one inch to two inches and a half in diameter. The silvery epidermis covers only the exposed portion which is about one-fourth of the circumference. The remaining surface is a slightly yellowish white not dissimiiar in hue to mother of pearl, though withought its iridesence, translucent but not transparent, and shiny on the inner side. They are hard, thin, and of shell like fiber. After being removed from the fish and dried, they curl up so as to remind one of a Saratoga chip, but will, if moistened and compressed, regain at least for a short time their former shape. The extreme brilliancy of the silvery portion becomes tarnished by degrees, inclining either to yellow or black, but the permanent color is still beautiful and astonishing. The back of the fish is black, and the silvery effect gradually begins at a line well above the eye. Some anglers have seen fit to perpetuate their triumphs by having specimens of these monsters mounted on a panel. They form magnificent trophies for the hall or diningroom of a large house; and when gazing at a hundred pound tarpon, which is certainly rather below than above the average weight of the fish, one finds difficulty in believing that it has been captured with rod and reel.—Robert Grant, in Scribner's Magazine.

WINGED MISSILES.

The cotton crop of Texas will be worth $34,000,000.

The saw is largely used now instead of the axe in bringing down the giant redwoods in California. The tree is sawed partly through, and then is forced over by wedges.

Mary A. Schaub, of Nashville, who died the other day, left an estate of $6,000 to be applied to the support of her two dogs. Many richer people leave larger sums for the support of puppies.

Persons who have tried them say that the trans-Atlantic steamers that beat the record are not as comfortable ones on which to travel as those which take a day or two longer for the passage.

About $200,000 in treasure, which was on board the Pacific Mail steamer Grenada, when that vessel was wrecked on the Pacific coast about a month ago, has been recovered. The vessel, valued at $200,000 is a total loss.

It is announced that Claus Spreckels, the millionaire sugar refiner, proposes to build another refinery at Philadelphia, fully as large as the mammoth refinery now in the course of erection by him at the neck on the Delaware river.

One thousand six hundred people have been burned to death at Lu Chow, China, making half a dozen stupendous calamities in the celestial empire in as many months. Even the Chinese do not seem to grow very excited over such occurrences.

A Kentuckian shot himself with suicidal intent, the other day, and died after several hours of intense suffering. Being asked how it happened that with his known skill with the pistol he did not kill himself instantly, he said he wished to live long enough to be forgiven for his act.

The trustees of the Madison-square Building Company, New York, has executed a contract for tearing down the present Madison-square Garden and the erection of the new building, which is to take its place at a cost of $1,200,000. The amphitheatre will be completed by March 20, and the entire structure by June 15, 1890.

Secretary Windom has directed that all the bonds purchased by the government since the first of July last be applied to the sinking fund nntil the requirements for the current fiscal year, estimated at $47,000,000, are met. The amount already applied to this purpose is $3,963,450, of which all but $15,500 was in 4½ per cent bonds.

The general dissatisfaction among the cigar-makers of New York city has resulted in strikes at several factories, and the trouble is spreading. The men claim that the tenement-house system, which was checked for a time by the enactment of a law on the subject, is again in full swing, and that wages are down to the starvation point.

"If I gave you a pound of metal and ordered you to make the most out of it, what kind of metal would you select?" asked a well-known jeweller. "Gold, of course," was the prompt reply. "I'd prefer a pound of steel," said the jeweller, "and I'd have it made into hair springs for watches. A pound of such springs would sell for an even $140,000."

Benjamin Johnson, it is said, owns a farm in Rush Valley, U. T., upon which he has just discovered a mine of natural shoe blacking. An analysis of this peculiar material shows that it contains sixteen per cent. carbon, thirty-four per cent aluminum, and the remainder clay. When taken out the material is moist and soft, and when used as blacking produces a fine polish, which is not easily destroyed.

During July 24,715 immigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, against 28,690 in July, 1888. Every month this year has been marked by a gradual decline in European immigration. Among the reasons advanced are difficulty in finding employment here, inducements offered by various South American governments, and encouragement to remain at home given by foreign monarchies, whose surplus population has been worked off in past years.

The Chinese have a barbarous way of taking clams, which often grow to enormour size in the western Pacific Ocean, some weighing twenty pounds per clam, not including the shell, which sometimes weigh over 200 pounds. The Chinese fishermen watch for these clams in clear, shallow water, as they paddle along the shore in flat-bottom boats, and when they see one with shell open they ram a sharp-pointed stake into the creatures body and lift it into the boat.

The Canadian customs authorities have placed under seizure the painting "Jerusalem on the Day of the Crucifixion," on exhibition at the Cyclorama, Montreal. The painting is valued at $25,000. Its owners sought to have it enter the country free of duty, on the plea that it is a work of art of well-known merit. The authorities claim that it has been brought into the country for commercial purposes, and that the customary duty of twenty per cent. should be paid on it.

Ceylon cats are a curious instance of what evolution has accomplished in the way of adapting creatures to environments. They have no tails, and are able by lack of that appendage, to imitate rabbits and so get them into their clutches. The are great rabbit catchers, and as such are valuably beyond all other cats in Australia. They have been introduced into this country, but whether for their hunting propensities or not is not stated. The cat family has never been utilized by man as it might be. Rat and mice catchers can also be developed into good hunters in many other directions.

A citizen of Irwinton, Ga., had a dream that someone had entered his kitchen to rob the house. He rose from his slumber, as he imagined, took his gun from the rack, and, on going to the back door, fired at the robber, who was making his escape from the kitchen over the banister, leaving blood on the floor and banister. After this he returned to his bed of repose, and on rising next morning, thinking of his dream, he went to the spot where he imagined the man made his escape the night before, and, to his surprise, a lot of blood was found on the floor and banister at the same place where he had dreamed of doing the shooting.

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All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

Trade is everywhere improving.

The Illinois corn crop will be short.

Another third party prohibition paper, the Salina Rising Sun, has gone to the wall.

Virginia claims to have a $120,000 mortgage on the White House dating from the time of Washington.

The new depot at Lawrence, built at a cost of $28,000, will be ready for occupancy about September 15. This building is one of the finest along the Union Pacific railroad.

A Lawrence man is selling lead-pencils at 5 cents a dozen, but in Topeka they are sold for 3 cents a dozen. A Lawrence man went to Topeka to buy a dozen because they were so much cheaper.

We notice that the preachers of Topeka do not have wives. At a late banquet a CAPITAL reporter makes it that they were only accompanied by ladies. That is a way some reporters as well as some husbands have of putting it, when they do not want it to appear that their wives are present.

A few days ago Harry Terlan, of Covington, Ky., a young man of exemplary habits, met his death while trying to pacify a couple of fighting rowdies, and in announcing his fate the "headline artist" of a Cincinnati daily quoted the following text: "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

A gentleman who is largely interested, and who has the opportunity for getting at inside facts, says: "I am ready now to predict that within four months' time, or before January 1, 1890, the Atchison system will be owned and operated by Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington. This is not a guess or a snap conclusion, but simply a prediction based on certain facts that I know. The arrangement will be brought about by the large banking houses of Drexel, Morgan & Co., Brown Bros. & Co., Kidder, Peabody & Co. and the Barings."

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of No. 16, of "Germania," a fortnightly journal, for the benefit of those who wish to study the German language. It is a double column magazine of twenty pages, published at Manchester, N. H. at $3.00 a year. The study of the German language is yearly growing in popularity, and a journal like this will be a great help to all whether studying under a teacher or by themselves. The idea is quite original, and no less practical. We most heartily commend it to those of our readers who wish to learn the language, as well as to those who wish to make a better acquaintance with the best German literature. The number before us contains a curious attempt by Goethe in his youthful days at writing English poetry. Single numbers 15 cents. A. W. SPANHOOFD, editor. Box 90, Manchester, N. H.

Allen Manvel, the new president of the Atchison company, is about 53 years of age. He received his railroad education in the service of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad company, which he entered in 1859 and left in 1881. He worked his way up from a clerkship in the office of the purchasing agent to the position of assistant superintendent. He entered the service of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba road in the same capacity, and continued in it for six years to 1887, when he was made vice president and general manager. He is described as a nervous, energetic man, and his only weak point is said to be his health, which of late has not been robust. One well-known railroad official said that Manvel was capable of cutting the expenses of the Atchison system down fully $1,000,000 a year, and, in his judgment, the account could stand the cutting.

Interesting and Instructive Pictures.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for September 7th is a very striking number. Its interesting pages represent scenes during the Sheepshead Bay racing season, "A Fishing-camp in Maine," "An Evening Procession of Boats on Lake George," and scenes on the grounds of the Hoboken Turtle Club. The number is thus far rather a sombre one, but presents other instructive illustrations, showing the method of lowering a sick patient to the health officer's boat, Quarantine and the lower bay. There is a very handsome portrait of Mrs. Bruce Ismay, a representative society lady of New York.

Salt is Good.

Salt in the whitewash will make it stick better.

Wash the mica of the stove doors with salt and vinegar.

Brass work can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.

When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from dripping fat will not annoy.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply it with a nail brush, scrub well and dry thoroughly.

If, after having a tooth pulled, the mouth is filled with salt and water it will allay the danger of having a hemorrhage.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy.

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basin of water.

If the feet are tender or painful after long standing or walking, great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne.

Annual Meeting of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association will be held in Wichita, Kansas, Oct. 1, 2 and 3, beginning at 3:30 on the afternoon of Oct. 1. On the two succeeding days the public sessions will open at 10 a. m., and all the evening sessions at 7:30.

Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Clara B. Colby editor Woman's Tribune, with other speakers from abroad will be present. Mrs. M. D. Lowman, Mayor of Oskaloosa, Mrs. Anna C. Wait, editor Lincoln Beacon, Mrs. Martia L. Berry, Cawker City, Prof. Jennie L. Shelley Normal College, Salina, Judge R W. Blue of Pleasanton, Hon. Rudolph Hatfield of Wichita, and Miss Genevieve Lel. Hawley of Fort Scott, will be among the speakers. A most interesting meeting is anticipated and everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Members and officers of the State Association and delegates from the auxilliaries are requested to send early the announcement of their intention of attending the Convention and claiming entertainment, giving nearly as possible the time of their arrival and name of road they expect to take, to Mrs. Clara E. Clarke, Wichita, Kansas, Chairman of entertainment committee.

Reduced railroad rates have been secured from all points in Kansas. All who wish to get the benefit of the reduced rates must ask the ticket agent at the starting point for certificate showing that that they paid full fare going; this certificate must be countersigned by the president in convention and will entitle the holder to a ticket at one-third fare for returning. Let all the friends of the movement toward woman's enfranchisement attend this Convention.

LAURA M. JOHNS. Pres.
LIZZIE HOPKINS, Secretary.

Ideas are in Demand.

[From the Western Journalist.]

A half-dozen of the most successful men of New York were recently asked what chance young men have to get on in the world these days. Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Russell Sage, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Dr. Norvin Green and Mr. Charles A. Dana said the outlook was never so good as now.

"What one quality should they possess to succeed best?" was the question asked of each.

Russell Sage replied: "Caution"; Jay Gould, "Perseverance"; Dr. Green, "Hard work"; Mr. Bennett, "Enterprise"; Mr. Dana, "Brains".

Perhaps Mr. Joseph Pulitzer of The World summed it up the best way:

"My dear sir," he said to an applicant for a position on the World, some time ago, "what can you do?"

"Anything," was the cheerful reply.

"Yes, but you must certainly be able to do some one thing better than another?"

"Oh, yes," was the response. "I can write well on most any subject, am a good excutive man, and am fertile in ideas."

"Oh," was Mr. Pulitzer's reply, fertile in ideas." And he drew his chair up to his visitor and peered anxiously into his face.

"Then you are just the man I want. How many good ideas have you lying around loose that I could utilize in increasing the circulation of the World?"

"Oh I could give you twenty," was the calm reply.

"Twenty!" said Mr. Pulitzer in astonishment.

"Yes, sir, twenty."

"Well, now try it. Go home and write me out twenty good ideas or suggestions for increasing the circulation of The World. Send me your list to-morrow. I will pay $100 for each idea I accept. My check for $2,000 will be mailed to you at once if I accept them all, and I hope I can, for we need new ideas here all the time, and then we can make a permanent arrangement. I will pay $100 a week for a good idea, and you needn't come to the office either. Yes I'll do more; I'll buy you a fine pair of horses, so that you may drive around the town and enjoy yourself in the park. Your fortune is made if you can do as you say."

The young man did send his ideas carefully written out, and they were promptly returned to him as worthless. Instead of riding through the park in a luxurious coach he is now holding down a chair in a Bowery cheap lodging-house.

He possessed brass, but not brains.

A Natural Conclusion.

People intending to visit an insane asylum must be prepared to meet with curious experiences. An English gentleman tells the following story of his experience on such an occasion:

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

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

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

"Not at all," was the reply.

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

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

"Very likely," answered the doctor. "You see, she is not a patient; she is one of the housemaids, and as sane as you are."

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

The Rock Island Company is building a corn depot on the fair grounds.

McIntosh & Miller, of the North Topeka stock yards, are buying largely mules and horses from five to eight years.

Mrs. Frances M. Wood, of Topeka, was elected president of the ladies' branch of the G. A. R. at the late National encampment at Milwaukee. Mrs. Wood is the wife of S. N. Wood, a real estate man of our city.

The September CENTURY contains a paper on Napoleon Bonaparte of unusual interest and importance, being contemporary accounts, by British officers, of the ex-Emperor's exile to Elba; his voyage to St. Helena and life on this island. Not the least valuable part of this record consists of the conversations here preserved with Napoleon on some of the most prominent passages of his career. The Lincoln installment is crowded with absolutely new material, and has to do mainly with Lincoln's triumphant re election. The authors quote freely from unpublished MSS. by Lincoln, and their own letters and diaries. The sketch of Chase's career is continued to his death, and includes an account of his appointment as Chief-Justice. Apropos of the latter portion of the Lincoln history is the article by Justice Bradley of the Supreme Court on Chief-Justice Marshall, accompanying a rare portrait of the great Chief-Justice by the French artist, Memin. An article appropriate to the season is Mr. Hamilton Gibson's ingenious and original study of butterfly and plant life, accompanied with illustrations. The American artist, Mr. Wores, writes appreciatingly of Japanese things; and the text is illuminated by reproductions of a number of oil-paintings. Mr. Paine, whose article on the "Pharaoh of the Bondage" will be remembered, presents an illustrated study of the identity of "The Pharaoh of the Exodus and his Son"—in the light of their monuments. George Kennan closes his account of "The Kara Political Prison," in an article devoted to the tragic history of the institution. Another illustrated article is Emmet O'Brien's account of "Telegraphy in Battle" during the civil war. "Ballot Reform Progress" and "Eight Hours a Day" are treated editorially. Brander Matthews contributes a timely "Open Letter" on "The Centenary of Fenimore Cooper," and "Bric-a-Brac" contains contributions by Clinton Scollard, J. A. Macon, George Birdseye, etc.

G. A. R.

The National Encampment of the G. A R. will be held this year at Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 26th to 31st. Agents of the Union Pacific Railway will sell tickets to Milwaukee and return at the lowest one way first class fare in Nebraska and Kansas August 21th to 28th inclusive; in Colorado and Wyoming August 20 to 27th inclusive; limited to return leaving Milwaukee August 27th to September 5th, final limit September 10th. For those who desired to return later than Sept. 30th on application to the joint agent of terminal lines at Milwaukee. Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming should be well represented at this encampment and all should go via "The Overland Route." For furthur information apply to any agent of this Company or

E. L. LOMAX,
G. P. A.

The September Eclectic recommends itself as usual to the readers and lovers of good literature. The distinguished artist and writer, W. W. Story, under the title of "Recent Conversations in a Studio," gives us a racy and suggestive discussion of various topics in art, politics, and social life. Karl Blind, the veteran socialist and reformer, has a word of importance to say on the New Italy as in some measure the outgrowth of seeds planted by such men as Giordano Bruno, the philosopher, who died for freedom of opinion in the year 1600. There is a most readable paper of a scientific turn, but amusing and racy, on "The Potato's Place in History," which is a model for articles of popular science. A clever anecdotical paper on Goethe and Carlyle makes the reader wish it were longer. Prof. Sayce's discussion of "The Primitive Home of the Aryans" is of superior scholarly interest. A much wider clientele, however, will be found for Goldwin Smith's striking article on "Progress and War," one of the best of recent papers by this able author. "Dr. Johnson on Modern Poetry" is an interview in the Elysian Fields with that bluff old intellectual giant, and is cleverly done by Mr Watson. Father Barry contributes a seasonable word entitled, "Wanted." A Gospel for the Century," indicating those needs which demand a revivification and even revolution in religious methods. Mr. John Rae tells us about the Russian peasantry in his article, "An Empire of Crofters." Sir Morell Mackenzie contributes the second part of his article on "Speech and Song." For most of our readers, however, the remarkable contribution entitled "The Papacy: A Revelation and a Prophecy," will be the most interesting paper in the number. The minor articles are well chosen.

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No farmer can get to the head of the procession by hanging to the tail of a scrub cow.

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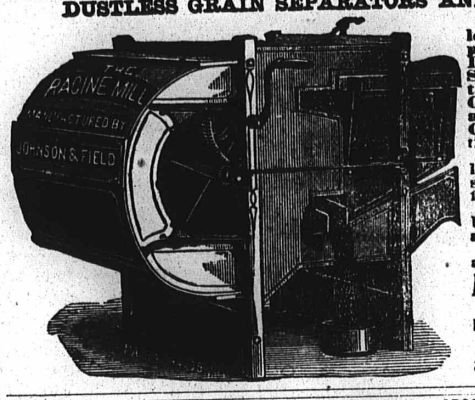

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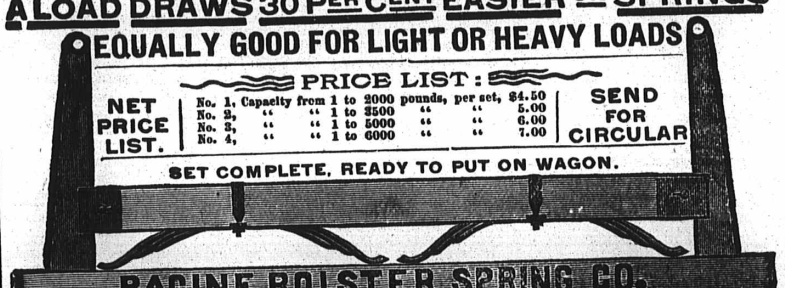

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Mrs. Helen E. Starrett, principal of the Kenwood Institute, Chicago, and formerly of Lawrence, predicts in the September Forum as sweeping a reform in household economy as the most daring political economist has predicted in political economy. She foresees the day when cooking and house-cleaning will be done by organized companies, which will serve every family according to its desires; and the servant girl will disappear, carrying with her all the trouble that she brings and the present wasteful system.

Western Farm News.

The Great Farming State.

When in July the Kansas corn crop was estimated at 200,000,000 bushels the chronically pessimistic expressed doubt about the record crop of 196,000,000 bushels being exceeded. August, however, has been favorable in most of the counties and the abundant rains have caused the ears to fill out unusually well. A gentleman who is not prone to exaggeration and who has just made a tour of the state says that he would not be surprised at the harvest of 300,000,000 bushels. Everybody who comes in from extensive journeys through the corn counties reports that the yield will be something enormous. The condition seems to have steadily improved through August as the vigor of the plant began to show itself in the size of the ear.

To conservative minds an estimate of 300,000,000 bushels may seem out of the way, but sober reasoning puts it quite within the bounds of possibility. The crop of 196,000,000 was made five years ago when McPherson was called a western grain country. It is safe to say that the area of thorough cultivation has been increased one-third since then and the conditions of growth are at least as favorable as in 1884. While 300,000,000 bushels looks like an extreme estimate, there is really nothing to be astonished at if the result is a justification.

Suppose Kansas does harvest that amount of corn. Assuming that it will net the farmers 25 cents a bushel there is the vast sum of of $75,000,000 to come into the state for one crop. Corn alone will pay interest, farm taxes and most of the mortgage indebtedness of the state falling due this year—perhaps all of it and leave a surplus. Then there are 35,000,000 bushels of wheat and the finest grass crops ever known in the state. The season began with a fruit crop unprecedented in quantity and quality and has continued to favor everything except that the oats were slightly damaged by rains about harvest time.

This is a year for Kansas rejoicing and the era of complete success ought to be also an era of good feelings. All the towns should have a season of trade equal to the farm yield. By this time western towns should have learned that fault finding with each other injures all and helps none. Standing up for one's town is a good thing and standing up for all towns known by the world to be fed from the same sources is good also and shows a broader way of getting the confidence of immigration and capital. In union there is strength and a combination of interests is always more powerful than a free fight.

No state in the union so instantly responds to the effect of a good crop as Kansas, because in none does the cost of cultivation represent so small a proportion of the price received and in no other is the proportion of arable land so great. THE TIMES has often pointed to this as a difference always to be considered.

In recuperative power Kansas is the France of America.

Counting corn, wheat, oats, sorghum, fruit and vegetables, stock, grass, dairy and poultry products and the rest, it is not too much to say that the selling value of the farm output of Kansas this year will approximate $200,000,000. No wonder the English financier calls it the "Great Loan Land" and its people are so bold and confident about their future. A little irrigation and better revenue provisions for its towns will make it still better.—Kansas City TIMES.

At the Deep Water Harbor meeting in Topeka, Secretary Martin Mohler, of the state board of agriculture, gave an estimate of the value to Kansas of such an harbor on the gulf coast. He said: "We have been exporting during the last ten years about 25 per cent. of our crops, which would be about 5,000,000 bu. of wheat annually. The corn exported has been about 6,000,000 annually, while 1 per cent. of cattle and 15 per cent. of hogs have been exported. The cost of transporting the wheat to New York is $1,500,000; corn, $1,218,000; cattle, $98,000; hogs, $560,000. The saving in transportation by a deep water harbor on the Gulf would be $1,700,000 which would raise the price of wheat and corn 10 cents a bushel. It would also raise the price of all the grain remaining. With the short transportation our corn would be worth $15,000,000 more, and wheat would give us $3,000,000 more.

A cold winter is predicted. It will be well to prepare for it.

Labor day was observed in Topeka, on Monday, with a parade that was imposing.

We want an ocean outlet without going two thousand miles to the coast, or the same to the west. We may have it on the Gulf.

A Ray from New Mexico.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Aug. 29, 1889.

DEAR EDITOR:

"To a Kansan who has spent the whole of a long and uneventful life within the Mississippi valley, a trip to New Mexico, (although it occupies but thirty-six hours, and is a short journey in this United States, when a pleasant trip to Behring sea is coming to be considered quite easy), has some revelations. It is something of a revelation to ride through some three hundred miles of Kansas corn, which was a genuine surprise, for although your paper and others had mentioned that the corn crop "is now assured," "the farmers jubilant" and "acreage unprecedented," still, begging your pardon, I had thought you might be mistaken and that possibly in spots the farmers were not jubilant; but this ride convinces me that at least you were correct so far as the great Santa Fe route is concerned. The farmers were not jubilating out doors much, on account, I suppose, of its being Sunday, but that they have good cause to throw up their hats and holler six days in the week, I can no longer doubt.

The western third of Kansas is not very interesting, but the thrifty young towns (mostly county seats) indicate that the country has resources sufficient to support a large population. Eastern Colorado is about the same until the ascent of the mountains is begun. As I was asleep during the ascent I will not attempt to describe it. We had crossed the summit and entered New Mexico, when I awoke and found the sun just about to rise. How long it had waited I don't know, but it didn't get up till I was ready, and then, as has been its custom since I can remember, it rose in a beautiful and graceful manner. We had entered a narrow valley, and the hills that were fortunate enough to have an east front, were lighted up in quite a delightful way; also some peaks in the far northwest looked "very nice," as one of the lady passengers happily remarked. It was remarked by us all that everything with an east front was illuminated without expense on this occasion This included a one-story adobe building with the Aztec word "saloon" across its east front, and a one-story burro hitched in front. One peak to the northwest showed up quite an elevation, and I thought perhaps it was Mount St. Elias, but the colored porter laughed and said he thought not; but as he couldn't tell what it was, or whether it was in Oregon or Alaska, I finally convinced him that I might be right. This gentleman is quite knowing till you pin him down, and when a square looking object was discovered on top of a mountain, and I explained to the lady passengers that it was a Kansas City brick kiln, he said, "No sah, its paht of the mountain, sah." But as he had never been to it, he had to admit again that he might be wrong.

On and on we came, and the lower we got the higher the hills became, until from being not larger than those of my own Wakarusa, they became quite like mountains, and as we neared the Rio Grande valley they loomed away up. All along through the mountains where water can be had, can be seen patches of corn and wheat stubble with a small adobe hut near by. The corn is tasseled at a height of eighteen inches on an average. A brother Irishman told me he had known it to yield sixty bushels to the acre; but as I didn't see an acre in the whole forenoon's ride that would measure that, stalks, fodder, roots and all, I think he was trying to Irish bull the corn crop.

Goats and burros are quite numerous nibbling around on the hillsides, and I should judge it took persistent nibbling to gain a living, as an acre of Kansas blue-stem would weigh as much as grows on the average section of this mountain land. However, I am told that the liberty-loving goat prefers to lead this life. If he can't renew his "end" on one side of the mountain, he has plenty of time at his disposal and goes around to the other side to see if the bunch he nibbled at the last full moon hasn't grown a little.

When the Rio Grande valley is reached very good corn is found, and I am told that the wheat crop was excellent. All kinds of vegetables except potatoes do finely. I am told that the soil is "too rich" to grow potatoes. This may not be the cause, as the Kansas river and Wakarusa bottoms yield fair potatoes.

Albuquerque is a good town with all modern improvements, and may be the subject of another (and shorter) letter when I have become more acquainted withit." YARBH.

Many a baby is drugged with paregoric and soothing syrups when all it needs or wants is a drop of water. It is always a safe thing to try a child with a teaspoonful of water when restless or evinces a desire to nurse frequently. A child who cannot ask for it, often suffers torments for a drop of water. Especially in hot weather is this true. I have heard many a mother say that she never had thought of giving her baby a drink and yet, from the very nature of a baby's food, it is more apt to require water than we are. Milk induces thirst, as anyone who has tried a milk diet knows.

Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, Editor.

The late E. P. Roe used to say that the secret of success in small fruit culture might be found in two words, stimulation and restriction. By stimulation he meant a thoroughly pulverized and enriched soil. This is especially necessary to the strawberry, the foreign raspberry and all the currants. A rampant growing raspberry, like the Cuthbert or Turner, and our vigorous blackberries, do not require stimulation, but they do require restriction. By restriction he meant the development of fruit, rather than wood or vines. Set out as trawberry plant in very deep, rich, moist soil, and its tendency is to follow the great law of nature and propagate itself; but to the degree that it makes plants it cannot make fruit. Cut off every runner and enormous fruit buds are developed. The sap is dammed up as a miller restricts a stream, and the result is strawberries that are double in size and quantity. This is equally true of raspberries. Currant bushes crowded with wood bear little fruit.

Don't. Read This.

Is there any word more universally unpopular than the little "don't" that slips so readily from the tongue of young and old at the slightest provocation? Yet it may convey a very needful protest, and if used sparingly is worthy of attention. Here are a few doctor's don'ts, from a little volume written by Dr. F. C Valentine, that it would be well to bear in mind:

Don't allow your servants to put meat and vegetables into the same compartment of the refrigerator.

Don't read, write, or do any delicate work, unless receiving the light from the left side.

Don't read in street cars or other jolting vehicles.

Don't read medical books, except those that teach the intelligent avoidance of disease.

Don't direct special mental or physical energies to more than eight hours' work each day.

Don't endeavor to rest the mind by absolute inactivity; let it seek its rest in work in other channels, and thus rest the tired part of the brain.

Don't neglect to constitute yourself a public protector by thrusting into the gutter every banana or orange peel you may encounter on the sidewalk.

Don't pamper the appetite with such variety of food that it may lead to excess.

Don't neglect to have the dentist examine your teeth at least once every three months.

Don't eat or drink hot and cold things immediately in succession.

Don't pick the teeth with pins or any other hard substance.

Don't wear pointed shoes, which have a tendency to dislocate the second toe upward and to produce ulcerations, sometimes so severe that they demand amputation.

Don't keep the parlor dark unless you value your carpet more than your own and your children's health.

Don't hesitate to avail yourself of every opportunity to rest at midday during hot weather. Follow the example of the denizens of hot regions, who quite rationally indulge in the needed "siesta."

Don't delude yourself into the belief that you are an exception as far as sleep is concerned; the normal average of sleep is eight hours.

Don't miss an opportunity to sleep from 10 at night to 6 in the morning ("beauty sleep").

Don't continue to strive to earn money when you are advanced in years; devote the remainder of your life to enterta ining occupations, preferable for thebenefit of humanity at large, and thus avoid premature death, or perhaps paralysis, which may leave you a helpless imbecile and a burden to others.

Bunch Onions.

According to the report of the Minnesota experiment station there is much lack of information about the value of the onion for marketing in a green state. The following facts concerning it may be of interest. It is perfectly hardy and if planted in the fall, makes a very early bunch onion, which looks well and markets readily. The color of the sets is red. They are produced on the top of the seed stalk and appear to have monopolized the place of seeds. This onion never produces seed. The young plants have a pinkish white color, but are not colored enough to injure their marketing qualities. The sets may be harvested and the roots or bulbs (for they mature a rather poor onion in the fall) may be left for any length of time in the soil, and they will continue year after year to grow and produce sets and bunch onions. They may be propogated from offsets as well as from sets. In general cultivation the sets should be planted every fall in rows thirteen inches apart, on rich, light soil, putting the sets three inches deep and three inches apart in the row. The ripened bulb is of no value for culinary purposes.

The Jefferson County fair, to be held at Oskaloosa September 10, 11, 12, and 13, will be the best ever held in the county. Geo. A Patterson. President, J W Shrader. secretary, Oskaloosa.

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MENTION THIS PAPER.

Swine Notes.

If kept in a good condition growing pigs can often be sold to better advantage than after maturing.

If properly cared for the manure from the hog pen can be made a very valuable addition to the supply that can be secured on the farm.

One advantage in pushing hogs is that they can be made to return a quick profit on the capital invested, more so than with any other class of stock.

When a hog has all that he wants to eat, he wants a cool, comfortable place to sleep and if this is supplied will grow and fatten in perfect contentment, and the better contented the animals are the better they will grow. Such a place should be dry and well ventilated and should be kept clean. It need cost but little and will certainly prove very profitable.

A number of hogs on the farm of Mr. H. Daley, near New Marion, Ind., have been attacked with hydrophobia and have been killed. A mad dog bit them.

While it is not the best plan to keep the hogs confined, yet sometimes it is unavoidable. When this is the case it is necessary to see that they are well supplied with green feed.

When they can be had without too much expense ground oats is one of the very best feed for young growing pigs, as they contain the elements necessary for the proper development of bone and muscle.

Keep an old sow as long as she proves herself a profitable breeder, as in a majority of cases this will prove a better plan than to keep using young sows, marketing or butchering the old sows after they have brought one or two litters.

Now is a good time to select out whatever pigs it may be considered necessary to keep for breeding next year. It will be a good plan to select out a few of the very best of the younger stock to keep up the herd, gradually weeding out among the older.

Under ordinary conditions it is usually not best to attempt to fatten hogs during the hot weather of summer. While the weather is very warm an excessively fed animal suffers considerably with the heat, and it is difficult to secure as good a gain in proportion to the amount of feed supplied as in more favorable weather. Keep in a good thrifty condition but only in special cases will it be best to keep fat.

G. C. Wilson, of Hamburg, Ark., writes concerning mites in bacon: "A dead shot on skippers in meat is borax. When your meat is ready to hang up, get a tub of warm water and wash off the salt and then wipe with a dry rag, and while the meat is still damp, sprinkle the flesh parts and the end of bones and all crevices with pulverized borax. I make a pepper box of a small mustard box. I have been using this recipe three years and have found it very effective. The borax is harmless and tasteless."

Students who use tobacco in any form are refused admission to the University of the Pacific at San Jose, Cal.

Now is the time to lay in your supply of winter fuel while it is cheap. The price will be advanced in a short time.

Bishop W. X. Ninde goes to Quincy Ill., on September 11, to preside over the annual Methodist conference of Illinois.

The railroads have made a rate of one fare for a round trip to the I. O. O. F. Grand lodge, which meets in Topeka October 2. The attendance promises to be very large.

We have received the crop and weather bulletin for the month ending July 31, 1889, from the state board of Agriculture. It is a credit to the state, and furnishes valuble information.

The Winchester Herald says: A large timber rattlesnake, with seven rattles, was brought in town Tuesday by Bower Titcomb, who caught it in a corn field. The body of the reptile was as thick as a man's arm, and 10 feet long. It was placed in an empty barrel Tuesday night, and the next morning when Harry Lillie looked through the screen covering to see how his snakeship was, a imagine his surprise to see a hen and a young brood of chickens in the middle of the snake's coil. The only solution as to how the hen and chickens came to be in the barrel is that the snake must have swallowed a setting hen and her nest of eggs, and in the night threw them up, like Jonah did the whale, and that the eggs had hatched while in the snake.

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TOPEKA.

Don't Miss The Ooportunity To visit Ogdon 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,

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Harvest Excursions via the Union Pacific Railway.

The Union Pacific R'y 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 unequaled chance to see the unlimited resources of the western country.

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

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local application as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining on the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness, (caused by catarrh,) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free

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A Dakota paper says: It would be impossible to give St. John adequate praise for his labors. He opened blind eyes and took the seals from deaf ears. One of the most prominent political wire-pullers of the Territory, after listening to what St. John said: "I could have taken that man and carried Prohibition in South Dakota by 40,000."

MY LATEST LOVE.

GRAD MA'S SONG.

'T is many years since I was young,
Yet still I feel the pulseful glow
That filled my merry, youthful days,
So long ago, so long ago.
My brow is furrowed deep with care,
My steps are heavy now and slow,
My eyes are dim, but still I live.
And all youth's fervors newly know.

The tender babes I nursed and loved
Have grown to stalwart, noble men;
They pet the little mother now,
As I my darlings petted then,
And Memory paints a further day—
I live my youth within a dream—
When love first woke at call of love,
Two lives were blent in one life-stream.

But memory is not all, for now
I feel again the pulseful glow
That filled the ears I'd half forgot,
Since long ago, since long ago.
I live again within a life,
The dearest now, on earth, to me;
The little son of my dear son—
A part of him and all of me.

In springing step and glancing eye,
In sudden laughter, sudden tears,
In glimpses of a child-pure soul.
I quite forget my length of years.
I only know my latest love
Will sing my song with higher art,
And when I am, in earth or heaven,
I'll bind his laurels on my heart.

—Jeanie S. P. Rudd, Boston Transcript.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

"So you will not forgive me, Cosy?" George Wharton asked, as he stood in the garden path below, looking up at her as she leaned out of the old library window of Ashley manor-house.

"No, I will not."

"And we are to part forever?"

"I have told you so."

The unforgiving maiden, whose soft, clear voice was in itself a contradiction of the very words it gave utterance to, was looking away with her tearful blue eyes to the distant hills which were already enveloped in the evening mists, and trying not to look where her lover stood anxiously waiting and watching for a sign of forgiveness.

The window almost reached the ground and was shrouded in blossoming roses. Suddenly Cosy turned and broke off a large spray, and directed all her attention to the task of smoothing out every leaf and peeping mysteriously under every petal, a warm flush gathering on her face.

"Darling, forgive me! I'll never vex you agnin—I swear it! And, Cosy, I was so awfully cut up, too."

The spray was thrown down at his foet, the blue eyes regarded him with a scornful, flashing anger in their troubled depths, and the rose-bloom deepened into a passionate crimson.

"You mean you sat for an hour and a half smoking, for Daisy saw you—smoking those hateful cigars, while I was waiting for you and wondering why you did not come, and fretting myself to death about you. And you were enjoying yourself all the time and never thinking or caring what had become of me; and you call that being awfully cut up. I——"

"Cosy——" with one hand laid upon the ledge of the window."

"Don't call me by that name again, sir. I am no longer 'Cosy' to you. Our engagement is at an end, and the sooner that is known the better."

She drew herself away from the caressing hand that sought to touch her, and stood passive and silent by the curtain.

George Wharton stepped back from the window and threw away the end of a cigar he had held concealed all this time in his hand. He looked perplexed and angry, although he lifted his straw hat with a profound bow, and said pleasantly and carelessly enough:

"I have the honor of bidding you a very good evening, Miss Middleton."

There was no answer; Cosy had gone.

George walked away to the very same spot where he had spent the greater part of the evening—a little summer-house called the Bower, built under one of the fine cedars that spread their dark arms over the grassy lawn. It was a favorite spot of his, perhaps because he was free to smoke there to his heart's content.

"A summer shower—dear little girl!" he thought to himself with a smile, recalling her sudden, girlish anger, and remembering how very pretty she looked with her blue eyes flashing and her cheeks glowing like damask roses. How strange that she could ever dream of taking herself out of his life forever!

The rustle of a white dress, the gleam of an exquisite face shrouded in soft satin and lace, a laugh clear and musical as the notes of a bird, and Cosy had passed right through the cloud of objectionable smoke, leaning on Percy Winyard's arm, and apparently quite unconscious of any need of anger or regret.

"I will sing to you to-morrow, and perhaps I will tell you then," the sweet, soft voice was saying.

Percy bent lower over the fair speaker and whispered something that George did not hear, but the reply to those low, tender words came back to him suddenly, painfully, like a knife thrust into his heart. He sprang to his feet and stood by the little green bower trembling with excitement.

"Yes, I care for you a little—only a very, very little."

Was it really Cosy who was taken into Percy's arms and kissed once, twice, under the cedars, with the fragrance of the Portugal laurels around, and the moonbeams shining through a rift in the dark boughs overhead—Cosy, the dear little girl of his hopes and dreams, the sweet little love for whose sake he had traveled many thousand miles, and resigned willingly all the advantages that might have accrued to him from a longer stay in the land of pagodas and pig-tails? Could it be that the gay, trifling girl whose merry laugh had aroused him from his revery was his own sweet Cosy, who, despite her hatred of smoking and her passionate temper, had so often timidly confessed her love for him, and in whose pure eyes he had read nothing but truth and honesty? Oh, it was impossible, simply impossible—he could never have been so deceived!

"False and cruel as the medal she wore!" murmured George. "And I would have staked my life on her goodness and faithfulness."

He went into the little bower, and and sitting down by the rickety wood-table, strewn with fancy work and books belonging to Cosy and her sister, he leaned his head upon his arms, and a few great sobs struggled up from his proud, wrung heart. All the years before him were a long, desolate blank.

He must never see her again, the false, deceitful girl! He must take up the duties he had resigned so gladly only a few months before, and away, in a far conntry, without home, wife or child, his days would henceforth be passed in a routine of dull, monotonous work for his country's service. Such was his outlook for the future—a future uncheered, unlighted by one ray of coming joy or one smile or kiss.

A shadow darkened the doorway, and with a sudden desperate effort, he went out and faced the intruder, It was Cosy, without the satin hood and looking very pale, with swoolen red eyelids, and her pretty evening dress of cashmere wet and draggled through trailing it over the damp grass and paths. She started back on seeing her lover's face, and shivered a little as she drew her clinging dress about her.

"This is your bracelet, I believe," began George struggling to preserve a dignified reserve and coldness of manner. "I found it here only a few moments ago."

Seeing the pale face, with the eyes no longer glowing and bright with anger, but full of sorrowful pleading and remorse, he could say no more. For several moments there was a profound silence; then George Wharton roused himself, and offering her the bracelet was about to pass by her, when she laid her hand gently upon his arm and so detained him.

"Cosy," he said almost despairingly, turning to her and wondering what her conduct could possibly mean, "how could you do it when I loved you so?"

"I am sorry, dear," returned Cosy, trying not to cry again. "I knew it was very wrong of me to get into such a rage; but I had waited for so long, and, of course, I thought Daisy had given you my message. You know it's really her fault, after all. I had something to tell you—something very important, and when you never came, I naturally thought you preferred to smoke rather than listen to me, and I was very angry—I confess it. But you need not believe everything I say at such times."

"Cosy, what are you talking about? Have you taken leave of your senses? Don't you know it is not five minutes since I picked up this proof of your heartless conduct—the bracelet you now have in your hand?"

"The bracelet! Why, what have I done now? I thought you hated it, so I gave it to Daisy. I'm sure you used to say you hated it. It is you who have taken leave of your senses."

"But did you not pass here five minutes ago with Wynward?"

"Daisy did. That's what I wanted to tell you—Daisy and Percy."

"But she had your hood on."

"Had she? Oh, very likely! We do wear each other's things in the most shameful way."

"My darling", whispered George, folding her tenderly in his arms, "will you, can you ever forgive me?"

"Why, what is the matter, George? I thought I was altogether in the wrong this time; but you did not really believe I did not love you?"

"I did, my sweet one. Heaven forgive me! I wronged you to the extent of a few moments, but, Cosy, I will never no it again—never, never, darling."

"It was very wrong of you, if you really did," she said, smiling; "and I don't know of any punishment great enough for the offense. Suppose you had gone on thinking so, how miserable we should have been all our lives'".

"Don't let us speak of it any more." George answered gravely. "Cosy, I will do anything in the world to prove how much I love you. I will give up smoking from this moment. Does that please you?"

Cosy laughed merrily.

"George," she said, looking down at her wet feet, "don't you think we had better go indoors? You can come into the library if you like, and smoke, just for once, to please me, the proverbial pipe of peace, while I promise on my part never to lose my temper again."

"Cosy, you are an angel, and I—well, I will give up smoking when we are married, and pipes of peace have become superfluous things!"—Waverly Magazine.

Really an Advantage.

Again the hard hearted historian has laid violent hands upon the story of the Highland lassie who, shut up in the walls of Lucknow, heard the welcome sound of the bagpipes of the Highland regiment playing "The Campbells Are Coming," which, he declares, is founded upon imagination and not upon fact.

It really does not matter much. People enjoy "Hamlet" and "Dandie Dinmont" and "Sam Weller" without bothering themselves to inquire whether they are founded on fact or not, and it is really an advantage for the Lucknow lassie to leave the shifting sands of history and take up her abode on the firm ground of fiction.—Toronto Globe.

HAD HIS HAIR RAISED.

Vivid Description of the Sensation Under the Knife of a Sioux Chief--Two Westerners Who Survived the Operation.

Few men have been scalped and lived, but a frontier correspondent has found two who have survived the operation, One is a private in the regular army named Sanbertson, and the other a former resident of Milwaukee named Ganzio. Sanbertson was shot through the arm in a fight with Black Kettle's band.

"Imagine some one who hates you with the utmost intensity," Sanbertson said, in describing the sensation of the scalping, "and he suddenly grabbing a handful of your hair, while you are lying prostrate and helpless, and giving it a quick, upward jerk with force enough almost to loosen the scalp; then, imagine the not-particularly-sharp blade of a knife being run quickly in a circle around your scalp, with a sawing-like motion. Then let your imagination grasp, if it can, the effect that a strong, quick jerk on the tuft of hair to release the scalp from any clinging particles of flesh that may hold it in place would have on your nerves and physical system, and you will have an inkling of how it feels to be scalped. When that Indian sawed his knife around the top of my head, first a sense of cold numbness pervaded my whole body. This was quickly followed by a flash of pain that started at my feet and ran like an electric shock to my brain. That sensation was but momentary, but it was terrible. When the Indian tore my scalp from my head it seemed as if it must have been connected with every part of my body. The pain that followed the cutting around the scalp had been frightful, but it was ecstacy compared to the torture that followed the tearing of it from my head. Flashes of pain shot to every nerve. My knees were drawn up almost to my chin, and the fingers of my one hand closed convulsively in the snow, those of my left hand being powerless owing to the shattered arm. That was all I remembered. When I came to I was in a tent. The cavalry had come up in the meantime, and the Indians were routed. Only a few escaped, but Black Kettle was among the few."

Sanbertson lay for weeks in the government hospital at Fort Laramie perfectly helpless and suffering untold agony. He finally recovered, and in the meantime his term of enlistment expired. He had no desire to re-enter the service, and Gen. Custer jocularly remarked to him that he made a mistake in quitting the service. "For think," said the General, "how surprised and disgusted some red devil of an indian might be, if you should stay with us and happen to fall in his hands, when he went to raise your hair to find that some one had been there before him." I saw Sanbertson several years afterward, and the same pale-red, flat, round, bare spot was on top of his head, showing where his scalp had been torn away, as I had seen it when he left the hospital. He said that it was extremely tender, and in damp or cold weather was very painful.

The other person I saw at Fort Laramie whose head had been tampered with by the scalping knife was Herman Ganzio. The Indian who was after this man's scalp did not have time to complete the job, for he was compelled to abandon it after having got the scalp ready to tear off. Ganzio, I believe, was from Milwaukee, and had been acting as scout and guide for a party of tourists on the plains in the summer of 1876. The party was scared away from the valley of Hat Creek by Indians, and were on their way across country to Running Water creek. Ganzio had gone ahead to pick out a good place for a camp on their way. He discovered five Indians riding across the valley off to his right and he turned to rejoin his party, who were only a short distance in the rear. He had got to within sight of the teamsters when a dozen Indians jumped from the bushes. Ganzio started on a run and shouted for help. The Indians fired on him and he fell wounded in the shoulder and his leg. The Indians rushed upon him. Ganzio lay flat on his face. One of the Indians pressed his knees on Ganzio's back and grabbed him by the hair. The Indian sawed his knife around the top of Ganzio's head, and his description of the sensation was the same as the one Sanbertson had given at the fort seven years before. Ganzio escaped the tortures of the tearing-off process, for before the Indian could finish that part of the work Ganzio's friends, a dozen or more in number, were upon the spot, and the Indians fled, not one shot that was fired after them taking effect on any of them. This happened only seventy miles from Fort Laramie, and Ganzio was taken there directly. The army surgeons found the scalp hanging to the head by a small connection of flesh. The scalp was bound to its place, and in a few weeks it grew fast there again, but the ugly red scar around the top of Ganzio's head, marking the course the Indian's knife had taken, the surgeons said would always be a conspicuous reminder to Ganzio and his friends that he owed the possession of the top of his head to one second of time, for if his friends had delayed their arrival by that much, the scalp and the Indians would have gone away together."

European Money Markets.

In modern times money has become the motor of all industrial enterprise. When the great moneyed centers of Europe and America are abundantly supplied with loanable funds business may be dull, but it does not languish. At the present time there is an unusual plethora of capital in Europe, and especially in England. The certainty that peace is assured, at least for the current year, prevents the possibility of large government loans. These loans for warlike purposes in years past have absorbed no small portion of the natural accumulation of capital. Now capitalists have to look for other outlets for their incomes. This necessitates new industrial enterprises or large investments in existing forms of business.

The British railway share market has felt the uplifting influence of this plethora. British investors are now renewing their attention to the United States, under the hope that they will get a fair remuneration for their money invested in our railroad shares and securities; and if the American railway companies pursue a firm and steady policy, and studiously avoid the waste of competition, there will be a flow of foreign capital to our shores unprecedented in past years. England has become a finished country, and so has France, and Germany in a great measure also. Their capitalists must look to other places and other countreis to invest their funds.

This appears to be the precise condition of the foreign money market. The United States, with its vast territory and its boundless resources, offers such inducements and exhibits such possibilities, that it is not surprising the current of capital is flowing strongly to our shores from Europe. During the past year, for the first time, our iron miners have attracted that attention. Heretofore, gold, silver, copper and lead mines have been favored investments. No small portion of the gold of California and the silver of Nevada has flowed directly to England. Some years ago an English company put $5,000,000 into the Mariposa hills, in California, and large amounts in the Emma and Flagstaff mines in Utah. Some of these investments have proved so unfortunate that foreign capitalist are now placing their money in the iron mines of Peninsular Michigan and Northern Wisconsin. They do not expect a large profit, but larger than they are recieving in England or Germany; hence the current flows in this direction.

Most of the European governments are trying to reduce the interest on their debts. They are issuing bonds at a lower rate of interest. That also makes the European capitalist think that he can do better in the United States, and therefore he places more or less of his ready money in our country.

So long as the United States maintains the law, the order, the stability and the fidelity which it has manifested since the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion, this country will become more and the more receptacle of the capital, the energy, and the industrial and artistic skill of all nations.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Where Chocolate Comes From.

Chocolate, according to the New York Sun, is made from the seeds of the Theobroma Cocoa tree, which is found only in tropical climates, and bears a fruit somewhat like a cucumber in shape, inside which are the brownish seeds or beans, which form the cocoa beans of commerce. The principal constituent of these beans is a soft, solid oil called cocoa butter, and their attractive principle is theobromine, analagous to the caffeine in coffee. There is but very little pure chocolate in the market, owing to the great medical value of the cocoa butter or oil, which is expressed in the grinding, and cheaper, less nutritious oil supplied. One of the best ways to buy cocoa or chocolate, it is said, is to purchase what are called "cocoa nibs," which are the beans crushed in fragments, but not ground, for the ground chocolate is frequently adulterated with roasted hazel nuts or almonds, ricemeal, oatmeal and other ingredients.

The best chocolate is prepared by first burying the fruit until the pulp is decayed and only the beans are left. The beans are roasted and the shells removed. The chocolate is then ground between stones, the friction heat of the grinding melting it so that it is a soft molten mass as it drips from the stones and is poured into moulds. The melted chocolate is pressed in cloth until all the oil is expelled; the sediment is ground very slowly to prevent remelting it, and the powder bolted like flour through silken sieves, and then it is called cocoa, which makes a lighter, less nourishing, but more easily digested beverage than chocolate.

In buying cocoa it is not advisable to select any of the sweetened preparations; because, as they are sold by weight, the more sugar contained the less cocoa in the mixture; and as sugar is the cheapest ingredient, and can be added afterward equally as well, it increases the cost of the drink to pay the same price for sugar. A peculiar and very delicious chocolate is imported from the West Indies, which comes in round bars and is so hard it is difficult to grate it. This is said to be prepared entirely by hand by the natives, is ground in motars, and not melted. It seems to contain less oil than that found in market, and is more digestible and nourishing.

Admitted to Citizenship.

"Mary," said the mistress of a Cass avenue residence to her cook the other morning, "isn't that new beau of your's a German?"

"He was, ma'am, until last night."

"What happened last night?"

"Why, he declared his intentions, ma'am, and we are to be married in the fall."—Detroit Free Press.

WOMEN AND TIGERS.

A Narrative of Feminine Exploits in Bagging Big Game.

The method of bagging tigers in Nepaul is peculiar to the country, says Eva Wyndham Quin in the Nineteenth Century, and has this great advantage that one is nearly always successful in shooting any tiger which has been markdown. Our friend who is quietly digesting the buffalo he ate last night must be lying not far from his kill. So we advance with some two or three hundred elephants in a line and gradually close in upon him, shoulder to shoulder, in a huge ring, from which he has small chance of escape. As the circle contains a fairly large piece of jungle a "shikari" goes in on his elephant to ascertain exactly where the tiger is lying, and having found him at home we—six guns, disposed on three howdah elephants—advance for the fray. Those who are accustomed to tiger shooting and think no more of bagging Master Stripes with a well placed bullet than most do of knocking over a woodcock in a home cover will not realize the anxious feeling one experiences when for the first time one is perched on top of an elephant, poking about in a thick undergrowth and expecting to see a tiger bound out at every bush! At last out he rushes with a mighty roar, and dashes round and round the ring, vainly trying to force his way through, while all the elephants trumpet loudly, with their trunks in the air, and their mahouts shriek and yell, so that one requires all one's nerve to fire and hit him under such alarming circumstances. But it is really a case of now or never, and I take a shot at a tigeress as she is galloping by, and am lucky enough to hit her in the back with my first shot, and again in the shoulder with my second one, whereupon she charges straight at our elephant, but only to receive her death blow from a second rifle in the howdah. One cannot help feeling sorry to see such a noble beast laid low, but so great are the rejoicings when she is brought triumphantly into camp, thrown across an elephant's back, that one's regrets are soon forgotten in the pride and delight of having shot one's first tiger.

After this first day's sport we continue to have good luck, especially that red-letter day when, quietly moving across country with a line of elephants, we manage to surround five tigers. On entering the ring we first only catch sight of one tigress, which is cleverly hit in the shoulder by Mrs. Durand; then, to our astonishment, tigers seem to crop up in all directions—one pair of green eyes glare from beneath the grass at one point, and then yet another pair a few yards on, so that finally we realize there are four big cubs, besides the tigress, galloping among our elephants in the ring. Such a howling, growling, snarling, shouting, trumpeting, and firing off of rifles can never have been heard before. Wounded and furious the tigers take refuge in a small nullah, and there is some difficulty in finishing them off; but at last all five are ours, and piling them on to various elephants we return to camp in the fading light, the sun sinking peacefully in a glow of crimson and gold behind the trees, while the moon rises in the east and glints through the dark boughs as we wend our way home. By the camp-fire are laid out our five tigers, and it is with some pride we examine their soft, golden winter coats and discuss again and again by the flickering light the experiment of the day's sport.

Heaven.

The world is beautiful; but I
Can see in all beneath the sky,
Proof that the Great Divinity
Designed that mortals,
To taste of perfect bliss, must fly
To heaven's portals.

If not, why are our natures tried
By longings all unsatisfied?
Why do our towers, reared with pride,
Totter and fall!
Why are the sweets on life's wayside
Mingled with gall?

Music and discord mingle here—
The joyous laugh, the bitter tear,
The sunshine and the storm-cloud drear,
All in an hour,
By turns will crush the heart and cheer—
Such is earth's dower!

But there's a land beyond the sky,
Where hope within us cannot die,
Where there is neither tear nor sigh,
Nor strife nor terror;
Where all is peace and harmony,
Unmixed with error.

There, bathed in light, we'll stand before
The One who human sorrows bore;
Who, houseless, famished, sick, and sore,
Was yet man's friend;
And will be when this life is o'er,
Time without end.

Oh, glorious home! Oh, mansion blest!
Thou recompense for life's unrest!
Close to the Saviour's bosom prest,
How sweet to be
Loved, pitied, comforted, caressed,
Eternally?

--Francis S. Smith, New York Weekly.

Chicago Enterprise.

First Chicago Man—I read of a fellow in California who has a defect in his eyes which causes him to see every object multiplied twenty-seven times.

Second Chicago Man—It's a pity we can't hire him to take our census. Then we would not have to annex all the adjacent villages to swell the returns.—Texas Siftings.

Astronomical Intelligence.

Telescope man—Come up, gents, and take a look at the moon. Only ten cents.

Countryman—Does it make the moon look any bigger?

Look any bigger? Why, it brings the moon so close that you can read the signs on the board fences.—Texas Siftings.

EDUCATION OF A DOG.

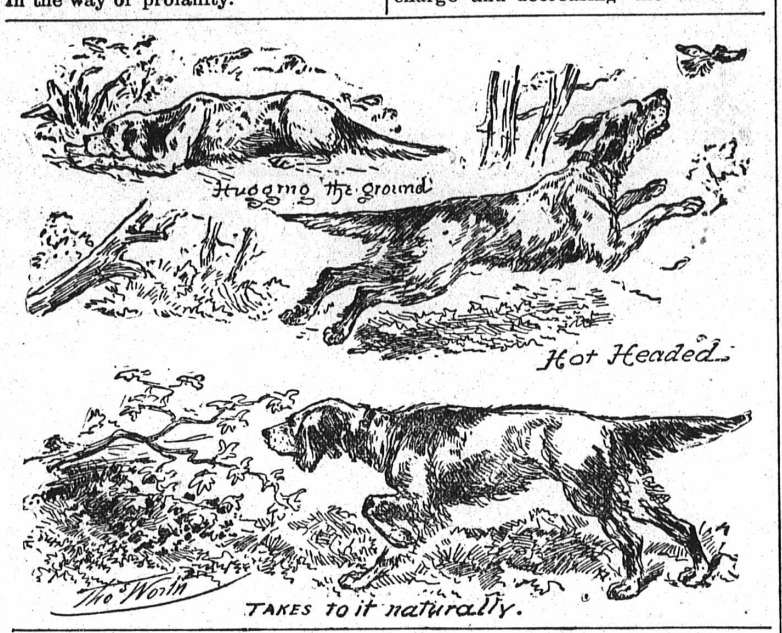
How He Is Taught to Obey His Master's Commands.

SECRET OF YARD BREAKING.

Teaching Him to Retrieve—Spare the Rod When Possible, but Use It Freely When Necessary — Interesting Discussion.

The shooting season is drawing near and I am safe in saying its arrival will find, as usual, but comparatively few prepared for it—that is, for wing shooting over a dog. To really enjoy wing shooting a thoroughly trained dog is necessary. Such a dog, ready made, will cost from $75 up. To a man who goes out but a few times in the season, this price is more than he feels like spending, and he says: "Oh, well, I guess 'old Sport' will do for the little shooting I shall be able to indulge in."

The opening day comes, and he and "Old Sport" try it on. "Old Sport" is rank and probably deaf. On reaching the cover he ranges way ahead and puts up the birds out of gun shot, and after the most aggravating kind of a day the sportsman returns home without any birds. completely used up and thoroughly disgusted with shooting in general, and unless he has been a marvel of virtue and patience it will take a week's hard training to forget what that day's experience has taught him in the way of profanity.



To avoid experience of this kind, it is necessary to have on hand a reliable dog when the season opens, and it need not cost $75 to secure him, either. In fact, the very best dog a man can have is the one that he has himself trained, as then dog and master understand each other. The dog understands each term of command given by his master, and the gunner knows exactly what to expect from the dog. There is no reason why every sportsman should not have a dog of this kind. He has only to secure a promising pup, and with a little time and trouble he will have a reliable dog that will suit him better than any he can purchase.

The proper age to begin breaking a pup varies from six to ten months, according to the developments of the pup in question. As a supposition, we will say a desirable pup has been secured and chained to his kennel. No one should be allowed to feed, unchain or have anything to do with him but his master, and he should never be unchained except when accompanying his master.

The first thing he is taught is to answer to his name, which, we will say, is Ned, that being easily spoken, and from its sharp ring can be heard easily by the dog. After he responds readily to his name he is taught to "charge." "Charge" should be said in a sharp, stern voice, tapping the pup at the same time with a whip. In all probability he will roll over on his back. Put him in position and make him remain so until he is called up. It takes but a few lessons to teach this, but if afterward when commanded to "charge" he is not kept strictly to the proper position he will soon change it to a comfortable liedown.

Next throw a piece of meat some distance and command him to "hie on," helping him to find it. He will not need many lessons in this before "hie on" will start him hunting like a good fellow. A wave of the hand either to the right or the left will teach him to range on the side desired.

"OLD SPORT" HAVING SOME FUN.

"Come in," is the expression used for calling him in and "to heel" should bring him close to the feet, where he should remain until released.

When teaching a pup to retrieve he should be put in good humor by romping with him over a ball, which, on being thrown out, he will chase and probably bring to you. The word "fetch" should be used frequently when he is doing this. After he retrieves readily in this way, by degrees stop playing with him, until at the word "fetch" given in a commanding voice, the ball, stick or whatever it may be, is brought in, and at the word "drop" given up to the trainer in a quiet, business like way.

The only reliable retriever is the one that retrieves from command and not from play, for a few hours' hard hunting will knock all the play out of a dog and at the same time his desire to "fetch."

Next attach a strong cord to his collar, show him a piece of meat and throw it where it will be in plain sight, commandimg him to "hie on." He will of course make a rush for it. "Say "whoa" and stop him with a jerk of the cord. Hold him there a moment, then start him up with a "click" of the tongue and allow him to eat the meat. To teach some dogs this it is necessary to use a spike collar, but as a rule, if the dog is handled properly, he can be taught it witnout that degree of severity. After he understands that "whoa" means to stop and a "click" means to go on he will obey the commands without the use of a cord. A dog should be taught this so thoroughly that he can be stopped with his nose an inch from the meat, and even have it in his mouth and drop it on the command "whoa."

He has also to be made accustomed to the report of a gun. This is accomplished by at first firing a small charge of powder at a considerable distance from him and each day increasing the charge and decreasing the distance. When doing this it is a good plan to chain a dog that is not timid near him.

A pup should never be used in the field or cover until he has been yard broken, as indicated above. When he has taken his degree in this, and not before, take him out. Watch closely every movement of the dog when he finds his first bird. What he does will give the key to his disposition and indicate how he should be treated.

I have seen a pup on finding his first bird make as pretty a point as any old veteran. He seems to know just how near the game he can safely approach and when he stops he is there for all day if necessary. To break such a one is all plain sailing, as he has only to be taught ranging and retrieving. Then there is the pup that on finding his first bird will drop to the ground and remain in close charge.

Such a dog has a keen nose and sure to be staunch. He is, however, apt to be too sensitive and timid. A whip should scarcely ever touch him and kind words will go further with him than cross ones.

Another will pay no attention either to the scent or the bird itself, but run right over both. This is not a sure sign that his nose is deficient. It may be that instinct has not taught him what a game bird is; one should be killed and shown to him, and while it is still warm he should be allowed to smell and even mouth it a little, being at the same time encouraged with the hand and voice.

Another may follow the scent with much excitement until the bird is flushed, which shows a good nose and a strong hunting instinct, but also a tendency to be hot-headed and obstinate. He must be made to understand which is master, and to accomplish this the whip should be brought into requisition, but always judiciously. Never whip him unless he understands what he is being whipped for. When he first strikes the scent say "whoa." Hold him there a moment and then allow him to follow it a short way. He must be kept well under control while doing this, and made to do it in a steady, cautious manner. If he does not at the command to do so keep repeating the word "whoa," until he has been caught and has received a chastisement. When whipping a dog, hold him securely by his collar. He can be held in this way so that the whip need not fall on his legs. I have seen dogs disqualified for the day's hunt and sometimes permanently injured by being struck on the legs.

Never shoot at a bird unless the pup has held his point. At the report of the gun bring the pup to heel. Reload and then tell him to "hie on," making him find the dead bird and point it; pick up the bird yourself. If the pup has got a good nose the next all important point is that he sould be staunch. To insure this he is not allowed to retrieve or touch the bird under any pretense for the first three months' work, and if he has a very headstrong disposition it is far better not to let him retrieve until the second season. He should, however, be given daily practice in retrieving a stick or a dog whip. This will keep him familiar with the command "fetch," and when the time comes for him to retrieve birds, if he sees one drop in front of him and is

THE FIRST LESSON "WHOA!"

told to "fetch," he is only too glad to do so, and the probability is he will be careful not to mouth the bird, as he is not quite sure he is doing the right thing to touch it at all. When he gets the dead bird in his mouth he should bring it immediately to his master. Do not allow him to play with it, but make much of him after the bird is safely stowed away.

If a bird is knocked down and seen to be only winged, unless the pup has proved himself to be a careful retriever, do not let him fetch it. For if anything will make him hard mouthed it is the aggravation of bringing in a flapping bird.

After the pup has become staunch, a good retriever, and ranges in a way that shows he understands his business, bear in mind that he can easily be ruined. For instance, if he is standing a bird never mind in how tough a place, the gunner should flush it. Don't allow the dog to do so. It is also a bad plan to put a bird up by throwing anything at it. The falling missile is apt to make him break his point.

If the bird is flushed and the dog did it willfully, bring him to heel and give him a whipping, saying "Whoa" with each cut of the whip. If he was not seen in the very act of flushing the bird, bring him to heel and a good scolding will suffice, as he may have put it up accidentally. Never kill anything but a game bird over him, and if he points or makes game over anything else, reprimand him. A man may lend his last dollar or only suit of clothes to his friend, but never his dog. For it is a case of "too many cooks spoil the broth," and a dog with more than one master recognizes no master at all.

The French Senatorial Court.

It is always the case that on the trials of really great issues, which concern large interests or affect large bodies of men, the question of jurisdiction is raised by contending lawyers. And what seems odd to outsiders is that the court itself may decide that it has the jurisdiction, thus apparently deciding in its own favor, and as its instincts would naturally dictate. When there is an appeal from this decision to a higher court much injustice may not be done; but where there is no appeal obvious injustice may be inflicted by the partisanship of the judges.

Yesterday the friends of Gen. Boulanger raised the question of the jurisdiction of the senate to try him, because the allegation did not constitute treason but merely malversation of a public trust. After an animated debate the vote was taken and the record stood 212 for jurisdiction and 51 against. The Boulangist members subsequently held a meeting and resolved to withdraw, and thus take no further part in the proceedings.

The first decision of the court is considered a strong premonition that the final adjudication will be against Boulanger. His adversaries have collected a large amount of evidence to prove that while secretary of war he perverted the public funds to his personal uses, and that the secret-service fund was drawn upon to furnish his private establishment.

In fact the whole drift tends to show that Boulanger is a boodler whenever he has the opportunity to get into the public treasury. It is clear that the anti-Boulangists intend to peck away at this small military hero until he is hammered exceedingly thin.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Little Misunderstanding.

A gentleman from Indiana tells a story about Bayless W. Hanna, now United States minister to the Argentine Republic, says the St. Louis Republic. Some months ago at Buenos Ayres a a rich Spanish banker gave a dinner to some friends, and Mr. Hanna was seated on the right of the hostess. She inquired as to the health of Mrs. Hanna, who was not present, and asked how many children they had. Bayless not understanding Spanish very well, thought she wanted to know the age of Mrs. Hanna, and said: "Forty-eight, madame." To his surprise the lady threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Gracios a Dios, queno tengo esposo Americano!" which, being translated, is: "Thank God, I have not an American husband!" The next day the Spanish banker called on Mr. Hanna and said: "You astonished my wife yesterday when you told her you had forty-eight children." "Why, my dear sir," replied the minister, "I thought your wife inquired as to the age of Mrs. Hanna, and I gave her the 48 figure. I have only four children, and they are enough." The banker went home and gave his wife the benefit of Judge Hanna's statement, but the story got out, and the Judge has to stand up and take the jokes of his friends.

BARBAROUS MOURNING CUSTOMS.

Some Suggestions in the Line of Reform as Regards Dress, Etc.

All that is objectionable in mourning reaches its climax when it comes to the dress of a widow, says the Woman's World. In all cases the nearer the relative the more cumbersome the dress of the female mourner; but the widow's dress positively amounts to a mild form of suttee, and would seem to hint that the idea underlying various heathen rites as to the conduct of women is not absolutely extinct among us.

There would still seem to be a lurking feeling that if a man dies it is desirable that some sort of punishment should fall on the wife, or at least she should be sacrificed in some way, so far as is possible without being too much out of keeping with the theoretical liberty of the age. It is, in actual fact, a survival of the outward expression of the inferiority of women, for, as will be further pointed out later on, the inferior always expresses grief for the superior. The superior does not notice the death of the inferior in this manner. The dresss of a widow may be said to possess every bad and unhygienic quality of woman's dress (and these truly are neither few nor important) intensified four-fold.

It is always made both extra long and clinging, so that exercise is even more impossible than ever. It is usually very heavy, and it is surmounted by a species of head-dress furnished with one or two (according to taste) long streamers hanging aimlessly down behind. These streamers make it difficult to turn the head, partly because they are comparatively heavy, but more particularly because they are rough; and the dress alone being crape or some material, they catch to it, and have to be continually pushed at with the hands to prevent the cap being pulled off. Streamers of the same sort are also carefully fixed to the bonnet so as to insure the walking-dress being as wretchedly uncomfortable as that worn in the house.

Now, if it be taken for granted that most women are sorry when their husband dies—and I think, for the credit of humanity, we may accept this hypothesis—there could not very well be any less desirable form of dress.

At any time it would be depressing, but for one already low in spirits it is simply barbarous, and its utter needlessness is thrown into strong relief by the fact that there is no special dress for a widower. As a wife can be considered to be a nearer relation to her husband than a husband is to his wife, if a distinctive dress is unnecessary in one case it is also unnecessary in the other.

The only reason ever brought forward in support of a special dress is quite inadequate, for it is to the effect that a widow might meet some one who might allude to the late husband, not knowing of his death.

Such a contingency is highly improbable in these days of newspaper and universal gossip; and, even should such a thing occur, its effect would be less injurious than the daily and hourly wear of the worst form of dress that human ingenuity can invent.

Another custom which is entirely sustained from the above cause is that of drawing down all the window-blinds of the houses, both of the immediate family and of the near relatives, from the day of the death until after the funeral is over. That this is only done to comply with an empty form is sufficently shown by its beginning, observed only in the case of windows that can be seen from without. It is perfectly well known and admitted that living all those days in a shut-up and darkened house is most injurious, depressing as it is to both health and spirits, yet people go on doing it, merely because they can not bring themselves to act on their own true convictions for fear of the thoughtless remarks of strangers.

There seems also good reason to fear that the fashion of surrounding the coffin with flowers will presently be carried to such an extreme as to become a serious inconvenience. This danger already appears to have struck some persons, as abituary notices in the papers are occasionally followed by the words: "No flowers."

There are many people who, while thoroughly disapproving of mourning (as the term is now understood), would still wish to have some mark to show they have lost a relative, and for this purpose nothing could be better than the small black band worn around one arm. For the widowers and widows alike it might be made with a narrow edge of white or gray; for other relatives it might be either all black or have an edge of red or blue.

This would have the effect of making it more easily visible on dark clothing and get over the difficulty—if difficulty it be—of any chance allusions. The expression here of dark clothing need not be held to contradict the preceding recommendation of making no change in the every-day dress, for in this country most people, both men and women, habitually wear dark clothing.

Even women have usually three dark dresses in their wardrobe for one light one, and an obtrusively gay-colored dress is rarely worn, except for special occasions. These brands should only be worn for quite near relatives, else they would become as meaningless as is the present farce of complimentary mourning.

The Greatest Man.

A man riding along a road came upon an old fellow who, loud in voice and violent in action, was endeavoring to start a balky team. The horse-back traveler, amused at the old fellow's productive resource of strong adjectives stopped, threw one leg over the horn of his saddle and without saying anything sat watching the performance. The covered wagon to which the team was attached was the "mover's" typical vehicle, with two chairs tied behind. A woman, three children, a mule colt and a dog belonged to the outfit.

"If I just had enough money to take us fifty miles I'd cut your infernal throats," the old fellow shouted as he leaned for a moment's rest on a piece of rail with which he had been belaboring the horses. "You can pull out of here easy enough, you infernal scoundrels. Why, a jack rabbit and a sick cat hitched up together could pull out of here."

"Anderson," said the woman, "why don't you hold some fodder befo' them?"

"Confound it, didn't you see me do that jest awhile ago?"

"Well, why don't you stick a pin in their flanks?"

"Haven't you got any sense at all? Didn't you see me stick 'em with a darnin' needle jest now? You better go off some where an' run with the sucklin' calves."

"Thar's one thing I know you ain't tried."

"What's that?"

"Twistin' their under jaws."

"I'll twist your under jaw if you don't hush."

The old fellow, turning about, addressed the man on horse-back. "How long have you been here watchin' me?" he asked.

"Don't know exactly."

"Putty good while?"

"Yes."

"Servin' your second term, ain't you?"

"Second term at what?"

"Bein' governor of this state."

"I'm not the governor."

"No! Well you must be secretary of state."

"I am not, however!"

"But you must be a great man of some sort."

"No, I am simply a country merchant."

"It's mighty strange, then."

"How strange? "I don't in the least understand you. Why do you take me to be a great man?"

"Because a fellow that can set an' watch a balked team and not offer any suggestions must be great—in fact, you are the first man of that sort I ever did see. You deserve greatness anyhow, I'll tell you that, and I feel it my duty to do somethin' for you. I've got a fine rifle and a good dog and they are yourn if you'll take them."

"No, I thank you."

"Here's a five dollar bill, all the money I've got, but you may have it."

"I won't take it."

"Well, I feel like givin' you somethin'. Say, you wouldn't mind me namin' a boy after you, would you?"

"No."

"All right, what's your name?"

"Worthington P. Billingsham."

"Good enough. Becky!" he called.

"Yes," a woman answered.

"Where's the baby?"

"In the wagon asleep."

"Wall, wake him up an' name him after this man. Good day if you are gone, mister. Don't care if you don't hold no office, you are the greatest man I ever saw."—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Discovery of Oxygen.

Fixed air and combustible air had been speculated upon, and the air that is left after combustion had attracted attention. But the phenomena of this kind, inconsistent as they were with the phlogistic theory, had not been sufficient to overthrow it. The first germ of Lavolsier's theory on these matters was embodied in a sealed packet which he deposited with the Academy in 1770 Recognizing that the calcination of metals could not take place without the access of air, and that the freer the access the more rapid the calcination, he "began to suspect," as he expresses himself, that some elastic fluid contained in the air was susceptible, under many circumstances, of fixing itself and combining with metals converted into calxes. From this thought came, after much groping with erroneous conclusions, the idea that air is a compound containing a vital part and another part, and that it is the vital part that is absorbed. The behavior of charcoal when burning in oxygen pointed to the nature of that substance and to the true theory of combustion. This new vital substance, which, uniting with metals, formed calxes and with other substances generated acids, he called oxygen or the acid producer; the air that was left after combustion was azote, or lifeless. The inflammable air which, combining with oxygen, was found to form water, was called hydrogen.—Popular Science Monthly.

A First-Class Point.

A Detroit drummer who lately made a trip into Indiana, put up in a hotel at a small town one night to find the fare the very poorest, the beds the worst he ever saw, and the house run in such a way as to amaze him. After a breakfast which he scarcely tasted, he entered the office and said to the landlord: "What kind of a caravansary do you call this?"

"A first-class hotel, sir."

"You must be crazy! Show me one single first-class point about it."

"The price, sir. You have had supper, lodging and breakfast. Three dollars, if you please, and if you want to ride down in the 'bus that will be a quarter more."—Detroit Free Press.

There is nothing but the price to indicate that the peach crop is, as usual, short this season.—New York Herald.

"ME KILL COMANCHE."

The Boss of the Pawnees at Philadelphia Subdued with a Lariat.

There was a big time at the Gentlemen's Driving park last night, says the Philadelphia *Times*. Tall Chief, the boss Indian of the Pawnee tribe, was howling drunk and made things interesting for Indians, cowboys, and everybody else. How he got the whisky no one knows. At first he was on his dignity and walked up to Trapper Tom, who has charge of the guns and ammunition, and said:

"Chief want gun. Me big chief. Give um gun."

"You go to bed," said the trapper. "What do you want with a gun this time of night?"

"Me big chief of Pawnee. All the boys do what I say. Me kill Comanche."

"You will?" exclaimed Trapper Tom in surprise. "Now, you g t away from here pretty quick or I'll make you think a cyclone struck you and landed you in a bear pit a hundred feet deep. Now, you git."

"Me kill Comanche, sure," muttered the chief as he moved a way toward his tepee.

In a few minutes armed with a fence-pailing he crawled over to the Comanche camp and was about braining a big Comanche buck when Trapper Tom, who had watched him, yelled:

"Look here, Injun, you drop that club or I'll let daylight through you." The Indian turned and saw Tom's right arm extended toward him, and his old black pipe, which in the dark looked like a revolver, pointed toward him.

"Up with the r handf, Injun, quick," said Tom.'

Down went the club and the Indian's hands were held h gh above his head. Cyclone Jack, the expert lasso-thrower, who always wears a red shirt spotted with white diamonds and a big straw hat with a red feather in it, was taking a r de around the camp on a new mustang He saw Trapper Tom's pipe, and, like the Indian, thought it was a pistol.

"Don't shoot! don't shoot, Tom!" yelled Cyclone Jack, "I'll git the Injun for you." In less than two seconds the cowboy's lasso went swinging through the air and fell over the Indian. Cyclone Jack dug his spurs into the broncho and pulled the big chief a few yards along the ground, the way the cowboys treat a horse-thief.

When the horse was stopped and the lariat loosened all the fight was taken out of Tall Chief, and after Trapper Tom was done swearing at him he submissively followed his squaw to his tepee. The Comanches now swear vengence against the Pawnees, and Capt. Henry Horn carries a couple of revolvers and keeps a repeating-rifle near him. He told the Indians that the first one that started to fight would hear from him in a way that could not be misunderstood.

"I'm going to have peace," said Capt. Horn, "if I have to kill all the Injuns in camp."

Female Fighters.

Two well-dressed women and several men met recently to make arrangements for a prize-fight. The principals were Hattie Leslie, who is doing a club-swinging act in a variety theater, and Alice Leary, a ser o-comic. The articles of agreement signed are as follows:

"We hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up prize-fight with skin-tight gloves, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, to take place between August 20 and 27, 1888, place to be agreed on August 20, the fight to be for $500 a side and the championship of the world. The fight is to take place within 100 miles of Buffalo. Half the stakes are herewith posted, the remainder to be put up August 20."

Hattie Leslie is 20 years old, five feet seven inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, and is muscular and well developed.

Alice Leary is six feet tall, 24 years old, weighs 180 pounds, and s also a brunette. She is very handy with her fists, and is quarrelsome. She has not as much science as her opponent, but she is more of a slugger. Her backer is Jack Kehoe, a Bradford sport. She will be trained by Kehoe and Charlie Dwyer, and is to be put through a regular course. Hattie Leslie will not go into training immediately because her club swinging requires that she keep in good physical condition.—*New York Sun.*

Sherman's "Bummers."

Gen. Force tells some amusing stories of Sherman's bummers. He says these foragers acquired a perfect instinct for the ferreting out of provisions and good things, and that concealment only sharpened their preternatural powers, of which the following instance is given: One day a sergeant went into a country-house. The planter and his wife were there. After a little talk the sergean', with great solemnity asked: "Has any one died here lately?" The planter quickly said: "No, body." "The sergeant gravely said: "I thought somebody had died here." The planter said: "No, s r." "His wife said: "Oh, yes; don't you remember, my dear, that colored boy that was buried yesterday?" The sergeant, with increased solemnit , said: "I only wanted to let you know that I have opened that grave and taken out the corpse." There were loud expostulations then, for this corpse, so called, was the plantat on supply of ham.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

He Avers Emphatically That the Dead Can Feel the Cold.

The night of December 31, 1862, was an exceedingly cold one in the vicinity of Murfreesboro, Tenn. The first day's battle at Stone river had been fought, resulting in disaster to the federal army, which had been driven from its original ground at every point except its extreme left.

The weary troops at this point lay behind a railway embankment, which had served them during the last hours of the fight as a breastwork to repel repeated charges of the enemy.

Behind the line the ground was open and rocky, says the San Francisco *Examiner*. Great bowlders lay about everywhere, and among them lay many of the Federel dead, where they had been carried out of the way.

Before the embankment the dead of both armies lay greatly thicker, but they were not molested. It was not a very dark night, being clear.

Among the dead in the bowlders lay one whom nobody knew, a Federal sergeant, shot directly in the center of the forehead. One of our surgeons, from idle curiosity, or, possibly, with a view to the amusement of a group of officers during a lull in the engagement (we needed something to divert our minds), had dropped his probe clean through the head.

The body lay on its back, its chin in the air, and with straightened limbs, as rigid as steel; frost on its white face and its beard and hair. Some Christian soul had covered it wtih a blanket, but when the night became pretty sharp a companion of the writer removed this, and we lay beneath it ourselves.

With the exception of our pickets, which had been posted well in front of the embankment, every man lay silent.

Conversation was forbidden; to have made a fire or even struck a match to light a pipe would have been a grave offense. Stamping horses, moaning wounded—every thing that made a noise had been sent to the rear; the silence was absolute.

Those whom the chill prevented from sleeping nevertheless reclined as they shivered or sat w th their heads on their arms, suffering, but making no sign. Every one had lost friends and all expected death on the morrow. These matters are mentioned to show the improbability of any one going about during these solemn hours to commit a ghastly practical joke.

When the dawn broke the sky was still clear. "We shall have a warm day," the writer's companion whispered as we rose in the gray light; "let's give back the poor devil his blanket."

The sergeant's body lay in the same place, two yards away. But not in the same attitude. It was upon its right side. The knees were drawn up nearly to the breast, both hands thrust to the wrist between the buttons of the jacket, the collar of which was turned up, concealing the ears. The shoulders were elevated, the head was retracted, the chin rested on the collar-bone. The posture was that of one suffering from intense cold.

But for what had been previously observed—but for the ghastly evidence of the bullet-hole—one would have sworn the man had frozen to death.

What is Beauty, Anyhow?

To Rogers a beautiful face was one that was arch and full of mirth. Byron's beauty, the stock-in-trade beauty of his time and school, had glossy hair clustering over a bright, smooth brow, eyebrows like aerial bows, glowing cheeks and constant blushes—a sort of beautiful milk maid, of whom one would tire in a week.

Spencer is very explic t in his likes. His love, he said, in very poor English, ought to have eyes like sapphires, teeth like pearls, a forehead like ivory—this was before the advent of the Russian bang—hair like gold, and hands of silvery whiteness.

Shakespeare's beauties, it will be observed, always had very white skin. Give him a snow-white sk n, smooth and alabaster-like skin, and he seemed to care for little else; yet the chances are that Miss Hathaway was freckled every summer.

Scott's heroines, who presumably represented his ideal, were all of the Byronic "Souven r," "Book of Beauty" order, high in the forehead, dark in eyelash, and generally soft and pensive.

Ben Johnson asked for a face marked by simplic ty, flowing hair and a sweet neglect, and Cowper insisted upon the damask cheek. All this only means that each point was either glorifying what he considered perfection of feature or was bringing the muse into the plot of capturing some one whom he was for the moment besieging.

How, then, is the rule to be fixed? Shall we say that the lissome and featheweight Burmese is not beautiful, because to the Sandwich Islander enormous g rth is the sine qua non to belledom, or shall we say that the straight up and down waist of the Venus de Milo is disgust ng, because that of Mme. de Maintenon was like a wasp? What right have we to make odes to our mistress' eyebrow because it is arched, when Aladdin fell in love with that of the Princess Noureddin because it was slanted; or how shall we complacently liken our sweetheart's teeth to a double row of pearls, when the Turkish poets sing praises to their beauties' beetle-stained teeth, because they are like pomegranate seeds?—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

ANOTHER AID TO SURGERY.

Remarkable Apparatus Used for Testing Internal Wounds.

Police Surgeon Oldshue has purchased for the department of public safety a surgical apparatus, which, it is expected, will be of immense benefit in certain cases of shooting, stabbing, etc., that are brought to the attention of the police at the various police station houses. Many of the wounds which are received by people in fights are in the abdomen, and this apparatus is for the purpose of determining whether the intestines are injured, a very important point in the treatment of persons so situated.

By an explanation afterward afforded the use of this apparatus will be the means of saving many a man's life.

The apparatus has lately been invented, and Police Surgeon Oldshue and Dr. Pollock have been the first to test its virtues here. It consists of a rubber retort, to which is attached a long rubber tube, and is very simple as it appears laid out in a doctor's office. Supposing that a man is brought to one of the station houses, shot or stabbed in the abdomen, it is difficult to tell whether any of the intestines are punctured. The retort is filled with hydrogen gas, which the surgeon can easily prepare, and this gas is injected into the vital parts with considerable pressure. A tube is placed in the wound and if there is a wound in the intestines the gas is bound to come out by way of the wound and into the tube.

By applying a lighted match to the end of the tube it can be seen whether the gas is escaping; for, if the gas is there it will ignite. On the other hand, if there is no wound in the intestines the gas will escape by way of the mouth, and by means of proper instruments there and the application of a light it can be seen if the hydrogen gas is thus escaping.

A reporter, in talking with Police Surgeon Oldshue last night about the new apparatus, inquired:

"But is not hydrogen gas highly explosive? and is it not unsafe to introduce it into the body in such a form?"

Dr. Oldshue replied; "That is the opinion; but Dr. Stines, the inventor of the apparatus, has followed the plan with great success, as has Dr. Mordecai Price of Philadelphia. They have shown that this is not only innocuous, but an absolute diagnosis of intestinal wounds."

"Well, but of what benefit is such a knowledge?"

"If the intestine is wounded the operation of laparotomy can be performed by the opening of the abdomen, and the wound of the intestine taken up and the catgut ligatures applied to bring the edges together, and with general antisentic treatment the patient has a much greater chance of recovery. It will afford every opportunity to save the lives of persons stabbed or shot, or otherwise wounded in the abdomen."

Police Surgeon Oldshue attended the meeting of the State Medical Society a short time ago, and there picked up the pointer about the new apparatus. He is always on the lookout for what benefits surgery in his position, and decided to introduce the new plan.

Dr. Pollock asked that he be called for the first case, where the doctor would make the experiment. Not long ago a Pole was shot in Soho, and Police Surgeon Oldshue was called to attend him. The wound was in the abdomen. Drs. Oldshue and Pollock decided to try the new apparatus. By the action of the hydrogen gas it was found that there was no abdominal wound. It was further decided then that the patient be not operated on, but kept quiet, though the bullet was in his body. A few days sufficed for the recovery of the Pole, showing that, for the first case at least, the apparatus made a correct diagnosis.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

True, It May be a Comanche Whoop.

An Indian warhoop is not a Siouxthing sound.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Another Trade Deception Exposed.

"Feathers marked down," advertises a dealer. That is dishonest.—*Life.*

A Suggestion to the Maxim Quoters.

The rolling stone has yet to learn what it wants to gather moss for.—*Picayune.*

A Dangerous Kind of Sport.

The man who does everything "on his own hook" is likely to get caught one of these days.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Customer (in cigar store)—"Gimme a good cigar, boy. Suthin' tha smokes free." Boy—"I guess I can't give, boss; there's no cigar in this store that smokes less'n fifty cents."—*Puck.*

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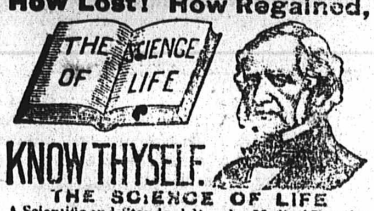

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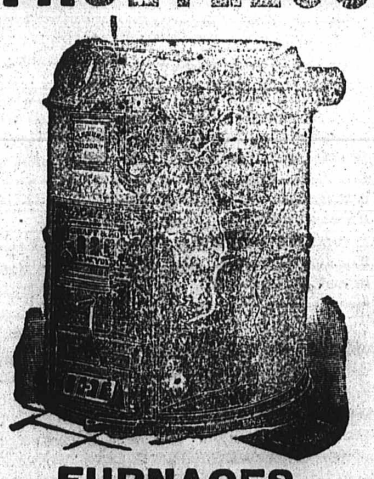

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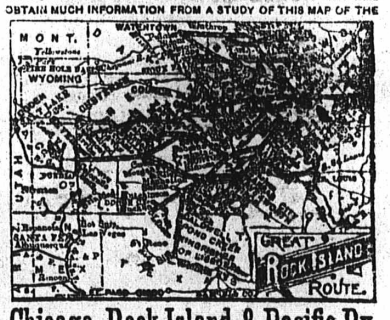

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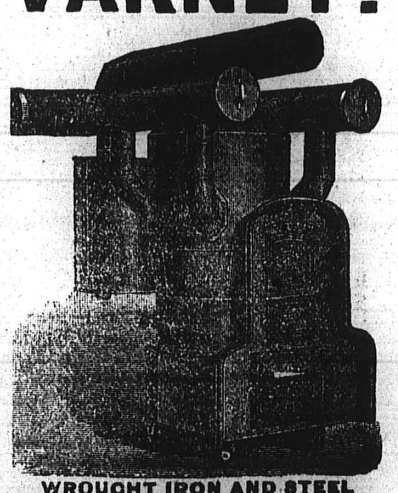

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